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THE

New Dominion Monthly

FOR 1878.

Part II.—July to December, inclusive.



Montreal :

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VERA ZASOULITSCH.

New Dominion Monthly.

JULY, 1878.

CANADIAN BARDS AND BALLADS.

A country's national life depends greatly on its hero-history. In the form of tradition from mouth to mouth, Canada has preserved but little of the deeds of real daring, and still more of endurance, which so largely characterized our French and English ancestors; but the former at least have had willing and appreciative chroniclers in the clerical writers whose efforts to christianize the continent were not always free from blood. Theirs was an age which did everything in the name of religion, and theirs was a religion to which everything dramatic was serviceable. The French-Canadians have a prolific and brilliant national literature to which those of English extraction can as yet show no counterpart, their eyes being turned rather towards the future than to the past. The latter have neither cherished their own traditions, nor has their sympathy been as yet drawn out towards those preserved in another language than their own. Patriotism, however, is a sentiment which feeds on worthy deeds of old. To preserve the memory of days gone by, to brighten among the Canadian people the fire of patriotism, and to deepen their love of the land on which they tread, the publishers of the MONTREAL

WITNESS, in January last, offered a prize for the best Canadian ballad received before March 1st, following, and Rev. James Carmichael, Rev. J. F. Stevenson and Mr. Samuel E. Dawson, publisher, consented to act as judges.

In all, 291 contributions were sent in, of which only 168 could be classified in respect to the place of production, the sex of sender, &c. Of this number there came from the Province of Ontario, 103; from Quebec, 50; from New Brunswick, 2; from Nova Scotia, 6; Prince Edward Island, 3; Manitoba, 2; the United States, 2. Montreal heads in the list of contributing towns, twenty-two of the poems having been written here. Belleville sends 5; Kingston, 4; Toronto, 3; Quebec, 3; Charlottetown, P. E. I., 2; Brockville, 2; Galt, 2; Cornwall, 3; Milton, U. S., 2; Compton, 3; Ottawa, 3; Owen Sound, 2; Colborne, 2; Pembroke, 2; Wellington, 2; Halifax, 2; Three Rivers, 2; and most other towns or cities represented, but one. Of the authors, seventy were ladies and ninety-eight gentlemen. The subjects chosen were very varied. There were 130 odes to Canada, not ballads at all; 28 poems on social subjects as suitable to any other part of

the world as to this Dominion ; 10 on the capture of Quebec ; 11 on the battle of Queenston Heights and the death of General Brock, and 7 on the same subject as the poem which gained the prize. As an evidence of the character of some of the poems, it may be mentioned that the titles of three of them could not be deciphered, nor their meaning discovered.

Some of the most pleasing poems were accompanied by modest letters, asserting that the senders had no expectation of gaining a prize, and giving different motives for contributing their verses. One was contributed by a farmer as a simple outburst of praise for the beauties to be found even in such a laborious and unpoetical life as that of a farmer in the backwoods of Canada ; and in several instances the verses of youthful poets were sent. Some of them, certainly, would make very remarkable additions to the literature of the age. Many of the contributions are worthy to appear in print, and will be published in the WITNESS at an early date.

Amongst some of the ludicrous subjects chosen for the prize poem is "The Poor Turkey," describing its danger from being eaten by the Russian bear. Oka is not forgotten. Sir John A. Macdonald is the only living Canadian who is honored by having been made the subject of one of these poems, but Her Majesty the Queen and her representative, the Earl of Dufferin, have not been forgotten. A large proportion of the poems have been written on the deaths of noted men, as that of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and on the lives of great and good men, as that of James McGill, the founder of McGill University.

The following is the decision given by the judges :

THE PRIZE BALLAD.

"The undersigned, appointed judges to select the best patriotic Canadian ballad among the poems sent in to compete for the WITNESS prize of fifty dollars, are unanimously of the opinion that the ballad No. 17, "How Canada was Saved," is the best of those submitted to us, and fully complies with the conditions required.

Signed, JAS. CARMICHAEL,
JOHN FREDERICK STEPHENSON,
SAMUEL E. DAWSON.

"We are of opinion that the poems No. 210, Watchman, What of the Night, No. 140, Canada, No. 174, The Heroes of Ville Marie, No. 32, Michilimackinac, and No. 254, Death of Père Marquette, display great merit."

Ballad No. 17, which the judges thus distinguished, was written by Mr. George Murray, First Classical Master of the High School, Montreal, a gentleman whose standing may be assumed from the fact that he has at various times been called upon to act as judge in the adjudication of prizes for poetical efforts.

On the report being received, it was resolved to give all the poems mentioned an honorable position in the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for July to celebrate our national birthday, and have them illustrated by competent artists. Messrs. Harrington Bird, R. A., W. Raphael, J. Weston and Alfred Sandham directed their attention to the task, and the result is now laid before our readers. The engraving was done by Mr. J. H. Walker, and by Messrs. State and Sasseville of the NEW DOMINION staff. It has been with very great difficulty that we have been enabled to obtain home-made illustrations to suit this publication, but now that a good beginning has been made we hope ere long to show most satisfactory results.



2

HOW CANADA WAS SAVED.

PRIZE POEM BY GEORGE MURRAY, B.A.,

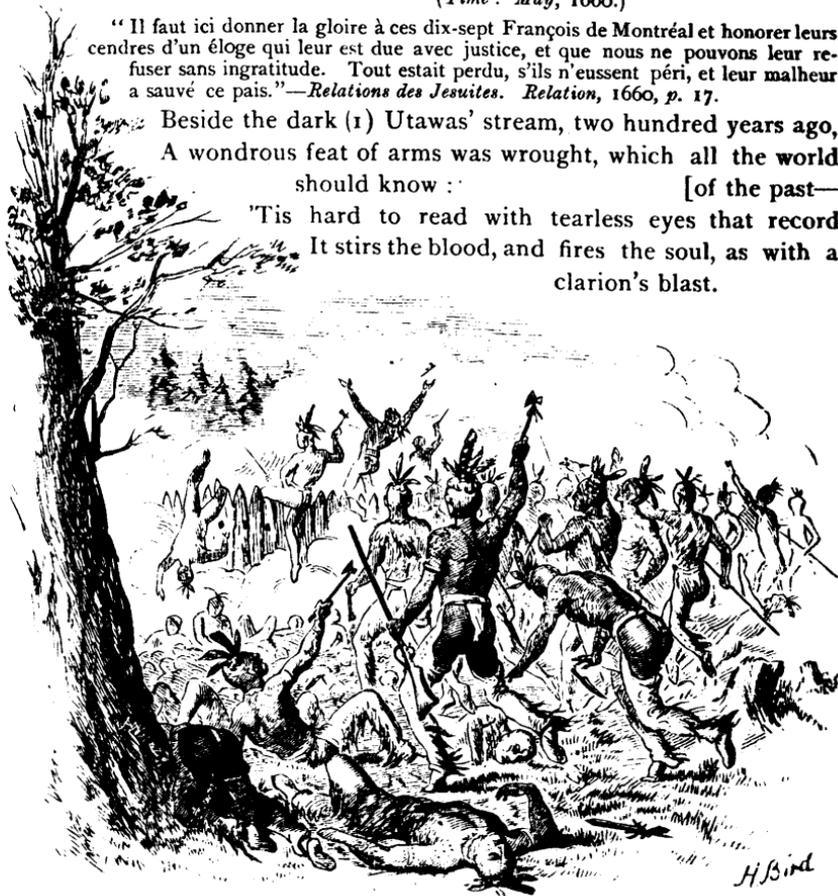
Late Lusby Scholar and Lucy Exhibitioner of the University of Oxford: and formerly Senior Classical Scholar of King's College, London.

(Time: May, 1660.)

“ Il faut ici donner la gloire à ces dix-sept François de Montréal et honorer leurs cendres d'un éloge qui leur est due avec justice, et que nous ne pouvons leur refuser sans ingratitude. Tout estait perdu, s'ils n'eussent péri, et leur malheur a sauvé ce pais.”—*Relations des Jesuites. Relation, 1660, p. 17.*

Beside the dark (1) Utawas' stream, two hundred years ago,
A wondrous feat of arms was wrought, which all the world
should know: [of the past—

'Tis hard to read with tearless eyes that record
It stirs the blood, and fires the soul, as with a
clarion's blast.



What though no blazoned cenotaph, no sculptured columns tell
 Where the stern heroes of my song, in death triumphant, fell ;
 What though beside the foaming flood untombed their ashes lie—
 All earth (2) becomes the monument of men who nobly die !

A score of troublous years had passed since on Mount-Royal's crest
 The gallant Maisonneuve upreared the Cross devoutly bless'd, (3)
 And many of the saintly Guild that founded Ville-Marie
 With patriot pride had fought and died—determined to be free.
 Fiercely, the Iroquois had sworn to sweep, like grains of sand, (4)
 The Sons of France from off the face of their adopted land,
 When, like the steel that oft disarms the lightning of its power,
 A fearless few their country saved in danger's darkest hour.

Daulac, the Captain of the Fort—in manhood's fiery prime—
 Hath sworn by some immortal deed to make his name sublime, (5)
 And sixteen "Soldiers of the Cross," his comrades true and tried,
 Have pledged their faith for life and death—all kneeling side by side :
 And this their oath—on flood or field, to challenge face to face
 The ruthless hordes of Iroquois, the scourges of their race—
 No quarter to accept or grant—and, loyal to the grave,
 To die, like martyrs, for the land they vainly bleed to save.

Shrived by the Priest within the Church where oft they had adored,
 With solemn fervor they receive the supper of the Lord :
 And now those self-devoted Youths from weeping friends have pass'd,
 And on the Fort of Ville-Marie each fondly looks his last.
 Unskilled to steer the frail canoe, or stem the rushing tide,
 On through a virgin wilderness, o'er stream and lake they glide,
 Till, weary of the paddle's dip, they moor their barks below
 A Rapid of Utawas' flood—the turbulent Long Saut. (6).

There, where a grove of gloomy pines sloped gently to the shore,
 A moss-grown Palisade was seen—a Fort in days of yore—
 Fenced by its circle they encamped, and on the listening air
 Before those staunch Crusaders slept arose the voice of prayer.
 Sentry and scout kept watch and ward ; and soon, with glad surprise,
 They welcomed to their roofless hold a band of dark allies—
 Two stalwart chiefs and forty "braves"—all sworn to strike a blow
 In one great battle for their lives against the common foe.

Soft was the breath of balmy spring in that fair month of May,
 The wild-flower bloomed—the wild-bird sang on many a budding spray—
 A tender blue was in the sky, on earth a tender green,
 And Peace seemed brooding, like a dove, o'er all the sylvan scene :
 When, loud and high, a thrilling cry dispelled the magic charm.

And scouts came hurrying from the woods to bid their comrades arm,
 And swift canoes, like floating swans, flashed gaily down the Saut,
 Manned by three hundred dusky forms—the long-expected foe.

They spring to land—a wilder brood hath ne'er appalled the sight—
 With carbines (7), tomahawks, and knives that gleam with baleful light :
 Dark plumes of eagles crest their Chiefs, and broidered deerskins hide
 The blood-red war-paint that shall soon a bloodier red be dyed.
 Hark! to the death-song that they chant—behold them as they bound,
 With flashing eyes and vaunting tongues, defiantly around—
 Then, swifter than the wind they fly the barrier to invest,
 Like hornet-swarms that heedless boys have startled from a nest.

As Ocean's tempest-driven waves dash forward on a rock,
 And madly break in seething foam, hurl'd backward by the shock,
 So onward dashed that surging throng, so, backward were they hurl'd,
 When, from the loopholes of the Fort, flame burst, and vapor curl'd.
 Each bullet aimed by bold Daulac went crashing through the brain,
 Or pierced the bounding heart of one who never stirred again—
 The trampled turf was drenched with blood—blood stained the passing wave—
 It seemed a carnival of death, the harvest of the grave.

The sun went down—the fight was o'er—but sleep was not for those
 Who, pent within that frail redoubt, sighed vainly for repose ;
 The shot that hissed above their heads—the Mohawks' taunting cries—
 Warned them that never more on earth must slumber seal their eyes.
 In that same hour their swart allies, o'erwhelmed by craven dread, (8)
 Leaped o'er the parapet like deer, and traitorously fled ;
 And, when the darkness of the night had vanished, like a ghost,
 Twenty and two were left—of all—to brave a maddened host.

Foiled for a time, the subtle foes have summoned to their aid (9)
 Five hundred kinsmen from the Isles, to storm the Palisade ;
 And, panting for revenge, they speed, impatient for the fray,
 Like birds of carnage from their homes allured by scent of prey.
 With scalp-locks streaming in the breeze, they charge—but never yet
 Have legions in the storm of fight a bloodier welcome met
 Than those doomed warriors, as they faced the desolating breath
 Of wide-mouthed musketoons that poured hot cataracts of death. (10)

Eight days of varied horror passed : what boots it now to tell
 How the pale tenants of the Fort heroically fell ?
 Hunger and thirst and sleeplessness—Death's ghastly aids—at length.
 Marred and defaced their comely forms, and quelled their giant strength.
 The end draws nigh—they yearn to die—one glorious rally more

For the dear sake of Ville-Marie, and all will soon be o'er—
 Sure of the martyr's golden Crown, they shrink not from the Cross,
 Life yielded for the land they love they scorn to reckon loss!

The Fort is fired—and through the flames with slippery, splashing tread
 The Redmen stumble to the camp o'er ramparts of the dead. (11)
 There with set teeth and nostril wide, Daulac, the dauntless, stood,
 And dealt his foes remorseless blows 'mid blinding smoke and blood,
 Till, hacked and hewn, he reeled to earth, with proud unconquered glance,
 Dead—but immortalized by death—Leonidas of France!
 True to their oath, his comrade knights no quarter basely craved—
 So died the peerless Twenty-two—so Canada was saved! (12).

—————: o :—————

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

(1) The Indian word *Utawas* is here used, as being more correct, and at the same time more sonorous, than the name *Ottawa*. So Moore in his "Canadian Boat-song, written on the River St Lawrence:—

"*Utawas'* tide! the trembling moon,
 Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon."

(2) "Of illustrious men all earth is the sepulchre."—Thucydides, ii book, xliii chap.

(3) "A large cross was made, and solemnly blessed by the Priest. The commandant (Maisonneuve), who with all the ceremonies of the Church had been declared First Soldier of the Cross, walked behind the rest, bearing on his shoulder a cross so heavy that it needed his utmost strength to climb the steep and rugged path. They planted it on the highest crest, and all knelt in adoration before it."—Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, p. 263.

(4) The Iroquois boasted that they would wipe the French from the face of the earth, and carry the "white girls," meaning the Nuns, "to their villages."—Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, p. 241. See also the passage from Dollier de Casson, quoted in note (9).

(5) "Adam Daulac or Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux, was a young man of good family, who had come to the Colony three years before, at the age of twenty-two. It was said that he had been involved in some affair which made him anxious to wipe out the memory of the past by a noteworthy exploit; and he had been busy for some time among the young men of Montreal inviting them to join him in the enterprise he meditated. Sixteen of them caught his spirit, struck hands with him, and pledged their word. They bound themselves by oath to accept no quarter; and having gained Maisonneuve's consent, they made their wills, confessed and received the sacraments."—Parkman's *Old Régime in Canada*, p. 73. See also p. 143 *Histoire de Montréal* par M. Dollier de Casson, whom Parkman has closely followed in his narrative of "The Heroes of the Long Saut."

(6) "Enfin, le cour les fit surmonter ce que leur peu d'expérience ne leur avoit pas acquis, si bien qu'ils arrivèrent au pieds du Long-Sault, où trouvant un petit fort sauvage nullement flanqué, entouré de méchants pieux qui ne valaient rien, commandé par un côteau voisin, ils se mirent dedans, n'ayant pas mieux."—*Histoire de Montréal* par M. Dollier de Casson, p. 144.

(7) "The Dutch traders at Fort Orange, now Albany, had supplied the Iroquois with fire-arms."—Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, p. 211.

(8) "Enfin ces âmes lâches au lieu de se sacrifier en braves soldats de J. C., abandonnèrent nos 17 François, sautant qui d'un côté, qui de l'autre, par-dessus les méchantes palissades."—*Dollier de Casson*, p. 147.

(9) " Ils avoient beau enrager ; ils ne pouvoient se venger ; c'est pourquoi ils députèrent un canot pour aller quérir 500 Guerriers qui étoient aux Isles de Richelieu, et qui les attendoient, afin d'emporter tout d'un coup ce qu'il y avait de François dans le Canada, et de les abolir ainsi qu'ils en avoient conjuré la ruine."—*Dollier de Casson*, p. 146.

(10) " Besides muskets, the French had heavy musketoons of large calibre, which, scattering scraps of lead and iron among the throng of savages, often maimed several of them at one discharge."—*Parkman's Old Régime in Canada*, p. 79.

(11) Un de ces 40 Hurons nommé Louis arriva ici le 3 Juin tout effaré, et dit que nos 17 François étoient morts, mais qu'ils avoient tant tué de gens que les ennemis se servaient de leurs corps pour monter et passer par-dessus les palissades du Fort où ils étoient."—*Dollier de Casson*, p. 150.

(12) " On peut dire que ce grand combat a sauvé le pays, qui sans cela étoit rafé et perdu suivant la créance commune."—*Dollier de Casson*, p. 151.

" To the colony this glorious disaster proved a salvation. The Iroquois had had fighting enough. If seventeen Frenchmen, four Algonquins, and one Huron, behind a picket fence, could hold seven hundred warriors at bay so long, what might they expect from many such, fighting behind walls of stone ?"—*Parkman's Old Régime in Canada*, p. 82.

" The self-devotedness of Daulac and his brave men was equal to a victory in its effects ; for the savages struck by the stout resistance they had met with, gave up all thought of making an attack they had planned on Quebec."—*Garneau's History of Canada*, vol. 1, p. 156 (Bell's Edit.)

" The Colony, in fact, was saved."—*Miles' History of Canada*, p. 53.



"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

BY HENRY MOTT, MONTREAL.

Cold winds around the mountain sweep, and lonely is the night,*
But music fills yon lordly hall, and hearts are beating light,
'Mid song and dance, and silver lamps, and jewels flashing bright.



A sound of wailing on the breeze,—a silent teardrop's fall,—
And shadows of despair that creep upon the palace wall,
Where rings the voice of revelry and laughter overall.

The gloom without,—the light within—the beauty thronging there,
The plumes, the gems, the rustling silks, the perfumes on the air;
And *here*, the moan of sullen woe—the silence of despair.

*February 12, 1878. The night of the ball given by the citizens of Montreal, at the Windsor Hotel, in honor of His Excellency the Governor-General, Earl Dufferin.

'Tis ever thus ; *here*, cries of want—*there*, pomp of kingly state,
 And glittering walls with velvet hung, where plumed courtiers wait,
 And dying crowds amid the street, before the palace gate !

Oh ! problems wrapp'd in mystery ! we read ye not aright,
 Mistaking oft the false for true—the darkness for the light ;
 Answer, O watchman, faithfully, what of the lonely night ?

Few earnest souls are standing forth, the vanguards of the time,
 For thousands steeped in wretchedness, in folly, and in crime,
 Forgetful of their destiny so fearfully sublime.

And wherefore thus ? For is it good ? We seek with tearful eye
 Of Man, of Nature, and of God, such questionings' reply ;
 But silence reigneth o'er the deeps of earth, and sea, and sky.

Poor pilgrims through a stranger-land and exiles from our heaven,
 We cannot pine in such unrest, from wave to wavelet driven ;
 We, to whom thoughts of nobler things and higher hopes were given.

Where are the voices angel-ton'd—the voices true and deep,
 Whose words shall wake the spell-bound crowds from long inglorious sleep,
 And flush the cheeks all pale with woe, and dry the eyes that weep ?

Our souls are faint, our eyes are dim, nor can we see aright
 The purpling dawn, the tinge of rose, the first faint streak of light ;
 Answer, O watchman, truthfully, what of the lonely night ?

Ah ! silent still ? Eternal One ! we ask of Thee a sign,
 That we may gaze adown the years—that clearer light may shine,
 No mocking mirage of the soul, but holy truth divine.

It comes—in answer to our prayer—a “ spirit o'er our dreams ; ”
 We mark athwart the boundless gloom some feebly-struggling gleams,
 Like the bright sparkle's fitful dance upon dim mountain streams.

Far off, far off, the inner light, unto our vision giv'n,
 Pierces the mantling mist, till wide the low'ring veil is riv'n,
 And streams of rosy light we see right through the azure heaven.

The shadows fade from off the hill—the darkness from the plain,
 The tumult of the many sounds is shaping to a strain,
 The triumph tones of angels' songs shall yet be heard again.

A light is on the ocean wave, a light is in the sky,
 A gleaming as of many stars is flashing up on high—
 Which are the false, and which the true, and when will *those* pass by ?

Oh ! could the clouds of sin and doubt from off our souls be driv'n,
Could we interpret all the signs that sparkle o'er the heaven,
What visions of immortal life were to our spirits giv'n !

O faces with long weeping pale ; Oh ! grief " too deep for tears ;"
O captives dying in your chains, in doubts, and pains, and fears ;
O fainting spirits everywhere, amid the wasting years ;

There yet is time ! there yet is hope !—ye are not past recall !
Ye drooping crowds despair no more ! We see across ye all
A light that is divine and true in golden splendor fall.

A voice is ringing in the air, like to a pleasant chime ;
It sings of beauty, truth, and love,—a hymning all sublime,
With holy peace and brotherhood, to crown the coming Time.

Watchman ! no longer ask we now, " What of the lonely night ?"
Our hopes are high—our faith is strong—the noontide glories bright
Shall follow soon the purpling grey, the first faint streak of light.

On, on, for aye ! through seas of doubt, where'er our bark be driv'n,
The truth shall conquer at the last—to us this faith is giv'n ;
It *must* be so, for ever still God keeps His throne in heaven.



THE HEROES OF VILLE MARIE.

MAY, 1660.

BY GEORGE MARTIN, MONTREAL.

I.

'Tis a tale of those times that afflicted the West
When the exiles of France found no moment of rest.
When the yell of the savage, the gleam of his knife,
Ever kept the lone settler on watch for his life.

II.

The doom is proclaimed ! 'twas the Sachems that spoke,
And rising, the calumet fiercely they broke ;
The war-dance is danced, and the war-song is sung
And the warriors, full-painted, their weapons have slung.

III.

Each armed with his arquebuse, hatchet and knife,
How they hunger and thirst for the barbarous strife !
They have said it : *The Frenchmen shall sleep with the slain
Maid, matron, and babe—not a soul shall remain !—*

IV.

They have spoken, those braves of the Iroquois league,
Renowned for fierce courage and shrewdest intrigue,
Through the Ottawa forest like panthers they tread,
As if stepping already o'er pale-visaged dead.

V.

Adam Dollard, defender of fair Ville Marie,
Has pondered and prayed o'er the savage decree,
And a desperate purpose is stamped on his brow,
And no one can slacken his ultimate vow,

VI.

Will Heaven not baffle the merciless threat ?
Can the gracious Madonna her children forget ?
If God only grant him his people to save,
Then welcome red tomahawks, welcome the grave !

VII.

But who will give heed to the patriot's word ?
 Who will venture to follow the flash of his sword ?
 They must stand to the last bleeding man by his side,
 And quench with their life-drops the Iroquois' pride.



VIII.

There are some—oh, how few !—in the bloom of their years,
 Who have listened and pledged him, and trampled their fears ;
 With hot hearts as brave as their sabres are keen,
 They are mustered around him—his gallant *Sixteen*.

IX.

Kind Priest and sad Nuns their last blessing bestow,
 And kindred are weeping, for well do they know

That never again till they meet in the skies
Will the faces so dear to them gladden their eyes.

X.

They are gone ! they have wafted their final adieu,
And the cross on Mount Royal soon fades from their view ;
Now westward, now northward they paddle and plod—
Their trust in the piloting hand of their God !

XI.

In a ready Redoubt, as by Providence meant,
They hastily fashion their evergreen tent.
And here, in the forest, where Ottawa flows,
They prepare for the speedy descent of their foes.

XII.

Oh, rest ! weary soldiers, oh, sleep while the stars
Are shining above you through leaf-fretted bars ;
But fail not to rouse with the glimmer of day,
For the Mohawks already have scented their prey.

XIII.

One last happy dream of the loved ones at home,
One matinal prayer ere the cannibals come,
One sigh for their sweet-hearts in young Ville Marie,
And a cheer for old France and her proud fleur-de-lis.

XIV.

The song of the bobolink welcomes the morn,
And scents that are sweetest, of wild flowers born,
And pine-lavished odors, are borne by the breeze
That kisses, at random, the newly-robed trees.

XV.

Full-crowned with proud antlers the stag at the brink
Of the far-sounding Rapid has halted to drink ;
He starts, blows a signal of danger and dread,
And his mate with her fawn for dear safety has fled.

XVI.

Hark ! near and still nearer yell answers to yell,
All the forest is peopled with spectres of hell !
Not a tree but now looks as if changed to a fiend,
Not a rock but behind it a demon is screened.

XVII.

“Thank God,” Dollard said, “for this moment supreme,
 The reply to my prayer, vivid truth of my dream ;
 Now steady, all ready, my men—let them dance
 To the glory of Canada—glory of France.”

XVIII.

From the loop-holed Redoubt their first volley they pour,
 And Mohawks and Senecas sink in their gore ;
 From musket, and huge musketoon, they have seen—
 And heard—that our heroes count just *Seventeen*.

XIX.

And dire is the rage of the shame-smitten crew
 When they find that the pale-faces number so few ;
 Again and again comes the stormy attack,
 And still, like pierced griffins, the pagans fall back.

XX.

Day and night, night and day till the tenth set of sun, (1)
 No trophy the maddened assailants have won,
 Though their fleet-footed runners have hurried from far
 Half a thousand tried allies—their whirlwinds of war.

XXI.

The leaves of past summers that cumber the ground
 In pools of bright ruby and purple are drowned,
 And, reckless of wounds, through the tempest of lead
 The discomfited Iroquois carry their dead.

XXII.

Onondagas, Cayugas, Oneidas are there,
 Some howling for vengeance, some wild with despair :
 Once again, with a hurricane rush and a shout,
 Like a deluge of lightning they storm the Redoubt.

XXIII.

Half hidden from death by their bison-hide shields, (2)
 And long wooden bucklers, the Palisade yields !
 But the wilderness swallows the last flying screech
 Of the foremost who daringly enter the breach.

XXIV.

In a moment 'tis over! flash blending with flash,
 As sword-blades and tomahawks bloodily clash;
 "Vive le Canada!" Dollard exultantly cried,
 Then with cross to his lips like a martyr he died.

XXV.

And his faithful companions, his chivalrous band,
 With their gallant young Captain passed out of the land.
 Draw a veil, pallid muse, o'er the finishing scene,
 And crown with fresh garlands the brave Seventeen.

XXVI.

The victors their victory purchased so dear
 To their cantons they fled, overmastered with fear,
 And the grateful young Colony, saved from the knife
 And merciless tomahawk, bloomed with fresh life.

XXVII.

Oh, never shall Canada coldly forget
 Her heroes, whose heart-drops her virgin soil wet;
 Their fame shall not suffer eclipse, nor decay,
 But broaden and brighten as years roll away. (3)

—————: o :—————

1. "During about ten days they resisted the most strenuous exertions of assailants," &c. — Miles' *History of Canada*, page 117.

2. Parkman, in his *Pioneers of France in the New World*, says, in a foot-note (p. 321): "According to Lafitau, both bucklers and breast-plates were in frequent use among the Iroquois. The former were very large, and made of cedar wood covered with interwoven thongs of hide."

3. In this ballad, the writer has purposely omitted to recognize the part taken in the affair by the few Algonquin and Huron Indians who joined the Frenchmen. First, because nearly the whole number deserted to the enemy during the conflict, thus more than counterbalancing any service which they may have rendered at the outset. And second, because the contrast of race and character is lost by mixing civilized and savage men together as allies in opposition to combatants of the latter type. For these reasons he ventures to think that the spirit of poesy will justify this deviation from the strict line of historical narration.

DEATH OF PERE MARQUETTE,

18TH OF MAY, 1675.

BY MISS MINNIE MCGREGOR, L'ORIGINAL, ONT.

He came in his youth from beyond the sea,
But we claim him forever as ours ;
For he chose this land of river and tree,
Instead of his own native Picardy,
With its sunshine, fruits, and flowers.



To the loving Lord he gave his young life,
That Indians, too, might learn of that love ;
They were to him mother and child and wife ;
Among them he lived in peace and strife,
Until called by his Father above.

No recluse was he, who doted to dwell,
 At ease and quiet in cloisters dim,
 Or patter his prayers as the twilight fell,
 Or mingle his voice with the organ's swell,
 Droning over the evening hymn.

He delighted to travel on God's green hills,
 Through unknown forests to pierce his way ;
 To follow the rivers and lakes and rills,—
 But only to lessen the red man's ills,—
 Never for glory, profit, or play.

His and Joliet's were the first white faces
 Reflected from the "father of streams,"
 Joliet his homeward steps retraces,
 Marquette the lone Indian life embraces ;
 Nor of fame, nor of fortune, dreams.

His life was a lesson of "peace on earth,"
 Of "love and peace" among all below ;
 A foe to all folly, but not to mirth,
 Though far from the land of his friends and birth,
 He had ever a smile to bestow.

Life's journey was short, for 'twas quickly run,—
 The keen edge had cut the scabbard through ;
 For not over half the ripe age of man
 Had young Marquette for his mortal span,
 When he bade the light of life adieu.

"Not long we wait for the closing scene ;"
 He says, as he puts his foot on shore,—
 "A short way I go in this valley green,
 In a little while it will be seen,
 I voyage with you, my friends, no more."

He is all alone with himself and God,
 He sings his last sacramental hymn ;
 Then prostrate he lies on the chilling sod,
 And he kisses the hand that holds the rod,—
 The rod, a sceptre of grace to him.

His Indian friends find he keeps them long,
 They leave their canoes and go on shore ;
 Round the prostrate priest they wondering throng,
 For the lips that chanted the holy song
 Were seal'd, and silent forevermore.

They buried him there beneath God's blue sky,
And placed on his grave the sacred sign ;
Where he softly sleeps, till the angel's cry
Shall awaken all who in earth do lie,
Or fathoms down in the crystal brine.

The river by which he so sweetly sleeps,
Is known as the famous "Père Marquette ;"
And our nation, that loves him, ever keeps
His cherish'd name in her heart's sacred deeps,
"Till the last of earthly suns shall set.





MICHILIMACINAC.

By J. A. ARKLEY, MEGANTIC, P. Q.

'Twas a bright June morning long ago,
Far off in the wilds of the West ;
Not a breeze from the lake, not a cloud in
the sky,
But the fortress in calm repose did lie,
A haven of peace and rest.

There were voyageurs from the upper lakes,
There were traders in quest of gain,
And the flag of England waved in the air,
And English soldiers and ladies
fair
Looked out on the smiling
plain.



Said Minnevavana, the Chippeway chief,
 Who had camped near the fort that spring,
 "Will the English come and see us play
 A game of lacrosse with the Sacs to-day,
 In honor of George the King?"

"We'll go," said the Captain, a brave man and true,
 "To cement this peace more sure."
 So, out from the friendly palisade
 Went merchant and soldier of every grade,
 Each thinking himself secure.

'Twas a strange, wild scene on the plain that day,
 Where the victims went to their fate,—
 Hundreds of savages, yelling all,
 And madly chasing the flying ball
 To the very area gate.

At length it was flung, by a skilful hand,
 Far over the palisade,
 And a rush was made for the open gate,
 And a rush of the soldiers, but all too late,—
 The fatal mistake was made.

Then the war whoop rang on the summer air,
 And hundreds of demons were murdering there;
 The hatchet whizzed, and the scalp was torn
 From the heads of the lowly and nobly born;
 But pen cannot tell, nor words portray
 The fear and despair of that dreadful day.

And the wife of the hardy voyageur
 Beheld his canoe no more;
 And the soldier's sweet-heart far away
 In the green glens of England mourned that day
 When the Western news came o'er.

There was only one, when the sun went down,
 Escaped from that dreadful fray;
 In the night when the feast and the dance ran high,
 He crept from the fort 'neath the midnight sky,
 And fled to the woods away.

C A N A D A .

BY JAMES WINTHROPE, CARLETON PLACE, ONTARIO.

The dweller in the South may love
His gorgeous fruits and flowers,
His fronded palms, his purple vines,
His fragrant orange bowers ;
But, oh, give me the solemn pines,
The dark fir woods for me,
And the mighty lakes,
Where the white wave breaks
Like the waves of a stormy sea.

No ruined shrines are here to mark
Where former nations trod,
No martyr's sculptured tomb to tell
Of faith in Christ as God,
No old cathedral's solemn gloom,
No stately palace towers
Where harpers sung,
And wassail rung,
Bedeck this land of ours.

There's freedom in our Northern air—
Our souls are all our own,
And though no tinsel'd pomp be there,
We own no despot's throne ;
We love our fair Canadian land
With loyal love and bold,
And freemen breathe
In peace beneath
Our radiant banner-fold.

They say our land is bleak and cold,
That the Frost-king reigns alone,
And binds the river, lake and spring
With ice-chains to his throne,

That the hurricanes go wildly past,
 Storm-laden as they go,
 That the land lies deep
 In its winter-sleep
 'Neath a frozen shroud of snow.

Loud, loud we laugh at the whirling blast
 When white King Winter comes,
 And the hurricane careering past
 Makes mirth in our forest homes ;
 There's health and joy in our bracing air
 That Southern climes ne'er know :
 Though the land gleams white
 Through the winter night,
 There's *life* in a *shroud* of snow.

We love the flash that the snow-wreaths fling
 When the dull night flies away,
 And the cutter bounds like a bird on the wing,
 And the bells ring out on the sleigh ;
 We love the sound of the skater's steel
 On the frozen river and mere,
 And the booming moan
 Of the curling-stone
 Our northern hearts hold dear.

The joyous summer brings us flowers,
 And a wealth of soft green leaves ;
 A laughing harvest-time is ours
 To garner up the sheaves
 Of golden grain, and all the fruits
 From Mother Nature's hand ;
 And the sunlight gleams
 In silver streams,
 Blessing the whole sweet land.

I would not change this land of mine
 For the land of orange groves,
 Where the palm and the citron softly bend
 O'er the cooing turtle doves ;
 I would not change these northern blasts
 For India's spicy breeze,
 For health is here,
 And joy is near,
 And there's love in the forest trees.

There's life and strength in this land of ours
To bless the coming years,
There's soul and mind 'mid our forest bowers,
And greatness comes through tears
Of toil. In the mists of the future time
Our dear loved country stands,
The first in might,
In wealth, in light,
Made so by her children's hands.



THE GREAT CROQUET MATCH.

BY FESTINALENTE, AUTHOR OF "HIC JACET," "THE HOLY GRAIL," ETC., ETC.

School was not yet over, but the hands of the clock pointed almost to twelve. Emily Emile, with dainty care, was copying the last few lines of her sum into her book. Harry laboriously multiplied and added and yet made his result different from the answer in the book. In a moment I knew that he would find out wherein his mistake lay, but it was unnecessary with such a diligent worker to hasten that moment. For the time I had nothing to do. On the table lay Madesie's reading book, wide open as she had left it, trusting to Emily to put it away, when school was over. The accents of her little voice still rang in my ears, as she read that most entertaining story, beginning—
"Boz was a good dog. He bit no one."

It was the end of May, and the sun shone with summer heat and brilliance. The laurel trees before the window lost all appearance of depression, and seemed to luxuriate in a really warm fine day. The birds hopped about upon the boughs, and chirped and sang, and the wild note of the Cuckoo, distant and near, was unceasing.

Merry voices broke the silence. First of all Madesie's laugh, and then her tripping footsteps past the window, her hair in a tangle of soft curls, her hat on the back of her head, and a certain gipsy look she wore in summer time possessing her. She tiptoed to look in at the window, which was hard for poor Harry to bear without laughing. For Mabel was his playmate and closest companion, though she could only boast of five years, and no erudition, as the specimen given of her reading-book

may testify. On the other hand, Harry was deep in the mysteries of Euclid, and learned with ease any subject Mr. Emile permitted him to study. By the time Mabel had finished peeping at us, Mary and Jennie appeared, bright apparitions clad in white piqué and blue ribbons, who beamed and nodded to us, and then raced away up the path under the laurel and nut trees to seek Mr. Emile in his Growlery. They knew they should find him there with paint, brush and palette, busy in chasing cloud effects, and with a certain melancholy shading his spirits, caused by the mutability of all earthly delights, exemplified by the before mentioned cloud effects, which will not wait to be transferred to a picture. Force was always necessary to detach him from his favorite pursuit, but Mary was not afraid to use it, and as she repassed the window with Mr. Emile, she cast a triumphant glance at us, which said plainly enough. "I have him."

"It is time to put away your books," said I. Harry gave a look at the clock, for he was punctual to a minute, and seeing that it was indeed twelve o'clock, put away his share of the morning's accumulation with breathless, panting haste. Emily lingered over the blotting of her book and wiping of her pen, and made one or two sarcastic speeches about that "lazypuss," Mabel. "You and I will go for a walk," said I to her, and we put on our hats and started.

We left behind us the shady garden walks, and entered the fields. The butterflies darted from flower to flower, the buttercups held up their golden

heads, and the cuckoo flowers bent as ever to the slightest breeze. Emily and I noted all these spring beauties without culling them. We were not ruthless; what we had no need of, we did not care to pluck, so we left the fields unrobbed and wandered up a lane shaded by two high banks with hedges on the top of them. Emily was in a captious humor; she objected first to the day, then to the hour, and then to having to walk at all. She next became personal in her remarks, and avowed her dislike to sun freckles on the nose, which, as she screwed up one eye to look at her own, appeared of enormous size to her. Once brought to the absurd side of things, and all went well, and our walk became a very pleasant one.

We stopped to rest, at length, and Emily produced her sketch book and paint box, and a small bottle of water, and began to work. The undulating land, the boundaries of green hedges, the trees and luxuriant herbage produced a pretty picture, so pretty indeed that my energy revived, and I determined to reproduce it on paper faithfully. Finding, however, that neither inclination nor genius, supported by natural gifts of a high order in that direction, were of any practical value, I simply lay back upon a sunny bank and watched Emily.

She had climbed upon the highest rail of a most disagreeable stile, which bent the wrong way for climbing. She was a small girl for twelve years, of compact, though slight figure. Her dainty print dress was simply made and short enough to display a very pretty pair of legs and feet. Her hair of rich red brown fell heavily over her shoulders, like a cape of gold in the sunshine and her eyes with grave purpose looked back and forth from the landscape to her book. She had just got into the spirit of her work when the water bottle fell into the road, and the dust eagerly swallowed up the water. I was just in that lazy mood when an event

of that kind becomes an intense joke, and I laughed until Emily joined me, and we laughed nearly all the way home. We went straight to the croquet ground, and arrived at a most exciting moment, for we found that Jennie had quite lost her temper, and that Mary was on the verge of losing hers. Mr. Emile was playing two balls against the ladies, and had as usual found intense enjoyment in teasing them. He now began the quiet contemptuous laugh which previous experience had taught him irritated the amiable Mary to the last stage of endurance. The balls were all grouped round the cage, and Mary, instead of taking her own and her partner's balls through that perilous passage, had failed in the attempt and Mr. Emile was in possession of the field. Jennie scolded Mary, and Mary pleaded nervousness as the cause of her failure, and Mr. Emile stood by, an excessive sense of fun shining in his eyes, and a most contemptuous laugh on his lips.

"It is your turn to play," said Mary, sharply, turning to him, "Now you are going to crow, I know you are. If you could see how odious it makes you," she continued wrathfully.

But Mr. Emile was not at an end of his resources for aggravating Mary, not at all. He advanced in the triumphant manner that she always designated "crowing," took up his mallet and then struck his ball with one side of it, so that he failed to injure his fair enemies at all, and left them the position most favorable to them. Jennie was delighted, Mary infuriated, "You missed on purpose," she said, "have the stroke over again, I *will* not play with you if you do such things."

No answer from Mr. Emile except that provoking laugh which neither accepted nor rejected the speech.

Happily, at this moment, Mrs. Emile approached, to say that dinner was ready, and that it was unnecessary to wait for Mr. Allen, who was now in

sight on the Kidderminster road, and would arrive at the Heath very soon. Mary gladly hit up the balls to the other end of the lawn, and soothed her wounded spirit with talking the matter over with Mrs. Emile, who deeply sympathized with her, and had a story to relate of having suffered in a similar manner at some remote time.

We began dinner. Suddenly there was a "whizz" past the window and a clink of iron, and Mr. Allen dismounted from his "bicycle" and laid it, for safety, against the Japanese Honey-suckle, which climbed about the drawing-room window. He entered the room the next moment, and Jennie and Mary felt nervously excited, for in him they saw an antagonist whose renown as a croquet player, had made their own champion player, Jennie, small in comparison. "Kidderminster and Bewdley," said Mrs. Emile, looking from the ladies to Mr. Allen.

"Bewdley will be beaten," smiled Mr. Allen, turning round to make a face at Harry, which nearly threw him into convulsions. Jennie and Mary were quite sure they would be beaten, especially as Mary was very nervous, and never could play her best in an emergency, but Mrs. Emile comforted them by reminding them of victories won in the past. As for me, I had enough to do in looking with preternatural solemnity at Emily and Harry, to whom their Uncle Allen was addressing his remarks, accompanied by faces, which always had the effect of making them behave like little imps instead of the remarkably well-behaved children they usually were. Mr. Emile, after sitting for a long time absently looking out of the window, to the utter neglect of his dinner, suddenly said—

"I have arranged the match. Jennie and Mary against Miss Clifford and Mr. Allen."

I had no time to remonstrate, for Mr. Allen set down the mixture of ginger beer and porter, which was his

favorite summer beverage, with the remark, "Then I shall be beaten."

