THE

MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. II. SEPTEMBER, 1873. No. 3.

NORTHWARD—HO!

OR,

THE BEST ROUTE TO THE NORTH POLE.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

MAN is a born explorer. His history shows him to us as a restless wanderer, "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down therein." His first migration from the garden of Eden has been followed by countless and ever-widening waves of human population, flowing around the globe, and occupying its solitudes. No barrier, raised by the hand of nature, has long resisted the onset of the great human march. The first pioneers may have been baffled and beaten back; the earliest explorers, like a forlorn hope, may have perished; but over their dead bodies others have rushed on to victory. Man is determined that no part of his earthly inheritance shall remain unexplored; that no nook or cranny in his dwelling shall be allowed to hold a secret. The more determinedly nature has fortified any region against his approach, the more fiercely has he assaulted the ramparts. His feet have scaled the loftiest snow-clad peaks amid the mountain solitudes of the Himalayas, the Alps and the Andes, and traversed the scorched plains and penetrated the gloomiest forests. In his strong-knit ocean-ranger, he has dared the stormiest seas, and wrung from the sea its secrets. From the highest mountain-summit, crowned with its diadem of eternal snow, to the lowest depths of ocean, all nature is now being ransacked, and every one of her recesses invaded. Even in these solitudes, where as yet the footstep of man has not resounded, there is something that whispers

of his coming. The far-off din of his approaching victorious march makes the air tremulous, and tells that the mighty conqueror is at hand. The very silence of these yet uninvaded recesses proclaims his name and prophesies his dominion. Nature awaits her king and eagerly listens for his footsteps. In the depths of American forests, where the sound of axe has never resounded, the winds, in their march amid the pine tops, murmur his name, and the rushing streams take up the secret and spread it far and wide over the plains, and at the glad intelligence "all the trees of the forest clap their hands." Nay, even in the icy solitudes around the pole, in the awful stillness of the arctic night, there is a murmur in the air which speaks of human approach, and predicts the not distant day when man will pierce these ice-barriers which have so long defied his efforts, and burst into the unknown waters of the Polar Sea. For all earth is given to man, as his fair domain, to gather up its treasures, and subdue it to his use and pleasure.

There are two regions which have hitherto withstood the most determined efforts of the explorer, and driven him back, baffled and defeated. I refer to those portions of the earth's surface which spread around the north and south poles. These extensive tracts nature has guarded with such formidable ice-ramparts, that the bravest navigators have failed to pierce them, although their attempts have been renewed again and again, during the last three centuries. If we take the north polar region, we find, first of all, around the north pole, an ocean of enormous extent, at least two thousand miles in diameter, and having an area of more than three millions of square miles. We find further, that this polar sea is almost entirely surrounded by land, and almost at a uniform distance from the pole; but that everywhere its shores are within the region of perpetual frost. The northern coasts of Asia and Europe, as well as those of America, terminate about 70° N. lat., which may be regarded as the general boundary line of the polar sea; but within this boundary, and separated from the mainland, are some of the largest archipelagos in the world. A glance at the map shows us vast land-masses, separated from the northern coasts of America by very narrow straits. Then comes Greenland, having an unknown northern extension, and on the east of it the extensive group of islands known under the name of Spitzbergen, the small island of Jan Mayen, Iceland, Nova Zembla, and the

new Siberian Island. Now, all around these shores and islands of the Polar Sea, there spreads a ring of ice, the extent of which towards the pole is yet undetermimed, but it is known to clasp the entire circuit of the globe, in these northern latitudes. From Nova Zembla to Spitzbergen, thence to Greenland and the American shores, on across Behring's Strait to the coasts of Siberia, this vast ice-belt extends, thus investing the polar regions with an icy rampart, against which all man's skill and endeavour have hitherto exhausted themselves in vain. Numerous attempts have been made to break through this ice-belt, in the hope of reaching an open sea around the Pole, but though the roll of Arctic heroes contains some of the noblest names in the records of fame, and though their deeds have added a new lustre to the pages of history and enlarged the boundaries of science, yet as far as the grand object of reaching the Pole is concerned, their story is one of defeat. True indeed the gallant McClure has, in our own day, solved the problem of centuries, and discovered the north-west passage between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, without, however, being able to carry his vessel completely through; and it is also true that the shores of the Polar sea have been explored with a perseverance and success which leave little to be achieved in this direction. But still the vast Polar region, within the ice-belt, remains unknown; and so long as it is in this condition, must exercise a powerful fascination over the adventurous spirits of our race. While three millions of square miles of the surface of our planet around the north pole, and as many around the south pole, remain unknown, it is not to be expected that men will rest contented. All that they do know will avail some of them nothing, while this expanse is unknown. It will have a resistless charm for the bolder spirits who delight in danger, and will draw them irresistibly onward, in spite of every difficulty. Every avenue leading into this unknown region will be eagerly watched, every opening will be taken advantage of, in the hope of penetrating the ice-belt, and reaching the Pole. The achievement can no longer be reckoned an impossibility. All-conquering steam has given man an immense advantage in these days, in navigating ice-laden seas. Experience has taught him how to construct his ship, so as to make way through the floating ice-masses: and science has instructed him how to face the rigors of an Arctic winter and pass through them unharmed. The dangers of such explora-

tions are now greatly lessened: and there is a strong probability that, at no distant day, the Pole will be reached. Hope begins to beat high, and the passion for Arctic exploration has of late revived with increased intensity.

A glance at a map of the world shows us that there are but three gateways to the Polar Sea, through which its waters mingle with those of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. These are Behring's Strait, Smith's Sound, at the head of Baffin's Bay, and the great opening between Greenland and Nova Zembla. Experience has shown that of these three openings, that through Behring's Strait is the least hopeful for advancing Pole-ward, the heavy polar pack being invariably found to bar all progress north in that direction.

In consequence, of late years, this route has been practically abandoned by Arctic explorers. The favourite route of late has been through the ice-belt to the west of Spitzbergen: and by this gateway ships have approached nearer the Pole than in any other, with the exception of Captain Hall's late voyage in the *Polaris*, by way of Smith's Sound, in which he reached lat. 82° 16′ N. The Swedish expedition of 1868, in the iron steamer *Sophia*, attained the highest latitude by the Spitzbergen route,—namely, 81° 42′ N.: and in 1871 Mr. Leigh Smith reached 81° 24′ N., on the same meridian. By the same route, in 1806, Scoresby reached 81° 30′ 19″ N. These have been the nearest approaches to the Pole: and in every instance, they were arrested by the heavy northern ice-pack. That ships were enabled to penetrate so far, in a peculiarly favourable season, was probably owing to the fact that prevailing winds had broken a great mass off from the main pack and had driven it south very early in the spring, before the main pack began to move, thus leaving a broad open lane which would of course disappear when, later in the season, the main body began to move. This favourable condition of the ice, west of Spitzbergen, is exceptional, and occurs at distant and uncertain intervals. As a general rule, ships are stopped by the ice far short of the high latitudes already named, as having been reached by a few fortunate voyagers.