A remark which I think justifies a few words of explanation. Before coming to Heath, I had despised croquet as a foolish, unscientific game, unworthy of my regard. I found, however, that the Kidderminster and Bewdley world doted on it, and was at length induced, on one unlucky evening, to join the combatants. I took my mallet, with a sneer at the folly of those around me, having perfect faith, that if I chose to apply myself to the task, I could play as well as any one there. Had I not played cricket and wickets in my childhood, what was croquet in comparison with cricket? Alas! for my cherished faith in the prowess of earlier years, I began to play, and managed ball and mallet so badly that, again and again, the laugh of derision rolled over the croquet ground. Having an inherent dislike to being beaten, I quietly determined that a good croquet player I *would* become. I practised alone, I practised with Emily, and tried to profit by the careful tuition Mr. Emile, with great patience, gave me every day; but no! a good player I could not become. I never made a good stroke but by sheer accident. I was notoriously the worst player the Heath had ever known. Mrs. Emile was, however, little better as a croquet player than I, and consequently we enjoyed waging war against one another very much, and thus we often spent the long spring evenings. Mr. Emile, in his Growlery, would hear the clicking of the balls, and would soon make his appearance, croquet chair in hand, and would sit down in the middle of the lawn, and help first one and then the other with his advice. Sometimes he was accompanied by Mr. Allen, which was a time of trial for us. The two gentlemen would sit down, and watch us, leaving us to play how we would, and bursting into uncontrollable laughter over the unscientific play which

followed, as if it were the most ludicrous thing they had ever seen. As Mrs. Emile and I were both very nervous, it either drove us to the extreme of timidity, which causes the player always to strike too softly, or to the extreme of rashness, in which condition we sometimes made most brilliant strokes, which, however, caused as much laughter as anything else we did. It may easily be understood, therefore, that Mr. Emile's announcement that I was to play gave Kidderminster much delight, and that it drew a protest from Bewdley; I also protested, but Mr. Emile's law was like that of the Medes and Persians—unalterable.

"It would be an unfair game," he said, "if Allen played two balls against Jennie and Mary."

"Let Emile play," said Mr. Allen. But no one would listen to the proposal, as Emile was a very skilful player, and had been known to beat Mr. Emile. So it was settled that I was to play in that great croquet match.

We went upon the lawn, and soon saw Mr. Allen flying down the drive on his bicycle. Cries of lamentation followed, and I really was afraid that my introduction into the game had been the last straw, and that Mr. Allen had taken refuge in flight. He had, however, merely gone to the railway station for a mallet of peculiar make, which was to be sent for him, and had failed to be delivered. He soon returned with it, and Mr. Emile sent the children off the lawn. The great moment had arrived. Mr. Allen looked at me with stern disfavor, which indeed was so open that I often laughed to myself over it. I was the type of women which was most objectionable in his eyes, I was fond of reading and of study, and even ventured to love these things for their own sake. I have seen him come down to breakfast in the morning, and fix contemplative eyes on my face. "Calisthenics and use of the Globes," he would ejaculate. If I could keep

from laughing, I would make my reply, that the "use of the Globes" was an accomplishment which I had not acquired. He would then address himself to his breakfast and smile with quiet unbelief at all I said. He had already made up his mind as to the kind of woman I was, and that type always did teach the "use of the Globes," therefore, if I was not teaching it now, I must have the knowledge in ambush somewhere.

It was therefore with the knowledge that he had a personal animosity to me, that I began that game, and I must confess that, if the next two or three hours deepened that feeling, I cannot feel surprised.

Mr. Emile set down his croquet chair under the shadow of the hawthorn hedge, and prepared himself to act as umpire. Mary stood on the bank, saying a few last words to Mrs. Emile, who was in the field below—a lithe active figure, a vision of white piqué and blue ribbons, crowned with yellow hair, that shone pale golden in the sunshine. Mr. Allen and Jennie, the captains of the sides, were trying who should begin first. It fell to our side. "Begin," said Mr. Allen to me, in a tone of most absurd resignation, following it up with a look of critical disapproval at my attempt to obey. Extreme nervousness made my actions feeble, my first stroke failed to send the ball through the first hoop, and when by repeated efforts I had gone so far, it took a whole hour of hard fighting on the part of Mr. Allen to put me through the second. Not but that I made efforts worthy of a better cause, and tried to obey implicitly every mandate that came to me, in vain. Even Mr. Emile was quite tired of the perpetual blunders I made. A look of vexation came over his face, when at a request to hit softly, I left my ball an easy prey to the next player, or if told to hit hard, I sent it without rhyme or reason into the most disastrous positions the lawn afforded. A dozen times Mr. Allen placed

me in front of my hoop, and as often did my unlucky fate cause me to strike on one side of my mallet, after which he made a point of putting me through, even though to do so cost him half an hour's struggle with the enemy. To do Mr. Allen justice I must say there were few signs of impatience from him, he accepted the inevitable, but there was a force, which wrung a laugh from me, even in the midst of my trials, in his ejaculation, "How they hate one another," which he said of our balls, which would not stay together to be croquetted. I was grateful, however, for the sympathy which Mrs. Emile and Mary's sister, Annie, tendered me, as they strolled up and down the lawn, sometimes leaving us for the field or the shady walks that made the garden such a charming retreat on warm days.

"I have tried to play croquet for two years," said Annie to me in an aside, "and I cannot play any better now than I could then."

We were at the peg. Mr. Allen had left my ball within two inches of it, so that I could not fail to strike it. Happy in being sure of so much, I struck with so much will that my ball bounced into a corner with the peg between it and Mr. Allen's ball which he had carefully disposed, so that I could croquet it after touching the peg. What was to be done? Penitence on my part was not well accepted by Mr. Allen, so I bit my tongue and suffered in silence.

"We have lost the position," said Mr. Allen, looking at me as if he wondered how any one so stupid should have a part in creation at all. I looked back, as much as to say, "we have, and that is not the stupidest thing I could do either, as you will see before the game is over." At the top of the lawn stood Mary and Jennie with their balls close together, a position incompatible with our safety.

"Have at them as hard as you can,"

said Mr. Allen, "you cannot do any harm if you miss."

My ball was in the ivy, but I pulled it out, and measured off a mallet's length from the wall. I raised my mallet and struck as hard as I could with my eyes shut; for I well knew nothing was more disastrous to my hopes than to take careful aim. A shout from Jennie, "How provoking," and words of commendation from Mr. Emile. I looked at my partner, and saw a grin of derisive satisfaction widening his cheeks. My ball had struck Jennie's. Ah! happy I!

So the battle waged again furiously, and Kidderminster had to retreat before victorious Bewdley. Yes! at last the game was over, and not even my peculiar mode of action had lost Bewdley the honour of the game.

Tea was waiting for us, and there was much talking and laughing over the events of the game.

"I should not wonder if Miss Clifford makes a better player than any of you," said Mr. Allen, after a long, reflective silence, and in a tone which might have said, "I should not wonder if the heavens and earth should meet one day." But I felt that the remark was intended as a civility and accepted it as such.

After tea Mr. Allen challenged Jennie to a game, and the two most skillful players in the county played a wonderful game. Jennie kept her temper, even through reverses, which was rather an unusual event. Mary was claimed by the children for a game of hide and seek. I joined the game for a short time but found the hiding places not to my taste, some of them being well inhabited by earwigs and spiders, and others by snails and earthworms. I left the merry party at play, and walked under the laurels to the elms which grew to noble heights behind Mr. Emile's Growlery. There was a rope swing suspended there, and I betook myself to that amusement. Stand up

in a swing, and you feel as if you had wings. Overhead, to-night, is a glowing sunset sky and a fresh wind rises from the Welsh Hills and blows into your face. Swing yourself up, higher and higher. Now, you see Mr. Meekly, the neighboring farmer, returning from his work at the plough. The two tired horses plod wearily to their field of repose, they switch their tails back and forth, for, the May flies are troublesome. Up higher and higher, only fields and fields to be seen, and boundaries of ruined walls, and trailing boughs of brambles stretching over from field to field. "Cuckoo, cuckoo," calls the bird as he flies heavily over the garden; down in the bushes Mabel's voice echoes, "cuckoo," she is hiding. "Ready," answers Emily's calls, and the active forms of Mary and Harry steal from behind the hedge, and then rush to the fore of the game. Meanwhile, Teddy, who takes charge of the Growlery, barks, and always in a perpetual crescendo which never arrives at its climax. He is answered at length by a deep bay from Wresk, the watch dog. Instantly solitude has lost its charms, the vague idea that the next instant may bring Wresk's white form in sight gives me an impetus to flight. Teddy makes a rush at me, but experience has taught me the length of his chain, and a passing look at Wresk assures me he is still tied up. I go back to the croquet ground. The game is over, the ladies are grouped about the lawn and Jennie is bravely accepting her defeat with merriment. Mr. Emile and Mary are seeing which can hop on one foot round the entire

lawn. Mr. Allen looks on with undisguised contempt, and finally seeks his bicycle and is soon to be seen flying down the avenue, and then reappears on the road to Bewdley. I pass on to the field, to the other side of the lime tree, where the children's gardens are lying in the shadow of the twilight that is growing into night. The lime, in its perpetual murmur, continues the story it unfolds unceasingly to listening ears, and the birds around sing, until night softly shrouds the world in darkness, and the gardens lie before me which Harry and Mabel till, which in their way are strangely beautiful, so full are they of visions, of childish hopes, of anticipations of brilliance which no summer heat or autumn glory can fulfil. The merry party of ladies is gone indoors, and the wild melancholy of the "Adagio" of the moonlight sonata fills the evening air. Ah! Beethoven, thou, who consciously gave thine all to the world, expecting and receiving no acknowledgment of the vastness of the gift, that mournful adagio rings out the words, "I love," content thyself that by a world of human hearts, "Thou art loved!"

I listen until the music ceases and then am conscious that it is night. I repair to the gloom of the school-room, which Kitty soon enlightens by candles. She pulls up the heavy shutters and draws the curtains. My work lies at hand, I am struggling with Ovid, over his description of Cippus and the reflected horns. I soon am absorbed in my work. As for the bright and pleasant day, it is past.

THE SPECTROSCOPE.

It is a very fortunate fact for the great reading public, that, while the advances of science require in their detail and application the utmost skill and the

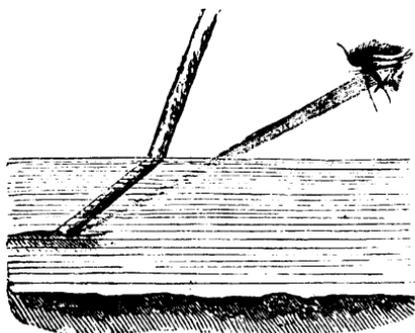


FIGURE 1.

widest knowledge, their general principles are so simple as to require little pains to be understood. The labors of special workers in difficult fields of research are, to a large extent, aided by the sympathy of all educated people, who know in the main what the objects of scientific pursuit are, while they may have neither the opportunity nor the training to enable them to prosecute any particular branch of investigation themselves.

In the modern science of spectroscopy the observations and deductions demand men of nice skill, long experience, and great judgment, using the most delicate instruments. Yet, the rudimentary principles, whereon the whole science is based, can be easily mastered with no more attention nor difficulty than an ordinary schoolboy devotes to conjugating a few irregular French verbs, or to demonstrating the first five propositions of Euclid.

The corner-stone of the whole fabric of spectroscopy lies in the fact that light is refracted or bent in passing from one medium to another, and that variously colored rays of light are variously refracted. If we put a stick obliquely into water it will appear bent at the water's surface. (Fig. 1.) If we place a coin at the bottom of an empty pan, and then stand so that the coin is just hidden by the edge, if the pan be filled with water, the coin will become visible. (Fig. 2.)

The use of glass affords a more convenient means of studying refraction than water, and therefore a glass prism is usually employed to show how sunlight may be split up into variously colored rays. If a room exposed to the sunshine be darkened, and if, through a slit in a shutter, a beam is allowed to fall obliquely on a prism, the image which may be received upon a screen is called the solar spectrum. (Fig. 3.) If the base of the prism be upwards, the lowest part of the spectrum will be red, next above orange, then gradually passing into yellow, green, various shades of blue, and lastly violet. As in the rainbow, the transition from color to color is imperceptible, and the green or yellow can

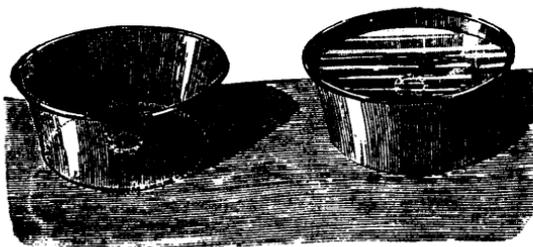


FIG. 2.—Refraction of light. Apparent elevation of the bottoms of vessels.

hardly be said to begin or end at any particular point.

The solar spectrum shows us then that every kind of colored ray has a fixed degree of refrangibility; the red has the least degree, the violet, most. It tells us that sunshine is not the simple

sence of, say, violet rays, prevents that hue being seen either in a picture or a fabric. The phenomena of a color in these cases are due to the absorption, by a surface, of certain of the rays which

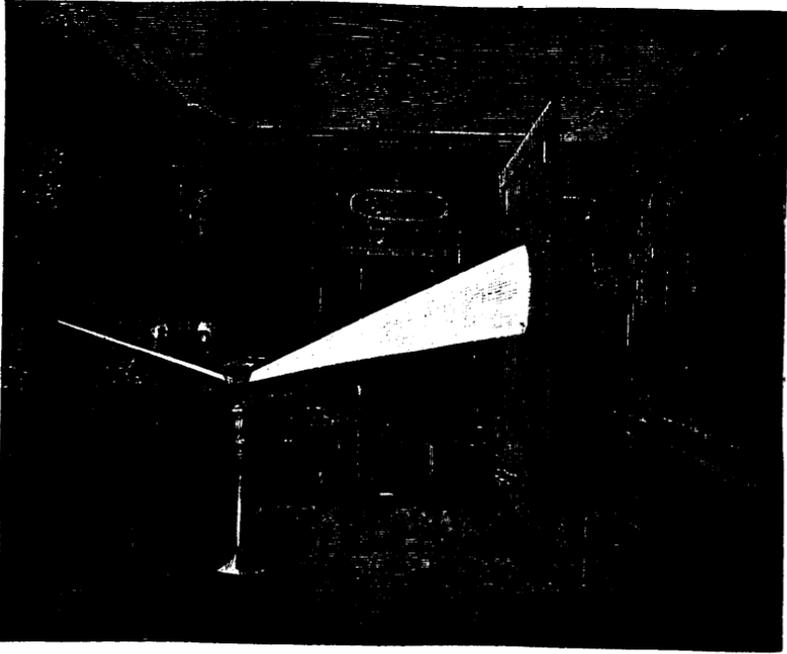


FIG. 3.—Decomposition of light by the prism. Unequal refrangibility of the colors of the spectrum.

thing it might seem to be to the unaided eye, but is really made up of waves of myriad hues, whose variety, as mapped out by spectroscopists, fill charts yards in length.

The building up of white light from rays of various colors can be effected by dividing a disc into sections and painting it with the principal colors of the spectrum. On turning the disc swiftly it will appear white or greyish white, as the red, yellow and other colors blend together. When painters exhibit their pictures, or merchants show their goods at night, there is always a loss of effect from the colors being marred or confused. This is because no artificial illumination yields rays corresponding to all those of sunlight, and the ab-

fall upon it, and the reflection to the eye of the rest. A bunch of flowers, which seems so calm in its beauty of forms and tints, has every moment millions of waves of light beating upon it, from which its surfaces select and absorb certain undulations, reflecting back to the eye all the others.

Now, if violet rays do not fall upon a fuchsia in a ball-room, flooded with light from its crystal chandeliers, the flower will seem dull, lacking its wonted hue of day.

The incessant activity of light goes far toward making clear the reason why colors usually fade with time, particularly when exposed to sunshine.

Every chemical element, and, in fact, every substance when yielding light in

burning gives out rays which are characteristic of it. Common salt, chloride of sodium, thrown into flame, emits a deep yellow light, copper glows with a greenish glare, lead and arsenic give forth bluish beams, strontium appears vividly red, and so on. Every one, in striking a common match, illustrates the fundamental principle of spectroscopy. For a few seconds after the match is struck, its flame, while the phosphorus and sulphur are being consumed, is of a greenish and yellowish tinge; as soon as the wood begins to burn the light becomes vivid and white. The makers of fireworks have, for ages, availed themselves of this principle in producing their displays. Grains of various metals when molten and aglow yield the purple, scarlet and yellow drops we admire falling from the sky.

When the rays from a burning substance are permitted to fall upon a prism as the solar rays were in Fig. 3, the spectrum, for that substance, is always the same, and quite different from that yielded by any other body. The chemical composition of any distant source of light is ascertained by comparing its spectrum with those of the various chemical elements, which have been previously observed and registered. Fig. 5, gives the lines in the spectrum of the sun, characteristic of hydrogen, sodium and magnesium. When two or more elements are burning together, their spectra do not interfere but simply overlap.

A spectroscope is shown in Fig. 6. A B is a tube through which the beam to be observed is sent. It contains a slit and a lens to make the rays fall in parallel lines on the prism P. After undergoing refraction in the prism, the rays are observed through C D, which is a telescope of low power.

Observers have graduated very accu-

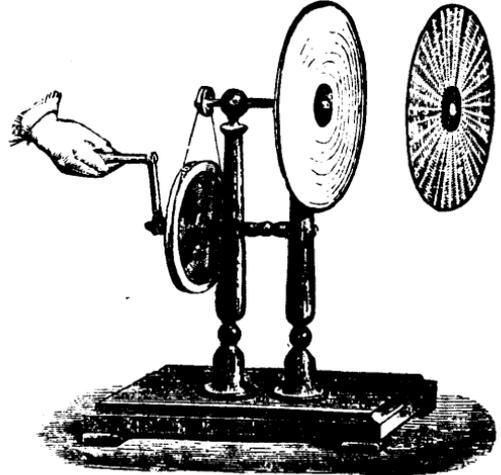


FIG. 4.—Recomposition of white light by means of a rapidly revolving disc, colored in sectors.

rately the scale of the solar spectrum, and marked off throughout it, the positions of the lines and bands of color due to iron, zinc and the other elements. As lines and bands coincident with these are found when the spectroscope is directed to the stars and nebulae, it is inferred that substances such as are common on this earth abound in the remotest regions of space; in those far distant realms whence the trembling ray is so feeble that our utmost care is needed to catch it and make it tell its story.

More than this, we can not only ascertain the composition of a glowing body but also whether it is in the solid, liquid or gaseous state. A solid, like a piece of incandescent platinum wire, gives a spectrum wherein the colors pass continuously from tint to tint; a liquid shows colors in bands; and a gas yields a spectrum crossed by bright lines. Thus we know whether a heavenly body is a solid or very dense liquid like the sun; or a liquid of less density as many of the stars, or a mass of glowing gas like the nebulae and comets.

The importance and fruitfulness of close and minute observation, can

hardly be more forcibly shown than in the case of the solar spectrum, as examined by Wollaston, the eminent chemist. He remarked, day after day,

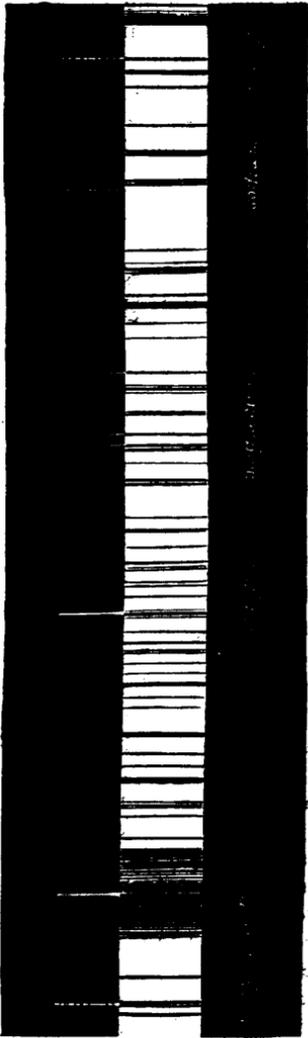


FIG. 5.—Spectrum of the sun proper (below) and its atmosphere (above).

took vividly burning sodium, and by interposing between it and the spectro-scope a quantity of cooler sodium vapor, he showed that the characteristic yellow lines of the element had become dark. The experiment was repeated with other elements, always with the same result. Hence, he stated the law which bears his name, and which has so wonderfully enlarged our knowledge of the orbs of the firmament, namely: A gas when cool intercepts exactly those rays which it is capable of emitting when fiery hot. This law receives a striking illustration in the manufacture of colored glass. The seething liquid in the crucible which glows with a yellow tint, when cooled and worked up into ware, transmits blue rays. That is, at ordinary temperatures it absorbs from sunshine yellow rays, and permits the blue ones to pass through it: the color which it emits when itself a source of light, is the very color it absorbs or suppresses when a transparent medium. Yellow and blue are complementary colors, that is, when united they form white.

Since the spectrum of the sun is, in the main, uninterrupted, we know that its light is given forth by a solid body, or a very dense liquid; and, as the spectral image is divided by very many dark lines, we conclude that the sun is enveloped in an atmosphere, somewhat like our own, but of vastly greater extent and complexity. From the positions of these dark lines we are enabled to say that sodium, calcium, iron, nickel copper, zinc and several other terrestrial elements are present in the vaporous condition round the sun.

From observations made during every hour of the twenty-four, it has become evident that our atmosphere influences the spectra of the heavenly bodies. There is a slight dulling of certain bright lines in the spectrum of a star which increases as it passes from the zenith to the horizon; as the light travels through a greater thick-

ness of air in the latter case than in the former, the presence of the air is taken to be the active cause of the observed variation, and the amount of moisture in suspension in the atmosphere is held to be the chief element of the influence. The spectroscope declares, from observations of this kind, that Mars and Venus have atmospheres containing watery vapor, and that the

been interpreted, it will be necessary to refer to a parallel case in the field of sound. This we can allowably do; as the laws underlying the propagation of light and sound are the same. The tone of a locomotive-whistle is raised in pitch as the engine approaches a bystander on a railroad platform, and when the engine moves off the pitch is lowered. Suppose that the engine is,

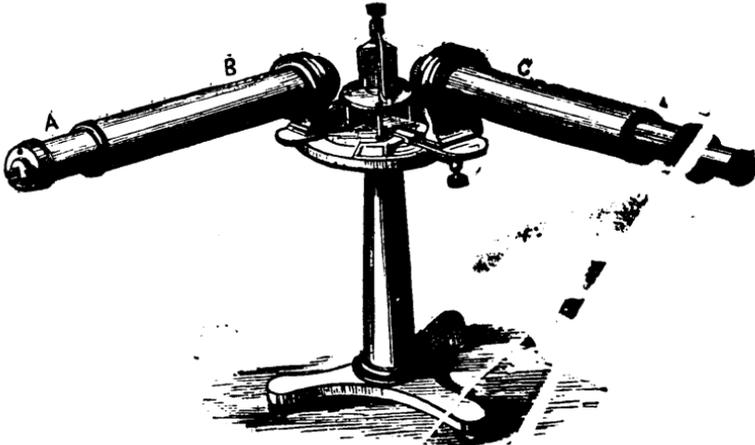


FIG. 6.—Chemical or students' spectroscope.

moon is destitute of any atmosphere whatever. In the cases of the two planets named, the bright lines, which are dimmed by passing through air charged with moisture are reduced in brilliancy; while in the case of the moon we receive a spectrum, in no particular different from the sun's except in point of feebleness.

Not only has the spectroscope enabled astronomers to tell the constitution and condition of the sidereal heavens—what elements are burning at immeasurable distances, what atmospheres surround many of the stars; but, most marvellous of all, it is now used to indicate the direction and speed of a star's motion in space, a task to which the telescope is quite unequal, for the motion might be directly toward or from the earth, and its apparent position would then be unchanged. To explain how this revelation has

running toward us, while we stand near the track, and that when 1100 feet off in a straight line, the whistle begins to scream. It will be a second before we hear anything, as sound takes that time to traverse 1100 feet in air; and all the sound which the whistle emits in, say, a run of ten seconds to the point where we stand, will be compressed into nine seconds; and as the waves will be shortened their pitch will be heightened. The converse lowering of pitch as the engine recedes is due to the waves of sound being lengthened out as they are uttered.

Now, in spectroscopy, close scrutiny has detected that the characteristic bright lines of Sirius, and some other stars, are sometimes displaced toward the red end of the spectrum, and sometimes toward the violet. Now, as the red waves are the longest, and the violet the shortest; the displacement of a

bright line toward the former indicates the recession of a star, and toward the latter its approach. (Fig. 7.) The impression of color depends entirely upon the number of waves that strike the eye in a second, so that a star of a red color when not changing its distance from the sun can be observed in broad daylight. The spectroscopes for this purpose contain each a series of prisms, and while the narrow vivid lines, due to the glowing gases, are but little weakened by repeated refraction, the continuous spectrum of the sun is reduced to a

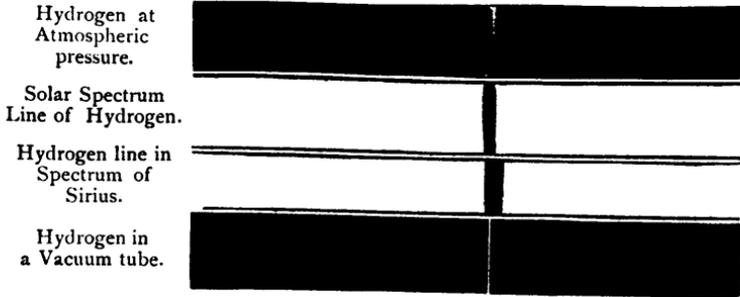


FIG. 7.—Alteration of wave length of the hydrogen in the atmosphere of Sirius, the Dog-star.

the earth in space, would appear blue if it rushed toward us with a third the velocity of light.

By methods, which it would be digressing unduly to state here, it has been found that the number of waves which strike the eye in producing the impressions of color are as follows :—

	No. of waves in an inch.	No. of waves in a second.
Extreme red	37640	458,000,000,000,000
Red	39180	477,000,000,000,000
Orange	41610	506,000,000,000,000
Yellow	44000	535,000,000,000,000
Green	47460	577,000,000,000,000
Blue	51110	622,000,000,000,000
Indigo	54070	658,000,000,000,000
Violet	57490	699,000,000,000,000
Extreme violet	59750	727,000,000,000,000

The short waves are the more refracted, perhaps because of their less force of impact when striking a new medium, as glass or water.

In the early days of spectroscopy, expeditions were undertaken at much trouble and expense to observe solar eclipses, during which phenomena, the storm-tossed atmosphere of the sun might be observed, the moon's disc obscuring the mass of the sun proper. Now, with specially devised instruments, the lofty, fiery clouds which enswathe

background of no disturbing brightness. Although the grandest applications of the spectroscope are undoubtedly those of astronomy, yet its uses in chemical analysis are of great value. It is so extremely sensitive that as little as 180,000,000 of a grain of sodium can be detected by it. Several chemical elements have also been discovered by its means. Bunsen in 1860, noticed, in the spectrum of a mineral water, some lines which he had never seen before. He evaporated forty-four tons of the water and obtained from it about two hundred grains of a new metal which he called Cæsium. Rubidium, thallium and indium have also been discovered and added to the list of chemical elements through the use of the spectroscope.

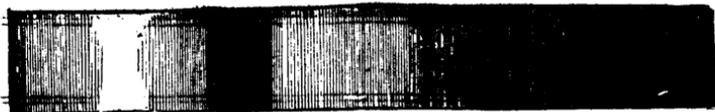
Every liquid, when conveying light, absorbs certain rays in a manner peculiar to itself; so that with the spectroscope, fraud and adulteration in the manufacture of oils, chemicals and so on have a new and formidable foe. Magenta and blood, two liquids of somewhat similar appearance, show very different absorption bands. (Fig. 8.)

Water, when examined by this method,

can be instantly decided to be pure or impure, and thus a most important service may be rendered to public health.

Whether directed to the heavens or used in the narrow area of the laboratory, the spectroscope is interesting and instructive in the highest degree. It enlarges our conceptions of the capabilities of matter, when we find that a feeble ray

appearance, in other quarters of the heavens we can see such masses disposed in somewhat regular forms, as rings, ellipses or spirals. Consolidated into stars, we have orbs indicating, by their various degrees of brilliancy, various periods of age during which the cooling process has gone on. Some are most vividly white, others yellow,



DARK BAND IN MAGENTA.

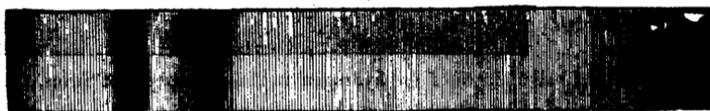


FIG. 8.—DARK BANDS IN BLOOD.

of light may dart across the radius of the visible universe, with transcendent speed, and continue to bear in legible characters the story of its origin, that bound together waves of diverse kinds may come so very far, without jostling each other or blurring their distinctiveness in the slightest degree.

We take a new delight in gazing at the heavens when we know that they are formed of precisely such materials as enter into the composition of the ground upon which we tread, of the plants that bloom around us, and of our own physical organizations. Just as one may enter a forest and observe, in the course of a short walk, maples in various stages of growth, while a lifetime would be too short to witness the development of a sapling to the strength and beauty of a young tree, and to the vigorous grandeur of full maturity: so may one follow in the fields of space processes which, in the case of an individual sun, might occupy millions of years. The spectroscope used with the telescope presents to our vision nebulae or masses of cloudy vapor, chaotic in

others again are decidedly faint in their light. In looking at these beautiful spheres the question cannot be repressed:—May not these suns have, circling about them, planets like our own, perhaps inhabited by intelligent beings like ourselves? To this question Science as yet has no reply.

The spectroscope has given us a new evidence of how thoroughly every part of Nature is bound up in every other part. The very diversity of elements aflame in the sun is the source of all the pleasure we derive from the beauties of color in daylight. Were nothing but sodium contained in the sun, we would know only light and shade,—forms unrelieved by tints and hues. Furthermore, the ripening of certain grains and fruits is found to be dependent chiefly on particular solar rays; so that, were these absent, the harvests of our fields and orchards would be much restricted in variety.

As has been said at the beginning of this paper, the whole science of spectroscopy rests on simple and familiar facts, yet the keenness of perception

needed, to read so much out of the facts, | wonderful as those now ours, through
 has come very late in the world's his- | properly following up such very ordi-
 tory. The inference is unavoidable | nary matters as the apparent bending
 that many of the commonplaces of ob- | of a stick thrust into water, and the
 servation only require thoughtful atten- | peculiarities of color due to certain
 tion and ingenious experiment to be | metals when ablaze.

GEORGE ILES.

A FRAGMENT.

BY J. O. MADISON.

Let not your judgment with the blind worlds run,
 To blame or praise where justice is not done;
 Let charity your censure milder make,
 And let your praise the mould of justice take:
 For some have faults who have not faults alone,—
 Their greater virtues may their faults condone,
 While some have virtues who may have as well,
 Faults which, perhaps, may drag them into hell.



LIFE IN GLENSHIE.

BEING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ELIZABETH RAY, SCHOOL TEACHER.

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

CHAPTER XII.

O, thou child of many prayers !
Life hath quicksands,—life hath snares !

LONGFELLOW.

I saw the ladies many times afterwards before, they went away, but they could not induce me to go back to visit them again. Walter came to school to Himmel-en-erde when Annie came back after the midsummer vacation. I was glad, and we renewed the confidences and mutual castle-building that had been such a comfort in the past. Walter told me that Mr. Caldwell was dead, and I was sorry—sorry that I had disliked him so much, and had felt his dislike to me so resentfully. I remembered how angry he had been over our difference of opinion about the catechism. He did not get over his anger easily either. I noticed that he did not say to me "My dear child," where the catechism directed him to say it, though he did to the rest of the scholars, saying sternly, "CHILD" instead. I was a rebel and ought not to be forgiven. And he was gone past all anger now. How I wished I had felt more kindly towards him.

Another bit of news Walter brought was that Arthur had left Uncle's for good. He had been more than usually rebellious, and Uncle had given him his indentures and let him go as an unprofitable servant. From the day of the scuffle, when he got his hair singed, Aunt and he had not once spoken to one another. Poor Arthur !

After Walter came I partly fell off

from close companionship with Marion Lindsay, and resolutely set myself to study and to redeem the time. My serious thoughts were revived, for Annie and some others were preparing for confirmation. It was a great grief of mind to me, knowing that I had been going still further away from God, that now He had chosen Annie and I was left. I clung to Miss Borg for advice and encouragement, spoke to her of my determination to seek His face till she began to think of me as a promising child of the covenant. I often wonder at the mistakes eminently good people make concerning the religion of others, in their goodness of heart. I had a natural religion that rose in glad thankfulness in the spring of my life. I was trained to call upon God in trouble or danger, to thank Him joyfully for deliverances, to praise Him for common mercies. I wished to receive His blessing, to be partaker of the happy safety of the saints, but I had no desire to die unto sin, if the sin was pleasant to my young heart. I did not know anything about the sinfulness of sin—about sin at all, unless it blossomed out and bore fruit of wicked deeds. I did not greatly desire holiness for its own sake—indeed I was afraid of it. I knew that some one thing was lacking, but, others thought, because I *did* think on these matters seriously, that I was a Christian, and had become one by a gradual educational process.

Once again I determined to strive to become a Christian, to get the want supplied of which my whole nature

testified. I was willing to make sacrifices. I gave up reading, except the Bible, of which I picked out the historical parts, especially Judges and Kings. I prayed very often, taking great pleasure in the pathos of my prayers, and if they touched my own feelings sufficiently to draw tears, I then thought that God would be moved thereby to look upon me with favor. I believed that I must deny myself something,—give up something that I loved well; so I gave up the companionship of Marion Lindsay, whom I loved, and attached myself to the company of my cousin Annie, who disapproved of me, and had prejudiced her intimate friends against me with tales of my foolish exploits at Enbridge, and insinuations, caught up from Aunt, against my mother. I often talked to Annie of the coming confirmation. I longed to know what transformation had happened to her to enable her to sit at the Lord's table and know that she was not eating and drinking unworthily. I was more and more dissatisfied when we talked of this. Annie never convinced me that she had gained any more of the secret of the Lord than I had, but only that she was on better terms with herself than I was, and then I feared for myself the great sin of judging and condemning another, and so condemning myself. Sometimes, in our conversations, I backslid into fun and made Annie forget herself and laugh as heartily as I did. Sometimes she kept her gravity and rebuked me from a lofty height, and left me a prey to unexpressed remorse.

My compositions, at this time, were filled with devout aspirations and moral reflections. Miss Borg gently urged me to dedicate myself wholly and publicly to the Lord in the rite of Confirmation along with my cousin. I held back, not perceiving in myself any change to justify me in so doing. I was reasoned with again and again, and assured that in children, sheltered from

evil influences, and taught in the way of the Lord from their earliest years, conversion was so gradual that, like the opening of a flower, the process was imperceptible to mortal eyes, and was known only by the results. It was the lack of result that troubled me. If I could only have said, "Whereas I was blind, now I see!"

I was told that what I felt was only the doubts which the most mature Christians feel. Annie, from the height of her placid assurance, enquired if I thought I had repented enough.

I knew very well that she meant had I repented of slapping her, and pulling her hair, when she called my mother a Moabitish woman and I could not say that I had—at least not much.

I did repent of many things so much that it pained me to remember them. It pained me more to know that I was quite likely to do the same things over again should circumstances tempt me. I repented of calling the twin Livingstones, who were remarkably small of their age, Liliputians and Puk-Wudgies because the names fitted them, and grew to them, and they did not like it a bit. I repented of teasing Lilla Gaylord, an East-Indian, with a dash of native blood in her veins, and a wonderful love for bright colors and shining ornaments. I was sorry I had called her richly embroidered trousers, panjammahs, and her bracelets, bangles, and told her she was arrayed in barbaric splendor, and was fine enough to be Queen of the Cannibal Islands. She was teased out of displaying her abundant finery and dropped wearing the most of her jewelry; and she had forgiven me and loved me, especially when I helped her with her arithmetic and composition, but, I felt it was mean—I was mean to do it, for she was a stranger in a strange land when I tormented her. I repented of having said to Annie about a strange German minister, that his cheeks were as large and his eyes as small as a sow's. Annie said to me

solemnly, with her small, white finger lifted in rebuke, "Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people." I declared he was not the ruler of my people, and Annie severely retorted. "He is the Lord's anointed anyway," which was crushing. There were many other minor things but these were the chief enormities.

I held back, wanting to know myself forgiven, to be able to answer to myself one of the questions which preceded Confirmation with the words, "He loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*." When, from my seat in the gallery, I saw Annie and her companions (one of them was Lily Adair the object of so much of my childish worship) in bridal white, making a profession to be the Lord's, receiving the Confirmation blessing from the minister—his hand on the head of each white-robed kneeling figure in turn,—I felt as Esau must have felt when he said, "Hast thou not a blessing for me? bless me, *even* me also, O my father."

It was so, after a time, that my own feelings, joined with outside influences, combined to make me desire Confirmation. I felt far off, I was advised to draw near to Him in the Ordinances, so I too was confirmed, blessed in the name of the Lord by the good minister, kneeling, white-robed, with my companions. I thought it would be easier to resist temptation if I publicly pledged myself to be the Lord's.

The next vacation, I was sent for to come home, and Aunt took care to impress upon me that she had no faith in my late profession. Jamie had not forgotten me, but claimed my services as if I had been but a day absent. Aunt employed me, and grumbled and grudging at me as she used to do. The new apprentice in Arthur's place, a son of John Ferris, was a quiet lad who did not make such a diversity of life as Arthur had done. I often thought of Arthur, with his temper and his pride what would become of him? I could

not help feeling anxious about him and praying for him. Aunt mentioned him once in a casual way, saying to Uncle, "Arthur has turned out just as I expected. I saw him on Ballymena street, and he was quite drunk. He looks nearly as dissipated as that Doyle." Aunt turned to me and added, "I suppose you sympathize with him deeply, Elizabeth?"

"I am very sorry for him, Aunt," I replied.

One Sabbath afternoon, we were all gathered round the long table in the kitchen reading our Bible lesson with Uncle, Aunt sitting by. It was a disagreeable day out doors, a cold sleety rain was pelting against the windows. There had been a succession of such days, and Bella Wiley had remarked that we were going to have a green Christmas, which would make a fat churchyard.

The dismal weather outside made the warm cheerful kitchen seem more cosy. Our lesson was about Eli's bad sons, for whom sacrifice or offering availed not for ever. The strong willed, wicked men who dashed themselves against the bosses of Jehovah's buckler, measuring their strength against His who rideth upon the heavens, who followed the course of their own choosing till it ended in a bloody death, dishonored and accursed on a lost battle field. And Eli, who could measure the despair of his heart, as he sat watching for tidings from the battle which he knew could only be evil? "Israel has fled * * * there has been a great slaughter * * * thy two sons are dead * * * the ark of God is taken." Slain by the heavy tidings, he fell backward, broke his neck and died. What had he to do any more with life?

Uncle said that he was often severe with us because he feared, unless he restrained us in small things, that we might run into evil and bring judgment from God on him as Eli. He said Arthur was a warning to us of the con-

sequences of rebellion and disobedience, and urged the duty of submission to those who were set over us, whose wisdom and experience were safer guides than our own self-will.

Poor Arthur, his name was pointing a moral for us! We heard the hall door open, then shuffling footsteps, as of some one who had difficulty in keeping on his shoes, came along the hall.

Tom jumped up and ran to see who was there. Turning to his father he bawled out, "I say, pa, here's Arthur."

Sure enough, in walked Arthur accompanied by Scrieven Doyle. That gentleman's appearance had not improved since he attended the Christmas festival in the Moravian village. His clothes had tattered out more, and flapped about him in limp flags of distress. Arthur looked worse. He could not, in so short a time, get rid altogether of his fine appearance; he was still handsome, but his reckless abandonment made him look diabolical. They were both very drunk, of course, or they would not have been there. They stopped near the door, and Arthur propped himself against the wall, with his cap on the back of his head, in the very attitude of maudlin drunkenness which he had assumed to mimic Scrieven Doyle long ago, when we went to the field for potatoes. His clothes were muddy and weather-stained as if he had been lying out about ditch backs.

"I've—I've come back to see you all," said Arthur, in a thick voice.

No one spoke. All of us children stared at him with all our eyes. Aunt set herself to look daggers of reproach at Arthur, Bella said afterwards. She was in the background staring with open mouth and taking notes at the same time. Uncle turned away his head, it was a sorry sight to him.

"Here's a go!" said Doyle, staggering forward a step and trying to balance himself. "I say, Tom Henderson, have you no bit of veal on hand to welcome

back your prodigal! not even a toast-cake, eh! Every one as dumb as a beetle. That's a pattern of your white-livered christianity."

"They have come past all the people going home from church, in that plight," said Aunt to Uncle, in a low voice.

"This is what you have brought yourself to, unfortunate boy!" said Uncle, sternly.

"I came in to see you, Elizabeth," said Arthur, with a miserable attempt at swagger. "I never did care a curse for the rest of you. You've grown a big girl, Elizabeth."

Another silence, all of us looking at him as before.

"These are respectable visitors to be seen coming into our house on the Sabbath day," said Aunt, bitterly.

"We didn't come to visit you, my old hen," said the unfortunate Doyle, screwing up his face in the endeavor to wink at her with the eye that was not bruised. "Come, Atty, my boy, we're not wanted here."

He caught hold of Arthur's arm to lead him off.

I think the large, comfortable kitchen, we all sitting round the long table at our Sunday lesson, young Ferris in the place where he used to sit, had an effect on Arthur. He pulled away from Doyle, and said, making a step toward me, "Shake hands with me, Elizabeth, before I go. Think of this," and he held up his thumb, shaking with drink and exposure.