It is not difficult to discover the reason of vessels being able to attain a higher latitude by sailing up the west side of Spitzbergen rather than the east. The great Polar current, flowing from east to west along the coast of Siberia, sweeps round the north end of

Nova Zembla and drifts the Polar ice upon the east coast of Spitzbergen, blocking it up with ice during most seasons, and rendering navigation, in this direction, dangerous, and frequently impossible. On the other hand, the Gulf Stream strikes the south end of Spitzbergen and divides itself into two branches, one of which flows on to the Nova Zembla coast, where it mingles with the Polar current, while the other flows up the west coast of Spitzbergen and keeps it comparatively free of ice and renders navigation easier. Here it is that the Gulf Stream also meets the Polar current, and the former having a greater specific gravity in consequence of containing more salt than the Polar water, plunges into the depths, and, for a time, becomes a submarine current flowing in a contrary direction to that of the Polar current. Slowly and gradually it mixes with the colder current and is eventually lost in it. These great oceanic movements render navigation along the west coast of Spitzbergen comparatively easy, and have rendered this route specially interesting to Arctic explorers. Hitherto, however, no great success has attended their efforts to break through the ice-belt, with the view of reaching the Pole: and even the most enthusiastic are now inclined to abandon this route in despair.

While adventurers have been trying to force there way Pole-ward, along western Spitzbergen, others have been exploring the more difficult eastern shores and their outlying islands. The history of the various expeditions which, during the last three hundred years, have succeeded each other in this quarter, is one of absorbing interest, and contains some of the most thrilling records of human courage and endurance. None of them, however, surpasses in interest the story of the gallant Dutchman, William Barents, who discovered Spitzbergen, in 1596. While endeavoring to sail round Nova Zembla his ship was beset by ice, and, in consequence, he was compelled to winter in that desolate and frozen country. The journal of Barents and his companions, during that terrible winter of 1596, is one of the most touching tales ever written; while their escape, in two open boats, from that dismal country, after a perilous and painful voyage of eleven hundred miles, is among the most marvellous events on record. Barents, however, was overcome by the severity of the climate and died. Two hundred and seventy eight years afterwards, in the year 1871, Captain Carlsen found Barents's ancient winter quarters in Nova

Zembla. No man had entered that lonely dwelling for nearly three centuries. There stood the cooking-pans over the fireplace, the old clock against the wall, the arms, the tools, the drinking vessels, the instruments, and the books that had beguiled the weary hours of that long night, two hundred and seventy-eight years ago. The most touching of the relics was a pair of small shoes which had belonged to a little cabin-boy among the crew, who died. There was a flute too, once played by that poor boy, which will still give out a few notes. These interesting relics are now in a museum at the Hague.

The English and the Dutch were competitors in whaling adventures, around the Spitzbergen coasts, during the early part of the seventeenth century. The English mariners especially did excellent geographical work, and as shown in Purchas's Chart in the 3rd volume of "His Pilgrimes," they discovered and traced the outlying islands off eastern Spitzbergen,—Edge Island, Wiche's Land, North East Land, and several others. Within the last few years no less than five consecutive Swedish expeditions, between 1858 and 1872, have been despatched to Spitzbergen and have made very valuable collections and observations, chiefly on the southern and western coasts, but also extending to the eastern shores. The gallant enterprise of English yachtsmen has also been direccted to this quarter, and in 1861, Mr. Lamont, and in 1867, Mr. Birkbeck made yacht voyages to Spitzbergen, with excellent results. Most interesting of all, however, have been the voyages of Mr. B. Leigh Smith, with the view of attaining the highest possible latitude, and of exploring the unknown lands to the eastward of Spitzbergen. A few weeks ago the newspapers informed us that he had started from Dundee, in the steamer *Diana*, in order to press further eastward, extend his important discoveries, and attain a high northern latitude. Thus England still retains her reputation as the leader in Arctic exploration. But we must not pass over the German expeditions, of the results of which as yet little is known. These expeditions owe their origin to the ardour of Dr. Augustus Petermann, the distinguished German geographer, and have been directed along the east coast of Greenland. The first of them took place in 1868. A tiny vessel, called the *Germania*, under the command of Captain Koldewey, with a crew of only eleven men, was despatched to the east coast of Greenland, but was soon beset in the great ice-stream which is ever pouring

along those shores. The *Germania* then struck for Spitzbergen and attained a latitude of 81° 5′ before she returned. The second German Polar expedition in 1869 was better organized, consisting of a small steamer named the *Germania*, and a store-ship called the *Hansa*. The latter was crushed in the ice, and the crew built themselves a house on an ice-floe of the patent fuel which they had on board, in which they drifted eleven hundred miles, and spent nearly eight months, at length getting round Cape Farewell and reaching Friedriksthal, on the west coast of Greenland. This wonderful ice-voyage has however been far surpassed by that of the *Polaris* party, who drifted more than two thousand miles on an ice-floe, with no better shelter than snow-huts, and living most of the time on seals. The steamer of this expedition had, however, fairer fortune than the *Hansa*. She succeeded in sailing up the east Greenland coast as high as 75° 30′, but was forced to turn back and winter in the Pendulum Islands, in 74° 30′. Here the voyagers met with musk-oxen: and on the whole passed a not unpleasant winter, as times go in these cool regions. On the 24th March a party of seven started northward over the ice, dragging a provision-laden sledge behind them, but after reaching a distance of one hundred and fifty miles from the ship, want of provisions compelled them to return. On the 27th of April they regained the deck of the *Germania*, laden with zoological, botanical and geological specimens, but very sceptical regarding the "open Polar Sea." As soon as navigation opened they commenced operations, and were fortunate enough to discover, in lat. 73° 15′, a branching fyord, stretching for a long distance into the interior of Greenland, and having on its shores peaks respectively fourteen thousand and seven thousand feet high. On the the 11th September they returned to Bremen, after an expedition which redounded to the credit of the German people, more especially as these were their first efforts in the Arctic field, but will certainly not be their last. In a scientific and geographical point of view, the results of the voyage possess much interest.

Thus all efforts to penetrate the ice-belt, on either side of Spitzbergen, have proved abortive. Despairing of success in this way, some explorers have tried to cross it in sledges. In 1827, Sir Edward Parry attempted to reach the North Pole by means of travelling with sledge-boats over the ice. Two boats were constructed for the purpose, the one commanded by Captain Parry,

the other by Lieutenant Ross. They proceeded in the *Hecla* to Spitzbergen, and there left their ship, starting in their sledge-boats with seventy-one days provisions. On reaching lat 82° 45′ N. he found the ice becoming loosened by the advancing season, and carrying him south faster than he travelled north, so that he was compelled to abandon the undertaking as hopeless. Equally fruitless have been the efforts of several courageous officers of the Russian service to cross the ice north of Siberia, in dog-sledges. The most distinguished of these explorers was Wrangell who in 1821 travelled one hundred and forty miles northward, and then found the ice so thin and rotten that he had to retreat. In 1823 he made an attempt to reach some high northern land, the snow-clad mountains of which, some natives reported could be seen from Cape Shelagskoi, on a clear summer's day. At the distance of seventy miles from land the ice was found to be unsafe, and Wrangell had to turn back. Lanes of water were opening in all directions, and the little party were in extreme danger, being without a boat. A gale of wind arose and split many of the floes into pieces. The dogs saved them by rushing wildly and swiftly towards the land. This northern land, though not seen by him, Wrangell thinks may possibly exist. It was sighted in 1867 by Captain Long, an American whaler, who approached from Behring's Strait, and is now marked on maps as "Wrangell's Land." Dr. Petermann holds that Greenland runs up to and projects over the Pole, meeting this land. This, of course, is merely a theory at present.

It thus becomes evident that there is no hope of making any important discoveries by the Spitzbergen route. The boldest and most skilful sailors have led expedition after expedition, and the dread Polar pack has proved too strong for human courage and ingenuity. The opening by Behring's Strait holds out even less encouragement. From the north end of Prince Patrick's Island to Behring's Strait, the most formidable pack in the Polar seas, bars all progress in that direction; so that no vessel has yet succeeded in sailing any great distance towards the Pole on the meridian of Behring's Strait. Captain Collinson reached 70° N, and Captain Kellett saw some high land in 72° N. These are the highest latitudes reached by this route.

Are we then to regard the unknown Polar region as unknowable, and abandon it to the dominion of the Frost King? Not so.

One door of hope remains "out of the valley of Achor." Smith's Sound seems destined to be the true gateway to the Pole: and here the hopes of all Arctic explorers are at length concentrated. It has this vast advantage over all others—that it is the only point in the whole circuit of the 80th parallel where lines of coast stretch away towards the Pole. The expeditions of Kane and Hayes, and the still more recent voyage of Captain Hall in the *Polaris*, have proved, beyond all question, that the land on both sides of Kennedy Channel is continued away beyond its termination at Cape Constitution, and stretches far towards the North Pole; while at the same time, it is now known that, in an ordinarily favourable season, the waters of both Smith's Sound and Kennedy Channel are navigable, by properly equipped vessels, and that it is possible to carry a ship, as was done in the case of the *Polaris*, beyond 82° N. With a coast line as a basis of operations, and a well-appointed ship in a high northern latitude as a starting point, all the elements of success are present, and to reach the Pole seems no impossible or even difficult achievement.

The world is indebted to the energy and perseverance of American explorers for opening up and making known this portal to the vast unknown North Polar regions. Though late in entering the field, America has done noble service in the cause of Arctic exploration; and with characteristic enterprise and courage, her sons have pressed forward into unknown regions, and already won a high place in the roll of Arctic worthies. With a true instinct, they fixed on Smith's Sound as the portal that was to lead to the Pole, and this at a time when the highest authorities in Europe either ignored or condemned this route. They persevered; and now among European geographers and the most eminent Arctic authorities, there is almost a perfect unanimity of opinion in favour of the route by Smith's Sound. At the close of last year, a deputation from the Royal Geographical Society of England waited upon the Chanceller of the Exchequer and the First Lord of the Admiralty, and presented a memorial in which the despatch of another Arctic expedition was earnestly urged. Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Henry Holland, Dr. Carpenter, and the veteran Arctic explorers Sir George Back, Admiral Collinson, Admiral Durmaney, Captain Sherard Osborn were members of this deputation. In their memorial they stated that, "seven years of unsuccessful labour in the direction of Spitzbergen have led to the

collection of further proofs, by the leaders of both the Swedish and German expeditions, that the experience of all previous navigators was not at fault as to the impracticability of penetrating the ice in that direction. Arctic authorities are now therefore unanimous in the opinion that the route by Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound promises the largest amount of valuable scientific results combined with the best assurance of safety." The memorial closed with the following paragraph: "Universal interest continues to be felt in the examination of the unknown North Polar Region. Every first class power of Europe and America, except England, has sent forth expeditions for Arctic discovery during the last twelve years. These attempts have been watched with the deepest interest, and not without some feeling of shame, by the press and people of Great Britain; and there is now a very general feeling in this country, that the time has come for us again to assert our old pre-eminence in the field of Arctic discovery."

It is remarkable that though Smith's Sound was discovered as early as 1616, by Baffin, and named by him after Sir Thomas Smith, then one of the leading spirits of the East India Company, his discovery remained unverified and almost unnoticed for two centuries. At length, in 1818, Ross and Parry, in the *Isabella* and *Alexander* saw the land at the head of the bay, and named the two capes at the entrance of Smith's Sound after their two discovery ships. Captain Inglefield, in 1853, entered the sound, reached lat 78° 28′, but returned without landing on its shores. It was reserved for the gallant American explorer, Dr. Kane, in the same year, to be the first to lead an expedition into those distant northern regions, and to be the first civilized man who landed on and examined the shores of Smith's Sound. It is true Kane was in error in supposing that Sir John Franklin and his companions had made their way into the "open Polar Sea," and were shut in by the great ice-belt which girdles the globe, and which, after admitting them had closed behind them. But it was a noble impulse which prompted him to say "I will go after them into this unknown waste of waters where, as I believe, they are still alive and waiting for help; and, God helping me, I will either restore them to the hearts that are pining for their return, or, at all events, lift the mysterious veil that enshrouds their fate." Events proved that Sir John Franklin and his brave men per-

ished a thousand miles south of the scene of Kane's explorations. But the bold American was not mistaken in his conclusion that the true route to the Pole or to an "open Polar Sea," in which he devoutly believed, was to be found by Smith's Sound. He stood almost alone in that opinion; now the whole world has come round to his conclusion. Reasoning from the analogies of physical geography, he concluded that Greenland was a vast peninsula stretching away to the Polar Sea. He therefore determined to make Greenland itself the basis of his operations to force his vessel along its shores as far north as the ice would permit—then, having secured the brig in some creek or inlet, he proposed to send out travelling parties on sledges, drawn by dogs, carrying with them gutta-percha boats, explore the whole north-western coast, reach the extreme north of Greenland, and there embarking on the open water which he hoped to find, reach the Pole. How much he accomplished, in a little brig of one hundred and twenty tons, poorly provided for an Arctic winter, and with a crew of seventeen men, all the world has learned from his charming narrative. Never were awful sufferings and privations more gallantly endured. The most important result of his expedition was the discovery by Morton, one of his crew, of open water at the northern end of Kennedy Channel, which Kane fondly concluded was the long-sought open Polar Sea. We shall see presently that Captain Hall's voyage has disproved this notion, and shown that Morton saw only the waters of a bay which a strong current, in the warm days of summer, had cleared of ice.

In 1860, Dr. Hayes, one of Kane's companions, led a second American expedition, in the same direction, to follow up Kane's line of research. He was unable to carry his vessel farther up Smith's Sound than to 78° 17′, where he wintered in Port Foulke, and found abundance of animal life. In the face of tremendous difficulties, he succeeded, in the Spring of 1861, in exploring, by means of dog-sledges, the west coast of Kennedy Channel to lat. 81° 35′ N. His further progress was stopped by cracks and rotten ice. His conclusion was the same as that of Kane, that Kennedy Channel expands into the open Polar Sea. Unfortunately his vessel was so much injured by the ice that he had to abandon the project of pushing her farther North, and had to return home in July 1861. Dr. Hayes's narrative is second only to that of Kane in interest; and his survey of the western coast of Kennedy

Channel possesses great value. Speaking of the point at which his survey terminated, Dr. Hayes says: "Standing against the dark sky at the north there was seen in dim outline the white sloping summit of a noble headland — the most northern known land upon the globe. I judged it to be in latitude 82° 30′, or four hundred and fifty miles from the Pole." "All the evidences showed that I stood upon the shores of the Polar Basin, and that the broad ocean lay at my feet; that the land upon which I stood culminating in the distant cape before me, was but a point of land projecting far into it." Like Dr. Kane, however, the enthusiastic explorer was mistaken in his conclusions. The "open Polar Sea," if it exist, has yet to be discovered.

A third American expedition was led by Captain Hall, in 1871, the destination being once more Smith's Sound. With the results of that expedition the world was made acquainted in May last, the bearers of the news being a portion of the crew who had been accidentally separated from the *Polaris*, and who had drifted on an ice-floe not less than two thousand miles, from Whale Sound to the coast of Labrador. I shall now refer to Captain Hall's explorations only in their bearing on the question of the best route to the North Pole.