"Elizabeth, I command you to stay where you are," said Uncle. "Arthur, you have made your choice, go away to the friends you prefer." "No one could touch you without pollution," added Aunt.

Arthur began to cry—Oh, it was pitiful to see him! "Shake hands—shake hands with me, Elizabeth, for God's sake, and say you pray for me. I'm lost, I know I am."

"Come our-a-this," hiccupped

Doyle. "We're not wanted here. Come long, Atty."

"Elizabeth!" said Uncle in an awful voice, as I crossed the room and shook hands with the wretched creature.

"I do pray for you," I said, "I wish you could pray for yourself."

"God bless you, Elizabeth," were his last words, as he was led off sobbing, by Doyle, Aunt going after them and locking the door to prevent their return. I had not said what I wanted to say, I never did, some way. If I had only said to him, "The Son of Man has come to seek and save that which is lost." I would have run after him through the rain to say it if I dared.

"Is that the kind of people you choose for your friends, Elizabeth?" said Aunt triumphantly, when she returned from locking the door. "If you were my child, as I'm thankful to say you're not, I would whip you within an inch of your life for what you have done in defiance of us. Annie would as soon put her hand in the fire as into that wretched creature's."

"Be quiet, Mary Ann," said Uncle. I looked at him, his face was very pale, even his lips were white. Before Aunt could answer he said, "Let us pray."

He prayed that sin might not have dominion over us; that God would choose us for His own and keep us unspotted from the world. Then he poured out strong prayer for the poor lost boy who was without father and mother, out homeless, by his own wayward choice, that stormy night, and he asked pardon if he had been the unwitting means of driving him away from all good influence.

Aunt took great exception to this prayer for Arthur. She said there *were* reprobates like Eli's sons, children of the wicked one, going astray from their birth, and she was sure Arthur was one of them.

"Hush, Mary Ann," said Uncle, softly. "Do not measure God's pa-

tience in your poor little peck measure."

I kept looking earnestly at Uncle, I hoped he would go after Arthur and bring him back, but he did not. Sabbath night closed in stormy, with wind and rain, and my thoughts would wander to the poor outcast who had no earthly father to arise and go to, saying, "Father, I have sinned."

Next evening I was out with Bella Wiley, milking in the byre, when Scrieven Doyle appeared in the doorway. He was sober and not quite so disreputable looking as he was the day before.

"Well Doyle," said Bella. "You are not a bit ashamed of yourself, I suppose?"

"I'm a hard case, shame and I might have been married long ago, we have not been near akin this long time. Is Elizabeth here?" he asked, looking over the cow I was milking.

"I am here, Mr. Doyle," I said, getting up. "Did you want me?"

"We are both sorry for coming to the house yesterday. We were very drunk, and Anthony Cae dared us to come, and we bet we would, and we did; but Arthur is in a bad way to-day. He told me to tell you, that if ever he reforms, it will be owing to your remembering him, and shaking hands with him, in spite of them all."

"Not in spite of them, Mr. Doyle, but because I was so sorry, I forgot myself."

"I would advise you to clear out of this, Scrieven Doyle," said Bella. "Elizabeth has got enough of blame for Arthur and you,—a pair of worthless scamps."

"Don't mind her, Mr. Doyle," I said, "but it is better for you to go, for fear Aunt should come out and she would be angry. Tell Arthur to try and be good. It is dreadful for him to be that way of his own choice. It is far worse for you Mr. Doyle, to try to lead a boy astray who has no father. You know better what this life leads to than he does, try to lead him back and come

back yourself. God will forgive you both and you will be happier."

"Here's the mistress!" said Bella, resuming her milking in a great hurry, "I knew how it would be."

Scriveen Doyle disappeared, but not before Aunt saw him, and, oh dear! how she did scold me. She talked as if I had sent for him, as if such as he were the chosen companions of my life. When she cooled down she questioned Bella and me as to what he said to us, carping and cross-questioning as if we were criminals on trial. She felt great contempt for Arthur's prospect of reformation, and declared she believed he was born bad.

"Who told Aunt, Bella?" I asked, when we were alone.

"I expect it was Nat or Tom, they were playing in the yard when Doyle came in,—the wretched looking creature!" said Bella with intense disgust. "I think you have too much pity for the likes of them. I do not wonder, for once, at your aunt being angry at the thought of such as them speaking to you, they are not fit to live on the earth."

"God wants them to get better, I am sure, Bella. Christ died for sinners, and when He was on earth He pitied them, and left them word that whosoever will come to Him He will in no wise cast out. If they would only come."

"Well, they won't," snapped Bella, "but your Aunt will have a fine time watching us to see if Arthur will come back to speak to you."

We returned to school without seeing or hearing anything more of Arthur, but the idea of him being lost like Eli's sons caused me to mourn for him secretly. Aunt lent me Young's poems to take back with me to school, that I might, she said, read attentively the poem on "The Last Day," and learn to have less sympathy with hopeless reprobates. I read the poem carefully and continued to feel great pity for Arthur, and I pray-

ed that neither he, nor I, nor any one, should feel as the poem describes on that day.

"Alone,
Cast on the left of all whom thou hast known;
How would it wound! What millions would
thou give
For one more trial? One more day to live?
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's
space,
To grasp with eagerness the means of grace:
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?"

I read these lines, felt sick over them, and wished that Arthur could read them and perhaps the terrors of the Lord might terrify him back to God.

The days sped tranquilly away at school. I learned some things, and read everything I could lay my hands on. School life was so tranquil and happy that I became intensely Moravian. I forgot to mention before, that Uncle Tom was a Moravian and therefore preferred their schools for us, though he attended the Presbyterian church at Enbridge with Aunt. One of my favorite teachers, a calm, dove-eyed woman, spoke of me as a teacher for a small class of little ones in the Sabbath school. I was appointed, and grew to like my work. I began to take great interest in the missionary reports and to wish secretly that I were a missionary. Life at Grey Abbey had gone away into the far distance, and the Moravians, their life of missionary endeavor and self-denial, was of absorbing interest to me. The names of Count Zinzendorf, Christian David and Hans Egede, John Cennick and La Trobe, grew familiar to my ears instead of Wishart and John Knox. My castles in the air were built at Demerara or Maracaibo, South Africa or Labrador, where I was to be a devoted missionary doing a great work.

When I was fifteen I was recalled to actual life and Enbridge to help Aunt. Nat and Tom were sent to school at Himmel-en-erde. A cousin of Uncle's who lived at Lisburn, persuaded Uncle to let Annie stay with his family and

attend a fashionable school there, where she was to finish her education.

Aunt had added twins, a boy and a girl, to the family, Jamie, grown up nicely, still demanded unlimited stories, and the one hundredth psalm occasionally, to keep him in order. There was plenty to do, and I fell into my old place. My life among the Moravians had ended.

CHAPTER XIII.

Thou art leaving us all, love, and much may
befall, love,
To warp and to wean thee from Infancy's ties ;
Thou wilt tread fairer places, and see brighter
faces,
And riches and beauty shall dazzle thine eyes.

ELIZA COOK.

When Walter was fifteen the question came up, "What is to be done with him?"

Uncle Tom said if he wished to be a minister, like my father, there was still something left to help him through a college course.

"Your father's books are very valuable, they would help," said uncle, "and there might come help from other sources."

"I will never learn to be a minister as if it were a trade," said Walter, decidedly. "No one should enter the ministry unless he is called of God. I would not be willing to sell any of my father's books, they are more to me—to us, than they could be to any one else."

"Perhaps you would like to learn the trade, and succeed to the business when I retire, which I mean to do in a few years. Neither Nat nor Tom have any liking for trade. How would you like that prospect, Walter?" said uncle, kindly.

"You are very kind, sir," said Walter, with his face, that expressed so much affection and gratitude, turned full upon uncle. "You have so many dependent on you,—and I have felt helpless long

enough—I want to be doing something and seeing something. I want to take the shortest cut to independence."

"What is it?" said uncle, in alarm. "You don't think of enlisting; you are not tall enough, and you are too young."

"No; I want to join the army of workers, but I want to have my own way, uncle."

"Bless the boy!" said aunt, striking in impatiently. "What do you mean? Can you not speak your mind at once, and not go beating about the bush!"

"The Semples are going out to Canada, and I would like to go with them and try my luck there. I would come home if I did not succeed and take my place on the board," said Walter.

Uncle was much averse to Walter's trying the world so young, but Walter was so anxious to go, and aunt advising that he should have his will, he consented unwillingly enough. "You will always consider this your home," he said, "and come back when you have tried independence, and find it not so pleasant, after all, as home and friends."

"I mean to have a home for you before long," Walter said lovingly to me, when we were alone together. "They put too much upon you. Your nickname of Cinderella is beginning to have more truth than poetry in it. Never mind, you and I shall live together yet in our own cottage under the maple trees of Canada."

It was very strange to every one, but old Uncle Jack opened his heart and his purse to help Walter in his outfit, and so, in a lesser degree, did Aunt Mattie, though both protested loudly against his going "awa amang fremit folk instead o' gaun tae college in a wise-like way."

Every one was astonished at the old couple's generosity. Bella Wiley said to me that it was "oil out of the flinty rock."

So Walter emigrated to Canada, a bright, handsome, winsome lad of

fifteen, with pluck and determination to push his fortune and make a great man of himself, and in every success he won I was to have my share. The bitterness of parting was sweetened by the hope that he would open for me a door of escape from my life at Enbridge. The days dragged wearily past after Walter left. It was a stormy spring, and, when the winds roared round the house, the possibility of shipwreck filled me with fear.

Aunt, who took a gloomy pleasure in the dark side of things, ("Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs" was her favorite author) and who, besides, had a belief that I had no feeling because I expressed none, so unlike her sensitive Annie, often gave audible voice to my forebodings.

"Well, children," she would say, "you can be merry, and that wind is raising a storm out on the wild Atlantic, that may, perhaps, shipwreck poor Walter."

When the time was past which it was likely he would spend on sea, Tom said, "I suppose a fellow may smile now, mother, Walter must be safe on shore."

"I would advise you," said aunt, "to put off making mirth till you *know* he is safe. Even if he is on shore, I have heard of trees blowing down in these Canadian forests and crushing people to death in a moment."

My fears made me watch for the old postman, taking care to be at the hall door when his hour for coming round came. The old man noticed me watching for him, and was as anxious to bring me a letter as could be.

Annie had returned from Lisburn quite a grown-up young lady. She was handsome and accomplished, and altogether perfect in aunt's loving eyes. Looking at the contrast between us, aunt seemed to dislike me more and more. I had a great deal to do, and was expected to leave whatever I was at to find for the children anything

they had mislaid. I was expected to notice every thing forgotten and neglected, and supply every lack of service. I had a natural taste for dressmaking and millinery, and aunt was quite willing to avail herself of it, but bitterly resented every hint that I was in any respect useful in the household. She was always reminding me of the cost of my education, and of the outlay my maintenance added to the household expenses. When anything was forgotten or neglected, I was told how humble and thankful I ought to be, how useful I ought to make myself, remembering that I did not stand on my own father's floor.

As if I did not feel that every hour of the day. Annie's goodness, gentleness, stylishness and beauty were brought forward so often in contrast to my deficiencies that I was afraid I should learn to hate her. The quiet helplessness, that never expected to please, which I felt, was a constant exasperation to Aunt, who sometimes could not express the bitterness she felt towards me. At last, one bright morning, old Joe, the postman, brought me a letter, surely different from any letter that ever before rustled in his post-bag. It was thick and heavy, and spotted all over with postmarks, as became a travelled letter. Every one rejoiced, even Aunt was as glad as could be, though she thought Walter should have written to his uncle, to whom he was so much indebted, instead of to me. Of course with the whole family gathered round me I was obliged to read it aloud, instead of escaping into a corner with it as I wished to do. It was dated, Gledbury, Upper Canada.

MY DARLING SISTER, ELIZABETH,—I have got safe across the Atlantic; have not been eaten by sharks or knocked under by icebergs, nor have I encountered any hardships worth speaking about. I have taken the first employment that offered, hired with a gentleman who was in Quebec selling timber. I am determined to make myself so useful that he will not be willing to part with me. When I came here first, I brought home the cows, fed the pigs, looked after the sheep, carried water and broke up wood

for the fire. I am now employed in the store, which is more confining. Mr. Ramsay, my employer, has a store, what we call a shop at home, and sells everything, dry goods, groceries, farming implements, stationary, medicines, crockery and whisky. He has a saw mill; and has men in the woods making timber every winter, which goes to Quebec to be sold. He is a thin, tall man, does not speak much, and is always in a hurry. The hours for work are simply all the time we are awake. There is no time to rest except the Sabbath, and it is cut as close at each end as possible. Nobody has time to make fun except a dry joke dropped now and then as they fly round at their business. Life here seems an everlasting hurry scurryation. Mr. Ramsay walks at a sharp pace, eats as if he were bolting for a wager, and is always meditating what new plan he can take for making money quickly, or how he can engineer more work out of his men. I am getting to like this energetic driving life, one feels as if he were of some use in the world. The worst of it is, I want to rest on Sunday instead of going three miles to church. Every body is very kind to me. Do not think I am lonely, I am as merry as a cricket, I have no time to be lonesome. Give my love to everybody. Tell Uncle Henderson that I will be home with my fortune made before Ferris has his seven years apprenticeship served. I am gathering some curiosities for Aunt, and Aunt Mattie, which I buy from the Indians who come to the store. Tell Aunt Mattie that I will go back to County Antrim to eat some of her apple fadge, some day. Has Arthur turned up again, repented and reformed? I think of everybody and of every place I ever knew, and dream of them at night. I love everyone on the other side of the sea. Even the baker's thieving dog would get a pat on the head if he walked into he store in a slack time. That reminds me to tell you that we see but little money here. We are paid in all sorts of things. We have a large store-house filled with every description of farm produce taken in exchange. It makes a great deal of heavy work. I have packed barrels upon barrels of eggs that are to be shipped to Montreal. We have home-made cheeses and cakes of maple sugar, about the size of tiles and almost the same shape, piled up in the store-house as high as peat stacks. We have rows of tennets, or firkins, of butter in the cellar. In the fall of the year they buy lard, tallow, pork, butcher's meat, fowl, knitted socks and mittens. In short, everything the people have to sell, giving store pay as they call barter. Cannot I write like a man of business? Grain is just beginning to come in, soon we will have all the bins in the granary full. We will sell for cash all we do not require for the shanty, thus having a double profit. This is the way to get rich in a hurry. I wish I could get you all over here to stir you up and make you feel alive. They have such a different way of expressing themselves on this side of the sea that I feel as if I were learning another language. I understand some verses of Scripture better than I used to do. Last Sunday, when going down to church, along a sandy

road, the sun burning hot, shining as it does not know how to shine over there, I thought of the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. I never saw any meaning in the words before. I tell you that the glare of the sun and the reflection of the heat from the sand made my head feel like Jonah's when he was sitting in the sun watching Nineveh. I understood what a venerable old lady from York State, meant, who lives near us, and was coming home over the same hot road, when she said, "I calkilate that yure about's much tuckered eout's I be?"

I'm about tuckered eout writing bein as it's twelve o'clock. Give my love to everybody that I ever saw and to all in the house, the men, the children, Bella, and every one, bushels of it to Uncle and Aunt, Benjamin's mess to yourself, and hoping that we will soon be united in Canada.

Your loving brother

WALTER RAY.

P. S. To give you an idea of the system of barter here, I exchanged, yesterday, a paper of needles for a few onions, with a high stepping young lady who came a good many miles to make the trade; and sold a stick of candy to a little lad and was paid with one egg, which I hope was not the nest egg abstracted on the sly.

Every one enjoyed Walter's letter, it was read to all our acquaintances, Aunt Mattie and Uncle Jack came over to hear it. They all decided that Walter had drawn the long bow in his descriptions but they enjoyed the letter and praised the lad, who was so different from his sister, they said.

Life was so hopelessly dreary to me that I wrote to Walter, reminding him that I was older than he by some years, and asking him if there was anything I could do to earn my living where he was, for life at Enbridge was intolerable. Aunt grew harder to me every day, and Uncle Tom, though a just man, saw me through the medium of Aunt's opinions and thought me very perverse. Every road to independance seemed barred against me. Every opening was crowded with applicants. A teacher was wanted for a small school some miles from us, and I heard that one hundred and forty applied for it. I sometimes thought, as I looked for a way of escape from Aunt's bondage, that I was the one too many in the world.

A gentleman, who had received a government appointment in Australia,

wanted to take out a governess with his family. The children were young, and, hoping I might suit, I would have applied for the situation had they been going to Canada, but they were not, and Canada was my land of promise, because Walter was there. I thought of going over to Miss Borg, to know if she could get me embroidery to do, that I might earn a little to help pay my passage. Before I got an opportunity of going, another letter came from Walter, containing money to take me out to him. He had not spent all he had with him, having engaged with Mr. Ramsay, who paid his way to Gledbury soon after landing. When Mr. Ramsay understood that Walter and I were alone in the world, and wanted to be together, he advanced as much more as was necessary, and trusted to Walter to repay it.

Gladly I laid aside my daily tasks and set about getting ready in earnest. It was amusing to see how aunt missed my services. She had persuaded herself I was a burden, and when relief came, she was angry that I was glad to go. She took no more notice of my services than of sun or rain, but resented Annie's having to take my place. The children, accustomed to me, clamored and found fault. Annie grumbled and complained, and, worse than all, when things were neglected that I had been accustomed to do, aunt was annoyed most because I saw the difference it made.

I went over to bid good bye to Miss Borg, and found her ill in bed, her chamber darkened, and one of the sisters, as nurse, attending her. She was glad to see me, strengthened herself to speak to me, and made me tell her all my plans. She gave me her council as she used to do, only more solemnly, for we both knew it was the last time.

"I will not say good bye or farewell to you, my child. You are packing up to journey to a strange country. I also

am packing up for a flitting, but, I am going to a country where I have an inheritance. We will say adieu, for into the keeping of my God and yours I give you. See to it that we meet again."

With the pain of parting on my heart, I went from Miss Borg's sick chamber to the burying ground, took a last look at the grave of Lily Adair, walked round the village, bidding farewell to the place as much as to the people, or more, for, besides my teachers, I had few acquaintances. This little village, hallowed by kindness, familiar to my feet in the days of my gladness, where the light of the Lord shone round me, is the Ireland of my remembrance.

The night before I left, Aunt Henderson invited old Uncle Jack and Aunt Mattie to come over to see me. Uncle Jack gave me many good wishes, hoped that I would "have a' the buiks I wanted ower there," and brought me an old book of Scottish ballads for a keepsake. Old Aunt Mattie was for once affectionate. Aunt made a little supper, had fried oysters and punch. Old Aunt Mattie liked punch, and under its influence became quite demonstrative.

If I had not for so many years known better, I would have thought that I had been her especial pet all my life.

"I was aye fand o ye, Leesabeth," she said, "my hert was in ye, lass."

"You never let me know of it before and it is too late to tell me now," I said.

"Love is wasted on you, Elizabeth. You have a hard, cold, jealous nature. Any one but you would feel a little regret at leaving home and friends behind you, and show some natural affection," said Aunt Henderson.

With the remembrance of Aunt's injustice, and old Aunt Mattie's pinches I could not show kindness, for there was none in my heart to either of them. I was sorry to part with the children, kissed them all over and over again. Jamie, precious little Nellie, and the twins clung round me, and Annie made

me promise to write to her. Uncle accompanied me to the ship to see me under the care of the family with whom I was going, recommended me to the protection of the captain and gave me this characteristic advice, "Remember there is an obligation on you to walk as your father's daughter should. Look for help and advice where you know it is to be found."

While we were in Belfast, before the ship sailed, there came to me a desire to see Grey Abbey again, to look at the graves of my father and my dear mamma, and the old home, but there was not time. I made a compromise by going up to McComb's book store, to see the author of "Two Hundred Years Ago." I was not known to him, and I had not courage to make myself known. I bought a book for the sake of looking on his face, remembering that my father liked him.

Uncle Tom's face was the last I saw, as the ship moved down the lough, and we soon were out on the tossing Atlantic. I was very sick, and lay in my berth by the little window, the breadth of my hand, of glass thick enough to withstand the dash of the waves, affording me a dim, religious light to read by, when I was able. When I recovered enough to go about I saw plenty to interest me. Every thing was strange and new to my eyes, from the icebergs we heard about, and the whales we might have seen if they had come near enough instead of spouting up water at the very limit of the horizon, to the tumbling shoals of porpoises driving past, and the flocks of dainty petrels paddling on the crest of the swells with their delicate feet. It was wonderful to watch the sailors tacking the ship and heaving the log; delightful to lean idly over the bulwarks and watch the sun drop into the sea from his glorious throne in the west, and the calm eyed stars come out and look at their own shadow in the water, and the broad track of moonlight

trembling over the uneasy waves, till it was time to go to bed and dream of green fields and babbling brooks.

There was a poor mother in the steerage, with a very sick child, and I got into the habit of going over to see it. Everyone in the ship was concerned about the baby for it was the poor mother's only one. She had had many more but they had died, one after another and her heart was set on this sick little one, and it slowly pined away. She thought if it would live till we got ashore it would recover. When we were about six weeks at sea, the baby died. The sailors said it would die because a shark had followed the ship. The poor mother was frantic with grief, and dreading that the baby would be thrown into the sea, she sat in her berth holding the little corpse in her arms and would not let it go. The captain persuaded, her husband reasoned with her, but she sat rocking and moaning over the dead baby as if she did not hear them. A good many sat up with her all night, I among the rest, they sang hymns that had comfort in them but she showed no sign of listening or heeding. Towards morning a sweet voice began to sing Cowper's hymn.

"God of my life on Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall,
When the great waterfloods prevail
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

"Friend of the friendless and the faint
Where should I lodge my deep complaint,
Where save with Thee whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor.

"Did ever mourner plead with Thee
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Doth not Thy word still fixed remain
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

"That were a grief I could not bear
Did'st Thou not hear and answer prayer.
But a prayer hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load."

The verses, or the tune, or the sweet voice, or all together drew the woman's attention and she wept, for the first time since the baby died, passionate weeping that soon exhausted her, worn out

as she was with grief and watching, and she fell asleep, sobbing heavily even in her sleep. They took the dead baby softly from her arms, the little canvas coffin was ready and they laid it in tenderly, those rough men, as if they were afraid to hurt it and placed it on a plank on the gangway. The captain put on a black velvet cap and read the burial service. The shark, that had followed us, swam alongside, as if he were listening. When the prayers were ended there was a splash and a plunge and a great deal of flying foam.

"Did the shark get it?" I asked, breathlessly, of an old grey headed sailor.

"No, he missed it," he replied.

I suppose the splash awakened the poor mother, she missed her babe and raised a great cry. The women, fluttering and sympathetic, rushed down to her. The captain ran into the cabin, brought out a loaded musket and fired at the shark, and hit it, for I saw blood. It gave a great splashing jump and opened a black cavern of a mouth that might, I thought, have swallowed a boat's crew.

"Have you killed it?" asked one.

"Given it the toothache," said the captain, laughing.

They all dispersed; the sentiment was over. The old sailor stretched out his arm with tattooing on the wrist, and pointing to what seemed a low bank of cloud far away on the horizon, said, "There is land," and I too forgot the woman's grief in the joy of getting to the end of our voyage.

We anchored at Grosse Isle; were inspected, the doctor, who was not a doctor at all, standing by, looking as medical as possible; passed triumphantly, and sailed up the broad river towards Quebec. I knew the meaning of that line,

"Mine eye in vain is seeking one green leaf to rest upon,"

for I had looked eagerly after a floating blade of grass. After nearly seven

weeks of sea and sky it was delightful to watch the grand dark woods floating past in a sombre panorama, with here and there a cleared space, bright with growing crops, and little villages of white houses clustering round a church with its tin-covered spire flashing in the sun. At last we anchored before Quebec, and looked up at the rock that has witnessed such daring deeds, city crowned, keeping watch over the broad river. The first boat brought Walter on board and we were together again and soon found ourselves on board the steamer for Montreal. Sailing up the beautiful river, seated on the great steamboat's upper deck with Walter beside me and as fair a country as there is on the earth, I suppose, passing before my eyes; this was enjoyment. There was a group of Indian women sitting on the floor of the upper deck working away quite unconcernedly, surrounded by finished specimens of their handiwork; baskets made of splints of the inner bark of some tree gaily stained in many colors, little ornamental boxes of birch bark, and many very pretty trifles covered thickly with beads. They were surrounded by a crowd of purchasers, lithe, active men with a half sailor look, who bargained with a great deal of action in a fussy foreign way, many of them having rings in their ears. Walter said they were French raftsmen returning from Quebec with the earnings of a long winter in their pockets. Ever since I left Enbridge, whether it was that being unused to travelling, strange sights and sounds had a bewildering effect on me, or the cessation of Aunt's constant orders with their running accompaniment of "Why did you do this?" "Why don't you do that?" "When will you do the other," I felt like one walking in sleep, I could hardly realize that I was free, and with Walter, and actually looking at the strange sights that passed before my eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IMPERIAL CONFEDERATION AND COLONIAL DEFENCE.*

England's Colonial Empire presents a combination of pressing questions as to the existence of present relations, or the change, if any, which necessity seems now to force upon them, which are as yet unsatisfactorily answered. With the exception of the Roman Empire, at the period of its greatest power, no kingdom of the world has ever been in a similar condition; and even that similarity is more apparent than real. The great Consuls and Pro-consuls of Rome are only reproduced to a certain extent in the British Imperial Government of India. About one hundred years ago Warren Hastings, the first Governor General, established British supremacy in India with a mere handful of British troops, and sepoy. To-day, over 200,000,000 of the native races acknowledge

allegiance to English rule, which is maintained by an army of 66,000 British, and 120,000 native soldiers, charged, not only with the regulations of the internal relations of this vast Empire, but also with the guardianship of several thousand miles of frontier against warlike and aggressive hordes. The acquisition and retention of these possessions in India have been the cause of the most important wars in which England has been engaged for the century past, and the same cause now marshals all her power to confront the threatened aggressions of Russia affecting that quarter. It is for India, not Egypt, nor Turkey, for which England now shows such a bristling front against a power whose dream is only of unlimited conquest in the East. Year by year, step by step, Russia has been steadily advancing until the challenge of the sentries, re-echoing from the East, are now flashed from London to St. Petersburg, and the Muscovite, with the elation of victory, the advantages of proximity, and backed by the presence of over a million and a quarter of armed soldiers, answers so defiantly as to forbode fears of universal conflict among the European nations—for we believe that war, if unhappily it should arise, cannot be confined to Russia and England. But it is vain to speculate upon the results of a conflict once entered upon between these powers.

As the next important Colony of the Empire, after India, Canada must naturally endeavor to forecast her relations in such an eventuality as a general war, or even a war between the mother-country and Russia alone. That England would rely, to some extent, for aid upon Canada, as well as

*To those of our readers who may care to enter upon a fuller investigation of this most important question as presented by its advocates and opponents, we commend, among others, the perusal of the following more prominent discussions, from which we acknowledge much of the present paper to have been drawn.

1. The address of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, at Edinburgh, in November, 1875; published and widely circulated in pamphlet form.

2. The "Political Destiny of Canada" by Goldwin Smith, republished from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *New Dominion Monthly* for Dec. (1877).

3. "Greater or Lesser Britain"—by Sir Julius Vogel; in the *Nineteenth Century*, July (1877).

4. "Imperial and Colonial Responsibilities in War"—by Captain Colomb; published in the annual proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute 1876-7.

5. "Mr. Gladstone and our Empire"—by Edward Dicey; *Nineteenth Century*, September (1877).

6. "The Integrity of the British Empire"—by Lord Blachford; *Nineteenth Century*, October (1877).

7. "England and Her Colonies"—by George Baden Powell. *Fraser's Magazine*, January (1878).

upon her other Colonies, is as natural as evident. The navy of Great Britain—her principal offensive and defensive power—would be expected to protect Canadian and other Colonial, as well as Imperial commerce; and for such protection the Imperial Government would have a right to ask some recompense, and call upon the Colonies to say how far they desire to bear a hand in their own defence, and will be ready to assist in maintaining Imperial posts of vantage in an adequate state of preparation for resistance. Thus will the question of the relations of Colonial and Imperial responsibilities in war, and indeed the whole future relations of the Empire to its component parts, be brought to an issue.

Within the past few years a great change has taken place in the relations between Great Britain and her Colonies. It is not long since the period when the removal of Imperial troops from New Zealand at the most critical period of the struggle with the Maories—a struggle brought about by Downing Street misrule—was followed by strong feelings in favor of the separation of that colony from England; while, in spite of the offer from at least one colony to pay the expense of their retention, the recall of the troops from Australia, and the forcing upon Victoria an irritating change in the flag, produced similar results, and for a time the exertions in favor of the disintegration of the empire seemed about to be successful. A like feeling, from the same causes, existed at our time in Canada; but among the most galling of all influences has been that of the hitherto contemptuous tone invariably adopted by the Colonial office, and that portion of the English press as represented by *The Times* towards Colonial Governments and Colonial statesmen. In London, the Premier of a great colony like Canada seemed personally and officially of far less account than the diplomatic representative of the untutored

savages of Hayti or San Domingo. This seems now to be all changed, and, as remarked, the crisis of a change in the entire Colonial relations to the mother-country seems to have arrived. It becomes us then, as Canadians, to meet the question and discuss it fully upon its merits. Sempronius-like the voice of England seems now to be for war—a war which, if entered upon, according to the assertions of its principal manager and director, one or two, or three or more adverse campaigns would only add to the determination and stubbornness of Britain in its prosecution. It is argued that the enormous wealth of England would successfully carry her through. In the great struggle of England which commenced in 1792 and ended with Waterloo, some sixty years ago, the relative proportion of her national debt to that of her national wealth was something alarmingly close. Now, that debt has been reduced to about six hundred and forty millions of pounds, while her national wealth has risen to seven thousand six hundred and eighty millions of pounds, or in the proportion of 640 to 7,680; and, in the event of a life and death struggle, we see how much England could increase her present debt before it obtained the proportion in which it stood to her national wealth in 1815. But outside of patriotic sentiment, which, in this practical age, can never be altogether depended on, it may be asked why should Canada, who has no special cause or interest in a war with Russia, be called upon to bear her proportionate expenses either for aggression or defence? The satisfactory answer to this question must, in case of compliance, form the basis for the changed Imperial and Colonial relations which will of necessity ensue. What those relations *may* be, we do not presume to foretell. It may be, in his article on the "Political Destiny of Canada," published in the *Fortnightly Review* last

year, Mr. Goldwin Smith is right in concluding that:—

“To Canada the economical advantages of continental union will be immense; to the United States its general advantages will be not less so. To England it will be no menace, but the reverse; it will be the introduction into the Councils of the United States, on all questions, commercial as well as diplomatic, of an element friendly to England, the influence of which will be worth far more to her than the faint and invidious chance of building up Canada as a rival to the United States. In case of war her greatest danger will be removed. She will lose neither wealth nor strength, probably she will gain a good deal of both.”

But we believe that the public sentiment in Canada is, as yet, largely unfavorable to Mr. Smith's conclusions, and that, in the event of war, Canada would respond, in so far as she was able, to England's request for aid in money or in men. Of the latter, Canada would undoubtedly most willingly, at first at least, furnish her quota, if not more. Her resources, in this particular, are now looked upon in England with a most favorable eye. Rumor or report places our active militia at some 35,000 to 40,000 men, and our fighting reserves at some 600,000 more—in all nearly 700,000. But the expenses of placing any reasonable number of Canadian forces in the field, say of 10,000 men—this, and the manner of doing so, would bring the question of our future relations to England into reconsideration, and necessitate their reconstruction upon some more defined and permanent basis.

In a war with Russia, England would be obliged to draw, to a far larger extent than she already does, upon Canada and the United States for her supply of food; but if she were unhappily engaged in war with the United States and Russia, her supply of food from Canada, under present circum-

stances, would be entirely inadequate. At the same time there is land enough in the Dominion to grow sufficient food for the supply of all England's wants—we refer to the vast regions of the North-West country. But we have, as yet, no adequate means of access to them. Even in so far as affording a proper food supply for England, a railway to our boundless western grain fields is an *Imperial necessity*, and the immediate construction of this road should be made the basis of all negotiations with England for aid in war. But further, if England wishes permanently to secure her possessions in the Pacific, a railway through Canadian territory to Vancouver's Island is still more an Imperial necessity. Russia has already advanced and formed a large naval station on the Western Pacific coast at Vladivostock, which has been rendered nearly impregnable by fortification, where she has a sea-going squadron built expressly for speed, each vessel being armed with heavy Gatling guns and torpedoes. These ships would prove so many *Alabamas* to British commerce in the East and upon the shores of British Columbia, from which Vladivostock is but fifteen days steaming distance. Besides the squadron at Vladivostock, the Russians have a fleet of nine ships of war and eighteen transports on the Amoor river; and there are also five or six Russian ships of war reported in the Pacific, from which the *Pall Mall Gazette* states that serious danger is to be apprehended for the British shipping and Eastern possessions; while so high an authority as Sir Garnet Wolseley, who is far from being an alarmist, publicly states that nearly all the English coaling stations in that quarter are at the mercy of the first hostile ironclad which reaches them. Mr. J. Anthony Froude, the historian, in a recent lecture on “Colonies,” stated that he considered, of all the problems which English statesmen had before them, the one of real practical importance was the pro-

blem of how the colonies should be attached to England, which was no longer a European, but an Asiatic and an ocean power, and to this development they should especially apply themselves. In this view, would not the present time be most opportune for pressing the immediate construction of our railway to the Pacific upon the attention of the British Government, as an Imperial necessity, at least equal in importance to her equivocal possession in the Suez Canal for which England paid some £4,000,000.

We are here arguing upon an admitted acceptance, not only of the continuance of the British Empire as it exists, but also of the necessity for some more enlarged scheme of confederation by which its unity can alone be indefinitely preserved—for, at the present rate of increase of the great constitutional colonies, as Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, their population will largely exceed that of Great Britain itself by the middle of the next century. To India and the Crown colonies, with regard to which only England really possesses Imperial powers and duties, our present arguments do not of course apply. If there be any truth in the maxim that "trade follows the flag," it would seem that the retention and consolidation of her Colonial Empire must be a matter of very vital importance to England as the great manufacturing and carrying country of the world. That such maxim is true, would seem confirmed, among other things, by a paper on the colonies read by Mr. Archibald Hamilton, before the Statistical Society in 1872, where taking the average of three years, he shows the consumption of British products, per head of the population in British possessions and foreign countries, to be—North American colonies, £1 5 8; Australia and New Zealand, £8 10 3; Cape and Natal (white), £8 12 2; West Indies, £2 8 7; Mauritius, £1 14 7; United States, 17s. 10d.; France,

6s.; Spain, 2s. 1d.; Portugal, 10s. 4d.; Germany and Austria, 6s. 11d.; Russia, 10d.; Holland, £2 16 2; Belgium, 11s. 10d.; and Brazil, 11s. 2d.

From a paper recently read before the Royal Colonial Institute of London, by Dr. Forbes Watson, it is most conclusively proved that the colonies have been a great source of strength to the mother-country during the past period of depression in trade; indeed, Dr. Watson shows that it was only her colonial trade and investments which saved England from overwhelming commercial calamity. In 1872, Dr. Watson states, the United States took £40,700,000 of British goods, against only £17,800,000 in 1876; while Australia, with about one-twentieth of the population of the United States, took £17,700,000 of British goods in the latter year. From 1869 to 1876, the exports of British goods to foreign countries had decreased £6,000,000 per annum of those years; while, during the same period, the colonial trade has steadily increased, till it is now (1877) £17,000,000 greater than it was in 1869. India now heads the list of consumers of British goods, whereas both Germany and the United States were ahead of her in 1869. Notwithstanding the commercial depression, Britain, as a rule, is far richer than she ever was, and the percentage of the increase in her trade and population from 1869 to 1876 is represented by Dr. Watson as follows: Population, 6 per cent.; total imports, 24 per cent.; consumption of textile manufactures, 41 per cent.; railway receipts, 61 per cent.; attendance at school, 72 per cent.—while pauperism has decreased from 1,238,000 persons receiving relief in 1869 to 928,000 in 1876, or about 25 per cent. Dr. Watson rightly claims for England's dependencies a large part of the credit of this prosperity, and advises capitalists to cherish the colonies. "The financial history of the last four years," he says, "supplies the most striking testimony

of the superiority which the investments made in the Colonies and India possess over those made in foreign countries :” and this is illustrated by the assertion that England has lost some £600,000,000 by the investment of capital in foreign defaulting countries, while she has lost nothing by default in colonial investments, further than they may have been unsecured speculations.*

As a whole, the annual aggregate value of exports and imports of the present British trade with British colonies and possessions is about £300,000,000 as compared with some £650,000,000 with all the rest of the world. To what a volume will that trade have swollen when, by the middle of the next century, the population of the British colonies within the temperate zones shall largely exceed that of the United Kingdom itself? And in comparison with the advantages of such a continued connection, as the consolidation of her Colonial empire would give, what would the expenditure by the Imperial Government required to place those colonies in the most efficient position for such consolidation or defence amount to?

In an address delivered to the Conservative Association at the Crystal Palace on the 24th June, 1872, Mr. Disraeli stated that he considered self government was granted to the colonies as a means to an end, adding—

* The colonies, and Canada more especially, owe a debt of infinite gratitude to the Royal Colonial Institute of London for contributing so largely, not only in aiding to preserve the integrity of the Empire, but, in bringing their individual claims and advantages so prominently before the British public; and no man in England is entitled to a larger share of colonial gratitude than the President of that Institution—His Grace, the Duke of Manchester, who, while as a soldier he has visited and served in most of the colonies, has, since his present illustrious elevation in rank, labored “in season and out of season” to advance their welfare; and Canada may well be proud, if, as is rumoured, he shall be selected to fill the distinguished position which has been, and is, so incomparably administered by the Earl of Dufferin.

“I cannot conceive how our distant colonies can have their affairs administered except by self-government. But self-government, when it was conceded, ought, in my opinion, to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff, by securities to the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the Sovereign as their trustee, and by a military Code, which should have precisely defined the means and responsibilities by which the colonies should have been defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the colonies themselves. It ought further to have been accompanied by the institution of some representative council in the metropolis, which would have brought the colonies into constant and continuous relations with the Home Government.”

Here we have a programme which would form the skeleton of a plan for the long talked of confederation of the Empire, the accomplishment of which would not seem to present the great difficulties which have been urged against it. Should the present warlike crisis be safely and peacefully surmounted by Lord Beaconsfield, that great statesman could crown his pre-eminently successful political career with no greater glory than by turning his wonderful energies to the adoption and development of the scheme whose germs he has so succinctly presented. That it is a subject in which he feels the deepest interest, and to which he attaches the utmost importance, is evident through all the speeches in which he has had occasion to allude to colonial affairs; but in none more significantly so than in the following quotation from his utterances at a banquet given to Her Majesty's Ministers by the Lord Mayor of London in 1875. There, he stated, “that we should develop and consolidate our colonial

empire; that we should assimilate not only their interests, but their sympathies to the mother country; and that we believe they would prove ultimately, not a source of weakness and embarrassment, but of strength and splendor to the Empire."

On the other side of politics, among English statesmen, there has been no more powerful utterance in favor of confederation than the celebrated address upon that question delivered by the Right Honorable W. E. Forster at Edinburgh, in November 1875; and to other prominent names among the English Liberal party, in support of Mr. Forster's views, may be added those of Mr. Childers, Mr. Magniac, Sir R. Torrens, Mr. Mundella, Mr. McArthur and Mr. Kinnaird. Indeed so popular has the question of Imperial confederation with the colonies now become in England, that all present Colonial Governments will be very much to blame if they do not take immediate measures to bring the matter to some practical decision. That the colonies, and Canada especially, are almost universally in favor of continued connection with the British Empire is universally apparent; so much so, that Mr. Disraeli himself quoted the great strength of such feeling as the cause of the complete overthrow of the attempt made for the disintegration of the Empire; for, he says "it has entirely failed. But how has it failed? By the sympathy of the colonies with the mother country. They have decided that the Empire shall not be destroyed, and in my opinion no minister in this country will do his duty, who neglects an opportunity of reconstructing, as much as possible, our colonial empire, and of responding to those distant sympathies which may become the source of incalculable strength."

The very enunciation of a joint official declaration, by the Imperial and Colonial Governments, that the colonies were inseparable portions of the Em-

pire, would at once allay the nightmare of uncertainty which broods over colonial existence, and attract British enterprise, population and capital in an unprecedented and unthought of extent to the colonies—to Canada especially. It is this dread of their becoming some day independent, if not even hostile nations, which at present largely prevents English capital and English men from flowing more freely into the colonies. Declare them integral portions of Great Britain, that feeling ends, and the locked up capital of England, thus assured of being as secure in Canada as in London, would be absorbed to a large extent at once into our Pacific railway, and the development of our vast western country. It is a known fact in England that, at present, from want of confidence in the permanency of the connection with the colonies, trust funds are not allowed to be invested in colonial securities or lands. The great fact of Canada's being, with her approval and consent, for once and all declared an integral portion of the British Empire to be maintained at all hazards, the British nation, which is now dependent for one half of its food supply upon foreign countries, would then feel that it possessed its own feeding ground within itself, and the immediate means for its development, and secure protection, would be forthcoming; all fears of apprehension or invasion from the United States would cease, and Mr. Goldwin Smith's predictions more utterly refuted, as in the case of the Intercolonial Railway, than they have already been: for upon this point, in his noted article on the "Political Destiny of Canada," Mr. Smith, remarks:—

"It is true that Canada has drawn a good deal of British capital into works little remunerative to the investors, though perhaps not more so than the United States and other countries with which there was no political connection. But, if we consider credit as well as cash, the gain must be pronounced doubtful, and it is balanced by such a work as the Intercolonial Railway, into which Canada has been led by

Imperial influence, and which, after costing more than four millions sterling, will, as some leading Canadian men of business think, 'hardly pay for the grease upon the wheels.' The Pacific Railway, and the indemnity which Canada is forced to pay to British Columbia for the non-performance of an impracticable treaty, are too likely, in the opinion of many, to furnish another illustration of the expensiveness of Imperial connection."

The Intercolonial Railway is yet but an unconnected link in the great Pacific scheme; but, even as such, has already falsified the opinion of those "men of business" upon whom Mr. Smith relied for his assertion, by not only paying 'for the grease upon the wheels,' but for all its running expenses besides. And, with the opening up and development of the great West, when the huge grain depots at the lowest point where it leaves the St. Lawrence, to which the enormous productions of the country will then be carried by water during the season of navigation, the Intercolonial Railway will bear a traffic to the nearest harbor to Europe on the Atlantic coast, with which no other railway on the Continent can compete. Let the question of the integrity of the Empire be once avowedly settled, and the British Columbian indemnity, with more than adequate funds offering for the immediate construction of the Pacific Railway, will prove a far stronger illustration of the advantages to Canada of the Imperial connection than can be discovered in any of the apparent or imagined disadvantages to which Mr. Goldwin Smith refers from the present unsettled state of that connection.

Our main argument, however, is, that the absorption of Canada as an integral portion of the British Empire is of even more importance to England than to Canada. It is true that Canada, from her juxtaposition to a great neighboring nation, is far differently situated from any other colony of the Empire, and may, in consequence, be regarded by some as a standing menace to the United States, and consequently, in

that regard, a source of weakness to England. While England, in defiance of the world and for her own security, holds the connecting links in Europe, the Mediterranean and Asia, which secure her communications with India, it is not to be supposed that, from vague and indefinite fear of future collision with the United States, she will give up her possessions in America, which she has conquered and held long before the very existence of that nation, and by which alone her great possessions in the Pacific can be fully secured. Even supposing Canada to become a portion of the United States, that does not absolutely secure the impossibility of any future war between England and that country. What then would happen were both Russia and America allied in war against England? From whence could England draw the enormous supplies of food necessary for the sustenance of her own, then greatly increased, population? From Australia? But without Canada, or a base on the Eastern Pacific coast, her Australian possessions would be seriously threatened. From India? The same remarks would apply as to Australia. The great party for the disintegration of the Empire would then wake up with empty stomachs from their visionary dream of perpetual peace, and famine as well as war be added to the prospects of the British nation.

In whatever light, however, the question of Imperial Confederation may be viewed, there is one thing certain and admitted by both the supporters and opponents of such a measure. This is well expressed by Mr. Smith, viz, that no one, we believe, ventures to say that the present system will be perpetual; certainly not the advocates of Imperial Confederation, who warn us that, 'unless England by a total change of system draws her colonies nearer to her, they will soon drift further away.' It is in view of this fact, and the fact, too, that the great preponderating

opinion of both the mother-country and the colonies is now so strongly in favor of a closer union, and consequently averse to separation, that it would be unstatesmanlike and unwise any longer to defer the settlement of this question. Such settlement for the present would be answered, to all future intents and purposes, by an official declaration in the manner we have suggested. Rome was not built in a day; and it would be as unnecessary as unwise to suppose that such confederation could be at once entered upon by any perfected scheme. The principle once established, the system would naturally grow up and perfect itself as it has already done in the case of India, and less than a century would witness the inauguration of the thorough and perfected amalgamation of the greater with the lesser Britain.

Among the authorities referred to, at the commencement of this paper, that of Sir Julius Vogel has perhaps attracted the most attention, as well from the completeness with which it treats the whole question of confederation, as from the long distinguished colonial service of the writer, who was the Premier of New Zealand, and is now the Agent General of that colony in London. In summing up, Sir Julius states:—

“The endeavor has been made to show in this paper—

1. The unsatisfactory nature of the relations between the mother country and the colonies.

2. The urgent necessity for doing something to arrest the disintegration towards which progress is being made.

3. That a union, depending upon the pleasure, for the time being, of the different parts of the Empire, means separation sooner or later.

4. That, under the union-during-pleasure condition, much is being done to hasten separation.

5. That the mother-country is entitled to retain and consolidate her possessions.

6. That confederation is desirable, and would be fraught with advantage both to the parent country and the colonies in the shape of increased trade, increased value of property, the augmented happiness of the people, and the saving of much misery and disaster.

7. That its accomplishment does not present great difficulties.”

With regard to the question of Free Trade and Protection in the colonies, which has been urged as an objection against the confederation of the Empire, Sir Julius says:—

“A great deal of misapprehension exists on the subject. It may safely be said that the bulk of the colonial discussions about Free Trade and Protection are of a *doctrinaire* character. Whether the colonies are avowedly in favor of Free Trade or Protection, their actual policy is much the same. * * * Discussions take place as to which articles should be taxed, which admitted duty free, and a great deal is frequently said about Protection. But, if a certain amount of revenue has to be raised through the Custom House, and this end be kept steadily in view, the details are not of very much importance. There is every reason to believe that, if confederation took place, the colonies would readily lend themselves to the consideration of a customs union or agreement. They rather lean to the opinion that the mother-country was unmindful of what she owed to her children, when, in respect to their trade, she placed them on the footing of foreign countries, and claimed from these credit for the unselfish manner in which she was willing to deal with her own possessions. For the rest, if a colony does sometimes legislate in a manner which shows more anxiety for its own than for the mother-country's interest, let what has already been said be remembered, that the colonies are being educated into the belief of future independence.”

Mr. Baden-Powell's article, referred to in *Fraser*, contains much that will interest Canadian readers, especially in regard to colonial defences. On this point the following extracts may be not inappropriate:—

“With regard to the inviolability of the abodes, there is a general movement among the colonists all over the Empire to organize local defence. The celebrated Canadian militia is a well-officered, well-trained force of all arms, numbering 23,000 (?) men, and there is a reserve force of some 600,000. Victoria (Australia) has lately determined on investing a sum of £350,000 together with an annual outlay of £73,000, in providing an adequate force of ships, artillery, torpedoes and rifles. New South Wales has voted a like sum for a similar purpose. In South Africa, with the approval of Lord Carnarvon, the native forces are being made use of.”

“With regard to the maintenance of the communications, these and the arsenals and block-houses are at present the care of the Home Government, and it is here that new measures are most necessary. Thus, British Columbia, possessing large coal fields, and our only harbor in the East Pacific, has been practically defenceless. * * * British Columbia may be made

the well-protected base of our Pacific fleet, and not, as hitherto, its main cause of solicitude."

"The infusion of more colonial blood both into rank and file and among the officers is one desideratum of the immediate future of our army. It has been suggested that the competition of localities might be combined with the acknowledged *kudos* of an Imperial uniform. The means to this end is an extension of the 'Localization of the Forces' scheme. A 22nd Regiment of Hussars is to have the title 'Queen's Royal Sydney;' a new 110th Line Regiment is to be known as the 'Royal Natal Fusiliers.' These are to be part of the Imperial foreign-going army; yet have a nominal base in some colony, which is to act as a centre of attraction for both officers and men."

"It is suggested that the army of the Empire may be judiciously distributed, supplying in each centre a force ready to vindicate the arm of authority or patriotism, and forming a nucleus for the particular local energies. The various regiments and brigades of an Imperial army thus stationed would enjoy a tour of the Empire in their period of service, at the same time keeping up a healthy circulation of English ideas, infusing into the colonies the life-blood of the mother-country, and bringing back to her a valuable contribution of the more youthful

energy of the colonies. Moreover such garrisons would at once agglomerate recruits and give off in time-expired men and retired officers the trained military element necessary for the true well-being and efficiency of the local forces."

As stated, our object has been in this paper, not the presentation of any original or striking idea on the subject of 'Imperial Confederation and Colonial Defence,' but a statement of the suggestions and arguments used both for and against the question; and the writer's purpose will have been fully gratified if it shall tend in any way to call further attention to its pressing importance, and the urgent necessity for some present action to be taken towards its solution as far, at least, as the Dominion of Canada is concerned.

JAMES WHITMAN, B. A.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N.S., }
March, 1878. }



MONOGRAPH OF THE DÈNÈ-DINDJIÉ INDIANS.*

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

TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

(Continued.)

I return to the tradition of the Hares, who attribute to the Shaved-heads the power of changing themselves into dogs. It agrees with another belief of these same Dènès in a nation of men-dogs, who dwelt in the North-West, on the Asiatic Continent. The Loucheux, the Dog-ribs and the Slaves equally share this belief. They name this people *T'in-ak'-éni*, *l'èn-akrœy*, which means both Feet of the dog and Sons of the dog, and allege that the men have the hind part of a dog grafted on the torso of a man, but that their women, who are very beautiful, are formed like ordinary creatures; although the male children resemble their fathers. They have the gross aptitudes and manners of the canine race, prowl at night like wild dogs and inhabit a silent country over which broods thick darkness. The history of "the man who travelled among the *T'in-ak'éni*, or *Beonichon-gottiné* (those who dwell in darkness)" is well known in all the Lower Mackenzie, as well as on Great Bear Lake. There is even a tribe, that of the Dog-ribs, which is stigmatised among the Dènè, by their community of origin with the Men-Dogs, which is attributed to them by the Hares and the Yellow knives. By their account, this tribe was a half breed clan proceeding from the monstrous union of a Dènè woman with a Man-Dog.

The traveller, Samuel Hearn, the first European who penetrated into the Dènè territory by Hudson's Bay, reported that the tradition of the Dènè of Churchill, Hudson's Bay, makes them descendants of a woman who was created alone in company with a young Man-Dog. After her intimacy with him, the great spirit who sweeps the sky with his head (*Yakké-ell' ini*, already mentioned) killed the dog, scattered its members and created from them all that has life on earth, which he gave for food to the woman and her children.*

This belief, which is almost general among the Dènè tribes, is, in my opinion, a very plausible indication that this family proceeds from the mixture of two nations at enmity with each other; for we see that the sons, born of this forced and tyrannical union, were brought up by their mothers in hatred to their paternal ancestors, whom they compared to the dog, the idlest and most despised animal in the eyes of the Dènè. It was to escape this impious and, no doubt, immoral nation that they left the country, in which they had lived in slavery, and landed in America.

The sadness of the region of darkness situated to the North West, they knew then from experience. It would agree with the steps of the Tartar tribes of Upper Asia, and the striking affinities which have been observed between the

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

* *A Journey from Prince of Wales Fort to the Northern Ocean*, London, 1769—1772.

North Americans and the Asiatic tribes might have a confirmation in the apologue of the two sisters, symbolized by the porcupine and the beaver, fortuitously separated by a sea, and who found it impossible thenceforth to rejoin each other. The ancients knew the melancholy of these hyperborean regions, and Virgil describes them as sunk in eternal night :

“ Illic, ut perhibent, aut intempesta silet nox,
 “ Semper et obtenta densantur nocte tenebræ.”
 (GEORG. I. v. 245.)

But there is one thing which may puzzle the ethnologists who admit the native origin of the Americans, the belief, namely, in a half human, half dog race which is found spread throughout Arabia, Egypt, Abyssinia, China and Tartary.

It was not without the greatest astonishment that I lately found in an American author who lived for three years in Ethiopia, details almost identical with those furnished to me by the Dènès of the Mackenzie. According to this traveller,* the belief in a Man-Dog nation extends from Egypt to the White Nile, including Abyssinia and Kordofan. He says also that it is known in Arabia, *whence it is probably derived*. This may be noted. The Abyssinians name this people *Bèni-Kelb* (sons of dogs). They assert that the males are half dogs, whilst the females are very beautiful, but given to lasciviousness and strongly inclined to captivate travellers. This peculiarity is equally related in the Dènè-Dindjié traditions. The same author informs us that there exists in Abyssinia a great variety of versions touching the country inhabited by this singular race. Some designate Fertit, to the south of Darfour as the country of Men-Dogs; others place it to the southwest of Abyssinia, whilst others again indicate the centre of Africa as the abode of these monsters. So Mr. Parkyns says.

* *Life in Abyssinia*, by Mansfield Parkyns, 1854, Vol. 4 p. 236.

We might then be tempted to believe that the Dènè-Dindjié drew their origin from the regions which border on Arabia or Egypt, and that they brought thence this singular belief, did we not find it equally spread in China, Tartary and Thibet, according to other travellers. The only difference which exists among all these legends is, that the Chinese place to the North East and beyond the seas, this fantastic race, which our Dènè-Dindjié say live in the North West. Nevertheless, we can follow in its march this strange tradition, from Arabia or Egypt into North America, through Central Asia and the Celestial Empire. Who knows if this belief was not carried into all these countries by Tartar hordes? It is known, in fact, that the Scythians or Mongols, a nomad but very numerous people, whose power threatened and made Europe tremble, dwelt a long time on the steppes of the Caspian Sea; that they had frequent intercourse with the Saracens or Arabs, the Syrians, the Ismaelis of Persia or Assassins, the Greeks and Egyptians. It is not unknown that, under the leadership of Kubla Khan, they conquered in the twelfth century the Chinese Empire, Pegu, Burmah, the Corea, after having swept all Asia; that their chief, after becoming the Tartar Emperor of China, was the most powerful monarch in the world, and that he saw under his sceptre the whole Asiatic Continent, from and including the steppes of Russia, as far as the Eastern limits of Kamschatka, without counting the islands of the Sound. Besides, we know the fate of the fleet which he sent for the conquest of Japan, and the hypothesis of the peopling of a part of America by the shipwreck of this naval expedition. This opinion assumes a certain character of probability when it is remembered that the Mongol nation had received the Christian faith in the time of St. Louis; that its Emperor had beside him Catholic missionaries, and

that it counted among the different nations whom it had assimilated, Jews, Moslems and Buddhists.

It is not surprising, then, that Baron de Hammer and the learned Klaproth himself, should have found in the Chinese Empire the leading features of Assyrian, Chaldean and even Egyptian physiognomy, united to Tartar and Chinese types. It is exactly what we observe among our Dènè-Dindjié, and besides, the Loucheux type presents a great resemblance to the Hindoo type.

Finally, I find two new indications of the conformity and unity of the fable of the Man-dog, in whatever country it is found, in so far that the Dènè-Dindjié when they speak of this race without making use of parables or apologues, represent it as shaving the head and wearing false hair, a fact which agrees as well with the customs of the Egyptians, as with those of the Arabs, Assyrians and Chinese. Further, we find in Japan a God-Dog, *Canon* (whose name, at the same time shows a great analogy to the word *canis*), as there exists in Egypt the God-Dog *Anubis*.

We have heard the oral testimony of the Dènè Dindjié touching the point of space and the continent whence they emigrated to America. The first is the West, the other Asia. Let us now compare their usages and traditions with the customs and beliefs of the Asiatics and the Ancients.

II.

Legends and Customs of the Dènè-Dindjié Analogous to those of the Asiatics and Ancients.

Several of these customs and beliefs may be drawn from the description we have already given of the Dènè-Dindjié. But we will accumulate here all the correlations which we have been able to find between the Dènè-Dindjié

and the ancient or modern nations of Asia. We may observe, then, that in many tribes the ancient faith in metempsychosis and the migration of souls is deeply rooted. It is usually infants born with one or two teeth, a very common event among the Dénés, who pass for the resuscitated or reincarnated. It is the same with those who come into the world shortly after the death of any one. The testimony of Hearn confirms my assertions. I have had great trouble in dissuading the Hares from holding this superstition and doubt if I have succeeded. I was not able to rid the mind of a young girl of the persuasion she felt that she had lived, before her birth, under a name and with different features from those with which I knew her; nor to prevent an old woman from claiming the proprietorship of her neighbor's child, under the specious pretext, that she recognised in him the transmigrated soul of her deceased son. I know of several such cases.

The Hurons share the same belief. According to Malte-Brun, they inter the little children on the edge of paths, that the women who pass by may receive their souls and bring them again into the world. This faculty of reincarnation the Dènè-Dindjié equally attribute to animals. I knew an unhappy mother lamenting, because a professional sorceress assured her that she had seen her dead son walking on the beach in the form of a bear. It is seldom that, after the death of any notable Indian, his companions do not affirm that they have seen him metamorphosed into a two-legged cariboo, a bear or an elk. Now, how has this doctrine, which is as old as the world, shared by the Celts as well as by the Egyptians, and which was carried to the very extremities of Asia by the philosopher *Lao-Tsé*, on his return from the land of the Pharaohs, reached America if not through Asia?

The Hares and the Loucheux conceive for the Musk ox a sort of respect

and reverential fear. They allege, with the Hindoos, that the dung of the cow is a medicine which makes a man a seer and invulnerable. One of their heroes, whose history closely approaches that of Moses, is named *Et-sié-gé* (cow-dung) because when he was small he was, they say, rubbed with dung that he might gain magical power.

The Dènès of the Rocky Mountains, certain Hares and Dog-ribs, say the same of the dog and his dung. I knew a pretended sorcerer, who enjoys an immense reputation, solely because in his incantations he swallowed this disgusting object, which the Dènès hold to be a mortal poison.

In cases of dangerous maladies, the Hares draw blood from a healthy man and drink it without scruple. I have seen this custom in full vigor; in certain cases they still practice it, but unknown to us.

Our Dènè-Dindjié, like the Chinese, utter as a sign of mourning a palatal blowing, long and whistling. They do the same when they are resting in the course of a march, or during labor.

They have a play named *udzi*, which resembles the *tsi-mei* of the Chinese* and the *mora* of the Italians. It consists in guessing in which hand the partner holds an object concealed. This play is equally well known among the Algonquins. They accompany it with songs, shouting and the noise of the drum.

The Loucheux and Dindjié cover their hair with clay and with duck or swan-down, a custom in honor among the Papuans and Tasmanians. Did not the Israelitish dandies powder their heads with gold-powder at the court of Solomon? †

Formerly, among the Hare Indians they treated prisoners almost like the ancient Mexicans, the modern Sioux, the Chinese and the Celts. After hav-

ing stretched them on their backs, they fastened them to the ground by means of a sharp stake, which pierced their navel, opened their chest with a flint knife, tore out the heart, which they gave to the women, who full of rage, devoured it still palpitating.

Our Indians personify all the elements, water, fire, wind, the rivers &c.; they pretend to converse with them by magic or jugglery, as the heathen did formerly.

They expose to death and destroy female children, like the Chinese, Egyptians, Malagaches and Arabs, because they regard the birth of a daughter as a misfortune. They thus acknowledge the power of life and death over their offspring, like the Lacedemonians and Romans. They believe, too, that the stars preside over the destiny of mankind, and that a man dies every time they see a falling star.

According to the Dènè-Dindjié lightning is produced by the brightness of the gaze of a sort of monstrous eagle, *idi*, *iti*, the flapping of whose wings causes the rolling of the thunder. This belief is shared by the Algonquins, who call this bird *piyésiw*, and make of it a sort of heath-cock (*piyéw*). In Dènè-Dindjié, the last bird is named indifferently *di*, *ti*. To whatever species the thunder bird belongs, it presents a perfect analogy with the bird of Jupiter, "*a nido devota Tonanti*."

According to the statement of the Jesuit missionaries, the Malagaches share the same belief and call this sort of eagle *Voroum baratra*. According to other missionaries, the Mandingoes name the god of thunder *Jéviero*. This word singularly approximates to the Latin *Jovis*, which is only a derivative of the name of God in Hebrew, *Jeve*, *Jehovah*. The Dènè words *di*, *idi*, *ti*, *iti*, which characterize the thunder bird, are roots bearing relations to the name of light in the same language *indi*, *inti*, as well as to that of heat *dié tié*. Now, it is somewhat curious to find the same

* *L'Empire Chinois*, by the Abbé Huc.

† Flavius Josephus, Jewish Antiquities.

root in the Latin *dies*, day, whence are derived the Latin words *deus*, *di*, French *dieu*, *dieux*, God, Gods; doubtless because the Divinity is eminently light: *Et lux erat apud Deum*. Is it not in language that all logic and truth should be found?

Among the Dènè-Dindjié it is not the sons who take the name of their parents, but the fathers and mothers who change their name on the birth of the oldest son, to take his name. Thus the father of *Tchèlè* will be named *Tchèlè-l'a*, father of *Tchèlè*; and his mother *Tchèlè-mon*, mother of *Tchèlè*; According to Burkhardt, the English traveller, who resided for a long time among the Arabs, that people had the same custom. Thus, he says, the father of *Cassim*, will be called *Abu-Cassim*, the father of *Beker* will take the name of *Abu-Beker*. It is the same with women *Omm-Cassim*, *Omm-Beker*.

On the death of their parents, the Dènè-Dindjié, to manifest their mourning and grief, cut the hair, roll in the dust, rend their garments and even strip them off. Formerly on such occasions they gashed their flesh and went entirely naked. The Algonquins, and the Arabs, descendants of the Amalokites, still practice this. So do the Egyptians.

They often personify their divine triad under the form of gigantic birds of the eagle family, father, mother and son, which they name *olbalé*, *orelpalé* (the immense, the white, the pure), *nontèlè* and *kanédèlé* (the traveller).^{*} Now we find in the *roc*, an enormous and fabulous bird among the Arabs, of which Nisroch, the God-Eagle of the Assyrians must have given them the idea, an analogy with these imaginary eagles of the Dènè. The Talmudist Jews of Babylon believed also in a prodigious bird named *ziz*, whose head reached to the vault of the

heavens, and was the cause of the solar eclipses.* This last peculiarity is one more approximation to the *nontèlè* of the Hares, and the *olbalé* of the Montagnais, of which the male, according to their story, brings day with him on arriving at his rest, and the female brings night with her. We will see further on, that the Dènè allege that at the beginning of time this eagle rested on the Ocean, which alone existed then. In the same way, the Hebrew books inform us, that the Spirit of God rested upon the waters, and they name this Spirit *Rouach Ellohim* whence also may have come the Roc of the Arabs.

The stone weapons of the Dènè-Dindjié, in flint, stone flint, phonolite and Kerianton, exactly resemble in form the instruments of the different stone periods contained in the fine museum of St. Germain en Laye. Their principal analogues will be found under the titles Denmark, Erivan (Caucasus) and Asturias (copper mines of Milano). Similar specimens have been brought from the Aleutian Islands by the Honorable M. Alphonse Pinart.

According to the history of Mahomet, written by an English author, the Arabs have a singular legend concerning the first couple. They allege that when Adam and Eve were cast out of the terrestrial Paradise, Adam fell on a Mountain in the Island of Serendib, or Ceylon, well known by the name of Adam's peak; whilst Eve fell in Arabia, at the port of Joddah, on the shores of the Red Sea. For two hundred years they journeyed as pilgrims round the world, separated and isolated from one another, until, in consideration of so much penitence and misery, God allowed them to be reunited upon Mount Arafat or Safa, situated not far from Mecca, where is found the Kaaba, or tomb of Adam.

Now, here is an allegory of the Hare

^{*} "Qui extendit coelos et graditur." Job ix 8.

^{*} *Synagoga Judaica*.

Indians, in which will be found strong points of resemblance to the Arab fable. First, however, I must refer to my observation that almost always in the Dènè traditions the original couple was composed of *two brothers*. The woman is seen to figure only in the recital of certain tribes: "At the beginning of the world, in the far distant past," says the parable, "two brothers, sole inhabitants of the earth, separated when they were only young boys. Let us see which of us is the most active," they said, and they set out around the sky, in opposite directions, to make the circuit of the earth. When they met again, they had become old men, bent with age, and walking by the help of crutches.—"My dear brother," said one, "dost thou remember the day on which we separated?" "Oh! yes," replied the other, "I wished to know everything, to put everything in order, to hunt monsters, to kill whales; I have traversed the whole earth, I have made it increase, but in return for my boldness, see how wretched I have become." "It is the same with me," rejoined the second brother, "but wait, here is a *mountain which rises suddenly*. Who has placed this mountain here, I ask myself? Oh! my brother, let us enter into the mountain."*

The younger left, and having penetrated into the mountain he came forth rejuvenated. "I will do as much," said the elder. He in turn entered the mountain, which stretched, still stretched out; it filled the whole earth, and the elder brother came forth full of strength and youth. This is, then, how these things happened. In the beginning, the two brothers would do every thing by themselves, but they spoiled everything. At last when, weighed down by old age, they entered into the

mountain, the mountain remade the men in a distant past. This is what we are told." If it be admitted that this Red-skin family had at some past time received, either in America or Asia, some slight knowledge of the Christian faith, this apologue might relate to the drama accomplished on Calvary, a mountain which, according to tradition, received the remains of the first man, as it kept for three days those of the second Adam, our Redeemer.

The Dènè-Dindjié believe in the immortality of the soul; in another life; in an upper and lower world. Their abode of souls (*tsintéwi-l'an* of the Hares, *tsintéwi-l'èl* of the Loucheux) is like the Hades of the Greeks and the Orcus of the Latins. Let us see what the Dènè legend says about it:

"There formerly existed a magician named Nayéwèri (he who created by thought) whose look had the power of giving death. He was very powerful and made use only of the sling as his sole weapon. One day he killed a giant with this instrument, casting a stone from it on his forehead. This man penetrated while alive into the country of the Manes (*tsintéwi-l'an deya*) and this is how. One day in autumn, perceiving the aquatic game which was returning in great flocks into the warm countries towards the South West, he followed and arrived with these birds at *the foot of heaven*.

"Now, in the South West (*Inkfwîn*) at the foot of heaven and on a level with the earth, there exists an immense cave, and from this cave issues a river. Through the opening of the cavern, what passed below in the interior,* up to the height of the knee could be seen. It is towards this cave that the souls of the dead wandering on earth, the mi-

* It should be known that the Dènè-Dindjié believe that mountains are hollow. *Chesh*, *chiv*, *chiè* (mountain), whose genitive is: *juhè*, *juhè*, *yi* have the same root as *cho*, air, *guyo*, puffed up, *inyol*, pores of bread, of cheese, &c.

* This indicates that the Paradise of the Dènè-Dindjié is lower and warm, since the birds which dread the cold migrate to it in the autumn. Their hell, situated to the North West, is gloomy and frozen. Both are, according to their belief, the faithful image of this earth.

grating game, and the thunder bird, return at the approach of winter. But in spring, when the aquatic birds return again to our country, the manes, the spirits (*étsiné*), as well as the thunder, come in their company.

"*Nayéwéri* looked into the cave. He there perceived souls stretching their fishing nets in the river. It was small fry they were catching. With double pirogues* the manes visited their nets; others danced on the banks. The magician could only distinguish the legs of the dancers, who sang at the same time: *l'ètcha tsél'ine*, we sleep separated from one another. (In veiled terms these words mean: There exists no longer any matrimonial union among us.)

"The magician had remained till then outside of the cave, on the banks of the river, and in the midst of these souls in pain, called the burned dead. They lived there miserably on still-born fœtuses, mice, frogs, squirrels, and small animals which we call *naisa'olé* (swimmers). These are the game which these souls hunt.

"*Nayéwéri* remained dead for two days. For two nights his body remained lying on the ground, and in that lapse of time he killed the *fawn* of an animal. He killed only one, and it gave him power to come to life again on earth on the third day. This is now how he was able to penetrate into the cave: In front of the cavern rose a great tree; the magician had laid hold of it, and by its means leaped into the sky. This is what they say a man did in the far distant past. Now this earth at the foot of heaven is called *l'é-nènè* (the other earth). That is the end."

* *Ella-chhé-klu-stchu* (with canoes or pirogues tied). This peculiarity deserves attention, for neither our Indians, nor any other North American nation, that I know of, make use of double pirogues; whilst everyone must be aware that several nations of the Indian and Great Oceans are in the habit of using them. How was the knowledge of such vessels found among our Dènes, unless it was that they formerly used them when they lived on the shores of the Pacific

As may be seen, the history of our Dènè does not yield in the marvellous to the Æneid or the Odyssey. *Nayéwéri* renews the same high achievements which made Theseus, Hercules, Orpheus and the son of Anchises illustrious. But here we see something more precise than in fable; for two days and two nights *he who created by thought* lived among the dead; it was the death of the fawn, or lamb, which gave him the right to resuscitation; it is the tree to which he owes his entry into heaven. May we not have here again, under the form of an allegory, a vague remembrance of the Christian faith, received at a very distant period; or else do we see in it only one of these figurative and prophetic myths, met with among all Asiatic nations, and which are evidently echoes of primitive revelation? Further, by a slight addition, the word *nayéwéri* becomes *an-nayéwéri*, meaning *he who awaits or is awaited*.

Let us notice still further a few of the marks of identity which this Dènè-Dindjié tradition presents with the ancient theogonies. It expresses the name of the soul by words which are the translation of the Latin *spiritus*, breath, or which have the same root. Compare *étsiné*, soul, with *altsey*, *nilttsi*, wind, *edayiné*, *eyunné*, soul, with *éda"yé*, *éyu*, breathing, breath. It places the Dènè Paradise at the South pole, but towards the west, *at the foot of heaven*, that is at the junction of the firmament and the earth; whilst hell is to be found at the North pole, like that of the Tlascalians and Esquimaux. Now it is also at the poles that the Ancients placed their Elysian Fields and their Avernus.

"At illum (*solicet polum*)

Sub pedibus Styx atra videt; manesque profundi."

Among all ancient races, such as the Hebrews, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and even the Latins, the North was considered as unlucky, says the learned M. de Charencey.

Is it not equally curious to find under

the Arctic Circle the ancient belief which refused entrance into Elysium and the deprivation of eternal rest to the souls of slaves and of prisoners of war, whose bodies had been burned, and whom the Dènè, therefore, call *Ewié-clurè* (burned corpses); but substantially the reason is the same. These incomplete souls are presented to us, in the Dènè, tradition, as loitering sadly on the banks of the infernal river, feeding on the dead, figured as mice, squirrels, fœtuses, frogs, animals reputed among our Indians to be foul and diabolical. The souls of the happy, on the contrary, live on fish, symbol of life, dance and hunt eternally.

Compare now the belief of the Hare Indians with that of the ancient Hurons, as transmitted to us in the learned and interesting Relations of the Jesuits. The Hurons placed the land of spirits at a great distance and to the west of America. To reach it, the manes must cross a river and defend themselves from the great Celestial Dog. They equally alleged that the prisoners who were burned were repulsed from this Olympus and tormented outside of the entrance, as well as the souls deprived of sepulture. They even believed that the souls of beasts went there like those of men. In a word it might be said that our hyperborean Dènès had copied in all points the beliefs of the Oneidas, although the two nations are so distinct in language and customs, and that both had learned by heart the sixth book of the *Æneid*.

The Idaans, or Bornese, have a faith almost identical, according to Beechey, already quoted. In face of these striking correlations, what becomes of the autochthony, or native origin, of the Americans?

The Dènè-Dindjié think that the earth is flat, disc-shaped, surrounded by water, and resting on that element. Such is also the persuasion of the Abyssinians, who say, besides, that it is

girdled by two immense boas, called, *Bihéyanroth* and *Zerabrock*.* The Arabs and Egyptians, who share the same belief, surround the terrestrial disc with a long and circular mountain, named *Kaf*, which recalls the foot of heaven, or *yakké-ichiné*, *yakkéllay-tchiné*, so often spoken of in the Dènè-Dindjié legends. Besides, it must not be forgotten that the Greeks of the time of Homer believed also the earth to be a disc surrounded by water. Something of this idea may perhaps be found in the expression of Psalm cxxxvi.: "*Qui firmavit terram super aquas*,"† if the Holy Scriptures did not represent the earth as a globe in a hundred other places. According to our Indians, the firmament, like a hemispherical cup rested upon the edges of the terrestrial disc, like a crystal cover over a cheese plate. A prop named *ya-ottcha ni"ay* sustained heaven and earth, thus taking the place of the tortoise of the Algonquins and the elephant of the Hindoos. In placing this support or stay obliquely, the Dènè-Dindjié seem formerly to have had the knowledge shared by the Ancients, of the inclination of the earth towards the West:

"Adspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum."

Eclog. iv.

sang Virgil; and again.

"Obliquus qua se signorum verteret ordo.

Mundus ut ad Scythiam Rhipæasque arduus
arcis
Consurgit: premitur Libyæ devexus in
Austros."

Georg. I. v. 235.

I have said that the Hares and the Loucheux make the second person of their Divine Triad of the feminine sex. The latter name her *Yakkray-ttsieëg* (Boreal light woman), and they place her to the North-East. This word, *yakkray*, which designates the polar light, the Aurora borealis, and which

* *Life in Abyssinia*, already quoted.

† The words of the authorized version are: "To him that stretched out the earth above the waters."—Tr.

means, word by word, celestial whiteness (from *ya*, heaven, and *dekka*, white) has the closest relation to the name of God (*yakkrasta*) in the Dènè dialect of the Carriers, (*Porteurs*) as well as to that of the Musk ox (*yakkray*) in the Dènè dialect of the Dog-ribs. So that in the same language the same word means God, ox and light.

Can we not see in this linguistic curiosity an approximation with the ancient myth of Isis, Ceres, Astarte or Ash-taroth, and Diana or the moon, in which the worship of the lunar light, which symbolized this goddess under a multiplicity of names, is so intimately connected with the adoration of the bovine race, the disposition of whose horns recalled, to a certain extent, the waxing moon? Thus the cow represented Isis, as the ox Apis was the emblem of the dead Osiris.

If what we have said be remembered, as to the magical virtue which the Dindjié, agreeing in this respect with the Hindoo adorers of the Zebu ox, attach to the dung of the Musk ox, it will be seen that this coincidence of terms to designate the Divinity, light and the ox, is not, perhaps, more fortuitous in Dènè-Dindjié, than the union of the worships of lunar light and of the ox was in Egypt and in Hindostan, whence it might have passed into America.

Another proof might be drawn in favor of the identity of the Egyptian belief and that of the inhabitants of the Lower Mackenzie, from the fact that the Loucheux name *Elsiéyé*, that is, he who has been rubbed with cow dung, the male divinity who, by their statement, resides in the moon. The Hares also say of this god, that he was, in his life time on earth, *gofwen tsanné*, that is, tabooed by dung. Both invoke him in the moon in the spring and autumnal equinoxes, and in the month corresponding with March-April; now, it was in this same month that the Phenicians invoked Astarte, the Scan-

dinavians *Mena*, their male lunar god, that the Greeks and Romans held celebrations in honor of Ceres and the Egyptians of Isis. In the month of March, sacrifices were offered to Diana, or the moon, on Mount Aventin. At the beginning of the March moon, the Druids went in search of the sacred mistletoe. It was in March-April, that the Tlascalians offered their human sacrifices, and that the present Mahometans hold their Ramadan, and the Jews their Passover. Among the Dènè-Dindjié, the purpose of the feast of the moon is to obtain a happy result for the reindeer hunting and a great abundance of food; and at the same time to deliver the star, which they say is in suffering, and to secure the death of their enemies. Now, the feast of Ceres and of Diana, among the Romans, and that of Artemis, among the Greeks, answered to the first of these purposes. It also was celebrated in spring.

“Atque annua magnæ
Sacra refert Cereri lætis operatus in herbis,
Extremæ sub casum hiemalis, jam vere sereno.”
Georg. I. v. 340.

And we know that in Egypt the spring festival of Isis had no other object than to celebrate the deliverance of Horus, son of the sun, or Osiris, and of the moon, or Isis; from Horus, the light, cause and spirit.

Still another characteristic fact. If certain Dènè-Dindjié immolate the fawn of a reindeer, on the occasion of this equinoctial, it must be black, as is indicated by the song which accompanies the ceremony,

“*Tsié détlej endjion nékkwéné! Aillaha!*”
“Little black fawn, behold thy bones! Aillaha!”

for this festival has equally a funeral character, and is called, *Funeral march around the tents (tana-echélt-tsatéli)*. In the same way the modern Arabs, according to Burkhardt, sacrifice a black ewe, in honor of their dead parents.

The Dog-ribs and Hares believe that after the deluge, which destroyed all men, the South was re-peopled by a

pike and a loach, two voracious fish, whose elongated and sinuous form presented, in miniature, a certain analogy with the crocodile and the serpent. From the belly of the pike issued all the men. It is not said that they were armed from head to foot like the Myrmidons, sprung from the teeth of the serpent killed by Cadmus. From the belly of the loach were born all the women. But their Noah, figure of God, as well as the crow, the cause of their deluge, and which symbolises the Demon, were the procreators of this new race of men; their Noah was father of the men, and the demon-crow father of the women. Such is also the reason given by the Dindjié and the Kollouches for their allegation that they have descended from the crow by two wives; whilst the Dènès acknowledge *Kunyan*. or their Noah, as their father. Thus, then, the sort of Darwinism contained in this tradition is yet superior to that of the inventor of so absurd a religious system.

I would remark on this legend, that the pike (*on-dagé, on-tayé*; he who has the habit of holding himself high, because this fish likes to enjoy the sun, sleeping near the surface of the water) offers close relations in its name to *Dag-on* (the illuminator fish, or the fish Eon) to which the Syro-Phœnicians attributed their science and origin, and which they adored as a god. The only difference is, that the two members of these compound names are transposed.

The Dindjié or Loucheux celebrate a feast of the dead, which offers the greatest analogy with that of the Neo-Caledonians, which is spoken of by Father Gagnière, Mariste, in the *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*. He, or they, who gave the feast, collected a quantity of objects for distribution to the guests. Then in the midst of a final and general dance the Amphyrion made a division of his presents by throwing them at the head of him

whom he sought to honour. If the gift did not suit the guest, he had the right to throw it at the head of the giver, who went through the same ceremony with a third person, giving and receiving in the same fashion.

The Dènè-Dindjié make fire by means of compact pyrites, or sulphate of iron, similar to the Egyptians and to the Esquimaux of the polar islands.

Before our arrival, they buried their dead immediately on the decease; affecting in this office, like the Jews and Mussulmans, great precipitation. They sewed the corpse tightly into skins which they painted red, then deposited them in the tombs which I have elsewhere described, or else buried them upright in the hollow trunk of a tree, an African mode. One of these mummies was lately discovered at the Cape of Good Hope. The Kollouches, who belong to the Dènè-Dindjié stock, burn their dead on funeral piles, in the manner of the Greeks and Hindoos, and collect the ashes into skin bottles which they hang on the trees.

The Hares formerly lamented over their deceased friends by means of songs and groanings. A man, who had lost his brother, sang, weeping :

Sé tchilé étié ne-ron nu'a !
Sé tchilé, nué na-yinta !"

"My younger brother, the celestial reindeer allures but to deceive thee !

My younger brother, return to earth !"

A brother, lamenting the loss of a sister, sang :

"*Ndu tchó winna wélin ané !*
Sé tiézé sé zalé t'u yéwa rink'in, ey !
Se tiézé t'atsé yan yérin"i ahentté ey !

"In the river, whose course the great isle turns,
My sister has, unknown to me, drank of the little wave, alas !
My little sister who contemned the little net, alas !"

In carrying the corpse of a hunter round the tents, in a hasty course, they affected disorder, and a pretended flight, sounding a rattle and singing at the same time :

"Intégetié étie dekraté binkra kfwi winna
edewin

Chhe tore wunse ne diyey nedendi !

Yey'kra intse inkra yinfwin

Ttsen nawineya enga ellaninewet ?"

"In the upper earth thou huntest thy lakes for
the white deer,

Piercest the antelope with thy darts, thy
parents ask thee :

Why art thou come to this earth to hunt the
elk,

Which hast caused thy death ?"

But if they celebrate the death of an
enemy, they vary the funeral theme :

"T'u-tchô étsellé t'u kki étuh !

T'u-tchôni bé-ron dintse né !

Kol'ie-éta nézin na-dutcha tla illé !"

"The fogs of the Glacial Sea descend on the
waters

The great sea groans over his fate, alas !

For the enemy of the Flat-country will never
return thither safe and sound."*

*The Hebrews had the same custom as our Dènè-Dindjié,
for Jeremiah, cursing Jehoiakim, King of Judah, in the
name of the LORD, says: "They shall not lament for him,
saying, Ah, my brother! or, Ah, sister! they shall not
lament for him, saying, Ah, Lord! or, Ah, his glory!"—
Jeremiah xlii. v. 18.

(To be continued.)



TWO SCOTTISH HEROES.

PART III.

Still a fair pretext was wanting, either for actions against these invited guests, or for further prolonging their stay in London. But to allow them to return to Scotland just now was not to be thought of; with or without an excuse, they must be detained until something blameworthy should be detected in some of them.

During their stay in London these Presbyterian ministers were required by His Majesty to attend service in the Royal Chapel, where the great ones of the Anglican Church used the opportunity to explain to those benighted Scotchmen the superiority of the Episcopal system. The first of these sermons was preached by Dr. Barlow, who makes another appearance in the narrative, and it was characterized by some of the ministers as a "confutation of his text." The preacher of the second confounded the doctrine of the Presbyterians with that of the Papists. The third undertook to prove, to the amazement of the ministers, from the *silver trumpets* of the Jewish economy, that the right of convoking ecclesiastical councils lay with the Christian monarch. The fourth made the king the modern Solomon, and further consulted the taste of his royal auditor by crying, concerning Presbyteries, *Down, down with them*. Decorously the ministers listened to these harangues. But a further trial was to be put to their patience. When the festival of St. Michael was to be celebrated in the Royal Chapel, they all, and the two Melvilles especially, were required to be present. James, upon entering the chapel, suspected a design upon their patience, and whis-

pered as much to his uncle. Resounding music, and an altar furnished with closed books, empty chalices and unlighted candles, were about as suitable in Popish eyes as they were preposterous in the eyes of these Presbyterians. A Romish prince, present on the occasion, remarked, at the close of the service, that he "did not see why the Romish and English churches should not unite," and one of his attendants exclaimed, "There is nothing of the mass wanting here but the adoration of the host." On returning to his lodgings, Andrew Melville relieved his chafed spirit by composing some Latin verses, suggested by the scene he had just witnessed, of which the following is said to be an old translation, which, though flat, conveys the meaning.