The original intention of Captain Hall was to enter Jones' Sound, on the west side of the "North Water" of Baffin's Bay, and to follow the coast of Ellismere Land to advanced winter-quarters, whence he hoped to reach the North Pole by travelling parties. On arriving at the most northern of the Greenland settlements, he found that the season was the most open which had been known for many years, and he was, in consequence, induced to change his original programme, and to proceed directly north, by way of Smith's Sound. By the most extraordinary good fortune, he got through Melville Bay, the "North Water," and up Smith's Sound without any serious obstruction from the ice. The run he made was indeed quite unprecedented. In eight days after leaving Tessinsak he had reached lat. 82° 16′ N., the highest to which a vessel had ever been pushed. He had passed Cape Constitution, the point on which Morton, of Kane's expedition, stood, when he saw, as he believed, the "open Polar Sea." Arrowsmith places this point in 80° 56′ N.; but Mr. Meyers, of Hall's expedition, found it to be farther south, in 80° 27′. Here Kennedy Channel narrows to fourteen or fifteen miles in breadth. At its

termination, the land, on the Greenland side, trends sharply eastward, and a sound sixty miles in width opens, having a bay, which Hall named Polaris Bay, on its eastern side. Having sailed for about eighty miles through this sound, Hall found himself entering a narrow channel, twenty-five miles wide, which he named "Robeson's Channel." The southern point of this channel he named Cape Lupton, being in lat. 81° 44′. After advancing about forty-five miles up Robeson's Channel, Hall found that it widened out suddenly, and that the Greenland coast again trended eastward, forming another sound or bay, the extent of which could not be determined. On the western side, land could be seen beyond 83° The *Polaris* was now in lat. 82° 16′, the narrowest part of Robeson's Channel. Here heavy ice was met, and there were divided counsels on board. The majority of the officers, with Captain Hall, were in favour of pushing for the western coast, and either trying to get farther north, or to find a harbour there in which to winter. Captain Buddington, the ice-master, was in favour of wintering in Repulse Harbour, in Robeson's Channel, in lat. 82° 9′. Meantime the pack came down and the *Polaris* drifted south with it through Robeson's Channel, and finally went into winter quarters in "Thank-God Harbour," Polaris Bay, on September 2nd, 1871. The attempt to get north was not renewed though the season was early for wintering, and the pack seemed to be far from impenetrable. In addition to Repulse Bay, another bay was discovered in Robeson's Channel which was named "Newman's Bay." It is about five miles wide at the mouth. Its southern point, "Summer Headland," is in lat. 81° 55′; its northern point, "Cape Brevoort," in 82° 2′.

It would appear that there were no insurmountable obstacles to the progress of the *Polaris* farther north; and it must ever be a matter of deep regret that, at all hazards, she did not press on, or try the western side before turning south. In his evidence before the Commission at Washington, Mr Meyers, meteorologist of the expedition, one of the party who escaped on the ice, said, that at the north end of Robeson's Channel, where it is narrow, the ice gathers and presses tightly. But, he added, "if any vessel could push through this narrowest part she could get as far as 85° or 86°, or even further." Mr. Meyers also stated that in the Spring of 1872, he made surveys of Newman's Bay and of the interior, and kept on travelling north-east until want of provisions com-

pelled the party to return. "I believe," he said, "I surveyed a little above 84° on the west coast; on the east coast about 80° 30′." His meaning, I think, must have been that he saw land at these latitudes on both sides, not that he actually surveyed the coast to these distances. The winter quarters of the *Polaris* were in lat. 81° 38′ N., long. 61° 44′ W. The melancholy death of the leader paralysed further efforts to get north, and the *Polaris* started for home in August, 1872, with results which are already well known.

There can be no doubt that Hall's important discoveries will give a fresh impulse to Arctic exploration, as they have proved beyond all doubt that Greenland stretches away towards the Pole at least as far as 84°, or within three hundred and sixty miles of the mysterious locality, having a channel, which is at times navigable, between it and Grinnel's Land, which also runs Pole-ward. The "open Polar Sea" of Kane and Hayes has vanished, and will henceforth be known as Polaris Bay. There is at present nothing to warrant a belief in any "open Polar Sea" in this direction. Hall's discoveries seem rather to sustain Dr. Petermann's hypothesis, that Greenland is prolonged right over the Pole, and joins the land seen by the American whalers who ran up Behring's Strait, in 1867. At present this hypothesis seems more in accordance with known facts than any other. Clearly, then, this is the only practicable gateway to the Pole, the one route which promises important results. The advantages of a coast-line prolonged to 84° and possibly to the Pole, are paramount. The exploration of a coast, by sledge travelling parties, is of infinitely more importance to science than the mere discovery of a coast-line by a ship. In the former case, the coast is accurately charted, and its fauna, flora, geology, ethnology and physical features are fully ascertained; in the latter case, a coast is seen and inaccurately marked by dotted lines, but no substantial additions are made to our knowledge. The voyage of the *Polaris* shows the advantage of her route over the Spitzbergen one. Not only did she make important geographical discoveries, but should she arrive home in safety, we cannot doubt that the records will show most important results from the coast surveys, the meteorological astronomical observations, and the knowledge of the fauna and flora of the highest northern lands which civilized man has reached, which

has been acquired by these daring voyagers, who, if they have not reached the Pole, have opened the way to it.

I believe it is Captain Sherard Osborne, one of the highest authorities in Arctic matters, who has suggested that the next attempt at Arctic exploration should be made in this fashion: The expedition should consist of two stout steam-ships expressly built for encountering ice, such as the Newfoundland sealing vessels, or the Dundee whalers. One of them would be stationed at the entrance of Smith's Sound, so as to preclude all possibility of danger to the more advanced party, in the improbable event of their vessel being lost. The other would press forward if possible to 84° or farther, and winter there. From such a position, parties could easily survey the whole northern coasts of Greenland and Grinnel Land and reach the Pole. The distance to the Pole and back would not exceed 800 or 900 miles. McClintock's and Mecham's sledge parties accomplished longer distances than these. The ascertained fact that the land stretches far north would render the work of these sledge parties comparatively easy. Meantime the ships could follow up deep-sea dredging in these unknown sea bottoms. The value to science of such explorations would, in all probability, be immense. Not only would there be obtained a knowledge of the northern coasts of Greenland and Grinnel Land, but of the ethnology, geology, fauna and flora of these northern latitudes. In their letter on the subject to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Royal Geographical Society, when referring to "the value and importance of the results which a well-appointed expedition must yield, in exploring nearly two million square miles of unknown ground within the 80th parallel of north latitude," remarked that "such an expedition ought to lead to the solution of the numerous important scientific questions in physical geography, geology, natural history, terrestrial magnetism, anthropology and meteorology." "The Society, after a careful consideration of the subject, is convinced that its geographical results would be of great value." "Apart from the purely scientific point of view, the various explorations of the Arctic regions, by British navigators, have, since 1818, redounded to the national honour and repute, and have, in no small degree, contributed to keep alive, through a long period of peace, the spirit of courage, enterprise and self-denial which is so essential to the character of the seamen of a great maritime nation." Regarding the risk of

such expeditions, the letter remarks: "The experience acquired between 1850 and 1872, during which period expeditions commanded by British, American, Swedish and German officers have safely, and at many points, gone to and fro within the Arctic circle, has proved that, with the help of steam and other modern appliances and of the knowledge gained concerning the proper organization of travelling parties, Arctic exploration, under judicious leadership, is not unduly dangerous." In reference to the last point referred to it may be remarked, that the employment of steam has revolutionized ice-navigation within the last ten years. Vessels intended for encountering ice, in these high latitudes, are built immensely strong, and either have angle irons round the bows or iron stem-pieces and side-pieces of iron. The bows are sharp, so that they can charge the ice at full speed, rise to about six feet, and then come down upon it with crushing force. Thus the facility with which they can cleave their way through the ice-fields is vastly increased since the days of sailing vessels, and the work can be done with far greater safety. Experience has also shown that with due care in regard to the food and clothing of the men, and proper attention to warmth and ventilation on board, men may enjoy as perfect health in the Arctic regions as in any other part of the earth.

The existence of an open sea around the North Pole is still undetermined; but the recent discoveries of Captain Hall and the experience of the German and Swedish expeditions seem to render it more doubtful than before. The most distinguished English authorities in Arctic matters are altogether opposed to the theory of an open Polar Sea, but eminent names may be quoted in support of it. At present, the weight of evidence seems decidedly against it.

After all, many people will be inclined to ask, "What can we hope to gain by boring our way through ice-fields, and scrambling over ice-hummocks in order to reach the Pole? Why spend toil and money, and risk human life in these profitless explorations?" Those who raise objections on this ground to any further Arctic expeditions, do not seem to be aware of the fallacious assumption that pervades their reasoning. They assume that no good can follow from acquiring a knowledge of this portion of creation. But the truth is, no man can tell what important results may flow from the discovery of any new fact, or any new law of nature. When

Volta saw the legs of some dead frogs which he was dissecting quivering when in contact with certain metals, who could have foreseen that the issue of that discovery would be Atlantic Cables flashing intelligence between the two hemispheres! Watt's tea-kettle, with its little head of steam, led on to the building of the *Great Eastern*. The grandest results in science have sprung from the seemingly unimportant observations of those who were investigating truth for its own sake. Many problems in terrestrial magnetism have yet to be solved. No man can say whether the observations made by the patient scientific investigator, in the neighbourhood of the Pole, may not revolutionize our whole sys tem of telegraphy, and so affect ultimately every department of human action. Let every realm of nature be fearlessly explored, in the confidence that each discovery will, in the long run, be found to subserve human well-being, and aid in extending man's lordship over his terrestrial heritage.

Moreover, "man does not live by bread alone." The quickening, elevating impulse of these daring adventures amid the ice-fields of the Polar regions are incalculable, in a moral point of view. They lift us above the routine of our poor plodding existence. They show us that heroism is not dead—that there still dwells nobleness in human hearts. What were life, divested of all its poetry and romance? So long as the Poles hold their secrets, brave spirits will be found to dare everything in search of them: and our sympathies will never be withheld from those who risk all to conquer for us new realms of nature.

CENTRAL ASIA.

BY CONSERVATOR.

A REVIEW of the "Central Asian Question" will be best approached by a brief reference to our Indian frontier; as divested of all addenda this question is simply, with respect to ourselves, the manner in which we can best check the advance of Russia upon the borders of Hindostan, while on the part of the Czar, acquisition of territory, without if possible embroiling Russia with England; but still, a greed for fresh conquests, at all risks, seems to be a not unreasonable phase of a topic, which has recently received much attention throughout this Empire.

The strategical side of this question is a most interesting study, and one on which much might be said, but its discussion would involve the aid of military maps, which cannot be here afforded, and a length far beyond the limits of this article. Strategy is, however, succinctly referred to when occasion requires, and this subject may be pursued at will by the reader. These pages simply profess to narrate certain proceedings connected with events touching the question under discussion, and to describe briefly particular portions of Asia, which by the aid of an ordinary map may, with little difficulty, be studied. Should the perusal of this paper tempt the reader to pursue its subject, the humble efforts of the author will be more than compensated.

It has not been forgotten that, in the year 1839, the British forces in conjunction with our then allies, the Seiks, crossed the Indus, and penetrating the Bolam Pass reached Cabul, and that in 1841 occurred that fearful disaster by which our army was cut to pieces, except a remnant which, for a time, was driven out of Afghanistan. But however sad the memories which these events recall, the bright pages of history which reflect the victories of Pollock in 1842 serve to soften the recollection of the loss of faithful soldiers who, in defeat, grasped at the laurels of victory.

The year 1843 is celebrated in the annals of British India by Napier's conquest of Scinde, and the year 1849 is commemorative of the glorious victories of Chillianwallah and Goojerat, by which we subdued the Punjab, and extended our boundary to the present frontier, at the foot of the Afghan Mountains. This frontier line is protected by a series of fortified stations, running from south to north. These are Jocobabad, Dera Ghazee Khan, Dera Ismael Khan Bunnoo, Kohat, Peshawar, Hotemimdan, and Abbotabad, besides several minor posts, about twenty miles apart, at the foot of the before named mountains. Peshawar, situated at the mouth of the Kyber Pass, is the chief of all the foregoing posts. It commands the road to Cabul, and is held by a large force of the regular army, while the other posts are defended by the Punjab and Scinde native forces, between whom and the fierce tribes which inhabit the mountains an almost constant warfare exists, owing to frequent outrages on the part of these hill tribes, which necessitate summary chastisement at our hands. Our strategical position in this region stands at the foot of a line of mountains

with the mighty Indus at our backs—our duty is to hold at all hazards this narrow strip of Trans-Indus country.

The north-western frontier of British India having been thus succinctly referred to, a glance at the countries across this frontier will not be amiss, as having, with reference to our military position in that locality, an important bearing on our external policy. These countries are Cashmere and Ladak, Turkistan, Afghanistan, and the three nominally independent Khanates of Khiva, Bokara and Kohand.

Cashmere and Ladak, although included in our border, are only partially under our protection, being governed by the Chief of the former province, who maintains an army and wages war at his pleasure. We have a British representative at Cashmere, but no troops, and within the past year or two, we have also had an agent at Leh, the chief town of the province of Ladak. The people who inhabit these states are said to be for the most part poor, quiet and inoffensive. Cashmere has been often described, and from authentic sources Ladak, we learn, is almost similar to it in topographical features, it will therefore suffice to delineate these regions as composed almost entirely of great chains of mountains, sheltering deep and fruitful valleys, studded with numerous lakes which bask in glorious sunshine, while the mighty mountain ranges, which seem to bar all access to southern lands, are furrowed by countless streams which rise in the northern plateaux.

Ladak being less known than Cashmere, it may not be uninteresting to the reader to depict a few of its leading characteristics before proceeding to portray the other countries which adjoin our Eastern possessions. This mountainous land is spoken of as singularly well placed for enquiries with respect to the geographical history of Central Asia, and to the study of its inhabitants. There may be seen the wild-looking Afghan, with his long black curls, and an old flint lock pistol in his girdle. He has spent the preceding summer in Samarkand, where he has inspected the Russian cantonments and compared them with those of our troops in India, where he has been spending the winter. Hot tempered, and apt to shorten a bargain, when tired of haggling, by a volley of abuse or a blow, he is courteous in his manners, although free spoken when not excited. Next comes the stoutly built pig-tailed tea merchant from Lhassa, in Greater Tibet, who has no manners at all. He is simply a good humoured looking barbarian, with an

ever ready grin, eyes set so far forward, and a nose so far back, as to form an almost flat round surface for a countenance. Then comes the handsome Jewish looking man of Badakshan, with his casket of precious stones, and the Chinaman from Yarkand, rather depressed looking and without his pig-tail, for he has to turn Mussulman to save his life, since the great slaughter of his countrymen in 1864.