Why stand there on the Royal Altar hie
Two closed books, blind lights, two basins drie?
Doth England hold God's mind and worship
 cross,
Blind of her sight, and buried in her dross?
Doth she, with Chapel put in Romish dress,
The purple whore religiously express?

These verses, upon which the author's subsequent earthly career was made to hinge, were unaccountably conveyed to the king, and immediately made a ground of legal action. Ridiculous as it may appear, he was summoned, without delay, before the privy council of England, to answer for the grievous charge of having written these lines. He frankly owned them, explained the circumstances in which they were written, and disclaimed any consciousness of guilt in the matter. But, if he was to be considered a criminal, he appealed, as a Scotchman, from the courts of England to those of his native country.

Bancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, to his own confusion, interfered to aggravate the estimate of Melville's offence, even intimating that such a libel upon the worship of the national Church "brought the offender within the laws of treason. This was too much for Melville to bear from a man of whom he had so unfavorable an opinion as Bancroft. He interrupted the primate. 'My lords,' exclaimed he, 'Andrew Melville was never a traitor. But, my lords, there was one Richard Bancroft (let him be sought for) who, during the life of the late queen, wrote a treatise against His Majesty's title to the crown of England; and *here*' (pulling a book from his pocket) '*here* is the book which was answered by my brother John Davidson.' Bancroft was thrown into the utmost confusion by this bold and unexpected attack. In the meantime, Melville went on to charge the archbishop with his delinquencies. He accused him of profaning the Sabbath, of maintaining an anti-christian hierarchy, and vain, popish, superstitious ceremonies, and of silencing and imprisoning the true preachers of the Gospel for scrupling to conform to these. Advancing gradually as he spoke to the head of the table where Bancroft sat, he took hold of the lawn sleeves of the primate, and shaking them, and calling them *Romish rags*, he said, 'If you are the author of the book called 'English Scottizing for Geneva Discipline,' then I regard you as the enemy of all the Reformed Churches in Europe, and as such I will profess myself an enemy to you and to your proceedings, to the effusion of the last drop of my blood; and it grieves me that such a man should have His Majesty's ear, and sit so high in this honorable council.' It was a considerable time before any of the Council recovered from their astonishment so far as to think of interposing between the poor primate and his incensed accuser. Bishop Barlow at last stepped in, but he was handled

in the same unceremonious way. Melville attacked his narrative of the Hampton Court Conference, and accused him of representing the king as of no religion by making him say that, 'though he was *in* the Church of Scotland he was not *of* it.' He then proceeded to make strictures upon the sermon which he had heard Barlow preach in the Royal Chapel. 'Remember where you are and to whom you are speaking,' said one of the Scottish noblemen. 'I remember it very well, my lord,' replied Melville, 'and am only sorry that your lordship, by sitting here and countenancing such proceedings against me, should furnish a precedent which may yet be used against you or your posterity.'"

Scandalum magnatum was the offence of which Melville was found guilty; and he was delivered to the custody of the dean of St. Paul's till the pleasure of the king concerning him should be declared.

Having got the man confined of whom they chiefly stood in awe, and received assurances that his brethren would be detained in London, "the Scottish bishops posted home to hold a packed Assembly," the result of which was a mutilation of the national Scottish Church such as must be studied to be understood.

Much, needed for the filling out of narrative, must be omitted, but the conversation between uncle and nephew, immediately prior to the final trial accorded to the former, is too characteristic and touching to be missed. They and two others of their number were dining together while awaiting the messenger who was to summon the uncle before his judges, though not then certain that such was really the case. "'Well!' said his nephew, 'eat your dinner, and be of good courage, for I have no doubt you are to be called before the council for your altar-verses.'

"'My heart is full and swells,' replied he, 'and I would be glad to have that

occasion to disburden it, and to speak all my mind plainly to them, for their dishonoring of Christ and ruining of so many souls by bearing down the purity of the gospel and maintaining popish superstition and corruptions.' 'I warrant you,' said James Melville, who was anxious to repress his fervor, 'they know you will speak your mind freely and therefore have they sent for you that they may find a pretext to keep you from going home to Scotland.' 'If God have any service for me there, He will bring me home; if not, let me glorify Him wherever I may be. I have often said to you, cousin, He hath some part to play with us on this theatre.' As he said this, a messenger entered and acquainted him that the Earl of Salisbury wished to see him. He rose, and having joined with his brethren in prayer, repaired to the council room," whence, as his friends had only too correctly apprehended, he was conveyed a prisoner to the tower.

What could be done and dared for one to whom his soul was knit James Melville did for his uncle, seeing him once a day in spite of strictest injunctions to the contrary. But himself was under sentence, too, though being not only uncondemned, but unaccused. Newcastle-on-Tyne had been appointed as his place of confinement, within the precincts of which he might walk at liberty, somewhat upon the same conditions as were prescribed to Shimei the son of Gera. He prolonged his stay in London two weeks beyond the time allowed him, seeking, by all means in his power, to have London as his place of residence, too, but was advised, by those who knew the temper of the court, not to presume too far. "The only favor that could be obtained was a permission to Melville's servant to incarcerate himself along with his master.

"Having secured this arrangement for his Uncle's comfort, and supplied him with all the money he could spare,

James Melville embarked for Newcastle on the 2nd of July, 1607, from the stairs leading to the tower, and continued, as the vessel sailed down the river, to fix his eyes, streaming with tears, on the bastille which enclosed the friend for whom he had long felt an enthusiastic attachment, and whose face he was not again to behold."

PRISON CORRESPONDENCE, EXILE AND DEATH.

It was no sham, the imprisonment to which Melville was subjected in the Tower. All indulgences granted at first were shortly withdrawn—servant, acquaintance, and even pen, ink and paper were accounted dangerous, or forfeited in his case. But, keen as was his sense of the injustice under which he was suffering, his spirit never seemed to lose its elasticity, and his ingenuity did not fail to supply him with means of recording his thoughts, and happily spending his time. With the walls for his parchment and the tongue of his shoe-buckle for his pen, in beautiful characters and elegant verse, he inscribed the results of the first ten months' meditations. After these first months greater liberty was allowed, and pen, ink and paper were not prohibited luxuries. Then a correspondence commenced between the two separated "heroes" which is racy and interesting in no ordinary degree. Though there is plenty of scholarship, there is nothing of the scholar in these homelike, heart to heart letters, full of pleasantries, and kindness, and serious unselfishness. You meet with human friends and brothers in the writers, and come in contact with them as such, as in no other part of the book. Take the letter in which the imprisoned uncle conveys to the expatriated nephew news of the loss of his purse, containing all the money intended to carry him through the winter, stolen probably by one of

the prison keepers. "I had lately, in my possession," he writes, "upwards of twenty birds of the seraphic species, kept with no small care, and cherished in a warm nest under the shade of my wings. Whether they were tired of their confinement and seized with a desire for liberty, or what was the cause, I am not prepared to say, but, without bidding their unsuspecting host farewell, poisoning their airy wings, they fled, not to return, and have left me to deplore their absence. I soothe my grief by meditating on the beautiful discourse on Providence contained in the sixth chapter of Matthew, and by the consciousness that I was not deficient in at least ordinary care. The saying, *The Lord will provide*, often comes to my mind. I have experienced the truth of it through the whole course of my life; my indulgent father, out of regard to my infirmity, having prevented me hitherto from ever feeling extreme want. Such an accident as this I never before met with. Be not inquisitive as to particulars of which I am neither altogether certain nor altogether ignorant: and I have vowed silence. The loss could not have been foreseen nor provided against, and it is counterbalanced by another unexpected event, the friendly treaty respecting the affairs of our church which is in prospect; so that it would seem that the master of the feast, and supreme disposer of all wants, has seen meet to mingle for me a bitter-sweet cup. Our excellent friend Traill has visited me, and delivered Lindsay's token of remembrance, which I received as a pledge of my restoration to the college. I am afraid lest the approaching winter should prevent sailing, and put a stop to all communication between us. Wherefore, if you have anything that can be of use to me, transmit it as expeditiously as possible." James Melville's letter, accompanying a prompt supply of the needful, contains the following, "Riches take to themselves

eagles' wings, and fly away. But there is enough in the sacred promises to which you refer. He who has such securities may surely rest satisfied. Be of good courage therefore, my father; the Good Shepherd will supply you abundantly with all good things. I shall send you money, and you will send me songs. Let us continue this mutual intercourse, and I have good hope that you will run short of verses for my use before I run short of gold for yours."

Then there is an extract which need not be given here, warm from a heart freshly touched with the tidings of death; and yet it closes with a jocular hint at love and matrimony eminently calculated to set vibrating the romantic string. But interest somewhat lessens as it appears that it is the nephew, now a widower for more than two years, and not the weather-beaten bachelor uncle, who is the principal in the affair. James Melville in his exile had met with a gentle and amiable young woman, whom he earnestly desired to make his wife, though several of his friends deemed the step an imprudent one. Andrew was one of this number, and made the allusion referred to on purpose to bring about a correspondence on the subject. But the confidence desired was given unasked, and counsel and explanations were freely interchanged. The last of these dissuading letters closes as follows and may be best given just as it is given by our author, remarks, reply and all:

"Therefore, I cannot but exhort you to be vigilant, and prepared with renovated vigor to fight this glorious battle, for which you have been restored to health and reserved to this day. All effeminacy of mind must be laid aside; the old man must be put off; and we must behave ourselves stoutly and resolutely, lest in the last scene of the conflict we fail through error or fear, not to say dotage, to which every slip of old men is commonly imputed. Your son Andrew has, I hope, been with you

for several weeks. He, with John, Elizabeth and Anne, (whose names must renew the memory of your dearest wife), will prevent you from being fascinated and lulled asleep by the charms of this young woman, so distinguished for taciturnity and prudence. The very arguments which you adduce to prove that you are guided in this affair by judgment more than affection, betray affection; not to recur to the age which proved fatal to your relations. But what shall I say of your discourse on sepulchral wedlock, and so forth? It is really quite extravagant, and only shows how much you are carried away by your affections. The plain case is this: you are the father of five children, four of whom are at a very critical age, and two of them daughters, well-born, liberally educated, and approaching to maturity. They need your parental solicitude and watchfulness. Your brother's children are dependent on you and require much of your attention. And, in these circumstances, you—

Conceive that you hear your friend Dykes, with severe brow and ardent eyes, with an impassioned but affectionate tone, urging these and similar considerations upon you. I merely suggest them, and am forced to break off. May the Author of all good counsel give you direction. Farewell, and live in the Lord, my dear James, by far the best beloved of all my friends. Take time to deliberate. *Festina lente.*

“It must be confessed that there are in this letter some severe things, and that it contains insinuations which the conduct of James Melville had not merited, and which could not fail to hurt his feelings. It drew from him a spirited reply, in which respect for his uncle and a conviction of his friendly intentions, though they restrained, could not altogether suppress the irritation which he felt. ‘It would seem that I have used too great freedom in writing to you on the subject of marriage. To what but this can I trace your unfavor-

able, not to say injurious suspicions of me—that I have fallen into dotage, am playing the fool, idling, slumbering, and giving myself up to love. Good words, prithee! I am constrained to answer, lest forbearance should injure my reputation and the cause for which I appear. In answer to the charge of dotage, I might, as Sophocles says, repeat such things as could not proceed from a fool or a dotard. I am not conscious that I have turned a hair's-breadth from the straight course which I have all along been pursuing, or that there is any change in my conduct, except that, as I draw nearer to the goal, I feel my mind, through the grace of Christ, more propense to piety and holiness. I live here daily under the eyes of very acute censors, and yet I have not heard that I have been charged with anything foolish, either in speech or behavior. It is true that I at present enjoy greater ease than I could wish; but I can say with Virgil's shepherd:

O Melibœe, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit!

And perhaps I never was less idle than I am now; so that I could give such an account, not only of my former active life, but also of my present repose, as a wise and good man ought to be prepared to give. I certainly do not mean to deny that I take my rest in the night, and enjoy sound sleep, God having blessed me with health and a mind free from corroding solicitude. Nor do I deny that I am in love; but it is legitimate, holy, chaste, sober love. But, I think of a second marriage! I do, and I wish I had thought of it two years ago. It is certainly very unreasonable that what is honorable in all should be turned to my disgrace. Do not, my chaste father, measure all others by yourself, who, inflamed with the sacred love of the muses, and reposing in the embraces of Minerva, look with severe indifference on conjugal felicity, and have all your days abstained from it for the sake of purer and more refined

delights. But I restrain myself. I do not pretend that I am not under the influence of the affections, for how, then, could I be in love? All that I profess is, that they are kept under the restraints of reason and religion. Your friend Dykes talks scoffingly in what he says of sepulchral wedlock. It is a crude cavil, and savors too much of choler. Indeed, I can see nothing of any weight in what you adduce, except it be the incongruity of an old man marrying a young woman. But I am not an old man, I am only elderly. She, indeed, is in the flower of life; being only nineteen years of age. And who that is wise would not prefer for a partner one who is sound in mind and body, modest, yielding, humble, affectionate, open-hearted, sweet-tempered, and thus every way qualified for rendering life agreeable? A widow, or one of more advanced age, who possesses these qualities is *rara avis in terris*. At least I can meet none such here. If, therefore, you accede to me the liberty of taking a wife, and you do not forbid matrimony entirely (which I hope you will not do), you must allow me to choose a fit partner for myself. I have many reasons for not taking a widow, and more for taking a young woman; nor do I want examples of the best men who have acted as I mean to do; such as Knox, Craig, Pont, Dalgleish, and others in our own church. But that you may know how differently my real friend Dykes thinks from your fictitious friend of that name, I beg leave to inform you that I have just received a letter from him, in which he congratulates me on my attachment to an excellent young woman, who entertains for me a reciprocal affection, will take care of me in my declining years, and be a solace to me during my exile. I have only to request of you, my loving father, that you will form an equally favorable opinion of my intention, or at least, that you will pardon in me what you may not be able entirely to approve.'

"This letter convinced Melville that his nephew's resolution was fixed, and that he had proceeded too far in opposing his inclinations. He, therefore, yielded with as good a grace as possible. 'Our friend Bamford has delivered to me your very serious and long, but not prolix, letter. The longer the more agreeable, although it contains some things which I could not read without tears. Your apology, like the garden of Adonis, planted with the most delicious flowers, and adorned with bower-work, exhales nothing but pure and sacred loves, which, although of the most delicate kind, might captivate Minerva instead of Venus. It has penetrated my heart, not to say wounded it, and almost made me sigh after such happiness. But, alas! it is too late after my advanced age. What remains, therefore, but that I congratulate you, and encourage you to go on in your virtuous course? You do injustice to my Dykes and me when you accuse us of bantering—a fault which is not more foreign to his disposition than it was to the design of my letter. What, my son! could I mock you on so serious and sacred a subject? Far be this from one who strives against everything unamiable about him, or which merits the dislike of good men. May your love succeed, and be crowned with the most fortunate and auspicious issue to you and yours.'

"The marriage took place accordingly, and appears to have been attended with happy effects. Melville never had the pleasure of seeing his fair young niece, but he sent his affectionate salutations to 'the honied Melissa' in every letter which he wrote to his nephew, who took particular pleasure in acknowledging the compliment."

The following extract is dated about four years from the time of his first imprisonment, and tells most of its own story. It lacks the cheerful tone one gets to count as belonging to the man. It is the voice of one in sympathy with

the apostle who speaks of being "troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed;" only at this time the trouble and the perplexity are the more apparent side of the double picture. "The Duke of Bouillon has applied to the king, by the Ambassador Wotton, and by letters, for liberty to me to go to France. His majesty is said to have yielded. I am in a state of suspense as to the course I ought to take. There is no room for me in Britain on account of Pseudo-Episcopacy, no hope of my being allowed to revisit my native country. Our bishops return home after being anointed with the water of the Thames. Alas! liberty is fled! religion is banished! I have nothing new to write to you except my hesitation about my banishment. I reflect upon the active life which I spent in my native country during the space of thirty-six years, the idle life which I have been compelled to spend in prison, the reward which I have received from men for my labors, the inconveniencies of old age, and other things of a similar kind, taken in connection with the disgraceful bondage of the church, and the base perfidy of men. But in vain, I am still irresolute. Shall I desert my station? Shall I fly from my native country, from my native church, from my very self? Or, shall I deliver myself up, like a bound quadruped, to the will and pleasure of men? No; sooner than do this, I am resolved, by the grace of God, to endure the greatest extremity. But, until my fate is fixed, I cannot be free from anxiety. Be assured, however, that nothing earthly affects me so deeply as the treachery of men to God, and the defection of our church in this critical conjuncture. Yet, our adversaries have not all the success which they could wish—but I dare not write all that I could tell you by word of mouth. Our affairs are in a bad state, but there is

still some ground of hope. Take care of your health, and send me your advice as quickly as possible, and in one word, shall I go, or, shall I remain?"

After a severe illness and recovery to comparative health, we find him embarking for France, winging a loving and cheery farewell to the faithful friend to whom his heart ever turned in sympathy.

"My dear son, my dear James, farewell, farewell in the Lord, with your sweet Melissa. I must now go to other climes. Such is the pleasure of my Heavenly Father; and I look upon it as a fruit of His paternal love towards me. In the meantime I retain you in my heart, nor shall anything in this life be dearer to me, after God, than you." In the cheery words there is a touch of pathos, and yet the brighter side is the prominent one now. So he went, at the age of sixty-six, exchanging bondage for exile, and forced inactivity for serious service, and, for eleven years more, through change and trouble and honor too, the cheerful spirit is gathering matters for thanksgiving as well as noting causes of mourning. In the year 1614, the sweetest earthly tie he seems ever to have formed was broken by the death of his nephew.

While pouring over the book, whose story has, in these papers, been most imperfectly skimmed, the writer was both interested and tried by the frequent opening of the volume at a page headed, "*His Death*." Principled against snatching the end of a story before the time, yet the constant presenting of itself of which that page was guilty proved a temptation too strong to be resisted, when taken in connexion with the natural and deep interest there is around the death-bed of one revered for his godliness as well as admired for his genius and honored for his work. Yielding at length to the desire to know, what do you suppose was gained? Not the story of how he died, not *when* he died, scarcely even

that he did die, only that he *must have died*, and sometime in the course of the year 1622. He died among strangers; but He, who had provided a mother for the motherless child, did not withdraw His providential care from the dying old man. That confidence is safe and is abundantly sufficient, so we ask no tears for the lonely exile. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, *for Thou art with me*, Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me." He fell asleep at the age of seventy-seven.

Apology is now made for the unduly small space given to James Melville. The difficulty of putting much into little,—a difficulty greater than was at first apprehended—is the only excuse. Though side by side in their common life-work, James is the gentle genius, and, where the prominent points alone can be caught, the sayings and doings of the vehement uncle necessarily take

the attention. But they were both true men, and Scotland owes them much, or rather the master who qualified and sent them. For the revival of learning, the working out of a Scriptural creed and system of Church government and discipline, and in resisting arbitrary and selfish power bent upon the destruction of all the great Reformation had done, Andrew Melville and James fought in the first rank.

Young people, "remember the days of old." It stirs one's heart and conscience to meet with men like the Melvilles; their company is good. And it is a good thing to turn back from the busy bustle of the present to muse upon the way God sent forth His servants to work out His own purposes in days gone by. And then let us remember that the same King reigns now, even a King of Kings, and that He wants servants now, too, and those who shall not be a whit behind in zeal and self-denial.



LIFE IN "THE BUSH" FORTY YEARS AGO.

There were no "Colonization Roads," nor "free grant" lands, when we came to "the bush." The poor immigrant, who went to look for a home in "the bush," was glad when he had any kind of an open road, for where there was an open road it showed that the settlement was old, as there were no roads but as the settlers made them.

The new settler generally trudged alone on foot along mud roads and across *Corduroy** until he came to "the bush," where there were few open roads, and then he had to be guided by the *blazed* road or trail leading into the settlement. "Birds of a feather flock together," so it is as a general thing in "the bush." We had our Irish, Scotch, Dutch, etc., settlements. The new-comer would hunt up his own countrymen, and was received by them with all hospitality. As the new-comer was generally without money to buy land, he had to look for a lot to *squat* on, such as *Clergy Reserves, Crown Lands, or Canada Company*.

The settler who has been a few years in "the bush" is, as a general thing, well posted about all the land in his neighborhood, as to owner, quality, etc., and the new-comer is accompanied by one or more of the settlers until a choice is made of a lot to squat on. A party then turns out and assists in putting up a shanty, which, when finished, has not a nail about it, and often not a window, but in general a few panes of glass are added. The axe and augur are the only tools required, nor is there a board

or plank about it from foundation to roof. The floor is laid with hewed planks and the roof covered with *scups*, made from logs split in the centre (after being cut to the proper length,) and the centre scooped out so that they form a gutter the whole length. These are placed on the shanty, as close as they can be, gutter side up. Another tier or row is laid on top with gutter turned down, covering the joints of the others. Thus the roof is put on, and when well done, will keep out any rain, and when covered with snow in winter will keep out the cold. It is in "the bush" that the proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention," is fully realized, and the "handy man" can turn his genius to good account both for himself and others. The shanty finished, the new settler goes for his family, and on a day appointed is met by ox teams and wood sleighs at the end of the road where the waggon leaves them. The family is now in the shanty and "life in the bush" begins.

No waggons or carts are in the bush; the wood sleigh is used for everything. It is home-made and shod with wood, which, as it wears off, is renewed. It answers every purpose for a few years.

There is a kind of "Free Masonry" in a new settlement, as all are willing to help the weak so that the new-comer is not alone, but can exchange work with others until he is initiated in the ways of "the bush." He can also exchange work for provisions for his family.

After the timber is cut down and cut into proper lengths, it is piled into heaps and burned. This piling we called "logging," and it was generally done by a "bee," called a "logging bee." We would think nothing of going

* *Corduroy*, a bridging of round logs across swamps and wet places where it is impossible for the new settlers to make a passable road otherwise. The fortunate (?) man who rides for a few miles in a waggon over one of these, will not forget it in a day. It is a sure cure for *toothache*.

five or six miles, before breakfast, to a "logging bee," work hard all day, and return after dark, following the blaze and the trail through the woods to the tune of the wolves howling around us. Whiskey was fashionable then and was used at all the "bees." At the "logging bee" there was generally a "quilting bee," or as it was called, a "double bee," finished with a dance at night which lasted until two or three o'clock in the morning. Each gang or party, then bound for the different settlements, would make a torch, or flambeau as we called it, by taking dry cedar bark tied in a bundle after being pounded. This will last and make a good light for hours. As we would have two or three of those, we did not fear the wolves, as they would not come near the light.

The wolves were very numerous, and the few sheep we had were shut in at night, and kept away from the woods in the daytime. But often Mr. Wolf stole a march on us and helped himself to fresh mutton, which is more than we had, as we could not keep many sheep for want of pasture. We had, however, game, such as deer, bear, fox, partridge, &c., but few had the time to hunt either, as the time was taken up providing for the actual necessities of life. That end accomplished we had to be satisfied, looking forward and hoping for better times.

There was no store or Post-office nearer than "the front," which was about twenty miles distant, so, when the tea or tobacco failed, some one had to tramp, for it was generally done on foot, as there were few horses. A substitute was always at hand for tea, such as a burnt crust, corn, peas, or oats scorched in a pan, or hemlock tea. Indeed such were in use more frequently than the genuine article. But when the tobacco "ran ashore," nothing would replace it or could be used as a substitute.

One morning in October, Curly B—— found himself minus the weed and

made ready to start for "the front." Curly was a new settler and had only a few acres cleared, the only buildings being a shanty and a small pig-pen a few yards away from the hut. As Curly was a thrifty Irishman, he had three pigs in the pen that were being fattened with potatoes for the winter pork. Just as Curly was ready for a start, he heard a great squeaking among the pigs. He ran to the pen and was both surprised and frightened to see a large black bear coming out over the side of the pen with a pig, and away over the brush fence before Curly got over his surprise.

The trip to "the front" was knocked on the head, as Curly had to go for help to hunt the bear. The news soon spread and each person who knew, or thought he knew, all about bear hunting had a plan of his own. Before night quite a number congregated at the scene of action, with all the old muskets and guns in the settlements. On consultation it was decided to watch, as they were sure Bruin would be back after more pork, as he had got a taste. Some five or six watched on the scups, on top of the shanty, with guns ready for Mr. Bear as soon as he made his appearance. Those inside, with dogs on ropes, were ready to let them slip on the first alarm. They watched all night, but nothing came, and before daylight the light went out in the shanty and most of those both in and out fell asleep. Hugh Mc——, the blacksmith, who was always ready for fun, watched his opportunity and quietly slipped his finger on the trigger of John D——'s gun and fired. John, who was asleep, jumped up in a great fright, crying, "where is he, where is he!" Inside there was a great commotion, some halloed "open the door!" others, "let me out!" Dogs got fighting. As the door could not be found by the strangers in the dark, it was some time before order was restored, to the great joy and satisfac-

tion of Hugh, who had a good laugh at John D——, the Frenchman, for giving a false alarm.

As it was now daylight, all departed for home after making arrangements for who would watch the next night. The watch was kept up for three nights. On the second night they heard the bear in the woods, and coming over the brush fence, but he got alarmed at something and departed. On the third night the number of watchers was not so many, and all were overcome with sleep before daylight, until a squealing in the pig pen gave the alarm, but before a shot could be fired his Bearship was off and away with pig number two, to the no small chagrin and disappointment of the watchers.

People from the distant settlements soon got tired of watching, as working hard all day and watching at night is soon played out.

But Curly was determined to take care of pig number three, so he went to see an old hunter, some five or six miles away, for advice. The old hunter could not come, but gave Curly a large bear trap, with instructions how to use it.

Curly got three of his neighbors to help him. Two were his own countrymen and the third a Frenchman, the aforesaid John D——.

The pen was a small log building, about four feet high, partly covered. The pig was tied by a hind leg in a corner of the pen, the trap set under the open part where the bear would have to jump down. Thus arranged, before dark, the four hunters retired within the shanty to watch the result. It being moonlight they could see the arrangement through the window.

All was quiet till about midnight, when Mr. Bear made his appearance. The pig began to squeal. Bruin jumped up on the pen and not liking the look of things jumped back again. After running round the pen two or three times, and finding no admittance any other way, he bounded up on top once

more and hesitated a little. As the pig still "gave tongue," Mr. Bear could not resist, but down he went with both front feet or paws into the trap. The hunters were watching the whole transaction with breathless anxiety, and not a word was spoken until they heard the trap spring. Then, said Mick, "Oh, now, but its in grate luck we ar, ther's just four ov us, and ther's a quarter apiece." So out they sallied, gun in hand, to the pig pen, where the bear was making frantic efforts to get out. Each thrust his gun between the logs, and bang, bang they went, as fast as they could load and fire, until his bearship got over the pen at the other side. But, as both feet were in the trap, he could make but small progress in either running or walking. So he sat up on his haunches and "faced the music," as much as to say, "If ye'll take af these bracelets I'll be after shaking hans wid ye an' givin' ye's a hug."

By this time the ammunition gave out, or was spilled in the excitement, except one charge in Mick's gun. Now, said Curly, "Giv's your gun till I'll give it 'im." "Faith an' I wont, I'll kepe it till morn an' give it 'im in the ear." So now as they had no more ammunition, and the excitement ran high, they must do something.

They then picked up sticks and stones, or whatever they could lay their hands on, and clubbed and stoned the bear until he hopped towards the bush. When he got to the brush fence he stuck fast. At length he got out of that and into the bush he went. This took about two hours, and with such a heavy brute jumping on the trap with the strength of both feet wrenching it, the jaws of the trap gave way and he got one foot out, and in a few minutes the other, and my brave hunters were left with "n'ere a quarter," Mick still "wid the last shot to give it in the ear." When they got back to the pen, said Curly, "I'll loose the pig," but, when he went into the pen, said he, "it's

mighty quiet, it is ; tare and ages, boys, but the pig's dead." Sure enough the poor pig got a ball intended for the bear. Then there was a general consultation as to what was to be done. The agreement was that all was to be kept secret, as they came to the conclusion that "If the boys hear ov it we'll never hear the last of the bear." However, the trap was taken to Hugh Mc——, the blacksmith, to repair, with the strictest injunction not to tell. But Hugh was too fond of a joke to keep it, and gave the boys a hint, and at a "bee" a few days after, with a little whiskey and a good deal of stratagem, we got it out of the Frenchman. When the others found out that we knew it they made a clean breast of it, and we had a good laugh to hear Curly and Mick tell all about it. Mick said, "I often herd ov the *buck faver*, but, be George, boys, the *bar faver* bates it entirely, for, when I comes to think ov it, I just pokes the gun atween the logs an let sliver, an never a bit of me tuck aim at all, at all." Thus ended the first bear hunt we had in "the bush."

As I am on bears I may as well finish, and tell about another we had three or four years after. Said Tom C—— to one of his neighbors, Tom H——, an old soldier, "There's coons in my corn, come and see it." So away they went, and, after careful observation, it was soon decided that it was not racoons but bears, and by the tracks in some soft places there were both large and small ones. Before night the neighborhood was up and ready with dogs and guns for a night bear hunt. The party was well organized and made a sally on the cornfield from the four sides about midnight. The dogs went rushing and barking through the corn, and we soon found out that the centre of attraction was a large tree in the cornfield, and by the way the dogs barked and scratched at the tree we knew something was up. The first thing was to build a fire round the tree, which was soon done. When

we had done this we soon heard a noise behind us in the corn and saw the dogs make a dash out. They soon came back, however, as few dogs will face an old bear, which this proved to be. After the first few sallies we could not get the dogs to go after her. When the young ones, or cubs, in the tree would hear the mother they would come down the tree, but the old soldier was prepared for them, for he had a bayonet on a long pole, and as they made an offer to come down he gave them an inch or two of good "British steel." The night was dark, and if once they got down among the corn we knew we would lose them. After the first excitement was over, all were on the *qui vive* to get a shot at the old bear, but we could not get a sight of her. Two of our smart young men proposed to go after her. A large torch of split cedar was made, and away George M—— went with the cedar "flambo," and Tom C—— with a gun. They had not got far into the woods when George's toe caught against something that threw him down. The torch flew in all directions, leaving them in the dark. They heard, or thought they heard, the old bear coming towards them, and soon we saw two very frightened looking men come bounding into our midst, hatless, gunless and nearly breathless, and, if the color in their face was an index, we might say bloodless. Thus it went on, with sundry variations, till daylight, which revealed three cubs up in the tree. Then the fusilade began. With daylight the old bear departed to the swamp, and the cubs then climbed as far up the large tree as they could get.

How many rounds it took to bring them down I cannot now say. Suffice it that we got the three cubs. We had to cut down the tree for the last, as it lodged in a fork of the tree and lay there dead. We found on skinning them that there were several ball holes in each, which showed us that a bear is very tenacious of life and must be struck

in some vital part before life becomes extinct.

Old hunters say it is not often that a bear has three at a birth, but it is the case sometimes. However that may be, we killed the three in one tree, and have good reason for believing they were from one mother, although we did not get a sight of her; but we could judge by the noise that there was but one. I said we did not get a sight of the old bear, but this was not true of the old soldier. After all was over and we dispersed, the old soldier took his trusty "Old Bess," as he called his gun, and followed the timber road that led into the swamp, where we had good reason to believe the bear came from. Just at the edge of the swamp there was an old shanty that had been used by lumbermen. It was roofless and doorless. Into this my "bold soger boy" entered and posted himself where he could see the road into the swamp. He had not long to wait when he saw her bearship coming out. When within thirty or forty yards of him, she sat down on her hams and looked out and sniffed towards the clearing. She looked so large and powerful that, when he considered that the shanty was without a door, he felt his courage fail and pass off like vapor, not only from his standing hair, but out at the points of his fingers, etc., until he had no power left to pull the trigger or hold "Old Bess" to the proper place. He thinks that at last she scented him, for she gave a great sneeze and a snort, and away she went, at which Tom was greatly relieved. "However," says Tom, "the sight was grand," and, although he had faced the enemy many a time in battle, he never had the courage so completely taken out of him before. Thus ended bear hunt number two. Many a bear has been killed in the settlement since, but no hunt has been so exciting as the above.

Such scenes were welcomed, espe-

cially by the young men, as it broke the monotony of their daily toil. It is the young men who are the bone and sinew in the bush. The fathers take the lead as the head of the house in financial and other matters, but it is the young men who have to enter in the front of the battle against the forest, for they soon learn to use the axe with a certain sleight, required for proficiency, which the aged immigrant seldom or never acquires to perfection.

Many think that the winter is the time to chop. Such was not our mode of procedure, as we soon learned by experience that it could not be done as fast or as well when the snow got deep, or say over a foot. The brush or tops have to be piled snug and tight for burning, and it cannot be done well when we have snow.

In the early spring, and after the spring crop is finished, is the time for chopping. June and July was the time when we cut down the most, and as the leaves were out, the brush was easily piled. After harvest it was dry for the fire. Wind and weather suitable, a match was applied, and all was soon one vast sheet of flame that was really grand to behold, in a fallow of ten or fifteen acres.

A good burn was counted as good as half the work. It left every log and stick black or charred over. Then the logging bees began, and to see a party of men coming out of a fallow after a day's work was enough to cause either horror or amusement, just as you felt inclined. If you compared them to demons,—not an unlikely resemblance—you were shocked, but if to a band of Southern colored "gents" of course it provoked a laugh. In fact, although we were used to it, we could not help laughing at each other, especially when the day was warm and the perspiration flowed freely, so that we all became negroes in appearance. After it was logged, the next thing was to burn it, and save the ashes, which we manufactured into pot-

ash. The weather would be consulted as carefully as ever it was by "Vennor" before the heaps were set on fire, as the ashes were the only thing we could turn into cash. So they were cherished like gold. I recollect my mother coming in when my brother and I were in the midst of our sound sleep and saying, "Boys, it's raining." Well we knew what it meant, for we had set the fires in the fallow the day before, as everything promised and looked well. We got up and worked hard trying to keep the logs together and the ashes among the fire. But such a rain!—it would put out one heap while we were at another, and although we stuck to it for hours we had to give up, as it put the fire out in spite of us, and we went home about daylight, black, wet and tired, with heavy hearts, as we had lost forty or fifty dollars, which was more then than two hundred now. Thus we fought and had our ups and downs,—the ups few, the downs many.

However, there was a hope at all times for the better, and a feeling that if we persevered all would come right in the end. When I look back at our hopes and fears, there is nothing I can compare it to but the Christian's experience. Although often put down at first with doubts and fears, as long as he looks past them with hope to the time to come, when there is a promise of rest in the desired haven, there is a new life which leads him up and forward with renewed strength and greater determination. So it was in "the bush"; struggle succeeded struggle, with a haven in view. All who persevered succeeded, while the indolent and hopeless went down, and out, their places being filled by others, who prospered where they failed.

There was a certain willingness in "the bush" to assist each other, not only in families, but in a settlement. If a family got behind in planting, or other work, those who were done turned out

and helped the weak. There were no idlers; all had their work. The girls worked out, as well as the boys, at planting, haying, and reaping. The planting was no small job, as the new ground had to be dug up from between the roots with a hoe somewhat in the shape of an adze, and a hill formed over the seed. There was nothing more done to them till digging time, when the potatoes would turn out as clean as if washed. There was no potato-rot then, and the crop never failed. They were the main-stay, or, as we used to call them, "the foundation log." Not so with other crops. Sometimes we would not have the seed on wheat. The "fly," as we called it, made its way to "the bush," and for three years cut all, or nearly all, the wheat crop off. I recollect going thirty-two miles on horseback after a bag of seed-wheat, said to be "fly" proof. A finer looking crop was never seen, but when threshed and cleaned it all went into a two-bushel bag. We had no barns. The grain was stacked, a threshing floor made with the sky for a canopy, and the threshing done with a flail, and fanned by a hand-fan, or by the wind, if it was strong enough. In those hard years, few they were who raised their bread, and, as there was no money to buy, they had to do without.

One of our neighbors, returning home one Saturday, after being away for the week cutting hay, on shares, at another settlement, sat down on a log at the end of our shanty, and said to my mother: "Woman, have you any bread in there?" "Yes, plenty, come in and get all you want," "No, no; I'm too weak to go in, but just let me smell a bit!" And many a laugh we have had about it since, amidst plenty, and better days.

Mills were few and far between, and many of them could not run in a dry summer, when the water was low; so, after harvest, though we could thresh

wheat, we could not get it ground until the fall rains. We got it all ground in winter, when we had it, as the roads were good then, but in summer the grist had to be taken to mill on horseback. This was done by sewing the bottoms of two bags together, and putting a bushel in each bag, and a boy on top, who had to travel ten or twelve miles, as the case might be. There was no pasture for the cows but the bush, where they were allowed to roam at large with a bell on the leader. Before night one of the boys had to go for the cows, which he often failed in finding, and he frequently lost himself, or rather his way, as the Indian said when asked if he was lost: "No, Injin here; wigwam lost." If the boy did not come in with the cows at the proper time, the horn was blown, and so soon as one horn was sounded all within hearing struck in, and the lost was sure to hear some of them. It was wonderful the reliance and trust they placed in each other. They trucked and traded, all upon honor; and such a thing as a note was never thought of at first, but, as time wore on, it brought changes and new customs in, as the following will show:—"An Irishman bought a horse from a Dutchman, and, after the bargain was made that the horse was to be paid for in nine months, the Dutchman said: "I s'pose I must have a note?" "Faith, an' I s'pose so," says Pat. After getting some one to draw up some kind of a note, as they wished, the Dutchman said: "Now, who's to keep the notes?" "Sorrow a bit av me knows," says the Irishman. "You's petter keeps him, an' you'll noes ven to pays him," says the Dutchman: so the Irishman took away the horse and the note, and when he was ready to pay came with the money and the note, and gave both to the Dutchman. When winter set in most of the young men went to the shanty, that is, they hired out to make timber. The wages

were ten or twelve dollars a month, and if they hired to go to Quebec there weretwo or three dollars a month added. Those who had horses also sent them to the shanty, at a dollar a day. Slavish work it was, but we were glad to do it, as we saved horse-feed at home, which was scarce in those days. The food in the shanty was plain and plenty, consisting of bread and pork, with pea-soup; tea in some shanties, but no sugar. Knives and forks, or plates, were not known in the shanty. The loaf was passed round, and each cut for himself with his jack-knife, the cut of bread answering for a plate, on which was placed a slice of pork. The pea-soup, or tea—often hemlock tea—in a tin cup, finished the process.

In some shanties the horses were allowed all the oats they wanted; in others, they were measured to each teamster every day, and often not enough, as the horses had to work very hard. All had to be on the move by the first peep of daylight, and it was often eight or nine at night before we got home to the shanty. Teamsters did not consider it a sin to steal oats for their horses, and when a band clubbed together it took a smart boss to watch them. If one teamster got a chance, all horses were served alike, until it generally ended, before long, in the boss giving it up as a bad job.

I said it was fashionable to have whiskey at "bees." It was also general in every house or shanty at Christmas and New Year, and all had to go or send to "the front" for it.

The Irishman and Dutchman before mentioned agreed to go out together, the former for "a drap av the craythur," the other for "schnapps." The old horse was hitched before the home-made sleigh with such harness as they could muster, and away they went. After dark, the people in the shanty at the Irishman's home heard some noise, or chains rattling, at the door. When they went out, there was the horse,

but no sleigh. Upon examining, they found that the whiffletree had become detached, and let the horse loose from the sleigh; they took in the situation at once, and John was sent back with the horse to find the sleigh and party. He had only gone a mile or so when he came to them. They were sitting quite content, chatting away, and the Irishman driving the old horse as faithfully as if he had not left them. When John jumped off and spoke to them Pat said, "We're just at home here, John."

Unfortunately, in a few years, the tavern, with all its evils, crept in along the main road, to the curse and sorrow of many a family. Whiskey was brought home on more occasions than "bees," and some could not kill a beef or pig without whiskey.

John C——, a native of the Emerald Isle, did a little in the way of butchering in the fall, and took the beef to "the front." He had two beef cows to kill, and invited two of his neighbors and countrymen to help him in the evening. The boy was sent out to the tavern, some four or five miles, for a jug of whiskey. When he returned he left the boy with the jug at the door, and went with the horse to the pasture. Three of the neighbor boys saw it, and could not resist the temptation to play a trick. It was the work of a few minutes to empty the whiskey into a pail, and fill the jug with water, and leave things to appear as they were, watching for the result. The boy came back from the pasture and went into the barn where they were killing.

"Well, boy, did ye get the whiskey?"

"Yes."

All went in accordingly, to have a "horn." The three lads followed from behind the barn to the back window. The jug was brought in, and a teacup to drink out of. John poured out some, and handed the cup to Mick.

"And, now, after ye ish manners, Mr. C——."

So Mr. C—— said, "Here's luck to ye's, boys."

"Great luck to yerself."

John drank it, and filled for the next, until it went round, and all were tasting, but said nothing, until at last John said:

"Boys, fwhat do ye's think av the whiskey?"

"Faith, an' I'm thinking it's mighty wake," said one; and, "I'm beginen to think it's wate," said another. Then it was tried all around again, and pronounced nothing but "water."

"Who give it ye?" said John, to the boy.

"Mr. Boniface himself."

"Wate vonce til I see'm, an' he'll catch it."

Away they went to the barn again, vowing vengeance on the tavern-keeper. The three lads got the jug, emptied out the water, and put back the whiskey and left. Next morning John stopped at the tavern, jug in hand, with, "Wot kind av whiskey wis that ye sent me?"

"The best I have," said Boniface.

"Try it then an' see."

Boniface poured out some and tasted it, saying, "The whiskey's all right," and passed it round to the "bar-room loafers," who all pronounced it good; until John was forced to taste, and had to acknowledge it was all right, and had to "treat all round" to get out of the scrape, but could not understand how they all could have been so deceived the night before.