After that the yellow-robed Lama of Tibet, on his ambling mule, on an ecclesiastical mission to inspect the subordinate monasteries of western Tibet. This individual is not communicative and ignores conversation, but the Yarkand Haji is more sociable. He has combined spiritual and worldly profit by a trading journey through India, wound up by a pilgrimage, per steamer, from Bombay to Mecca.

In the same crowd we have the half-naked Indian *Jogi*, or fanatic, covered with ashes and shivering in the cold; the Sikh merchant, the Dogra soldier, and other Indian types too numerous to mention. Such are some of the sources from which one has to gather information. The best point in them is, that the intelligence cannot be concentrated between men of such different origins. Hence whenever their testimony agrees, it is likely to be true.

Afghanistan, which lies just beyond our north-western border, next claims our attention. That part of it which is situated on our side of the Hindoo Koosh consists of narrow sheltered valleys, lying between lofty mountains, spurs of which radiate southwards, and traverse and divide the land from end to end,—one of the principal of these chains, the Soliman, forming the boundary with our dominions. It is ill adapted for military operations, except on a small scale, being rugged and comparatively poor, with few good roads. The Afghans are a brave, warlike race, incessantly quarrelling amongst themselves, but ever ready to combine against the common enemy. They have long suffered under the misery of miserable government and distracted rule, features which distinguish all the countries of Central Asia. Although the Afghans travel freely in our territory, no Englishman dare venture alone even to the foot of the mountains, much less penetrate the screen of hills which shuts off Afghanistan from India. That kingdom, (Afghanistan,) if it be entitled to that appellation, consists of a number of rather loosely knit states,

lying principally to the south of the Hindoo Koosh range. The chief towns are Herat, Cabul, Ghuznee, and Candahar. There are also outlying provinces, namely Badakshan and Wakhan, to the north of the mountain range, which owing to the diplomatic correspondence which has passed respecting them between the Russian and British Governments have recently attracted much public attention, and now claim more than a transient comment. For a long time these countries were in a state of uncertain dependency between the Usbegs and the Afghans, but in 1869 Dost Mahommend Khan fairly overran the districts and incorporated them in his empire: and there could be no doubt that from that time they had been *bona fide* Afghan dependencies. The settlement of the question, then, as to what were the limits of this territory in tracing the frontier of Afghanistan, would at first sight appear to be easy of solution, but for the existence of certain geographical irregularities which seemed somewhat difficult of adjustment. For instance, the districts of Roshan and Shignan and the Ruby Mines, though belonging to Afghanistan were to the north of the Oxus, while, on the other hand, a portion of Darwaz belonging either to Khokan or Bokara stretched across the river to the south. One irregularity, however, balanced the other, and the due distribution of the territory was not greatly affected by the adoption of the course of the river Oxus as the boundary of the Afghan kingdom. To this view of the question the Russian government did not at first assent; but on considering the difficulty of establishing facts in all their details in such distant parts, and also considering the great facilities which the British government possesses for collecting precise data with respect to Badakshan and Wakhan, Prince Gortchakoff did not refuse to accept the boundary laid down by England, and in a despatch on this subject of the 31st January last, says: "We are the more inclined "to this act of courtesy as the English government engages to use "all her influence with Shere Ali, in order to induce him to main- "tain a peaceful attitude, as well as to insist on his giving up all "measures of aggression or further conquest. This influence is "indisputable. It is based not only on the material and moral "ascendency of England, but also on the subsidies for which "Shere Ali is indebted to her. Such being the case we see in this "assurance a real guarantee for the maintenance of peace." It is therefore now agreed that the northern boundary of the Afghan

frontier shall extend from Shari-kullaki, the source of the Oxus, to Khofa Saleh.

The south-western section of that portion of Central Asia, more immediately connected with the subject under discussion, is Turkistan proper, in which may be included Russian Turkistan and the three nominally independent Usbeg Khanates of Khiva, Bokara and Kohand. This territory, as distinguished from Eastern Turkistan, comprises a vast area, which in general terms may be described as stretching from the Caspian Sea on the west, to Eastern Turkistan, or Chinese Tartary, on the east. The western portion of these regions appears to consist of vast sandy deserts and barren steppes, such as the deserts of Kizil Kum and Balak Kum. Yet the eastern part, which is intersected by numerous mountain ranges, and which includes portions of the area of the three Khanates, yields to none in fertility, and in the general wealth and variety of its productions. M. Vambery, in speaking of it, says: "It might be difficult to find in Europe, flourish-"ing as it is in every blessing, territories that would rival the "more fertile portions of the three Khanates."

Until lately little has been known respecting Eastern Turkistan. This great south-western province of China, lying between the Kuenlun mountains to the south, the Tian Shan range to the north, and the Pamir steppe to the west, contains several large and important cities, viz., Kashgar, Aksu, Yarkund and Khotea. The people are mostly Turkish in nationality, and Mahommedans in creed, but, owing to the distracted state of the country, caused by the cruelty and fanaticism of the chiefs, this region has been until recently quite impossible of approach. A Mahommedan named Yakoob Kushbegi, formerly an officer of the Kohan army, who has established himself in Kashgar and Yarkund, seized Khoten in 1867 by treachery, and having massacred the greater portion of the males, marched during 1868 on Aksu, which yielded to his forces. This man, although unscrupulous, is energetic and possessed of talent, and pressed by the Chinese and Russians on the east and north respectively, has recently sought our countenance, and is desirous of encouraging trade with India. Several English officials have lately visited Yarkund, and been well received, and an Envoy in 1871 passed through Ladak, with complimentary letters for the Viceroy and the Queen, and having visited Calcutta and Delhi, where he had several interviews with

the late Lord Mayo, and where he was impressed at the sight of our European and Native troops assembled at the Camp of Exercise. The reader cannot fail to glean that it is important to the peace of our frontier in India to preserve cordial relations with the Atalik-Ghazi in order to quiet the Mussulman population of Hindostan, and that the sight of these neighbouring Mussulman powers, Afghanistan, Bokara and Yarkund, whose orthodoxy is unquestioned, voluntarily seeking our friendship, and sending periodical embassies to the Court of the Viceroy, cannot fail to strengthen our influence among our Indian subjects of the same religion, and to counteract the preaching of the Wahabi fanatics, by showing that England is a friend to Islam all over Asia.

The three Khanates or principalities, Khiva, Bokara and Kokan, which together form the chief portion of the centre of Asia, next claim our attention. As before stated, many portions of this vast country are fertile and beautiful, especially the valleys, which lie about the upper parts of the rivers Oxus and Jaxartes, and being well adapted for cultivation are comparatively prosperous in spite of tyranny and mis-government. The inhabitants of the hill sides devote themselves to pastoral pursuits, while those of the valleys engage in agriculture and commerce. Many flourishing cities exist in the upper parts of Bokara and Kokan, but the parts of the country towards the Caspian and the Aral, sparsely inhabited by wild nomadic Turcoman tribes, consists principally of arid and almost pathless deserts, of which some idea may be gathered from the following extract from the *Moscow Gazette* which, in alluding to the advance of the Russian northern column, under the command of Colonel Lomakine, thus speaks of the details of the march from Kinderli to Bisch Akty en route to Khiva: "The "heat was intense, the thermometer showing in the sun 37° "Reaumer and 42° when buried in the sand. The atmosphere, "loaded with hot dust, produced distress and weakness; men and "beasts, weakened by the fierce rays of the sun, fell on the sand, "the heat of which compelled them to rise again speedily. At "night the soldiers threw off their covering to obtain some rela- "tive coolness, but even then could scarcely sleep from heat. "Some cases of sun-stroke occurred. The water which the "detachment had brought with them being exhausted, they "drained the last drop of Seltzer water, and were for some time "parched with thirst. Cossacks were sent forward to sink wells

"and bring water to the troops, by which they could get over "their last march. The veterans marched steadily and even "jested at the distant mirages, but the young soldiers showed "some signs of discouragement. One of the young soldiers cried "out to his comrades, are we not soldiers as well as the others? "Are we going to yield to the old men of the regiments of Schir- "van and Apschron? This young fellow had the good luck to be "overheard and the Commandant promoted him at once."