There was no post-office nearer than fifteen miles. The first letter my father got from the "old country" had one dollar postage to pay on it, and when it was read it stated that they would pay half-a-crown on it when posted. So our letters were few and far between. Money was not paid for produce by the storekeeper. Potash was the only cash article for which the storekeeper was on the lookout. As the settler was most of the time on the debit side of the ledger, it was like get-

ting "blood out of a stone" to get money out of a storekeeper. Butter was sold for three pence a pound, and eggs three pence a dozen in trade, and they would not take them at all times. We might take a load of wheat to the store, and not get a pound of tea or tobacco for it. Those were "cash" articles. "Dry goods" would be given for "trade," and at different prices. There was the "cash price," "trade price," and "trust price." For instance, what was ten-pence "cash," was a shilling "trade," and one-and-three-pence "trust." Then, next winter, suppose I took out a load of oats to pay my store bill, I would get one-and-three-pence per bushel if I took it in trade then; but if to pay on what I got last summer, I would only get one shilling per bushel. Thus I was charged three-pence for trust, and three-pence for paying it. And those were called good, honest storekeepers. True, they were honest enough to tell you how they did business, and you must take it or leave it.

We had no school or church. After a few years the "log school-house" was built, and a teacher was hired according to the requirements of the children; that is, if enough signers were got. It was fifty cents a month for each scholar. The man who signed for three got the fourth free. Slowly as things progressed, each year brought something new in the way of improvement, until, at last, we got a post-office in the township, with a mail once a week. We were ten miles from the post-office, still my brother and I took a newspaper, which was the first and only one for years in the settlement. It often would be a week coming from the office, being read as it passed from one to another. Often, if there was any-

thing extraordinary, the news travelled faster than the paper, and we had it with variations before the original arrived. Now, in the post-office where I write, in the same settlement, we get about eighty papers a week. What a difference between then and now! Then a letter to the old country cost one dollar; now it is five cents. Then we had to pay at least two dollars an acre for land; now it is free to the settler. Then we had no roads but as we made them; now the government makes colonization roads for the settlers, and the railroads are in advance of the settlers in many places. Then we could get no money for our produce; now it is cash for whatever a man can raise. Then we were content if we had a log school-house and a teacher who could read, write and teach a little arithmetic, for which we paid fifty cents a month per pupil; now we have free schools, so that the poorest have the benefit of the rich, with good teachers and everything according. Then we had a "Family Compact"; now we have a "Responsible Government," with equal rights to all. Then it was both common and fashionable to have whiskey at "bees," and on many other occasions; now it is the reverse, and those who have it at a "bee" are looked down on as behind the times. Then we *had not* the necessaries of life; now we *have* the luxuries; thus I might go on enumerating and contrasting, but will finish with a personal remark: then I was young; now I am old; then I looked with hope for better times in this life; now I look to a life beyond, and a hope in the time to come, when I shall pass hence and be no more, believing that He will fulfil the heavenly hope as He has done the earthly.

VERA ZASOULITSCH.

The criminal court of St. Petersburg is in session. Three judges, young men in dark blue uniforms adorned with gold lace, are sitting on the bench. Behind these are seated the highest dignitaries of the realm, amongst them the Imperial chancellor, Prince Gortschakoff, whose reputed influence in European affairs is second to that of none. The hall of justice is crowded with some six hundred persons, all of whom have obtained tickets of admission from the presiding judges, and many of them rank amongst the most distinguished men in St. Petersburg—*litterateurs* and scientists, high officials and leaders of fashion. They anxiously listen to every word of the evidence, scan the faces of judges and jury to obtain some idea of the thoughts controlling them, and breathlessly weigh every word which falls from the representatives of the Crown and of the prisoner.

In the jury-box sit twelve men, more than half of them Government officials, one a nobleman, two merchants, one a student at the St. Petersburg University, and thus possibly a man whose capability for a juror on a Russian state trial might be a matter of doubt.

At the bar is a young woman. She is about twenty-eight years of age, beautiful in person, frank in speech, even when questioned by the court; in manner, she is modest, and neither abashed at the presence she is in, nor self-asserting, as one who glories in public notice.

As the witnesses are examined, we learn that, a year before, she had obtained admission to the presence of General Trepoff, the Prefect of the city, and fired at him, wounding him in the

side. As witness after witness for prosecution and defence tell their stories, and are questioned and cross-questioned, it is learned that on the twenty-fifth of July of last year a considerable number of young people of both sexes were in one of the St. Petersburg prisons, accused of revolutionary tendencies. On that morning, General Trepoff, visiting this prison, saw prisoners walking about and talking with each other in the inner court. He asked for an explanation of what he considered an infraction of the prison rules. One, named Bogoluboff, informed the General that he had been already condemned, and was not infringing any rule in talking to a prisoner who was not implicated in the same crime that he himself was. This answer General Trepoff considered to be impertinent, and ordered Bogoluboff to the *carcer*, or cell for disciplinary punishment.

On his way to the cell, the prisoner met the Prefect, and neglecting to take off his cap, the General raised his hand as if to strike him.

There were many cell windows which looked out into the corridor where this scene was enacted, and at each one was a face with gazing eyes that missed not an action. The Prefect raised his hand to strike, and whether the blow descended or not, Bogoluboff's cap fell to the ground. Instantly screams of horror rang from every window at which stood an excited prisoner, and the unfortunate officer was overwhelmed with curses. The Prefect, still more enraged at this expression of dislike, determined to make an example, and ordered Bogoluboff to be beaten with birch twigs in one of the corridors. The order was executed, twenty-five

blows being given. The cell windows in this corridor were open also. To the eyes of the prisoners, the punishment seemed ten times greater than it really was, and soon the circumstances, aggravated by imagination and suspicion, spread to the street, and all over St. Petersburg there were low whisperings of Bashi-Bazouks at home not less to be dreaded than those responsible for the horrible Bulgarian atrocities.

In 1850, Vera Zasoulitsch was born. She is the daughter of an officer of the line. Eleven years ago a conspiracy was discovered in Moscow, in which a student named Netchaieff was implicated. Of this event little is known, except that Netchaieff shot the man whom he believed had denounced him, and fled to Switzerland.

It is said to be a maxim of the Russian police that the persecuted will not cease to hate the persecutors, and that if any political prisoner be punished, it is necessary to keep a strict watch over his relatives and associates. Netchaieff had a sister attending the same school as Vera Zasoulitsch, and thus the latter became one of those required to be kept under surveillance. She was then seventeen years of age. Before long she was arrested and committed to prison for two years without trial.

In 1869 she was liberated, but had hardly reached her mother's house, a few days afterwards, when the police appeared, and, without giving her time to prepare herself for the terrible journey before her; without allowing her to obtain suitable clothing; without any legal formalities, and with but two roubles, on which she had to subsist, carried her off to Krestisi, in the province of Novgorod, in Eastern Russia.

In speaking of this journey, she asserts that if it had not been for the kindness of a *gendarme*, who covered her with his *patelôt*, she must have perished from the cold. In June, 1871, she was allowed to live in Tver with a

brother-in-law, who was also under the supervision of the police in consequence of being suspected of Revolutionary principles. Next year the brother-in-law was accused of having given prohibited books to the Seminarsists, and was transferred to a town further eastward. Vera was brought to St. Petersburg and questioned concerning the books, and then sent again to live with her brother-in-law. In 1873 she was sent to Khokoff, where she remained under police supervision until September, 1875, when she was liberated, and found herself free. She was now twenty-six years old, but for more than a third of her lifetime had been a prisoner, although no charge had ever been made against her.

From the time of her liberation until July, 1877, she was unmolested. Her long subjection to surveillance had not broken her spirit, but it had changed the whole current of her thoughts. The school-girl had become a thoughtful woman,—a despondent one, perhaps,—and too much inclined to meditate upon and seek to avenge her great wrong; but subsequent events show that she was also animated by a true, womanly love for others, a self-sacrificing love—the highest which ennoble the human heart.

In July, 1877, she came to St. Petersburg, and there heard the sickening details of the Prefect's offence against humanity. She resolved that, at whatever cost to herself, it must not be allowed to go unpunished, and, therefore, she committed the crime for which she is being tried. Her own account of what she had done, and the motives which gave rise to the act, as they proceeded from her own lips in the open court, are eloquent:

“Having arrived in St. Petersburg, I heard about the incident in the prison from various people whom I happened to meet. They related how the prisoners who had made a disturbance were put into the *carcer*, and how they

were maltreated by the policemen. About Bogoluboff, I heard that he had been flogged till he stopped shrieking. Perhaps there was some exaggeration in the account. As I had myself experienced long solitary confinement, I could imagine what a frightful impression the whole affair must have produced on all the political prisoners, not to speak of those who had been subjected to maltreatment. I know by experience the morbidly excited, nervous condition produced by solitary imprisonment, and the majority of prisoners in question had been already confined more than three years. Some of them had gone mad, and others had committed suicide. What cruelty it was to make them bear all that, simply because one of them had not taken off his cap when he met an official the second time! On one is made the impression, not of punishment, but of insult inflicted from personal enmity. It seemed to me that such a thing could not, and should not, pass unnoticed. I waited to see whether some one would take the matter in hand, but all were silent, and nothing prevented Trepoff, or any other influential official, from repeating such arbitrary acts. Seeing no other means of directing public attention to the affair, I determined, at the price of my own ruin, to prove that a human being may not be insulted in that way with impunity. It is a terrible thing to raise one's hand against a fellow-creature, but I could find no other means. It was all the same to me whether I killed or wounded the Prefect, and when I fired at him I did not aim at any particular place."

The trial is now over. All that can be said on either side has been spoken. The case has been submitted to the jury, and they are the judges who must decide for or against the prisoner. It may almost be said that the whole na-

tion is breathlessly waiting for the result of their deliberations. To an English jury, the only question to be considered would be, "Did the prisoner shoot the Prefect?" She admitted that she had done this. Then the verdict would have been "Guilty," with a recommendation to the mercy of the court, and the leniency of the court would have been shown. But what leniency could have been expected from the upholders of a system which consigned a girl to imprisonment for nine of her life's best years under no charge whatever? None. And this jury, although closely dependent on the Government, unanimously, and almost immediately, brought in the verdict "Not Guilty."

The result of this verdict may well deserve the consideration of the wise men of the world. Will the spirit of Vera Zasoulitsch, softened and corrected, spread out so as to animate the breasts of Russians with a desire that their civilization may become the civilization of Western Europe? Such a consummation is devoutly to be wished, but events subsequent to the trial show that some time yet must be spent in waiting. Vera Zasoulitsch has disappeared, no one knows where. She may be in prison, or she may be in the wilds of Siberia, there to remain unheard of, and there to die and be buried, as thousands have done before; but her name will live forever, and be treasured as that of the Maid of Orleans, and the martyrs of old. The seed she has sown broadcast will bring forth good fruit many-fold, and although for the present it may be hidden, like that which fructifies on the bosom of the earth, it is gaining strength when covered, so that when the green shoots rise above the surface they may be firm rooted and attain to future fruitfulness.

G. H. F.

Young Folks.

NORMAN KENT'S PROTÉGÉ.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Look-a-here, little feller, thar's the house, that stunning big one up behind the trees. Keep a stiff upper lip, the old feller's tight, but the young un is a mighty good chap. Takes after his Ma——she's turned up her toes this ten years. You walk up like a man, ring the bell to the side door, and ask for Mr. Norman Kent. Tell him your yarn square, and take my word for it, you won't sleep in the Refuge this night. Good-by, little shaver, and good luck to you."

With a nod, and a friendly grin, Ben Bartley, having made his farewell remarks, departed round the corner at a swift pace, leaving his comrade standing still, gazing with wistful eyes through the gates of an avened approach to a large house, ablaze with lights, that glimmered bright and beautiful between the trees, and across the white snow. Evidently there was some entertainment being given by the Kents, for the entire building was illuminated, while the wintry evening air was full of the merry tinkle of bells, as sleigh after sleigh darted past the boy and dashed up the roadway of "The Lindens."

Presently he took a side path and walked swiftly towards the servants' door, passing thus through a hedge close under a parlor. A familiar sight, a familiar sound smote him with a keen sense of pain and loneliness. Something about the hedge made far-away scenes come quickly to mind, and a strain of music, that awakened sad memories of one sleeping her last long

sleep in a distant land, touched his heart with a sorrowful longing for the sound of a voice that was still. It was only the simple little song, "She wore a wreath of roses," sung in a pleasantly sweet voice by a young girl in the room, a window of which looked out on the spot where the boy stood listening. She was singing for the pleasure her pure dulcet tones gave her friends, little dreaming of the pain which memory lent to the wanderer, "out in the cold," with the well known words of the old love song. He was suddenly recalled from his musing by an angry voice saying sharply—

"I say, *will* you hurry. What on earth do you mean by standing like an idiot there when I've been watching for you this half hour or more. Hurry, blockhead."

The boy started at the vexed words, and turning, espied a comely girl standing on the steps of the side entrance. The light from the hall fell through the open door on a prim little figure in a neat dress, white apron, and smart cap adorning a black curly head.

At a second sharp bidding he walked quickly towards her, and said, in surprised accents,

"You could not expect me. There is some mis——"

"Stupid!" she cried, while her black eyes flashed. "You were told to be here almost an hour before this. A fine time you've made. Jessie has had to take your place, and here cook is in a grand rage because Jessie isn't ready

to be helping in the supper-room. Walk in smart, and not another word out of your mouth. Boys do beat the Dutch for laziness and carelessness. Well, what are you looking like that for. Walk in, sir," and Polly indignantly helped herself to one of his ears, and marched him down the hall at a lively pace, then up a back stair, and into a room, where, with a parting pinch to his poor ear, she bade him be quick, and shine himself.

He stood perfectly still, and gazed at her in utter amazement, too perplexed to speak until the thought suddenly dawned on his mind that, unwittingly, he had entered an insane asylum, and had been taken possession of by an energetic female inmate. Judging that it would be wise to speak kindly to her he said pleasantly,

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I— I—"

"None of your fiddlesticks," was the indignant retort. "Do hurry. Here, this is Pat's coat, put it on, you are about the same size."

"But really you've made a—"

"Put it on and shut up. Here, if you cannot tidy yourself I'll do it for you. What worrying creatures boys are, anyway."

Poor Polly, she had some reason for making this last remark, and the tears brimmed bright into her black eyes as she hustled off her victim's jacket, and substituted a more dressy one.

She was almost wild with vexation as she brushed the boy's hair with more strength than gentleness. Polly's "Robin was shy." He was a most respectable young man, but so painfully bashful that, until this evening, no little arts or graces she could use could induce him to even hover on the brink of a proposal. Polly, who was Mrs. Kent's nurse, had put Kissy to bed at an early hour in hopes of having a nice long chat with her lover. Wonder of wonders, after considerable wriggling in his chair, and frantic twisting of his handkerchief, he

said, with evident distress, "Polly, I love you," and then became so alarmingly shy, that Polly was forced to chirk him up with the tender words—

"Tell me some more, Ebenezer!"

Cruel fate, in rushed the cook. "Polly, go to the west door, and watch until that boy comes. Take him, as soon as he brushes, to Jessie, and send her here. Good evening, Mr. Snider. A cold spell these days. Just walk into the kitchen until Polly comes back. Run, Polly;" and so the poor maid was sent to watch for half an hour, thus leaving her admirer with cook, who had vowed that she would cut her out yet.

Had the lad, whose hair she brushed so forcibly, known of this heart-rending episode, he would have forgiven the indignity offered to his smarting ear, and been less puzzled at the girl's sharp words and flashing eyes. As it was, when she said,

"There, you are ready. Now, come, follow me," he thought,

"Surely she is a very bad case. It may be wiser to go with her quietly."

Accordingly, she hurried him through a door and down a brilliantly-lighted, softly-carpeted hall to a curtained recess where a gentle looking maid sat with a silken bag in her hand.

"Here he is, Jessie. Tell him what he is to do," and Polly turned, and fled on the wings of wrath and love.

The boy was only more bewildered, especially as this girl was as mild as the other had been peppery.

"Now," she said kindly, "sit here, and take charge of this bag. You see Pat broke his arm, and had to be sent to the hospital. That is why Mr. Kent sent for you, but I suppose you have been told. As the gentlemen come up to their dressing-room they will stop here for their neckties. Now be very careful not to let them see into the bag. After all the ties are taken, just stay here until I come for you to help in the supper-room."

"But really, I must ask what all this

means," said the youth more and more mystified, "I never—"

"No, I suppose not. I never saw a necktie party either. They are new here, and Mr. Kent likes anything odd," broke in Jessie, as she adjusted her cap. "Now, here come some gentlemen. Be very civil." Away she went, leaving our young hero of this unlooked-for adventure very much inclined to laugh heartily, and thus assure himself that he were not asleep and dreaming.

However, in attending to his duties, and being amused by the remarks of the gentlemen who came to him to get their ties, he forgot, for a time, his strange position until the last knots of pale pink and gaudy yellow were drawn by the latest comers, two young men, who made themselves very merry over their colors, with feeble wit.

"Yellow, hideous," laughed one, "a most elegant specimen of the genus *homo*," as he held the tie on high and gazed at it with a shrug of his shoulders. "May the gods grant me a kinder fate in the fair one's charms than her taste. Yellow, I dream of sunflowers."

"Say golden," advised his companion. "It sounds better. Your partner may have golden charms. What a contrast mine is. It's like a blush-rose. Come Jack, let us go and meet the inevitable like men."

"Like heroes," groaned the knight of the sunflower hue, as they moved away.

The boy was now quite alone, for the guests had all assembled, and music and laughter filled the large parlors, and rang blithely up the broad stairway. His novel position perplexed him sorely, and after considering for a short time, he concluded to try and find his way to the servants' hall, and there seek an explanation, for he began to realize that Polly had mistaken him for some one evidently expected to do duty for the evening. He rose to leave the curtained recess, and was half way down the hall, when suddenly a door opened,

and out rushed a wee white figure with long golden hair and big scared eyes.

"Oh, oh, I's 'fraid, I's 'fraid," screamed the frightened child, rushing wildly to the boy for protection.

"Another little lunatic," he thought with considerable amusement, as he took the quivering form into his arms and soothed her tenderly.

"The boo man won't catch Kissy. You will kill the bad boo man," cried the child clinging tightly to him.

"Yes, dear, yes, don't cry; there, there, we will kill the boo man."

"Polly said he would catch me if I did not sleep. I had a dream, and a big dog and a boo man chased me.

"Well I won't let them catch you. See, you are safe in my arms."

"Boo man can't come where there is a light, Polly said so."

"No, dear, there isn't any boo man at all. It was a shame of Polly to tell you so."

"No?" enquired the child in an eager tone.

"No pet."

"Whose nice little boy is you?" asked the little one, sitting up in his arms and scanning his face eagerly "I never did see you, no never, never at all."

"Nobody's boy," he replied slowly.

"What is your name, nice boy?" and she patted the brown, bright face with her soft baby hands.

"Bernie."

"Bernie? mine is Kissy. Oh papa, papa," she cried in delighted tones as a tall man came up the stairs.

"Why, my blessing, what brings you here," he said, stooping to catch the child as she tore herself from Bernie and ran, barefooted, down the hall to meet her father.

"I's 'fraid, papa. I had an ugly dream, and Polly was away, and I ran to Bernie. See pa, that's Bernie, nice boy, eh pa?"

Mr. Kent laughed, and looking towards the boy said: "Ring the bell,

my lad, there is the knob near you. Polly must come and see to this child. So my girlie was afraid. She must be braver than that. She must remember that Jesus loves and watches over little folks as well as big ones."

"But Jesus couldn't see in the dark," said Kissy, with earnest assurance. "Polly took the light papa."

"But, my dear, Jesus sees everywhere, and at all times."

"Yes, papa?" questioned Kissy, intently. "Well, then, the boo man wouldn't dare to touch me."

"Who told you this nonsense of boo man?" asked her father, severely.

"Polly."

"Polly," he said turning to the maid, who had answered the bell, "Remember, no more of this nonsense. If I ever hear of it again you must leave at once. Don't you know better than to tell a sensitive, imaginative child such stuff? Here, take Kissy, and stay with her until she is asleep."

Polly had succeeded in outwitting the cook, and feeling now secure of Mr. Snider's tardy affections (he having pushed his suit most ardently on her return to the servants' sitting-room after her encounter with Bernie) took her master's words meekly, and carried Kissy away with a rare gentleness. The oil of gladness had soothed the storm of turbulent feeling, and the little girl went off to dreamland with happy thoughts of Polly's new tenderness.

Mr. Kent passed on to his own room, after the maid had carried away his little daughter to her nursery. On his return, some minutes later, he found Bernie still standing in the hall.

"Well, my lad, what is it," he asked, remarking the waiting attitude of the youth, and noting at a glance of his keen eyes, the bearing of the boy's handsome, erect figure, and the blending of manliness and determination in every line of the frank, fine face.

"May I tell you how I came here, Mr. Kent?"

"Certainly. Had you any trouble?" enquired the gentleman, now intently regarding Bernie. He saw a boy of perhaps fifteen or sixteen, slight and shapely, with a fine broad brow, beautiful eyes, and proudly curved lips. A noble-looking boy, with an indescribable refinement in his every word and action. His English was of the purest, richest kind, and his accent most musical.

"Oh no," and Bernie smiled sweetly; "but my story has an adventure in it, I think. I had not one copper in my pocket, and a boy, called Ben Bartley, directed me to you. He said that if I were willing to work, you would help me, he was sure, by finding something for me to do."

"Ben Bartley!" said Mr. Kent, in surprised tones. "Why, are you not one of the boys from the Orphans' Home?"

"No, Mr. Kent."

"Well, young man, how did you happen to get in here? This is a strange story."

"Yes, it is odd," replied Bernie. "I was coming to the side door, intending to ask for you, when I stopped to listen to a song my sister used to sing. A maid came out and began to find fault with me for keeping her waiting. I tried to explain to her that there was a mistake, but she would not hear me, and hurried me to a room, assisted me with my toilette, and placed me in this hall as guardian of a bag of neckties. The whole affair is very funny. I wondered at first if I were dreaming."

Mr. Kent burst into a hearty laugh, and said—

"Another of Polly's escapades, I suppose. And so you have stolen a march into my house, young man."

"I think rather that I was pressed into service," was the pleasant reply.

"What will you do when I turn you out on the street, where you belong?" was the next comforting enquiry in no

kindly tones. The bright face saddened, the proud mouth quivered for a moment, and then he said, in a low, determined voice, "I will try to find work somewhere; and I am exceedingly sorry that I have intruded here. I thank you very much for listening to me. If you cannot give me anything to do, may I ring for a servant to show me out? I entered the house so quickly that I very much fear I cannot find my way out alone."

Mr. Kent watched the changing countenance sharply, and after a moment's silence said reluctantly,

"Well, we will see. You may stay here for the present, but first you must answer me a few questions. "Where did you make Master Ben's acquaintance?"

"I was going along the street, and I saw a large newsboy thrashing a small lame one, so I helped the little fellow, and chased the large boy away. Jimmie, the lame boy, is Ben's brother. Ben was round the corner at the time. When he came back Jimmie told him of our comradeship, and Ben became my friend at once. He found out how hard up I was, and to-night he brought me to your gates, and told me to tell you how I was situated."

"Indeed," said Mr. Kent gravely, with a sarcastic smile.

Bernie colored, and the proud lips closed tightly, but his eyes never quailed under the gentleman's searching gaze.

"What can you do?" was the next question.

"I have never done anything but—"

"Never done anything! dear me, you are a hopeful youth."

"I will do anything that it is possible for me to learn, for I will try my best."

"Would you like to scour knives?"

"I will try," was the brave reply, firmly spoken.

"What is your name?"

"Bernard Rowen Grant."

"Yes. Where were you born?"

"In Ireland," was the slow reply, and

then he said quietly, "I do not want to tell you any more than I can help. I've only been in Canada two weeks. I am honest, Mr. Kent, and I will work at any task you give me, but I decline being questioned more."

There was a simple dignity about the boy that was irresistible, so Mr. Kent respected his reticence, and sent him down stairs under Polly's charge.

CHAPTER II.

"Come and watch the dancing," said Polly later. "It will soon be supper time and then they will change partners." Bernie followed her, and looked on with interest at the strange scene. Each lady wore a Normandy cap, trimmed with a ribbon corresponding to the tie of the gentleman who was to be her cavalier until supper was announced. As may be supposed, there were many singular couples. A learned professor wore the colors of a mad-cap school-girl. She raced the poor man unmercifully through every dance, turned all his set speeches into ridicule, and insisted on his entire devotion, although he begged to be left alone by a beloved cabinet of curiosities. Elegant Mr. Lewis, who had drawn the yellow tie, towed fat, good-natured, overdressed Mrs. Rogers round with the air of a martyr. The young man who had drawn the pale pink, blessed the luck that had given him the right to make himself agreeable to the pretty girl who had sung so sweetly, "She wore a wreath of roses."

Many of the guests were enraptured with the mirth their odd assorting excited, while others vowed necktie gatherings a fraud, and wondered at Mrs. Kent's taste in introducing such an absurd custom. After the party was over it was discovered that the note, directing that a boy should be sent to the Lindens to take the place of a disabled servant, had not been delivered, and so

Polly's mistake as to Bernie was explained.

Bernie was very awkward in his domestic duties for several days. He had to scour knives, shovel paths, run messages, and do all sorts of odds and ends; but he did them willingly, and his perseverance won the reward of his master's entire approval. However, he was regarded with watchful eyes for some time, but soon his gentlemanly bearing and promptitude gained him the regard of the whole household. Unconsciously the very servants treated him with deference, and he became so great a favorite that old Mr. Kent, who rarely made a pretence of affection for any one, took him to wait on himself. Before spring, Bernie, who was very clever, and well-advanced in his studies, was nothing less than private secretary to Mr. Kent, senior, who was a statesman. All felt that there was a mystery about his history, but in no way could they discover his antecedents. He firmly and politely declined to answer any enquiries, and did his duties so faithfully, and made himself so loveable, that, in spite of his reserve as to his connections and former life, all who knew him respected and admired him.

One day, some months after Bernie had become an inmate of the Lindens, Mrs. Kent received an English paper containing news of a cousin's marriage. Her husband, in carelessly scanning the advertisements, came across one that caused him to spring to his feet, and say excitedly,

"Bernie is the very boy. Everything is explained."

He took his hat and walked quickly to his father's office, where Bernie sat

writing. There he put a few guarded questions to the lad, which were answered quite innocently, the boy never dreaming that his replies confirmed the young man's suspicions.

The result, unknown to Bernie, was a message by cable to Ireland. An answer flashed back which proved that Mr. Kent was correct, and before many weeks a certain colonel, whose name will not be mentioned, landed in Quebec, and took the train to one of our most beautiful cities. There, under Mr. Kent's charge, he found Bernard Rowen Grant, the heir to one of the largest estates in Great Britain. He had run away from school, where he had been obliged to bear the disgrace of a fellow-student. His proud spirit chafed bitterly under the unwarrantable suspicion, and fearing the displeasure of his guardians, he escaped to Canada, was robbed of his money, and, being imbued with courage and a love for adventure, determined to work his own way until he was of age.

All this occurred years ago, and, to this day no one but Norman Kent knows the true name of his *protégé*, but all his friends are acquainted with the fact that a young nobleman once acted as servant at the Lindens. Bernard is now at Oxford, and I fancy the gifted student must often laugh heartily, as he studies, and rows within the classic shades of his Alma-Mater, over reminiscences of his life in Canada, and his energetic welcome to the home of the Kents by the now blooming Mrs. Ebenezer Snider, once, pretty, peppery Polly, the nursemaid.

C. RUSSELL.

CAPTAIN COOK.

On the 8th July, 1776, two hundred and two years ago, the good ships "Resolution" and "Discovery" sailed from Plymouth, England, under the command of Capt. James Cook, on his third and last voyage of discovery in the Southern Pacific. The ships went safely over thousands of miles of ocean, from the Antarctic Circle to the limit of navigation in the north, sailed along the coasts of Australia and Asia, doubled the Capes of Good Hope and Horn, and anchored safely in the Nore, at the mouth of the Thames, on the 1st Oct., 1780. The good men and true, who had manned the gallant ships, were greeted by loving friends once more, but their brave and good commander never saw his native land again.

James Cook was born Oct. 27, 1728, in the village of Marton, North Riding of Yorkshire. His parents, though poor, uneducated, humble people, according to this world's standard, had the best of riches and wisdom, for they were honest, industrious and pious; and the high principles and consistent Christianity which were shown in his useful and honorable life, began with the lessons taught at his mother's knee, and the example set him in his humble home. The boy was taught (rather imperfectly) reading, writing, and the first steps in arithmetic, by an old woman who kept a school for young children in the village in which he was born. At the age of thirteen he got a situation as clerk in a small grocery store in Snaith, a seaport on the coast of Yorkshire. His employer seems to have been a man of a suspicious, ungenerous disposition, but all went on well for a few weeks, until one day a curious old

shilling was missed from the till. His master accused James of having taken it. The boy readily answered that he had; the coin was so curious that he wished to keep it, and had put a shilling of his own in its place. On counting the money in the drawer this statement was found to be correct and no more was said, but the boy was so hurt by the unjust accusation, that soon after he prevailed on his master to release him from his engagement, and commenced a sailor's life on board a collier.

In this humble and laborious line of life he continued until 1755, when he entered the navy as a common seaman, in the "Eagle" man-of-war. Here his unusual talents first attracted attention, and in four years he was appointed sailing master of the "Mercury," one of the ships belonging to the expedition sent against Quebec. Thus by far the most formidable of the difficulties which he had to encounter in emerging from obscurity were overcome. He was now on the direct road to preferment, and in a position in which good conduct and perseverance were sure to meet with their reward. While on board the "Mercury" he greatly distinguished himself by his skill and intrepidity as a seaman. He strove to remedy the defects of his early education by diligent study, and, by his persevering industry, he became, in fact, one of the most scientific naval officers of the time. He also took great pains to acquire the manners and address of a gentleman, and so well did he succeed that, in after life, he was remarkable for his refined and courteous manners.

James Cook's first important public

work was in Canadian waters, where he was employed in sounding and surveying the Gulf and River St. Lawrence for the purpose of preparing charts. Everything undertaken by him was done *well*, and so accurate were these charts, that portions of them are used in the navigation of the St. Lawrence to this day.

In 1762 Cook returned to England, and in the same year was married at Basking, in Essex, to Miss Elizabeth Batts, who is described as an amiable and excellent woman, for whom he ever entertained the greatest respect and affection, but in his case, with his life of activity and occupation, home-life was made up of brief visits, with long intervals of absence. In 1763 Lieutenant Cook was again employed in North America, surveying the coast of Newfoundland and the Islands of Miquelon and St. Pierre, which were soon after ceded to the French, and in 1764, the coast of Labrador.

In 1768 Lieutenant Cook was appointed to the command of the "Endeavor," and in it he made his first voyage to the Southern Pacific, returning to England on the 10th June, 1771. On this, his first voyage, his ship's company suffered greatly from scurvy and other ailments, and twenty-three men, nearly at the close of the voyage, died. The numerous deaths, and the sufferings of many, who afterwards recovered, led him to consider seriously the *causes* of so much sickness, and he formed plans for the diet and management of men on shipboard very different from the usual practice at that day. These plans he carried out very successfully during his second and third voyages, and so excellent they proved for the health and comfort of sailors, that they were by degrees adopted in the navies and merchant service of England and the United States, and the care and humanity of James Cook was thus the means of

benefiting many thousands of sailors then unborn.

At the end of the year 1771, Lieutenant Cook was promoted to the rank of captain, and in 1772 he went again to the Pacific in the "Resolution," with the "Adventure," under the command of Capt. Furneaux, as consort. His third and last voyage was also made in the "Resolution," in 1776, in company with the "Discovery," under the command of Capt. Clerke.

The map of the Southern Pacific must have been a strange blank before the days of Captain Cook, and we can scarcely realize that Australia, with its provinces and cities, Van Dieman's Land, New Zealand, and the Sandwich Islands—names that are *now* as familiar to our ears as London or Paris—were then unknown tracts peopled by savages. Learned men of that day held the idea of a southern continent, and the discovery by Monsieur de Bougianville and other navigators, Dutch and English, of portions of the coasts of Australia and New Zealand, and some groups of islands, had encouraged the opinion. Captain Cook perfected the discoveries of those who had preceded him, corrected defective latitude and longitude, and so completely explored the Southern Pacific as to leave no doubt whatever that the only land there consisted of groups of islands, unless it were an inaccessible, ice-covered region at the south pole. In the century that has passed these southern lands have become important portions of the British Empire, seats of commerce and most interesting fields of missionary labor, and very many souls have, without doubt, been added to "the great multitude that no man can number," from these once fierce and savage tribes.

The last discovery of Captain Cook was the beautiful island of Owhyhee, the largest of the Sandwich Islands. The last sentence in his journal relates this discovery, which he seems to think a very important one, and is written in a

strain of pleasure and exultation unusual to him. He little thought that in a few days it was to be the scene of his death. He was killed on the 12th February, 1770, in an affray with the natives. His body was cut to pieces, and only portions of it were recovered. The hands were entire, and, by a remarkable scar on one of them, the remains were identified, and were put in a coffin and committed to the deep. His widow received a pension of two hundred pounds sterling yearly, for her life, and a handsome sum was advanced for the education of his children.

Captain Clerke, the commander of the "Discovery," died of consumption shortly after, and the ships were commanded on their homeward voyage by Lieutenants King and Gore. There is not a more delightful book in our language, for the young, than "Cook's Voyages." The narrative of the second voyage was admirably written by himself, and the account of the third voyage was principally taken from a journal kept by him up to the time of his death. The account of the first voyage was written by Mr. Hodgins, a gentleman who had accompanied the expedition.

It is recorded that such was the value attached to the discoveries of Captain Cook, throughout Europe, that the

French Government gave orders to the commanders of French men-of-war, sailing in the East Indian and Southern Oceans, not in any way to molest or detain the ships under his command, but rather to afford help and support to them if possible. Such a record, at a time of almost perpetual warfare between France and England, and when there existed feelings of hostility on the part of the people of both nations, the bitterness of which, we, happily, at the present day, can scarcely understand, is very pleasing.

We have no written description of the person of Captain Cook, but portraits of him exist. From them he seems rather tall and slightly made, with a strongly marked face, not handsome, but very intelligent in expression.

It is seldom in our power to speak with truth of a fellow-man in such terms of unqualified praise as can be given to James Cook. He possessed an even temper, great self-command, good sense and courage, and much industry and perseverance. He was firm and exact in discipline, and at the same time ever kind and considerate. In both his public and private life, he was respected and beloved, and better than all, he was a sincere Christian.

FANNY FRENCH.



JACK GRANGER'S COUSIN.

BY JULIA A. MATTHEWS.

CHAPTER XII.—*Continued.*

PHILIP'S REVENGE.

If Paul had looked up to meet the face turned toward him, as Jack began to speak, he would have seen written upon it the story of a sharp struggle, perhaps; but he would have read also the story that Jack had conquered himself. But he did not look up, simply because he dared not meet his cousin's eyes.

"Paul," said Jack, speaking in a low, determined sort of voice, which told plainly that he had set himself a hard task, and was resolved to carry it through, "I want to tell you something. You believe—at least, you said this morning that you believed—that I had ruined Ward's drawing."

"Yes—yes—I said so," replied Paul, as Jack paused. "But—but—I don't know what to think. No one but Philip seems to believe it possible."

"It wasn't possible," said Jack, with his usual blunt directness. "Nevertheless, I have made up my mind to withdraw my own picture. I didn't mean to tell you this, though I thought of it before I went to sleep last night. I meant, at first, to let you think what you chose of me; but I have changed my mind. I want you to think the truth of me. Paul, I want you to care for me. I had rather die than do such a thing as you and Philip accuse me of. You know, if you would only—Why, Paul, are you ill? What is the matter?"

A grayish pallor had overspread the boy's face; he had staggered backward, and as Jack put out his hand, he clutched it, and held it tightly.

"Are you faint, or what is it?" asked Jack anxiously. "Here, lean

on me. There! You're better now, aren't you? Your color is coming back."

"Yes—I'm—better," stammered Paul.

"Were you ever taken like that before?" asked Jack, after a few moments.

"No—yes—I don't know. Do come home;" and Paul lifted himself up, suddenly.

"Yes, you ought to lie down, you poor old chap. We've only a step now;" and inwardly congratulating himself that they were close upon the entrance to their own grounds, Jack put his big arm around his slender cousin, and led him on.

But it was only for a few moments that Paul suffered the strong arm to support him. With an irritable movement he shook himself free. In his misery and humiliation he could not endure that friendly touch. Jack said nothing, but walked on at his side, ready to give him his aid if it were necessary. Paul's petulance and childishness were a never-ceasing wonder to him; but he seldom noticed them now by any outward sign.

"Well my laddies," said Dr. Granger's voice, as the boys entered the house, "how fares the world with you to-day?"

He spoke very lightly, his tone giving no evidence of the truth that his anxiety with regard to the state of feeling between the boys, and the reception which might meet Jack at school, had brought him home at this unusual hour.

"I'm all right," said Jack, "but Paul is ill, I am afraid. I am so glad that you happened to be at home. He almost fainted in the road just now. And he has looked forlorn all

day. I've noticed it more than once."

Paul had not spoken a word, nor even looked up to meet Dr. Granger's somewhat uneasy glance.

"What is it, my lad?" asked the doctor, putting his hand on the boy's forehead, and bending his head back a little to look into his face.

"It is nothing at all," said Paul. "I felt a trifle weak for a moment. I am perfectly well;" and he moved his head restlessly from beneath his uncle's hand, without having even glanced at him, and walked away into the library.

"And so all has gone well with you, eh Jack?" said the doctor, looking after Paul, as he passed out of sight, with a queer smile. "I am heartily glad of that my son;" and he looked so glad and so sympathizing that somehow Jack's two arms were about his neck the next moment, and his ruddy face pressed very close to the doctor's whiskers.

"Father," he whispered, "the fellows were splendid! Tom says they wouldn't—not one of them—listen to Philip. I'm so glad, for I did feel real badly about it. But I can't help feeling very sorry for Philip; and I'll just tell you of a notion I've got, if you don't think it looks like caving in. You know you and mother always say I've such a neat hand; now I think maybe I could mend that picture, and if I could, Ward could fill it up where the penciling is torn off. I might try, and if I can do it, I might send it over by Paul, for of course I can't speak to Ward after what he said last night, unless he apologises. You don't think it would look like knocking under to Philip, do you; or playing small?"

"Not very small," said the doctor, with a husky sound in his voice.

But Jack was so much engaged in his new scheme that he did not notice it.

"And father," he went on eagerly, "if I don't succeed with it, I've concluded not to hand in my own picture. It will be an awful sell, won't it, after my pegging away at it all these weeks?"

But I'd feel too mean to take the prize over Ward's head in this way. I've—I've told Paul this," added the boy, half shyly, "that I intend to withdraw my picture, I mean; I didn't tell him anything about my other plan, for fear I should fail."

"You told Paul!" said the doctor, in a tone of great surprise. "After what he said to you this morning?"

"Yes," said Jack, rather deprecatingly. "Do you think it was spoony? I didn't want to tell him, father; and I had the biggest kind of a fight with myself before I made up my mind to do it; but I thought it might help Paul—might help me"—

Jack paused, confused and abashed by the thought that, after his hard fought battle, his father considered that he had gone too far for his own self-respect. But the doctor took up his words, and finished his sentence for him.

"Might help you to show Paul what a noble, pure-hearted fellow he was accusing of dishonor, and turning his back upon for the sake of an unworthy friend. God bless you, my boy, I thank Him with all my heart that you are my son. Your mother ought to be a proud and happy woman."

"Why, father!" exclaimed Jack; and then his hands were clasped behind his father's neck again without another word to follow the surprised exclamation, for something came up in his throat and choked him.

"How did you find Frank this morning, father?" asked Jack, a few moments later, when they had followed Paul into the library. Jack was standing at the table-drawer, in the act of taking out his portfolio; he turned round as he spoke, looking at his father with an earnest interest in the answer to his question which the state of the child's health hardly seemed to warrant.

"He is not really ill," said the doctor. "I do not what to make of the boy. He seems to be in a state of nervous excitement which I can scarcely account for. He has a little fever, too, but not enough to produce

his extreme restlessness. I am quite puzzled with regard to him."

"Do you think he could have been so much frightened by the storm?" asked Jack, turning back to his portfolio.

"I hardly think so, for his mother says that this is the first time he has ever been at all alarmed by thunder. Still, the trouble looks more like mental disquiet than anything else, and he is naturally so timid that this may possibly be the case. What is the matter? Have you lost something?"

Jack, who for the last minute had been looking hurriedly through the drawer of the table, glanced up hastily; and Paul, who had been sitting in an armchair, with his back turned toward both his uncle and cousin, and so had not seen what the latter was doing, started violently at the question, turned sharply around, and then turned back again, and was immediately, to all appearance, buried in his book. But a close observer might have seen that the hands which held the book trembled visibly.

"My picture," said Jack. "I cannot find it. I thought I put it here last night."

"You did put it there," said his father. "I saw you do so. Probably it has slipped among your blank sheets."

"No, it does not seem to be here; I have looked them through, and it is not in the drawer. I wonder if I could have taken it out again last night or this morning. I don't think I did;" and Jack paused, trying to remember whether he had removed the picture again, after putting it away for the night.

"I can't recollect touching it at all after I laid it by, last evening," he said after a moment's reflection. "Paul, you haven't seen it, have you? You don't know where it is?"

"No," said Paul, replying to the last question, and letting the first go unanswered.

He was too true by nature and by habit to be able to deceive with any

show of candor. He dared not lift his eyes from his book, and his voice sounded dry and hard. But honest Jack never suspected him of anything worse than unkind indifference.

"I'm sorry I asked him" he said to himself, as he closed the drawer, and tucked his portfolio under his arm.

"Perhaps mother may have moved it," he said aloud. "I'm going up to see her, and I'll ask her. Good-by, Poppy; I'm going to be busy for a while," and Jack looked at his father with his bright face full of meaning.

Just at that moment Paul peeped up furtively, and catching Jack's glance, misinterpreted it entirely.

"They suspect something," he said to himself: and his shame and terror at the thought made him quiver from head to foot. He bent his head lower still over his book, but he knew, nevertheless, that his uncle was watching him; and as Jack left the room to find his mother, and he was left alone with the doctor, his heart sank within him. He would have given everything he possessed in the world to rise from his chair and leave the room; but he could not move. It seemed as if he were bound to that spot. So he sat there, waiting. He knew that the doctor would speak soon, unless he anticipated him; but his tongue seemed to cleave to his dry lips, and he could not utter a word.

"Paul, what is the trouble?" Dr. Granger said, at last, rising, and taking a chair close beside the boy. "Do not tell me again that you are perfectly well. That is not a truthful answer, and a truthful answer is what I must have."

A truthful answer? What could he say? Yet the doctor's tone, kind though it were, quite precluded all notion of evading a reply. And, to do the boy justice, with all his weakness and cowardice, he would rather have told the truth than continue to endure the misery which he was now suffering: his whole soul revolted against the falsehoods and deceit which lay before him, if he kept his secret

hidden ; yet his lips were sealed by his promise to Ward.

"I—I—" he stammered, looking determinedly away from his uncle's enquiring face, "I do not feel well, and—and—I feel sorry that I spoke as I did to Jack. I—I—don't believe he did—I—oh, I am so homesick and miserable ! I wish I had never left Crawford. I was happy there, and now I am too wretched to live !" and he dropped his face into his hands, and burst into an agony of crying.

Dr. Granger sat beside him for a few moments without speaking a word ; then he said, gently, "I see no reason why you should be wretched, Paul. God has given you a good home, and loving friends, and other blessings more than sufficient to make any life happy. But we will not talk of that, now, further than that I want to say to you that I think, in this case, you are turning your back on a most faithful friend for one far less worthy of your confidence. I am sorry that you could find it possible, even in the heat of anger, to attack Jack as you did this morning. And, Paul, it must never occur again. I can excuse a great deal ; but to have my honorable, high-minded boy accused before my face of such baseness, is more than I will endure."

Decided as the doctor's words were, he did not speak harshly ; and he was astonished to see that Paul seemed to shrink and cower as though he were actually frightened.

"Now, I should advise you," he added, more lightly, "to let books and study alone for this afternoon. You are tired out, and don't want to worry your brain over lessons. Let them alone, and I will give you an excuse in the morning. I am going over to take another glimpse of Frank."

CHAPTER XIII.

FRUIT AT LAST.

Nearly two hours later there was a ring at the door-bell, and Paul, who had been sitting just where his uncle

had left him ever since Dr. Granger went out, started up with a sudden impulse to escape from whoever might be coming in. But James, the doctor's office-boy, happening to be in the hall at the moment of the ringing of the bell, opened the door so immediately that the visitor met Paul face to face as he went out of the library ; and as the boy looked up, he saw Mr. Ward before him.

"Good afternoon," said the gentleman. "I startled you a little, I see," he added, in a tone of some surprise, for he could not fail to notice Paul's quick movement backward, and the disturbed expression of his face. "You did not expect me, I suppose ; but I came in to speak to Jack. Is he at home ?"

"Yes, sir. He is in his room, I believe. I will call him ;" and Paul turned hurriedly away.

"James will tell him that I am here," said Mr. Ward. "I need not trouble you."

"I—I think that I had better go up," said Paul, shrinking from a *tête-à-tête* with Philip's father. "He—he might not like to have James—I think I will let him know ;" and he went quickly up the stairs, telling the servant that he would announce Mr. Ward's arrival to his cousin.

When he reached Jack's room, he knocked at the door, meaning simply to deliver his message without entering.

"Who's there ?" called Jack's voice, in a jubilant tone. "Come in, whoever you are."

"It is I, Jack. Mr.—"

"Oh, come in, Paul, come in ! I've something to show you ;" and the next instant, before Paul had time to open the door, it was thrown wide ; and Jack stood in the entrance, his face all aglow, and his eyes as bright as stars.

"Look there, old fellow ! No keeping back of my little Snap, after all. He shall go in, and try to win ; and so shall Ward's Rex. Just look at him ! Philip can touch up that white mark through his throat, and

he'll be as handsome as ever. Isn't it a jolly good thing I thought of trying my hand at mending him? Paul, I'm so glad—I'm so glad, I couldn't help saying a bit of a prayer—a kind of a little thanksgiving, you know—that I had succeeded so nicely. Hurrah with me— Why, Paul!"

Jack had been gazing, through all his excited speech, at the picture to which he was directing his companion's attention, and had not until this moment looked toward him. As he did so, Paul's appearance might well have called forth his astonished exclamation, ignorant as he was of any cause for his cousin's agitation. For he was standing, apparently transfixed, before the drawing, which leaned against an easel on the table, perfectly restored, except for a white line of about half an inch in width which ran through the dog's throat where the board had been roughly torn. But the jagged edges had been put together so neatly and smoothly, each scrap and shred laid so carefully in its exact place, and pasted down with such nicety, that any eye could see that a good draughtsman might make the picture itself perfect with but little difficulty.

Not a muscle of Paul's face moved as he looked at it; he was standing as rigid and as motionless as he stood on Tiverton Bridge on that afternoon when his own life and that of his cousin had so nearly paid the forfeit of his want of courage. Perhaps he would hardly have been able to choose to-day between the misery of that terror and this remorse.

"Paul, what is the matter?" said Jack, laying his hand upon him. "You act so strangely, to-day. Surely, you can't be sorry? I thought you would be so pleased and glad; I wanted you to carry it over to Philip."

"No, no! I can't, I would not for the world!" cried Paul impetuously, suddenly roused from his almost stupefaction. "And don't tell Mr. Ward. Give me a little time to think!" and he grasped Jack's hand, and looked imploringly into his face.

Jack looked back at him question-

ingly. He was really beginning to think that this most remarkable boy was showing signs of insanity.

"I don't know what you are talking about, Paul," he said, at length, impatiently; for he was very much disappointed, having expected his cousin to be quite carried away by delight with his work. "What do you want time to think about? And why should I tell Mr. Ward? Do try to be reasonable, and act as if you had some sense in your head. One would think you were really sorry that Philip will have his chance at the prize."

"I—I thought you might tell Mr. Ward," stammered Paul. "Oh! I forgot that you did not know. He is here, and wants to see you. He will think I have forgotten to tell you. I'll—I'll tell you everything when you come up. Go down, go down! I'll wait until you come up."

"All right. I must go, if Mr. Ward is waiting for me. I wonder how he takes this thing. Stretch your legs on my lounge till I come back; you look tired."

"Isn't he the rarest chap I ever did see," said Jack to himself, as he ran down stairs to meet his visitor, wondering whether he had come for peace or war. "You can't brag over him, yet awhile, Jack Granger; he's more than half girl still."

"Mr. Ward," he said hastily, as he went into the library, "I must ask you to excuse me for keeping you waiting. Paul met with a little surprise when he went upstairs, and forgot at first to tell me that you were here. I'm sorry."

He purposely avoided speaking of the nature of the surprise, although his first impulse would have been to tell every one of his good fortune; but Paul's manner led him to think that there might be some real reason for his wish to keep it secret for the present.

"You are not the one to make excuses, Jack," said Mr. Ward. "I am heartily sorry and ashamed, my lad, of Philip's behavior, reported to me by himself last night. His only

plea must be his great disappointment. I have come to apologise for his conduct, and can only hope that, when he is cool enough to see things in a rational light, he will have the common-sense and the courtesy to speak for himself ; but he utterly refuses to do so now, although I have tried my utmost to persuade him of his mistake. Have you found out no clue whatever to the cause of the accident ?”

“Yes sir, I have a clue, I think,” replied Jack, looking up at Mr. Ward with such a perfectly unconstrained, open expression on his face as would quite have put to flight all doubts of his candor, if the gentleman had entertained any such thoughts. “But I can not give it to any one, not even my father and mother, unless I can make it sure. You will have to trust me,” he went on, with a smile, “if you can, while appearances are so much against me, for I cannot throw a perhaps mistaken suspicion on any one else in order to clear myself. All that I can tell is that I neither saw nor touched the picture until after it was mutilated ;” and he stretched out his hand to Mr. Ward.

The gentleman took it instantly.

“I need scarcely say that I believe you,” he replied kindly, “for you know that I can not do otherwise. And I tell you frankly, Jack Granger, that it is no small thing for a boy like you to have his character for honesty and truthfulness so well established that even when, from the force of circumstances, a suspicion of evil naturally touches him, it falls away from him like water from a duck’s back, refusing to rest there. I congratulate you heartily ; and I am very glad that you seem to bear no malice against my unruly boy, Philip.”

“Oh no, it’s of no use to bear malice,” said Jack, with a happy laugh. “Phil and I never did yoke together very nicely ; but things will come smooth after a while, I dare say. But I do think,” he added, with a little burst of feeling, “that even though he don’t like me, he might have known me better than that. It

would have been such a dirty trick to play on a fellow ! The meanest chap in the school wouldn’t let himself down so low as that. But I’m much obliged to you, sir,” he went on, suddenly recovering himself. “It was very kind indeed of you to come over and tell me that you didn’t take any stock in that thing.”

“Indeed I did not,” said Mr. Ward, “and I am quite sure that when Philip is in a calmer temper, he will take it all back. I shall have another serious talk with him before night, and try to bring him to reason ; and if he will not listen to reason, I shall force him to apologise, whether or no. Good-by.”

“Force him to apologise,” said Jack to himself. “It would be a funny thing to force a fellow to say he was sorry for a thing he was really glad for.” But aloud, he only said, “Good-by sir, and thank you again ;” and Mr. Ward went out, wishing that his son were more like this pleasant-tempered lad. Perhaps if his own son had been more gently dealt with, and more wisely led, instead of being driven to duty at one time, and left to act his foolish will at another, he would have learned wisdom and gentleness.

Meanwhile, Paul had not kept his promise to await Jack’s return. The latter had scarcely more than greeted Mr. Ward when his cousin changed his mind, and springing up from the despairing posture into which he had fallen when Jack had left the room, he ran down stairs, seized his hat, and made his way up the road toward Philip’s home at a swifter pace than he had ever used in his life. Without pausing to ring the bell, (for he had become so intimate a visitor at the house that he went in and out at his will), he ran up to his friend’s room, and rushed in without even waiting for permission—an unheard-of liberty which he had never yet permitted himself to take. Just now, however, he could wait for nothing ; even courtesy must go to the wall before his remorseful distress.

"Philip, Philip!" he exclaimed. "What do you think! Jack!"—

"Plague take Jack!" burst in Philip, turning to him with a piece of paper in his hand. "Look at that! What in the world are we going to do?"

Paul took the paper, a sheet of note-paper, written over in a child's scrawling hand; the words printed out in large, uneven letters, and the writing evidently blotted with tears.

"Read it," said Philip roughly; and Paul read it, too much frightened by his manner and his looks to ask any explanation, for Philip's very lips were white, and his voice was thick and husky. And this was the wording of the poor, shabby little missive:

"Dere Philip

"ime so sorry i dont know wat to do. jack didnt tuch Rex i did. i was lookin at him and i new i ought not and i hurd somebody cum and i fritened and i dont know how but the picture fell and slipt under the foot of the table and i didn't no and pulled it quick and it tore rite thru and ime so sorry and Jack is so good. don't be very mad philip forime so sorry and so shamed i dont no how i can stay alive enny more. Goodby plese do forgive me ime crying so i cant see to to rite strate. your misruble frank."

Paul read the note through, silently, except for a startled exclamation which broke from him on seeing the first sentence. Then he looked at Philip, too much stunned to speak a word.

"Horrid little meddling wretch," said the latter angrily. "What business had he to touch it? A pretty kettle of fish we are in now. Wouldn't I just give him one good dressing if I had him here. What are you staring at me like that for? You came here full of something. What was it? Don't stand staring like a fool! Can't you speak, you donkey?"

"Stop!" said Paul imperiously, putting out his hand to ward off any attack, as Philip advanced menacingly toward him. And Philip stopped, utterly amazed.

Like many an inert and vacillating person, under whose manifest weakness and want of self-assertion there lies a strata of obstinacy and of self-respect, he had been stung into independence; and he rose, now, equal to the occasion.

"I can speak," he said, "but what I have to say will not ease your mind particularly. Jack has done what both you and I might have expected him to do, if we had not been blind fools. He has so far restored your picture that a few hours' work on it will make it as perfect as before."

For a moment, Philip stood and gazed at him without a word; then he said, almost in a whisper, "What do you mean?"

"I mean that he has pasted the torn board together so beautifully that a little pencilling will hide the break. I mean that he is a noble, glorious fellow, and that you and I are the two meanest wretches on God's earth. And I mean that I am going home this moment, to tell him so."

"To tell him so! Are you a lunatic, Paul Stuyvesant?" and Philip sprang forward toward the slight, straight young figure that confronted him with such a wonderfully determined face.

But the slight figure neither shrank nor trembled, as it would have done yesterday, or even this morning.

"No, I am not a lunatic," said Paul firmly. "On the contrary, I have just come to my senses. And the misery of it is," he added, his voice breaking for the instant, "the misery of it is that it is too late. Jack Granger is the grandest, most forgiving fellow, and the truest friend I ever knew; and I have lost him through my own teachery. Philip, there is nothing for us but to go to him, and tell him everything. It is enough to kill us."

He stood silent for a moment, overcome by his shame, and Philip stood beside him in dumb surprise. But the next instant Ward recovered himself.

"Go to him, and tell him everything!" he repeated. "How can you

think of such a thing? Do you want to make me lose my picture, after he has made it as good as ever?"

Now it was Paul's turn to stand staring in blank amazement at his companion.

"Can you mean," he said, at last, speaking very slowly, "can you possibly mean that you would offer your picture for the prize, now? You can't intend to do that, Philip?"

"I can, and I do."

"After we have destroyed his?"

"I—I don't care if we have. It was all a mistake. I'd never have done it, if I hadn't thought he'd done as much for me. And anyway, his mending of my picture was nothing so very much. It was very easy for him—he was always neat about such things; and I bet he only did it because he thought my father would be mad, and his father would lose his practice in our family."

In an instant Paul was on his feet, and before his bewildered friend had time to comprehend his purpose, his slim, white hand had struck Philip a stinging blow across the face.

"How dare you say such a word?" exclaimed Paul. "You have sunk yourself beneath contempt," and he turned to leave the room; but Philip sprang forward, and placed himself in his path.

"Wait one moment," he said, in a tone of such still passion as warned Paul that danger lay ahead. "You do not get off so easily as that, young man. I've a mind to shake the breath out of your miserable body for this; but I'll give you one chance. On your sworn promise to keep our secret, I will let you go. Refuse, and you'll get the worst drubbing you ever had in your life. No hand strikes me in the face for nothing. Promise!"

But Paul looked him straight in the eyes, as unflinchingly as if no thought of fear made his heart quail. All the little manhood that was in him rose in resistance to the tyrannical command of one whose falseness and baseness at last stood out before him, revealed by the light of the strong

contrast thrown upon them. The patient lessons, the strong helpfulness and the manly example of the past six months had not been for naught. The seeds had not fallen on barren ground; the soil had not been rich, but it had some elements of fruitfulness in it; and the seeds had taken root, and now they were beginning to bear.

"I will not promise," he said, "I am going directly home, to tell Jack everything. He will hate and despise me; but I must bear the consequences of my own folly and wickedness."

"Sweet consequences those will be," said Philip insolently, catching at this straw. "Jack and every one else will most surely hate and despise you, even more than me; and how is the elegant Master Paul Stuyvesant going to stand that? Do you know that you *stole* that picture?"

"Yes. And I know everything else that you can tell me. I know that the wrong you did to your enemy, I did to my friend; I know—no matter. I have no heart to talk any further. It is enough that I know that, before I am an hour older, in spite of hatred, or of scorn, or of fear of you, Philip Ward, I shall tell Jack how treacherous I have been to him, and beg him to forgive me. If Paul Stuyvesant can stand the thought of what he has done, he can stand its consequences."

"Then take that!" shouted Philip, striking him a heavy blow. "And that! And!"—

But the falling hand was suddenly arrested.

"What in the world is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed a third voice; and starting backward, Philip looked up into his father's face.

"What is the trouble?" asked Mr. Ward, as his son's eyes fell before him. "I heard your angry voices, and came to see what the difficulty was; and I am afraid, from what I have overheard, that it is serious enough. Have you both been engaged in some wrong?"

"Yes, sir," said Paul quickly.

"Philip may tell you his story; I am going home to tell my own." And in a moment he had opened and closed the door; and Mr. Ward and his son were alone together.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STORY TOLD.

Poor little Frank Brewster had passed a most unhappy morning. He was a delicate child, and often had slight turns of illness which kept him in his room for a day or two, so that no one in the family was at all surprised when he declared in the early morning that he was unable to rise, and refused to eat his breakfast. But his mother soon found that this attack was entirely unlike any that she had ever seen him suffer from before; and in great anxiety, she sent for the doctor. When the doctor came he was almost as much perplexed as she. The boy was certainly ill, he said, but his feverishness was more like that induced by mental distress in a grown person than like the symptoms of a sick child. But by and by, after a short talk with Frank, the doctor's brow began to clear; a suspicion of the truth had dawned upon him, and he made up his mind that if the boy's full heart could be relieved, his aching head, and so forth, would be eased also. So he left him some simple medicine, privately confided his opinion to Mrs. Brewster, advised her to discover, if possible, what it was that overburdened the spirits of the little fellow, and went away, promising to return in the afternoon, and determining fully in his own mind that if the mother had not found out the secret by that time, he should himself try to solve it by direct questioning.

When he went up to Frank's room, after leaving Paul, everything was as it had been, except that he was even more ill than he had been in the morning. Mrs. Brewster had not been able to win anything from him, and she quite doubted the doctor's opinion

that the trouble was caused by mental anxiety.

"I think that he is a very sick child, doctor," she said in a troubled voice, having called the physician out into the hall. "He is so entirely unlike himself. He has cried almost incessantly all day; and he really seems to be afraid of people, shrinking even from the other children. He clings to me, but he will not look at any one else."

"Has he taken any interest in Jack's trouble?" asked Dr. Granger.

"I have had to forbid all allusion to it. It was spoken of once or twice this morning, and every time Jack's name was mentioned, it threw him into such a fit of crying that I found it impossible to control him."

"Let me see him again," said the doctor. And they went back into the room.

"I hardly know what I shall do," said Dr. Granger, bending down over the bed, and laying his cool hand on the child's flushed forehead, "with two of my boys in such distress. With my little Frank ill, with a sore place in his poor little heart, too; and with my big boy Jack accused of purposely doing a mean and cruel act."

He paused a moment. The flush on the small face upon the pillow grew deeper and deeper, and two or three hot tears crept out from the closed eyelids, and rolled slowly down the burning cheeks; but the boy neither spoke nor moved.

"No one of my boys would be wicked enough purposely to do what Jack has been accused of doing," the doctor went on; "but there has been an accident. Some one has torn Philip's picture, unintentionally, and has been too much frightened to confess. But I think that whoever this is, must forget that, while he keeps his secret, there are people who will believe that Jack destroyed the picture, and that he did it because he wanted to take the prize from Philip. Frank, Jack is most sorely distressed."

If Mrs. Brewster had not possessed the utmost faith in Dr. Granger's

wisdom, as well as in his skill, she would have interfered before now; but even she could not stand this.

"Doctor," she whispered, the warm color in her boy's face reflected in her own, "you can not possibly think that my Frank"—

"I did, mamma! Oh, I did!" cried a broken voice; and the next moment the little fellow was on his knees upon the bed, with his arms around his mother, and his face hidden in her neck, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"My darling," said Mrs. Brewster breathlessly, "what can you be thinking of?"

"Oh, mamma, I did!" sobbed Frank. "I ran back to look at it just once more, after they had all gone; and I wanted to have it in my own hands, too, for Philip wouldn't let me touch it, and I did so want to see it quite close, and with my own hands holding it. And I heard somebody coming, and I was frightened, and let it slip down; and I caught it up quick, and it was fastened somehow, and it just tore. And oh, mamma dear, I was so frightened I ran away, and when Jack came I ran down stairs and out of the lower door, and so home, as fast as I could tear. Oh, mamma, mamma, what shall I do! I've felt so bad all day, and nobody will ever speak to me again; and even if they do, I know they'll be thinking things. I wish I could write a letter to Philip and tell him it wasn't Jack at all, it was me, and I'll do anything he likes if he only won't say it was Jack, but tell everybody it was me. And I love Jack so, too. Oh, how could I be so mean to him!"

"Frank," said the doctor, as the child—his broken, disconnected words ending suddenly in another burst of sobs—hid his face again on his mother's breast, "you must try to stop crying, my boy; you will make yourself more ill. It will be all right now. I am very sorry that you were not brave enough to tell all that before; but I will see Philip at once, and make him understand just how it

happened. I want you to lie down and keep quite still."

"Oh, let me write a little letter to Philip," said the child, turning his tear-stained face up to the doctor with such a pitiful expression in his eyes that Dr. Granger could not resist him. "He might not believe it unless I just told him my own self, for he don't believe people much, you know. Please, please do. And then let me see Jack for a minute; and after that, doctor, I'll do anything you want me to. I won't speak a word to anybody, and I'll stay in bed for a week, if you want me to; but please, please let me tell Philip my own self!"

So, thinking that opposition might only make matters worse, the doctor yielded; and Tom was sent over to ask Jack to come and see Frank. The trembling fingers worked busily with paper and pencil for a while; and then, with a sigh of relief, Frank handed the sheet to his mother, and lay back on his pillows.

"Is Jack come yet?" he asked, as the doctor, who had not left the room, came toward him.

"Yes, he is here," said Dr. Granger cheerily. "He may stay just five minutes. Then I shall come back again and send him off. So you must say a great deal in a very short time;" and the doctor kissed the troubled face.

But it was very little, after all, that the child said; for Jack, coming in, radiant (for he had not a doubt as to the nature of the communication which Frank was about to make), stopped his confessions with a kiss of peace as soon as he heard the story of the letter; and when the doctor came back, some fifteen or twenty minutes later, Frank lay quietly asleep, holding fast by Jack's hand.

"You have proved a more efficient physician than I," said Dr. Granger smiling. "Can you steal away with me, or are you held prisoner?"

"I rather think that I can slip off," said Jack, who could scarcely endure to wait, even for a moment, before letting his mother know the good

news. "I am just wild to tell mother, and Paul, too. But poor Frank," he added, looking down at the worn-out child, as he drew his imprisoned hand gently from the grasp in which it was held. "He does look so forlorn."

"He will be quite himself again after this nap, probably," replied the doctor. "I suppose that there is scarcely any worse suffering in the world than the hopeless remorse of a child. But he has confessed, and has been forgiven; his misery is over."

They found that it was not possible to escape just yet from the house; there were words of heartfelt sorrow and as heartfelt congratulation to be answered, and there were some tears, too, to be changed to smiles, for it went very hard with the elder part of the Brewster family to think that it was through the fault of one of their own circle that Jack had endured so much. This was indeed to be "wounded in the house of his friends." But he would listen to no apologies nor expressions of grief, drowning them all in his own joyous story of gladness and delight; and broke from his friends at last, saying that if they met him with such long faces again, they would take away all his pleasure.

"We won't do that, you blessed boy," said Clara, to whom Tom had told the story of Jack's renovation of Philip's picture, Jack having shown the drawing to him when Tom had run over to ask him to come to Frank. "You're just perfectly splendid!"

"I'm sure I thank you kindly, miss;

I'd do as much for you!" chanted Jack, with an appreciating glance, and shot away out of the house, dreading that she would repeat the story before him.

"Hallo! Father, look at Paul!" exclaimed Jack, as they approached the house. "He runs like a deer, don't he? I wonder what's up."

The next moment, Paul, who was coming towards them, running at the top of his speed, suddenly saw them, paused abruptly, and then came on at the same rapid pace.

"That's right! Hurry up!" shouted Jack. "I've a lot of news for you. Frank—"

"I know, I know," said Paul hurriedly.

He had gained Jack's side, and was walking on so rapidly that the father and son had to quicken their steps to keep pace with him.

"I know everything," he continued, in the same hurried manner. "I have seen Frank's letter. Now, I have something to tell you. Come in, and hear the miserable story;" and he walked into the house before them, opened the library door, and stood waiting, with his hand upon the latch, until they should enter.

There was something so peculiar in his manner and in his whole bearing that they obeyed him without asking a question; and as soon as they were fairly within the room, he closed the door, and looked toward his aunt, who was sitting in the window, watching the strange proceedings of the little party with a very interested face.

(To be continued.)

PUZZLES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

I.

AN OLD PUZZLE REWRITTEN.

"If you please, sir, I'm a poor boy, but I'm awfully smart, and I want to work."

The storekeeper looked at his customer in astonishment. The boy was a little bit of a fellow, and his chin came just over the top of the counter.

"Well," said the storekeeper "you seem to have a pretty good idea of yourself."

"That's so," said the boy; "I lost my last place 'cause I was so smart."

"All right, then; I'll show you where you make a great mistake when you say you're smart. Do you see that jug over there?"

"No, sir," said the boy, looking hard at a green box marked "Six gross safety pins."

"Not there; 'way back in the store."

"O, yes," said the boy.

"Now that jug is full of vinegar; it holds eight quarts. I've an order for four quarts, but haven't any empty measures excepting one holding three quarts and another five quarts. Now, if you're as smart as you say you are, perhaps you can measure the four quarts from the eight by using the three and the five?"

"I can do it," said the boy, "just as easy as fishing."

"If you do, I'll give you \$2 a week and your clothes. No guessing, now; you must measure exactly."

"All right," said the boy; "have your tailor here in fifteen minutes to measure me, please."

The tailor might have come even earlier, as the boy had the four quarts of vinegar measured out in less than five minutes.

How did he do it?

II.

SYLLABLE PUZZLE.

A farmer's tool is my first,
A useful fowl is my second,
A New England town is my third,
My fourth as a cave is reckoned.
Combine these three parts without fail,
And read them through aright,
And one of Campbell's poems
Will quickly come to light.

III.

BURIED BILL OF FARE.

Soups.

1. Boys tersely tell their wants when hungry.
2. The shadow in the picture must be deeper to be effective.

Fish.

1. I hear that your friend Mrs. Haines had a bad fall last week.
2. The Elsie, whom I know, is a stranger to you.

Fowl.

1. Hens nip each other when crowded on the roost.
2. Don't stop long over that cup of tea; let us hasten.

Roast.

1. Evil ambition is worse than none at all.
2. The Turk eyes the Russian with more friendly looks now that the war is over.
3. "Gee!" See how the oxen mind!

Vegetables.

1. Is the iron pot at Olney's store large enough for our stove?
2. Ulric or Nat will see you home.
3. Don't touch that urn. I positively forbid it.
4. In order to leap easily and with comfort you must have on loose shoes.

Puddings and Pies.

1. That cap pleases me; and wasn't it cheap—only \$1.99?
2. The early green pea charms the inner man.

IV.

PUZZLE.

I am an object of great beauty, yet I am often made into a deformity; I am purchased at great cost, yet the poorest are frequently envied my possession; I am a frail thing, yet at loss of me strength has been reduced to weakness; I am easily managed, yet am shockingly cut and mutilated; I am found in every family, yet many would give a fortune to possess me; I am imitated by many, yet none ever equalled me; I am harmless, yet by me a young man lost his life; I form garments, am a trophy of war and love, and am manufactured into ornaments, or treasured as the dearest reminder of a lost friend.

V.

RIDDLE.

With youth and with beauty I ever reside,
Old age and seclusion I cannot abide;
I am e'er with the happy, the young and the gay,
I give them their joy and take part in their play.
In the first of the year I begin my career;
I look out from the sky, nor in cloud do appear;
From the noontide and morning I haste me away.

Yet I ever am seen at the close of the day.
 In the sweet summer zephyr I cheer the worn
 heart,
 Toward the yield of the harvest I bear well my
 part ;
 I ever am with you, help you on in your way,
 Though all else should leave you, I'm the last
 thing to stay ;
 In the "sweet by and by" I too have a share,
 I help tell the "old story" ; you have seen me
 in prayer.
 Now surely you know me—what name do I
 bear?

VI.

BIBLE PUZZLE.

(*Republished by request.*)

We left our little ones at home,
 And whither went we did not know.
 We for the Church's sake did roam
 And lost our lives in doing so.

We travelled by a level road,
 With all the heathen still in view,
 We lived to man, we died to God ;
 Yet nothing of religion knew.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUM-
 BER.

I.

B-ras-S
 A-rc-H
 R-etin-A
 D-ic-K

O-asi-S
 F-o-P
 A-l-E
 V-ictori-A
 O-rde-R
 N-in-E

II.

Stand. Dish. Chest. Chair. Stove. Lamp.

III.

The Moon.

IV.

Spring Flowers.—Bitter-sweet, Hawthorne,
 Dandelion, Buttercups, Bishop's-cap, Blood-
 root, Clover, Crane's-bills, Crown-Imperial,
 Dutchman's-Breeches, Innocence, Morning-
 Glory, Ragged Robin, Solomon's Seal.

V.

Tumble, humble, rumble, fumble, mumble.

VI.

"Give me liberty or give me death."

VII.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. Day-ton. | 2. Berth-a. |
| 3. Cumber-land. | 4. God-win. |
| 5. Wise-acre. | 6. Martin-da le. |

VIII.

The letter H.



The Home.

THE PARSON'S DINNER.

Mrs. Jacob Watkins was a clever housekeeper; she did all her own work, and kept two boarders, Mr. Edward Nelson, the head master of the Grammar-School, and Miss Annie Laidlaw, who taught in Mrs. Dunlop's Academy for young ladies. Half-past-nine by the school-bell! Mrs. Watkins' kitchen was in apple-pie order; the fire was burning brightly, and the lady herself was bustling about in a large apron and a dusting-cap. She was in a highly satisfactory state of mind this morning, for she had got an early start, and "an early start is a great thing in housekeeping," she was wont to say. The sweeping, dusting, and clearing up were all done, the potatoes were peeled, and she was beating eggs for a sponge-cake, when there was a knock at the kitchen door. Now Mrs. Watkins had an objection to being interrupted when she was beating eggs. "Let the froth once settle down, and they are never light after it," she averred; so she went on with her work, and said, "Come in."

"Mercy on us! Tom, what brings you here this time in the morning? There's nothing wrong at Jane's, I hope."

"Yes, mother's sailing a little—nothing serious, you know; but the threshers are coming to-morrow, and she is in a fidget, for fear Mary won't attend to the cooking right; and she wants you to come out and see after her. I'll bring you back at night if you like."

"Well, well; come to the fire, child. I suppose I must go. My work's pretty

well done—thanks to getting an early start—and perhaps Jacob can manage. I'll go and see him." Yes, Jacob was quite sure he could manage.

"It's your duty to go to your sister's, Sarah, and when duty calls we must obey," said the Rev. Jacob Watkins, as he followed his wife to the kitchen to receive instructions as to dinner.

"You are quite sure you understand, my dear?" she said, as she tied her bonnet-strings,—“roast lamb—all ready to put into the oven. Mind one thing about it, Jacob—don't let it *frizzle*; pour water in the pan, if it gets dry; the potatoes are all ready. Come, Tom, get the horses turned round, and let us be off.” She popped her head in at the kitchen-door once again. “Don't have the potatoes hard, Jacob; Mr. Nelson likes them dry and mealy,” and Mrs. Watkins vanished.

There is nothing like taking time by the forelock, thought the gentleman, as he looked at his watch. It is better to be ahead of time than behind it; so the lamb went into the oven, and the potatoes into the pot. This was all there was to do, and the good little minister brought out his half-written sermon, adjusted his spectacles, and seated himself at the clean kitchen-table, thinking that after all house-keeping was a simple affair.

He had just finished “fourthly,” the fire was cracking cheerfully, and the potatoes were bubbling, when an idea struck him. A grim smile passed over his face. “I'll do it,” he said. “Sarah had not time to get dessert ready, and

I'll make pancakes." The parson was fond of pancakes, and had often seen them made. Now, as first-class cooks never like people about when engaged in the mysteries of their art, we will considerably leave the kitchen, and look in again in the course of half-an-hour, just as Mr. Edward Nelson has come in from the Grammar-School for his dinner.

"Why, sir, what's this?" exclaimed that young gentleman, as he stood aghast at the unwonted sight; and then he laughed, because he could not help it. The minister was not in a laughing mood; he gave one glance over his gold-rimmed spectacles, and bent again anxiously over the griddle.

"Mrs. Watkins has been obliged to go to the country—case of duty, sir—and I'm getting dinner. I thought of having pancakes, but they won't come off the pan." The Rev. Jacob turned his red-hot face from the red-hot stove, and stood with a knife and fork in his hands, regarding the new-comer with an expression of hopeless despair.

"Leave the pancakes to me," said Edward Nelson, pulling off his coat and tying on Mrs. Watkins' large apron. "Excuse me, sir; you've got a little batter on one of your coat-tails," and he bent over the griddle, that the good man might not see him laugh. "Did you put soda and salt in them, Mr. Watkins?"

"No,—flour, eggs and milk; I thought that was all," meekly responded the minister. He watched the process, until the first lot were nicely turned; then he said:

"I'll go and set the table; we're to have roast lamb and potatoes; they are all right, Mrs. Watkins left them ready." Here he remembered his wife's injunction, "Don't let the lamb *'frizzle,'* Jacob," and he took a large dipper of water, and opened the oven door. A few sparks of hot grease flew into his face, so he turned aside and poured in the water. He never knew exactly

what happened just after that; there was a dreadful noise like the explosion of a steam-engine—an oven full of blue flame, and when he next looked in, everything was black—but *there was plenty of gravy.*

The lamb would not be bad, when the outside, which was *browned* a little too much, was cut off—so Edward Nelson said, and Mr. Watkins was beginning to consider him an authority on culinary matters. Setting the table was quite enjoyable, especially after most of the things were on it, and it was necessary to stand off at a little distance and consider. Is there anything else?—yes, bread! Bread was got. Anything else?—yes, knives! It was both a mental and a physical exercise, and we say the minister enjoyed it. "Brother Nelson," he said, putting his head in at the kitchen door, "perhaps you'd give the potatoes a look, they must be nearly done. I put them on at ten o'clock, and it is now half-past twelve. You like them dry and mealy, I believe."

"Yes," called the voice from the kitchen, "I guess they're done;" then in an undertone, as he lifted the cover and surveyed the contents, "Like potato porridge, sir? pass your plate this way—dry and mealy, ha! ha!"

The Rev. Jacob Watkins always said grace as if he meant it, but there was even more than the usual earnestness in the petition that day, "Lord make us thankful for what we are about to receive."

Miss Annie Laidlaw was a little later than usual, but she came in just as everything was ready. She poured out the tea, and Mr. Nelson was head waiter. Thanks to this gentleman that there was any tea to pour out, for the parson had quite forgotten it. The young people seemed to enjoy the repast very much; and their merriment made the minister cheerful in spite of himself. He even laughed good-naturedly at his own expense. "I am afraid

that having a good wife has spoiled me," he said, as he sipped his tea, and sprinkled sugar over his pan-cakes. "By the way it was well I thought of the pan-cakes, wasn't it?"—somehow the first course had not been extensively patronized—"I did not know, Brother Nelson, that you were an adept in cooking, as well as in Greek and Latin. Your wife will be able to go to the country any time she likes—when you get her," he added, facetiously. The young gentleman addressed was just putting a jug of hot water on the table next to Annie, and he whispered something to her that Mr. Watkins did not hear, for the good man was sipping his tea contentedly, and smiling down on his pancakes. Edward Nelson was only asking her if she would like to go to the country sometimes.

Five miles off, in her sister's farmhouse, good Mrs. Watkins was saying to herself, "I wonder how Jacob got on with the dinner; that was a fine leg of lamb, I hope it wasn't '*frizzled*.' Poor Jacob! he'll be clearing up by this time; I wish I'd told him to leave the dishes—they'll need washing over again, anyway!"

But the parson was not clearing up; he was sitting in his study writing *fitly*. If Mrs. Watkins had been able to peep into her own kitchen just at that time, she would have seen a comical sight—how the Grammar-School boys would have enjoyed it! Edward Nelson, B. A., in his shirt sleeves, arrayed in a large apron and a dusting cap, wiping dishes, while Annie Laidlaw washed them.

"Stop your nonsense, Edward," Annie was saying, "or I'll tell Mrs.

Watkins not to give you any cold roast lamb for your breakfast," but she did not look very cross, and Edward flourished the tea-towel and sang:

"When the spring-time comes, gentle Annie,"

you may go to the country any time you like, and we'll have roast lamb and potato-porridge every day, won't we?" He made his escape with the salt-cellar in one hand, the other laid tragically on his heart. They had a good deal of fun over their work, but even Mrs. Watkins was satisfied with the way in which it was done.

"The minute I saw the plates I mistrusted that Jacob had not washed them," she said, laughing heartily; "and so, my dear, you let the lamb '*frizzle*' after all. Well, well, a man can't be expected to know about such things; though, Mr. Nelson, your pancakes were not bad. There's a difference in men."

Yes, this is just what we have been trying to prove, and I think we have proved also that it is a great advantage to a man—especially in this country where servants' wages are high—to be able to cook a dinner. Wives, mothers and sisters, will you not insist that it should be made a part of every boy's education? Will not some philanthropic soul endow an institution, where those who have not been blessed with home training can be instructed in this most useful branch of knowledge? Could such an one be found, the women of this and all succeeding ages would weep tears of gratitude to his memory, and many a good joint would be saved from "*frizzling*."

C.

Literary Notices.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE. By J. M. LeMoine. —Dawson Bros., Montreal.

Many of the readers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY will remember an interesting series of articles which appeared in 1872, under the title, "Trifles from my Portfolio," from the able pen of Mr. J. M. LeMoine of Quebec. This series, revised, forms the first part of Mr. LeMoine's new volume, which he has prepared for the use of tourists on the Lower St. Lawrence and in the Lower Provinces. Part I. of this volume describes the trip from Quebec to Prince Edward's Island, and that from Quebec to Chicoutimi; Part II. gives "Lights and Shadows in the Kingdom of Herring and Cod," and "The Cruise of the Dolphin," from which latter we make an extract, being a story told by the Port-Admiral.

THE DEAD WHALE.

"On the morning of the 14th of August, 1872, I despatched one of the steamers under my control on a surveying trip to the Northern Channel, a duty annually performed by that vessel. I expected her to be absent for several days and had looked forward to this with great expectations, as I would then be free to take a run out to some of the lakes, trout-fishing. I had made all my preparations, looked over my flies, lines, and rods, and arranged with a congenial companion to leave early next day. Little did I then imagine the fish I was so soon to struggle with. The height of my fishing ambition was salmon and trout. I never aspired to such monsters as whales. After the departure of the steamer, I left my office in the evening for home, and at the usual hour retired to bed. At about midnight I was awakened by a loud ringing of my door bell, and hurried down to see who was there. I opened the door when a young nephew, who had taken passage in the steamer, rushed into the house in a great state of excitement. As soon as he could catch sufficient breath, he informed me that the steamer had returned. This being so unexpected, I greatly feared some dreadful accident had happened—some one drowned or

killed—I begged him to tell me the worst at once. In a gasping tone, he began hurriedly to say that "the steamer—the Captain—the whale," etc., etc. I really did not know what to understand, but it was evidently something about a whale.

"What do you mean? are you mad?" said I.

"No, no," he cried. "The Captain wants to see you immediately about it. Oh! it is such a monster,—about two hundred feet long and big as a ship."

I caught the young man by the shoulder, and pushed him into a seat. After a few minutes' rest, he was able to give me to understand that twenty-four miles below Quebec, and one hundred miles from salt water, they had found a large whale stranded on a sand bar, had turned back with it in tow, and the Captain wanted me to see about it. I dressed and went down to the wharf, and saw the Captain, who was full of importance and anxiety over the matter. I requested him to sit down and tell me what it all meant.

"Well, sir," he said, at once appealing to my good feelings, "of course you are master, and can do as you wish, but I hope you will see fair play in this matter, and that I am allowed my share of the prize; it is a fortune, and such a chance may never happen to me again. You and I can make heaps of money out of it, and afford to be generous to the crew in the bargain. Will you go half the profits and charge me with half the expenses? I am willing to pay my share. Oh, yes, sir, I'll do the right thing, and I hope you will see to my interest. We are sure to make a great spec out of that whale; there must be one hundred barrels of oil in that whale, and the oil is in great demand, notwithstanding the opposition made to it by coal oil."

The Captain certainly thought he had struck oil at last.

"Captain, it is a bargain," I answered. "I'll do my best for all parties concerned; but tell me, where in the world did you get that whale?"