These three principalities, independent of each other and frequently at war, are now being gradually overwhelmed by that great wave of Russian invasion, which, slowly but surely, is approaching from the north, and which must ultimately absorb them into one kingdom. Speaking of this advance of the Russians, Brigadier-General John Adyr, R. A., in a recent lecture, says: "Whatever changes the advance of Russia may make, and "however much or little it may ultimately affect our position in "the East, one can hardly regret that an end should be put to "these governments, which for a long period of time, by their "tyranny, fanaticism and depravity have been a curse to the "people placed under their rule."

But however much the rulers of these countries may abuse the power, which, as a rule, they arrogate to themselves, in a semi-barbarous country like Khiva, orderly government is, of course, out of the question, for the Khan, though a despotic chief in every sense of the word, is ever exposed to the poniard and the poison of his subjects.

It may not be out of place to dwell somewhat longer on Khiva than on the other two principalities, as the present advance of Russia towards that territory has attracted towards it more than ordinary attention. The towns and villages of this country are, as in all Central Asia, composed of mud huts, disposed in irregular, dirty, and dusty streets, surrounded by walls in ruins, in and outside of which are gardens and fields.

Khiva, the principal town, lies on two water courses belonging to the net work of the Palban Ata canal, and is protected by a clay wall, about five miles in circumference and ten feet high. Within this wall is another about two or three miles in circumference and twenty-two feet high, the foundations and tower portions of which are twenty-eight feet thick. This interior wall protects the palaces of the Khan, the houses of the most important

dignitaries and some ecclesiastical schools, of which there are no less than twenty-two in the place. The better to defend the inner town, which serves as a citadel, twenty guns are placed on the walls. The space between the outer and inner wall is to a great extent planted with gardens, and contains the summer residence of the Khan. The population of the town, which contains seventeen mosques, and three hundred shops, is twenty thousand.

Kungrad is a town of about eight thousand inhabitants, is situated on the Taldik branch of the Amou, and surrounded by a wall and moat, part of the wall being protected by water. The people live in tents, the houses being in ruins. There is not any artillery at this place.

Khadsheilli, fifty miles south-east of Kungrad, on the canal Suvali, has poor fortifications, intended to protect the town from the Turcoman tribes. It contains eight thousand inhabitants, with a garrison of thirty men.

There are some other towns, the principal of which is Khasar Asp, thirty-five miles east of Khiva, and considered, next to the capital, the best fortified town of the state, the wall being both high and solid. The condition of the artillery equipment is not well known; population about four thousand. The other places of Khiva, though mostly fortified according to the custom of the country, hardly deserve the name of towns.

In a military point of view Khiva is the weakest of all Central Asia states. The small force of five hundred infantry, and one thousand cavalry, armed with muskets, swords and bayonets, which the Khan keeps as a permanent guard, will be of little, if any, use in the field. They might, however, be turned to account by sending them to garrison the principal towns, all Asiatics fighting much more courageously behind walls than in the open field. With respect to cannon, although but twenty guns are mounted on the citadel of Khiva, it is known that in 1869 there were sixty guns in the arsenal. The irregular forces, enlisted on extraordinary occasions, chiefly consist of cavalry of little value. It is said that twenty thousand horsemen can be collected on an emergency, mostly Turcomans, a dangerous race to entrust with the defence of any community.

Of the several principal roads by which Russian troops may be marched against Khiva, the shortest is that from Kasalnisk to

Irbai, Irkebai Daukara to Khiva, and is in length five hundred and twenty miles. It would be tedious to enumerate the other routes, all of which are scantily supplied with water and grass, and offer considerable difficulties to the march of a numerous force. It is the knowledge of this circumstance which has persuaded the Khivese that the saints will continue to protect the ancient country of Khaveson as formerly. But as the Russians advance beyond the border of the Khanate all serious resistance will propably cease.

The attention of the reader has been already drawn to the difficulties attendant upon the present Russian advance on Khiva, and an extract respecting the great heat encountered by a detachment of troops has been quoted, the writer now offers another extract on this point, taken from the pen of an officer attached to the Russian Expeditionary force: "Late at night on the 24th February we started from Orsk upon our unknown journey across "the boundless steppe. The road is marked in the white snowy "valley by a broad well-beaten rut, along the sides of which are "placed bunches of grass in mounds of earth or snow. The "presence of Khirghez steppe is denoted by the boundless "distance blending with the horizon and producing unaccountable "melancholy, and a feeling of desolation.

"This night, the 25th February, the thermometer registers 20° "Reaumur, or according to the Khirgheze, a frost of six khalats, "because the harder the frost or the greater the heat, the more or "fewer khalats are worn.

"The houses of the Commandant and the other officials at Fort "Karabatak are cold and wretched, and cannot boast of any "comfort. If the officials posted in this region, and thus separated "from the rest of the world, cannot satisfy the most ordinary "needs of life, of course only the direct necessity will compel his "men to remain in the service with the prospect of living in such "an out-of-the-way hole.

"On the 26th February we arrived at Irghiz, a snow storm two "days before our arrival had deposited such a quantity of snow "that we were able to reach Irghiz on sledges, though at the last "station we found the sand bare in places, and our tired little "horses had great difficulty in dragging our sledges over these "spots."

Having now offered to the reader a somewhat brief geographical

sketch of the countries which are so closely connected with the subject under consideration, it is proposed to give a succinct narrative of the events which have led to the advance of Russia towards our Indian frontier.

Expeditions, for commercial purposes, from Europe through Russia to India and China commenced as early as the 9th century, and the stream thus set in motion induced Russia to follow the same direction for purposes of commerce and conquest. From the 13th to the 16th century intercourse between Europe and India, through Astrakan, was frequent, and only discontinued when the route round the Cape was discovered. Russia, however, continued her advance, and since that time has steadily progressed towards the extension of her empire in Central Asia. Peter the Great commenced operations by sending exploring parties up the Oxus. The idea of invading India, by way of Herat, was seventy years ago adopted by Russia, the nearest point of her territory being then twelve hundred miles from that city. This distance is now not quite four hundred miles by way of Khaja Salib and Merv. This project of invasion revived with the Treaty of Tilsit in 1807, and re-appeared for the third time during the Crimean war, adding one more proof, were any required, that an aggessive idea once adopted by Russia is never abandoned. The scheme of annexing Khiva was conceived and attempted by Peter the Great in 1707, resolved on by Nicholas in 1830, attempted by him in 1841, disavowed by Alexander II. in 1869, and accomplished by him in 1873. In 1828 Russia having hastily concluded the Treaty of Turkumanchai with Persia, entered into an agreement with that power to share the spoil, consequent on the reduction of Khiva by these two countries, and would have commenced operations had not the Russian army been called off to suppress the revolution in Poland. 1854 saw the Russian Posts advanced eight hundred miles from the original base of operations, where strong fortified forts were built. In February, 1865, the Emperor raised, by Imperial ordinance, the new acquisitions of Russia in Central Asia into a Province, of which General Tchernieff was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief, with fifteen thousand men to enable him to maintain authority. On the 14th May, 1868, the Russian forces captured Samarkand, and entered it triumphantly on the 14th June. Bokara was subsequently virtually annexed, and on the 3rd November, 1869, the son of its ruler