"Well, sir," said he, "after leaving the wharf, everything went on quietly until, when about half way through the North Channel, the look-out man cried out: 'A schooner or barge, aground or upset on the sand bar, sir, ahead to the right of us.' Several persons being on deck at the time, all glasses were levelled in the direction of the object; none were able to make out what it was. I stopped the steamer and sent the mate with six men in a boat to ascertain. We followed the men's movements with straining eyes, and saw them cautiously approach the sand bar, and step out of the boat; the tide being at half ebb, left a large portion bare for a

considerable distance from the object in view. The men appeared very undecided what to do next, and huddled together with evident fear; they kept on slowly, approaching nearer and nearer, then halted, and consulted together; finally, they set to shouting with all their might in their native tongue. We listened; I thought I caught the words, '*Une baleine! une baleine! a whale, a whale!*' I could hardly believe this possible, so far up the river. However, I ordered another boat and proceeded to the scene. The men on the bar came to meet me, all very excited and speaking at the same time, saying it was a monstrous whale: two of them declaring it was alive for they had seen it wink its eyes; another, that he saw its body quiver; none had dared to go near; they feared it might turn on them and, with a stroke of its enormous tail, launch them into eternity. My presence appeared to inspire confidence; all looked to me to lead the party on, but, I can assure you I did not fancy the idea at all; so, after the men had called each other cowards, and inferred as much of me, by their looks, one Baptiste, who had plucked up more courage than the others, volunteered to go forward if all would follow and keep quite near. This was acceded to; in single file we started, Baptiste leading, with a boat-hook and pole in hand; when some distance off our leader came to a dead halt, and would proceed no farther, until he was thoroughly roused to the task by the bantering tones of his followers, when, with a sudden desperation, he ran forward, gave the monster a poke, and dashed back into our midst out of breath. The poor whale never stirred a muscle. This appeared to embolden Baptiste, who tried it again, with the same results. We then mustered sufficient resolution to storm the dead monster in a body; every one in turn struck at him with an oar or something of the kind. The whale was really dead. I stared at the great creature in astonishment. Visions of barrels of whale oil and heaps of money appeared before me. I felt I had struck oil, that prospects were decidedly bright, and the old saying, that there is a tide in every man's affairs which, taken at the ebb, would lead to a fortune, was at last to be verified in me. A long consultation was held to decide what course to pursue; next, to secure the prize and safely land it at the ancient city. After a great deal of talking, it was determined that a hole should be cut in the monster's jaw, a chain inserted, then fastened to the tail, then attached to a hawser and made fast to the steamer, and with the flood-tide, to take it in tow and return to the city. The chain was sent for and soon made fast.

"How anxiously we counted the hours and minutes which passed waiting for the ebb—that ebb-tide which was to lead to such glorious results. In due course it came, and we started with our prize in tow; the whale swaying first to one side, then the other—at times its high mouth would open and almost stop the boat. I can assure you, I was not trolling a minnow; it was quite the reverse of baiting with a sprat to catch a whale, and I never fancied he was run-

ning any risk of being pounced on by any cannibal fish. By dint of perseverance and a favorable tide, we at last reached the wharf near midnight; I despatched your nephew for you. Now I know you expect me to proceed again on my trip at daylight, and as I shall be absent several days, I must leave all to you, and hope you will do the best you can for me. As I said before, charge me with half of all the expenses and give me half the profits. We have got a big thing, and I would feel very anxious about it during my absence, did I not know that you will do the right thing."

"Very well, Captain," I answered, "I'll do my very best; so make it secure."

The whale was made fast to the pier and I bade the Captain good-bye again, and proceeded home quite delighted with our prospects. I sat up nearly the whole night hunting over my books for some treatise upon the subject of whales. The only one I could find was an old copy of "Chambers' Information for the People." In this, it is stated that for every foot in length, a Right whale is calculated to give a barrel of oil. Now as the Captain told me it was seventy feet long and a Simon-pure whale, I put down the probable produce at seventy barrels—figured this up at fifty or sixty cents per gallon—smoked a pipe of peace, smiled at our good luck, and lay down to take a short rest, dreaming of whales, from the one which swallowed Jonah to the one I now possessed. At an early hour I was at it, and a large number were engaged in working it up on the rising tide in an ascent near the wharf, where at low water it could be seen nearly its entire length. The fabulous prices stated by the knowing ones as to its value soon induced several spectators to make me offers for its purchase, but finding I would not sell, some proposed to form a joint stock company and take shares. I was deaf to all such offers, and determined that the Captain and I should be the only members of the firm. A long-headed old fellow proposed to exhibit at so much per head; this struck me as an excellent idea, and I let him carry out his plan, receiving with a happy countenance the money he frequently laid on my table. During the day I was besieged with people who wanted me to relate the history of the capture. An excited individual also presented himself as a claimant of the whale, declaring that he had harpooned it some two hundred miles down the river several days before it was found, and threatened me with all the rigors of the law if I did not deliver it up to him at once. He said he was sure there were marks on the body to substantiate his claim; upon close examination none could be found, and consequently I would not give it up to him. I had promised to look after the Captain's interest, and intended doing so. In the meantime, the exhibition was going on with the best of results, and money pouring in. I came to the conclusion that if this could continue for two or three days the result would be splendid, especially as there was to be opened the next day an industrial exhibition in the ancient city, and thousands of visitors would rush to see such

a great curiosity as a real whale. I can assure you, I began to think that we had really struck oil, and something else too, and every half hour added large sums to my first calculations of the profits likely to be divided between the Captain and myself. Whale stock kept rising, rising, and rising again; all these great expectations were soon to be dashed to the ground, and trouble cast its shadows before.

The weather was very warm, the sun shone fiercely, and I don't think that big whale had been accustomed to a warm climate. The cold North would appear to agree better with him, for the old fellow soon began to manifest decided symptoms of suffering from the heat. The Port physician had evidently scented that whale, for he came to me in an excited manner and asked me whether I intended creating some fearful disease by poisoning the atmosphere with that whale. "We will have the typhoid fever or cholera, sir, raging in the city before twenty-four hours," he said, "if you don't get rid of that whale, sir; he must be removed at once, sir." I tried all manner of arguments to induce him to take a more favorable view of the matter; it was no use. He said he was bound to see that whale away from the precincts of the city, and go it must. You may imagine this was a damper to all my prospects. I got vexed, then cooled down a little to become more so, and finally told the Doctor to take the whale and do what he pleased with it.

"No, sir," cried he in anger, "I will not have anything to do with it. You must see to its being removed, sir; you are the responsible party, sir."

At last we both decided to go out and have a look at him to see if it were not possible, without danger to the health of the inhabitants, to keep it a couple of days longer. My hopes began to rise again, but one look at the colossus lowered them like a shot. We found him high and dry on the slip, and such a sight! he was perforated in every part of his body. He had been stabbed and stuck with knives and other sharp instruments, by numerous inquisitive visitors trying the thickness of his skin, and looked as if seriously affected with the small-pox; I had to admit that it did smell rather strong in that neighborhood. This made the Doctor more determined than ever, and about an hour after he left me, down marched an officer of police with three constables, who served me with a peremptory order from the Mayor to remove that whale at once. Now, just fancy the fix I was in. How to remove him? Where to put him? The man who owned the elephant was far better off than I was, for it was alive and could be marched off; but my monster was immovable, and could neither be coaxed nor driven away. Not even the claimant was at hand to relieve me. Obey I must, and one trial should be made to save those seventy barrels of oil and the whale bone, which I was sure would net handsome profits. At last I decided to charter a tug steamer, and tow it off somewhere down the river. I was told that it would not float. Not knowing better, I also chartered two barges, and on the

rising tide the whale was got between them, securely fastened with ropes, and off we started with the whale and barges in tow. One of the barges contained one hundred empty oil barrels, several large iron kettles, axes, shovels, and everything necessary to carry on the operations of collecting the oil. We had no idea where we could stop; we did not dare to land near any habitation. At last we espied a quiet bay, some distance from the city, and decided the steamer should give the barges good headway and run them as high on the beach as possible. The condition of the tide favoring this plan, it was carried out, and the whale was left snugly moored to some large trees, and on the receding tide it was high and dry in P—'s Bay. About fifteen or twenty men were engaged to cut it up, boil it down, and barrel the oil. I then returned home, completely exhausted, bewailing the hour that made me partner in a whale adventure.

I paid daily visits to my whaling establishment until I could do so no longer. The scent penetrated my clothing, got down my throat, remained in my nostrils, and prevented my eating for several days. The news of the great whale being at P—'s Bay spread in every direction, people came for miles around to see it. It was hacked and cut in pieces by curiosity hunters; some carrying away pieces of the skin to make razor straps, or to cover old trunks. I forbade the men to say that I had anything to do with it; it was no use, every one appeared to know that I was the proprietor. The newspapers published the most ridiculous accounts of me in connection with that whale, and for many days I got telegrams and letters from friends all over the country, inquiring about my whale, and some of them were very amusing. Several of my artistic friends caricatured me; in one, I was represented in bed surrounded by baby whales, beseeching me to return them to their mamma. Really I don't think that Barnum, as exhibitor of the Woolly Horse, the What Is It, Mermaid, or any other wonder, occupied a more prominent position than I did at that time. Presidents of Historical Societies and other learned institutions called upon me for the history of that whale, and my name was to be immortalized if I would donate the skeleton to their museums; I waived all such honors until I could consult my partner, the Captain, who I was sure would prefer turning everything into money—and I invariably answered that he was absent and I could do nothing without his consent.

Upon one of my visits to the whale, I observed a large barge about a quarter of a mile below us; it was filled with country people from the opposite side of the river, who had got up a picnic to visit the whale. There were about sixty or seventy, old and young, women among the rest. As there was no wharf near, a number of strong young men carried the women ashore on their backs. When all were landed they formed into procession to march up to the bay, but every step onward filled their nostrils with such a scent as to nearly take their breath away. At last they came to a halt, evidently unable to stand it

any longer. Several of the young men, not so fastidious as the others, ventured up close to the monster and told such fabulous tales of it that the women loudly expressed their regret at not being able to see the sight too. One stout old dame, with broad-brimmed straw hat, umbrella and spectacles, and apparently the chaperone, told them that she knew how to get over the difficulty. "Just follow me," she cried. They all turned back and went into a field, and were soon intently engaged in gathering some herbs, after which the procession was re-formed with the old dame at the head, when on they came, shouting and laughing, with a determined air, to conquer all obstacles. When they got up near enough, every one was found to have a bunch of wild mint under their noses, and they chuckled greatly over the success of the old woman's plan of seeing the whale, while smelling the mint.

After several days' work I was rather astonished to find that all the men had secured was nine barrels of what they assured me was whale oil, and there was no more. This small result upset the Captain's and my own calculations with a vengeance. The man who wrote the article on whales in "Chambers' Information for the People" could not have meant such a whale as ours. I can assure you I would have sold out my share cheap, but whale stock had lost its hold upon public confidence, and was far below par. I found that the Captain, after inquiry, had lost all interest in the speculation and did not claim any dividend. However, I was determined to bring the matter to a speedy close. I sent up the nine barrels of oil, and all the materials used in the operation of securing them. Being fond of collecting specimens of Natural History, I had the skeleton also taken up and laid out to bleach on the wharf.

The oil did not please me; there was a smell about it quite different from that of any whale oil I had ever noticed before; one would have supposed that the old whale had come back in its flesh again. So I accepted the first offer I got, before the Port physician came around, and sold the nine barrels for thirty dollars, on condition that it was removed at once. This was done, and it became the property of a dealer in junk and old stores. I was told he went off boasting of his bargain. Some days after he found a customer for it. As soon as he started the bung of the barrels to get samples, the contents pushed out and drove himself and customer away by its loud smell. Those nine barrels contained nothing more than boiled whale in a high state of fermentation. There was not an ounce of oil in the whole creature's body. He had evidently been afflicted with some disease, worked himself up from the sea into fresh water, died, and finally floated into the sand-bar where found, (to my cost). I put the best face I could on the matter; had the skeleton laid out, it soon became white, and was really a great curiosity to many, the jaw-bones being each sixteen feet long.

I now found myself proprietor of only a whale's skeleton. There is an old saying, that every man has a skeleton in his cupboard. I can as-

sure you mine was not in a cupboard, for it was rather larger than I presume the generality of mankind are supposed to be haunted with.

I was one day quietly examining the debit and credit side of the whale account, when I found myself the loser by a considerable amount. Just as I closed the book, with much dissatisfaction, I heard a rap at my office door, and desired the person to walk in. A respectable man came in and asked me whether I was Mr. McGreevey. I answered—"No, sir, that is not my name;" the gentleman he named was President of the St. Lawrence Steam Navigation company, a few blocks farther off, but our names sound a little alike.

"Well sir," said he, "you will probably say whether you are the person who owns a whale."

"Oh, yes," I answered, "I am that unfortunate man. What can I do for you, sir?"

He said, "I am one of the members of the municipal council of St. Jean, and also a church warden. You had a whale cut up at St. P—'s Bay a few miles above us; a quantity of the offal has floated down with the tide; settled on the beach right opposite our church, and near our homes. The atmosphere is poisoned; we cannot remain in church, nor live in our houses, from the dreadful stench created by that horrid whale; I am deputed by the council to call upon you and request you to have it removed before we all die of cholera or some other pestilential disease."

You may well imagine that this did not make me feel any better over my whale speculation. I managed, however, to work upon the councillor's good nature, and for a sum of money he promised to get some persons to clear the offal off the beach, and rid me of this new trouble.

In the latter part of September, a friend, who is President of a university in one of the United States, visited our city, and I had many pleasant hours with him. Calling at my office, I showed him the skeleton of the whale; he was very much pleased to see it, as it was the first, and certainly a great curiosity. He gave me several gentle hints that it would add greatly to the attractiveness of his university's museum, if it was there. I told him that it cost me much trouble and considerable money. He then said that if I would have it cased and forwarded to him, he thought the trustees of the institution would allow me a fair value for it. As he offered to pay for the packing, I consented, and had it forwarded *via* one of the western steamboat lines. Several months passed before I heard from him, when one day I received a letter, in which he wished to know whether I was not of opinion that that whale had been born to cause trouble to every one who ever had anything to do with it. In due course it had arrived at Chicago. Of this fact he was notified by the agent of the steamboat line, but perfectly dumbfounded by the bill of cost; the university being called upon to pay \$225 for freight and charges, and he feared under these circumstances my prospects of any further allowance were very doubtful indeed. So ended my adventures with that provoking old whale."

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. BOSWORTH SMITH, in his "Carthage and the Carthaginians," has done a work which has been long needed. He has shown that the Roman historians have systematically vilified their great antagonists. This has indeed long been known to scholars, but at last the subject has been treated in a popular manner. Professor Besley has rehabilitated Catiline, Claudius and Tiberius in three very plausible essays in the *Fortnightly*, now collected into a volume.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY of Lyons appointed a committee to investigate the original sources from which the information upon the great globe, constructed in 1701, for the town-hall of that city, was compiled. Their report states that the equatorial lakes—the sources of the Nile—the course of the Congo and of the Zambesi, are laid down on the globe upon ancient and mediæval authority as now given by the latest travellers. Messrs. Livingston, Cameron, Grant and Burton, have re-discovered these great geographical facts.

THE GERMAN SOCIALISTS issue seventy-five periodicals, with 135,000 subscribers. There was a large increase during last year.

BISHOP COLENZO is still exercised about the Pentateuch, and has published a criticism of a recent German treatise by Wellhausen. Whoever is anxious to know the precise portions of the Pentateuch written by the original Elohist—the first Jehovist; the second Elohist—the second Jehovist, &c., &c., can refer to this treatise. The good Bishop evidently knows the whole editorial staff.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL is hard at work upon his translation of Shakespeare. He has published "Hamlet." "Richard III." and "Othello" are ready for the press, and the "Merchant of Venice" is nearly ready.

DR. DORAN is dead. He was for some time editor of *Notes and Queries*, and was remarkable for possessing a vast fund of useless information. His chief works are: "History of Court Fools," "Monarchs Retired from Business," "Saints and Sinners," "Their Majesties' Servants," with

many others upon similar subjects, written in charming gossiping style. Capital books for idle people.

THE ENGLISH publishers of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" are preparing a cheaper edition, on thinner paper and with narrower margin, to compete with the American reprint, at \$5 a volume.

LORD DUFFERIN has written to Mr. Worthington of New York, to say that his edition of "Letters from High Latitudes" is the handsomest yet published.

IS HE POPENJOY? An important question asked by Mr. Trollope in his new novel of that name, and answered for the low price of 15 cents in the first number of Harpers' new Franklin Square Library. Harpers' have been driven to issue a series of cheap books, under the above general title, by the pressure of competition from the Lakeside and Seaside Libraries. Money is important, but eyesight is still more important. Yet if the intelligent citizen prefers to save the former, and waste the latter, he must have his own way. We shall soon have need of more ophthalmic surgeons, and "specs" will be taken up by hitherto un-speculative people. By the way, we may explain that Lord Popenjoy is the Marquis of Brotherton's eldest son.

HARPERS' HAVE started another new library—that of "American Fiction." The two first issues are "Esther Pennefather," and "Justine's Lovers." They are good stories, upon the usual theme. But the covers of the books are of absolutely novel design, and very pretty. The four great American plants—Indian corn, pumpkin, rice, and cotton, are combined in a style which is really original and "new under the sun."

MORE BOOKS upon spindle-legged furniture are crowding out from the press. Clarence Cook, and Eastlake, are jostled by a host of minor writers. Mr. Godwin, F. S. A., has published a book of capital drawings of what the public are pleased to call "Art Furniture." Such furniture is made by Mr. Watt, at the

Art Furniture Depot, in London. It all looks as if it could crawl, it is so full of legs. This will be advantageous in these spiritualistic days.

A VERY striking feature in the literature of the day is the number of books being published which embrace essays or sermons by writers of the most contradictory views. And this extends even to such secular subjects as "Free Trade," "The Currency," and the "Presidential Election." The fashionable name for such intellectual kaleidoscopes is "*Symposium*."

THE FUTURE LIFE is the great question of the day, and publishers have provided books to please all classes of readers. Canon Farrar's "Eternal Hope" still leads among the restorationist books; Dr. Nehemiah Adams and Professor Tyler defend the orthodox view. Rev. Dr. Hall, in his "Valley of the Shadow," teaches the final destruction of evil. Dr. Townsend writes upon "The Intermediate World," and hundreds of books, tracts and sermons, are coming out on all sides of the question. Among

them all, it looks as if all these excellent people were going to land us in a sort of purgatory. Meantime, if any one wishes to make his head quite giddy, let him read the *symposia* which have appeared upon that subject in the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Contemporary Review*, and the *North American Review*. If he rises from the perusal with any vestige of a notion that he or any body else knows anything about the matter, he may consider himself a very remarkable man.

MR. NORMAN LOCKYER has performed a much needed task in preparing the volume of studies in Spectrum Analysis, published in the International Science Series. Although the discovery of this important method of research dates back but a very few years, it has achieved great triumphs, and is pressing on to greater. It is a difficult subject for the ordinary reader, but Mr. Lockyer's style is very clear, and the photographic illustrations of the spectrum are admirable, as well as novel, in the style of their re-production.



Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor of the "New Dominion Monthly," Box 37, P. O., Montreal.

SOLUTION.

1. Q. B. 5. (ch). 1. Kt., interpreted: (If K. to R. sq., White mates in two more moves).
2. Q. × Kt (ch). 2. K. R. sq.
3. Q. × R. P. (ch). 3. P. × Q.
4. R. × P. mate.

GAME No. 35.

Played February 5th, 1878, between two members of the Montreal Chess Club.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

WHITE.

Mr. J. W. Shaw.

1. P. to K. 4.
2. Kt to K. B. 3.
3. P. to Q. 4.
4. B. to Q. B. 4.
5. Castles.
6. P. to B. 3.
7. B. takes P. (ch).
8. Q. to Q. 5. (ch).
9. Q. takes B.
10. B. takes P.
11. Q. to R. 5. (ch).
12. Kt. to R. 4.
13. Kt. Checks.
14. B. takes Kt.
15. Kt. to Q. 2.
16. P. to B. 4.
17. Kt. to K. B. 3.
18. Kt. to Kt. 5. (ch).
19. P. takes Q.
20. Q. to B. 7.
21. P. checks.
22. Q. takes B.
23. R. to B. 7.
24. Q. R. to K. B. sq.
25. Q. R. to B. 6.

And White mated in 4 moves.

We give the position on a *diagram*, and shall be glad to receive the solution from some of our younger correspondents.

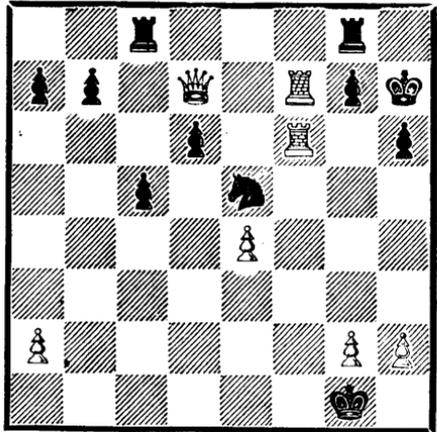
BLACK.

Mr. T——.

1. P. to K. 4.
2. Kt. to Q. B. 3.
3. P. takes P.
4. B. to B. 4.
5. P. to K. R. 3.
6. P. takes P.
7. K. takes B.
8. K. to K. sq.
9. P. takes P.
10. P. to Q. 3.
11. K. to B. sq.
12. Kt. to B. 3.
13. K. to Kt. sq.
14. Q. takes B.
15. Q. to B. 2.
16. K. to R. 2.
17. Q. takes Kt.
18. Q. takes Kt.
19. B. to Q. 2.
20. Kt. to K. 4.
21. Kt. takes P.
22. Q. R. to Q. B. sq.
23. K. R. to Kt. sq.
24. P. to Q. B. 4.
25. Kt to K. 4.

MR. SHAW, White; Mr. T——, Black.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

GAME No. 36.

The Lincolnshire, (Eng.) Chess Association's last meeting was a gratifying success; among its other interests the following was awarded the prize offered by J. O. H. Taylor, Esq., for the most brilliant game of the meeting: Rev. A. C. Rowley vs. Rev. A. B. Skipworth.—*Chess-players' Chronicle*.

RUY LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAME.

WHITE.

Rev. Mr. R.

1. P. to K. 4.
2. K. Kt. B. 3.
3. K. B. Kt. 5.
4. K. B. R. 4.
5. Castles.
6. K. R. K. sq. (a).
7. P. Q. 4 (c).
8. K. B. Kt. 3.
9. P. K. R. 3.
10. Kt, P. × B.

BLACK.

Rev. Mr. S.

1. P. to K. 4.
2. Q. Kt. B. 3.
3. P. Q. R. 3.
4. K. Kt. B. 3.
5. K. Kt. × P.
6. P. Q. 4. (b).
7. P. Q. Kt. 4.
8. Q. B. Kt. 5. (d).
9. Q. B. × Kt.
10. K. Kt. his 4.

11. Q. P. x P.
 12. K. his Kt. 2.
 13. K. x K. Kt.
 14. K. his Kt. 2.
 15. P. K. 6.
 16. K. his B. sq.
 17. P. Q. B. 3. (f).
 18. B. P. x B.
 19. K. R. x P.
 20. Q. K. 2.
 21. K. R. x R.
 22. Q. B. K. 3. (g).
 23. K. to home.
 24. K. Q. sq.
 25. K. Q. B. 2.
 26. K. Q. 2.
 27. K. x Q. Kt.
 28. K. Q. 2.
 29. Q. B. x P.
 30. K. Q. B. 3.
 31. Q. Kt. Q. 2.
 32. Kt. K. B. 3.
 33. K. B. B. 2.
 34. K. B. Q. sq.
 35. P. Q. R. 3.
 36. P. Q. Kt. 3.
 37. R. P. x P.
 38. Q. B. K. 3.
 39. K. B. B. 2.
 40. Q. Kt. Q. 4.
 41. K. B. Q. sq.
 42. B. his 3.
 43. K. B. x P.
 44. Q. B. x R.
11. Kt. x R. P. +
 12. Q. Kt. K. 2.
 13. P. Q. B. 3
 14. Kt. K. B. 4.
 15. Q. Kt. R. 5. +
 16. K. B. Kt. 5. (e).
 17. Castles.
 18. B. P. x P.
 19. Q. her 2.
 20. Q. R. K. sq.
 21. K. R. x R.
 22. Q. R. 6. + (h).
 23. Kt. x B. P. +
 24. Q. K. R. 8. +
 25. Kt. Q. 5. +
 26. Q. Kt. x Q.
 27. K. his R. sq.
 28. P. Q. 5. (i).
 29. K. R. Q. sq.
 30. Q. K. 8. +
 31. Q. x Q. R.
 32. Q. Q. B. 8. +
 33. Q. K. B. 5.
 34. P. Q. R. 4.
 35. P. K. R. 4.
 36. R. P. x P. +
 37. P. K. R. 5.
 38. Q. her 3.
 39. Q. K. B. 3. +
 40. Q. K. 4.
 41. P. K. R. 6.
 42. P. K. R. 7.
 43. K. R. x Kt.
 44. Q. K. 8. +, and

White shortly resigned. (k).

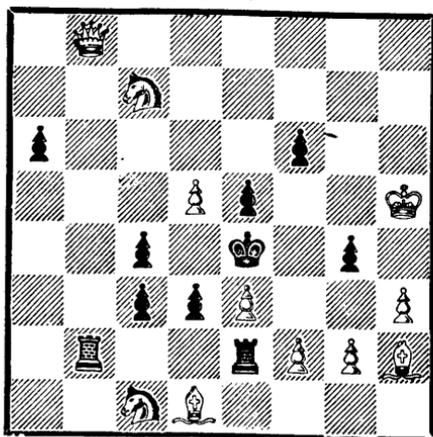
NOTES CONDENSED FROM MR. SKIPWORTH.

- (a). 6. P. to Q. 4. is probably stronger.
 (b). Simply a mistake. The best course was :
 6. Kt. to Q. B. 4. 8. K. Kt. x P. K. B. to K. 2.
 7. K. B. x Kt. Q. P. x B. game is about even.
 (c). Omits his opportunity : 7. Q. Kt. x P.,
 of course.
 (d). With a view to sacrificing Kt—if White
 played as anticipated. I did not consider it sound ;
 only desired to have some chances on my side.
 (e). Another sacrifice to keep up the attack ;
 everything now must depend upon *attack*.
 (f). Natural ; never anticipating another
 sacrifice, and hoping for 18. K. P. x P.
 (g). Should, undoubtedly, play 22. Q. x R.,
 having the advantage in pieces, but a bad
 position. Several back-games had varied results.
 (h). After this Black must win.
 (i). Probably the happiest thought.
 (k). A game full of risk is generally most inter-
 esting to the reader. A mistake in [this] open-
 ing afforded scope, Mr. Taylor's liberal prize was
 the stimulant, and my unexpected success was
 indeed in accordance with the old proverb :
 "Nothing venture, nothing have."

PROBLEM No. 24.

BY FRANK WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS WAIFS.

The forthcoming International Tournament at Paris promises to be the most brilliant Chess gathering for many years. Steinitz excuses himself from being present on the score that there will be no foe worthy of his steel in the August meeting! Verily, the former victories of this player seem now likely to warp his better reason.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

We reproduce the prospectus for the Seventh Annual Convocation of this Association, just published :—

President, H. Aspinwall Howe, L. L. D. ;
 Vice-Presidents, Thos. Workman, Esq., M. P.,
 and Professor William Hicks, Normal School.
 Managing Committee, Prof. Hicks, J. W. Shaw,
 Esq., John Henderson, Esq., W. Atkinson,
 Esq. ; Secretary-Treasurer, Jacob G. Ascher,
 Esq.

The next meeting of the Association will be held in Montreal on Tuesday, 20th August, 1878, and following days.

GAME TOURNEY.

Open to all residents of the Dominion, on payment of an entrance fee of one dollar.

Three prizes will be awarded, one to each of

the three players winning the greatest number of games.

First Prize.....	\$40
Second Prize.....	20
Third Prize.....	10

The prizes will not be less in value than stated above, and may be increased in the same ratio if funds admit. The conditions of play will be arranged on the day of meeting by a majority of votes of those entered and present.

PROBLEM TOURNEY.

Open on the same conditions as above.

The problems must be in sets, each set consisting of a two-mover, a three-mover, and a four-mover, and must be ordinary mates, original, and never before published; the primary position in each being such as might occur in actual play.

First Prize for best set.....	\$20
Second Prize for next best set....	10
Third Prize for third best set....	5

Each competitor may send in as many problems as he pleases. He must affix a "motto" to them, and also enclose his name and address in a sealed envelope, bearing the same motto, directed to the president of the association, so as to reach him on or before the 20th August next. The comparative merits of the problems will be decided by a judge or judges appointed at the meeting.

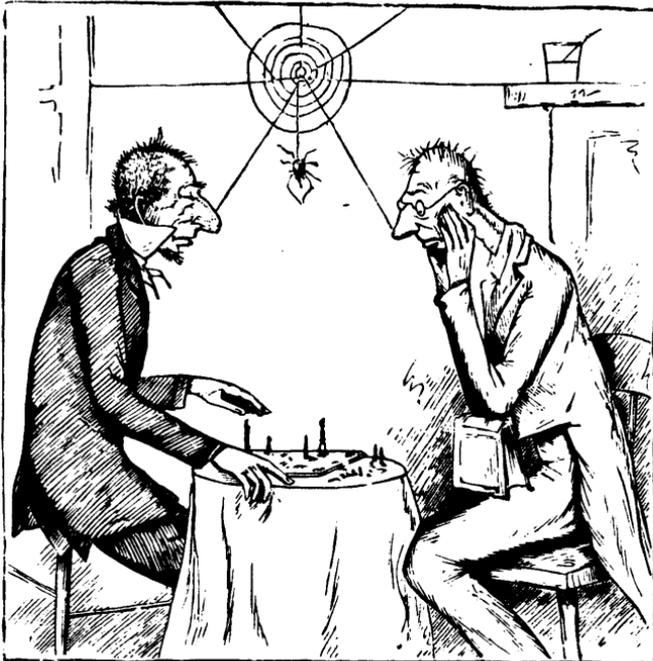
The annual subscription to the association is for clubs, \$5; for individual members, \$1; for life members, \$20.

It is requested that individual members will renew their subscriptions without delay, and that secretaries of clubs will promptly send subscriptions for their respective clubs, to Jacob G. Ascher, Esq, Secretary-Treasurer, or to the President.

(By order of the President, and with the sanction of the Managing Committee.)

JACOB G. ASCHER,

Secretary-Treasurer.

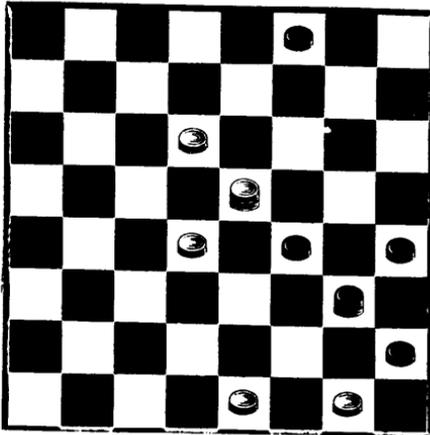


Two ancient spirits, whose prowess was shown in many fights of Chess, once thought so long in chess repose that a spider spun from nose to nose.—J. G. A.

Draughts.

PROBLEM No. 11.

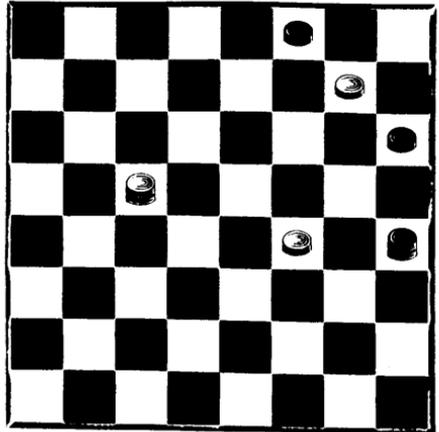
BY THE EDITOR.



White to move and win.

PROBLEM No. 12.

BY M. C. BROWN, CAMBUSHLANG, GLASGOW.
From the *Scottish American*.



Black to play and White to draw.

All communications to be addressed to Mr. Andrew Whyte, Draughts Editor of the "NEW DOMINION MONTHLY," Bolton Forest, Que.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 9.

26.23	6.15	7.23	
27.18	13. 6		
15.10	1.10		White wins.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 10.

15.10	21.30	20.18	
20.24	16.20		
30.25	30.23		White wins.

GAME 26.—SINGLE CORNER.

The two following games were played in the Dykes-Labadie match for the championship.

34TH IN THE MATCH.

Dykes' Move.

11.15	28.19	8.11	9. 6	32.28
22.18	2. 7	22.18	24.28	21.17
15.22	22.17	1. 5	6. 2	27.23
25.18	9.13	18. 9	15.19	18.14
8.11	18. 9	5.14	22.18	23.19
29.25	13.22	31.26	28.32	9. 5
10.14	26.17	14.18	2. 6	28.24
24.20	5.14	23.14	32.27	14. 9
7.10	30.26	11.15	6.10	11.15
25.22	4. 8	17.13	19.24	10.17
10.15	26.22	15.24	13. 9	19.23
27.24	11.15	14. 9	24.28	9. 6
6.10	32.28	10.15	10.14	15.18
24.19	15.24	26.22	28.32	6. 2
15.24	28.19	7.11	14.10	18.22

Drawn.

GAME 27TH.—DYKE.

39TH GAME IN THE MATCH.

Labadie's Move.

11.15	8.11	8.11	13.17	7.32
22.17	30.25	32.27	25.21	21.14
15.19	4. 8	6.10	6.10	32.27
24.15	27.23	22.18	24.19	31.24

10.19	9.13	10.17	10.15	20.27
23.16	23.16	21.14	19.10	26.22
12.19	11.20	2. 6	5. 9	27.31
25.22	17.14	28.24	14. 5	22.17

Labadie wins.

22.17	32.27	29.25	27.24	13. 6
5. 9	10.14	11.15	16.20	22.13
17.13	24.19	25.22	24.19	2. 7
14.18	15.24	3. 8	22.25	14.18
19.16	28.19	20.16	19.16	7.14
12.19	7.10	8.11	25.30	1.17
26.23	25.22	16. 7	16.11	23.14
19.26	11.15	2.11	30.25	17.22
30. 5	22.17	31.27	11. 7	14.10

Drawn.

GAME 28TH.—“WILL O’ THE WISP.”

The following two games were played between Messrs. Pickering, of Cobourg, and Kelly, of Kingston.

Pickering’s Move.

11.15	5. 9	7.16	5. 9	26.31
23.19	30.25	19.12	16.11	27.23
9.13	12.16	1. 5	9.14	31.27
22.18	26.23	23.19	11. 7	23.19
15.22	6.10	14.17	14.18	27.23
25.18	32.28	21.14	7. 2	19.16
8.11	16.20	9.18	18.22	23.19
19.15	24.19	31.26	10. 6	15.24
10.19	15.24	13.17	22.25	20.27
24. 8	28.19	26.23	6. 1	2. 6
4.11	10.14	17.21	25.30	22.18
28.24	18.15	23.14	1. 6	6.10
7.10	11.18	21.30	30.25	27.32
29.25	22.15	19.16	6.10	16.11
10.15	2. 7	30.26	25.22	32.27
25.22	15.11	14.10	10.15	11. 7

Drawn.

GAME No. 29.—GLASGOW.

Kelly’s Move.

11.15	25.22	6.10	26.17	22.18
23.19	11.15	31.26	13.22	14.10
8.11	29.25	10.17	21.17	11.16
22.17	9.13	25.21	22.26	27.24
11.16	17.14	2. 6	17.14	16.20
24.20	10.17	21.14	26.30	24.19
16.23	21.14	6.10	15.10	20.24
27.11	6. 9	30.25	7.11	10. 7
7.16	32.27	10.17	10. 6	18.23
20.11	9.18	25.21	30.26	
3. 7	26.23	15.18	6. 2	Black
11. 8	1. 6	22.15	26.22	wins.
4.11	23.14	17.22	2. 6	

GAME No. 30.—FIFE.

Played by correspondence between Messrs. Stuart, of Ottawa, and Rattray, of Montreal.

Rattray’s Move.

11.15	8.11	15.24	11.16	25.22
23.19	27.23	27.20	22.18	7. 2
9.14	4. 8	8.11	15.22	6. 9

THE “SINGLE CORNER” WITH VARIATIONS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED FROM DRUMMOND’S 4TH EDITION.

GAME.

11.15	10.17	13.17	11.16	16.23
22.18	21.14	31.26	26.22	27.18
15.22	16.20	8.11	†17.26	20.27
25.18	23.18	24.19	30.23	32.23
9.13	6.10	4. 8	6.10	7.11
	25.21	28.24	15. 6	15.10
*29.25	10.17	8.12	2. 9	11.16
	21.14	19.15	18.15	10. 7
12.16	†1. 6	3. 8	9.18	16.19
18.14	26.23	23.19	23.14	

Drawn.

*Variations 23 and 24.

† “ 25.

(23).

26.22	32.27	18. 9	26.22	22.13
12.16	8.12	5.14 (A)	10.15	14.18
24.20	29.25	22.18	24.19	
8.11	6. 9	1. 5	15.24	Drawn.
27.24	30.26	18. 9	28.19	
4. 8	9.14	5.14	13.17	

(A).

14.17	7.10	2. 7	3.10	
21.14	25.21	18.14	27.23	
10.26	10.15	7.10	10.14	
31.22	23.18	14. 7	24.19	

White wins.

(24).

24.19	18. 5	32.28	19.16	30.26
8.11 (B)	16.20	10.15	12.19	11.15
26.22	28.24	19.10	24.15	28.24
11.16	7.10	6.15	8.11	1. 5
29.25	15.11	23.19	15. 8	23.19
5. 9	3. 8	15.18	4.11	9.13
31.26	11. 7	22.15	26.23	19.10
10.14	2.11	11.18	13.17	17.22

Black wins.

		(B).			
7.10	8.15	10.15	15.19	19.26	
15.11	24.20	19.10	23.16	30.23	
3. 8	15.24	6.15	12.19	1. 5	
27.24	28.19	20.11	26.23	32.27	

White wins.

(25).

2. 6	9.13	5.14	31.24	11.16	
26.23 (c)	19.15	18. 9	28.19	19.12	
13.17	17.22	22.26	8.11	3. 8	
31.26	26.17	23.18	15. 8	12. 3	
6. 9	13.22	26.31	4.11		
*24.19	14. 9	30.25	32.27	Drawn.	

*Variation 27.

(c).

14. 9	18. 9	9. 2	2.11	
5.14	1. 6	17.21	8.31	

Black wins.

(27).

18.15	6.10	26.23	19.23	15.10
9.18	30.25	30.26	6. 2	22.26
23.14	17.21	13. 9	7.11	10. 6
1. 6	25.22	5.14	2. 6	26.31
24.19	10.17	18. 9	11.15	6.10
8.11	22.13	11.16	6.10	31.26
15. 8	21.25	19.12	15.18	
4.11	23.18	26.19	10.15	Black
27.23	25.30	9. 6	18.22	wins.

DRAUGHT ITEMS.

YATES RESIGNS THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The New York *Turf, Field, and Farm* contains an announcement which will surprise the draught-playing fraternity on this side of the Atlantic as much as it must have done those on the other, namely, the resignation by Mr. R. D. Yates of the championship. The *Turf* says:—The announcement in our columns that articles had gone forward to Mr. Wyllie was a little premature. While the friends of Mr. Yates were arranging matters attending the forthcoming match, Mr. Yates himself was arranging matters more remunerative, and of more lasting benefit to himself in the future, by taking up the study of medicine, and after coming to that determination made application at the college for entry at the beginning of the Fall term, immediately after the match would be terminated between himself

and Mr. Wyllie, when to his surprise he found he must enter at once in order to be eligible to enter for that term. He concluded to do so and has entered the college, and now he authorizes us to state that he resigns his title as draughts champion of the world, and will only play the game when it does not interfere with his studies. This will be a disappointment to the draught-players of the old world, as well as to those of the new, as all had anticipated a great and exciting match would be contested by the two giants of the game, but they will agree that Mr. Yates has decided on the wiser course; and we also state, on his retiring from the field of checkers, he carries with him the esteem and respect of all who ever came in contact with him across the board.

In the contest for the championship of Hamilton between Messrs. Curtis and McNab, twenty games were played, of which nine were won by Mr. Curtis, four by Mr. McNab, and seven drawn. The winner has been challenged by Mr. J. M. Sweeney.

Mr. Dykes, who was recently defeated by Mr. Labadie in the contest for the Draught Championship of the Dominion, has challenged his successful opponent to another contest, which will come off some time in June.

The new edition of Anderson's "Game of Draughts Simplified," edited by Mr. R. McCulloch, No. 9 Canon street, Glasgow, will be published about the end of May.

Mr. Labadie, the champion of Canada, has been defeated by Mr. McNab of Hamilton, who won five games out of fourteen played, eight being drawn.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. Mabee, Odessa, Ont.—Your note on Problem 5 received, and is, we think, correct.

J. G. Treleaven, Lucknow, Ont.—Problems and Solutions received, with thanks. You will observe from another note that the problem you sent us, and published as No. 7, appeared many years ago in the *American Draught Player*. Please be careful when sending us contributions to mention whether it has been published before, and where, if you know of it.

L. E. Beck, Garden Island.—We are much obliged for your contribution of games.

Problem No. 5.—Several correspondents call our attention to the fact that this position can be won by Black. Mr. Breck also writes us that his attention has been called to it, and that, on full examination, he believes Black can win as follows :

1. 5	22.26	19.10	26.22	1. 5
14.18	9.14	26.31	6. 1	14.10
22.17	10.17	14. 9	22.18	5. 1

13.22	21.14	31.26	24.19	Black
5. 9	18.23	10. 6	18.14	wins.

A correspondent also writes that Problem No. 7 is identical with Problem 14 in "Spayth's" *American Draught Player*, by E. Hull. It is quite possible that Mr. Treleven knew nothing of this, and we have not a copy of that work by us at present, but we expect correspondents, when sending games or problems not original, to mention where they have been published.





A DISCUSSION ON CHARACTER.

"I BELIEVE THAT CHARACTER LIES IN THE NOSE. 'GIVE ME PLENTY OF NOSE!'—
AS NAPOLEON SAID!"

"NOSE? NOSE BE BLOWED! CHARACTER LIES IN THE CHIN AND LOWER JAW!"
—Punch.

July 1, 1878.

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