went to St. Petersburgh, did homage there, and petitioned for the succession. The advanced posts of Russia are now, on the eastern side, pushed forward to the crests of the Tian Shan range, and are looking down upon Chinese Tartary, the province of Kulja having been taken about a year and a-half ago, and the Russians are said to have established a trading factory at Kashgar. Thus Russia, by steadily pursuing her career of conquest, has gradually been able to creep up to a position so near our frontier as to exercise at will a disturbing force, and to render us uneasy for the peace of our dominion in India. To guard against which the late Lord Clarendon, in 1869, considered it expedient to address the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh respecting Central Asia, and suggested, in order to avert future political complications, that some line should be drawn beyond which Russia should not extend her conquests. The Russian Government, in reply, acquiesced as to the desirability of recognizing an Afghan frontier, as nothing would be more in accordance with Russian wishes than a line of demarcation of this sort drawn so near the Anglo-Indian boundary, and promised to furnish correspondence explanatory of her views as to the contemplated line. The matter then remained in abeyance until October last, when Lord Granville re-opened the question and reminded the Russian Government that Great Britain had not yet received the long promised document explaining the wishes of the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh upon the proposed boundary line, reviewed at some length the views of our Minister upon the matter in hand, and finally proposed a line so that the provinces of Badakshan and Wakhan should be included therein, to which proposition Prince Gortchakoff courteously conceded. The *Times*, in referring to this concession on the part of Russia, says: "It must be eminently satisfactory to the "country that the correspondence respecting the affairs on Central "Asia closes with a complete concession on the part of the Russian "Government of the immediate point in dispute, and that this "concession is made in terms which materially enhance its value."

Opinions, however, vary in England as to the diplomatic tact of the British Government in thus determining a boundary to the conquests of Russia. It is thought, and not without reason, that it would have been more expedient not to have raised this point, and to have preserved, as it were, an elastic frontier, which could be expanded or shrunk to suit the pulse of either nation.

This feature of the recent arrangement is thus portrayed in a leading article in the *Broad Arrow*, and exhibits the light in which many well informed Englishmen regard this particular phase of the Central Asian question: "In fixing a limit to her conquests, "we give a tacit consent, if not direct encouragement, to an "advance up to that limit; and as a single step further would "have to be met with promptitude and rigour, we in reality enable "her to force a quarrel upon us whenever it may suit her purpose "to do so."

This opinion is, however, extremely questionable. It is true Russia has got rather more territory than she at present wants, and is permitted to advance to the boundary of a state, one border of which is in close proximity to our Indian frontier. But, then, the Czar knows exactly our attitude towards him. We have come to a most explicit arrangement. There has been no vagueness in the understanding. We have plainly said "so far may you come and no further." Let us then hope that the promptitude and rigour pointed out by the *Broad Arrow* may not be wanting should the Muscovite force upon us a quarrel which we do not seek, but which, when thrust upon us, must be settled by an appeal to arms, to those who in England's hour of need never failed. To this end we should be always prepared, the plea of the want of ample warning cannot here be admitted as an excuse for incapacity when the day of strife arrives. The design on the part of Russia of invading India is not novel. The idea was entertained by that power in 1807, when it was proposed in conjunction with the French on the plains of Persia to move from Astrabad through the cities of Meshed, Herat, and Candahar, to the Indies. For a still later plan, we refer to Captain Trench's recent lecture upon the Central Asian Question, when he writes: 'My authority for this "statement is the late Major-General F. R. Chesney, who in a "letter to me upon this topic, written now more than three years "ago, says: 'Mr. Vincent Germain, assistant to the French "Consul at Aleppo, when I landed in Syria in 1831, informed me "that he had been employed by the Emperor Napoleon in 1810 to "make the necessary arrangements and inquiries with a view to "the construction of rafts from the forests behind Marash, and by "these means to descend to Bassorah, his proposed pivot of oper-"ations against India, after landing his army at the mouth of the "Orontes, * * * "there can be no doubt that Napoleon con-

"templated the invasion of India by the line of the Euphrates as "well as by the united operations of Russia from Astrabad.'"

Whatever may have been the reasons for the abandonment of these schemes of invasion, the former route to India is beset with less difficulties than appear at a casual glance. With respect to this track, General Adyr in his lecture on Central Asia says: "Further to the westward towards the Caspian, where the great "range of the Hindoo Koosh begins to die away into the plains, the "scene somewhat changes, and several routes which converge in "Herat afford greater facilities for military movements. It is "this fact which gives Herat its strategical value as being on the "exposed flank as it were of the Hindoo Koosh and on the road "to Cabul and Candahar, and therefore to India via the Kyber "and Bolam Passes. The distances are, however, considerable, "(forty marches from Astrabad to Herat,) and we must bear in "mind that the road for the whole distance lies rather in Persia "or Afghanistan."

The difficulty here insinuated by General Adyr, as attendant upon a march through the countries named by him is of course dependent upon the attitude of those kingdoms towards an invading army. At the present moment, Persia and Afghanistan are friendly towards Great Britain. The Shah is now the guest of England, and Shere Ali has received at our hands kindness, presents, and pecuniary assistance. But what guarantee have we for the continuance of friendly relations towards us on the part of these potentates. Intimidation or the promise of some Turkish provinces may gain Persia to the side of Russia, and an understanding that the Afghans may plunder as much as they please in the rich districts of Lahore and Delhi, may secure the less amenable Shere Ali or his successor, as an ally of the Czar. These suppositions are perhaps more than speculative, but for the sake of argument assume them to be substantiated, and it is not illogical to infer that the recent reply of the Russian Cabinet to Lord Granville would have called for a much less flattering eulogium than that which the *Times* bestowed upon it. To proceed in this strain of reasoning, let it be assumed that Russia with Persia and Afghanistan are about to invade India, may it not be then inferred that other states than England must take an interest in the quarrel, and that Germany, whose arms now rest upon the Rhine and the Moselle, and of which the people still regard England as the corner stone of western civilization, would not feel more than

inclined to watch the Oxus and the Caspian. Were the author to continue in this speculative vein, the many phases of the Central Asian Question thus multiplied *ad infinitum* would quite bewilder the reader and weary a peruser who, perhaps, if initiated into a few of the leading points of the topic under discussion, which is all that is aimed at in this paper, would pass many an hour in seeking information of the countries north of India and in studying the character and habits of the people who inhabit these hitherto unknown regions.

Before quitting the consideration of the routes by which it is supposed a Russian army may advance towards India, it may be as well to observe that to reach the plains of Chinese Turkistan the ranges of the Tian Shan must be traversed, passes 17,000 and 19,000 feet must still be surmounted. These great ranges of the Himalayas are quite impracticable for military operations on an extended scale, roads for the restricted commerce of light goods can alone be constructed. Sir Henry Rawlinson says that "in all "history there is no instance of an invader having ever attempted "to descend upon India, either by the Polu or Chang Chemmo "routes from Eastern Turkistan." It may then be said that the route by Persia and Afghanistan is alone practicable for military operations on a large scale.

In the course of this article an attempt has been made to describe our Indian frontier line, and that which Russia has accepted at our hands as the extent of her conquests. To invite the reader to a slight acquaintance with the countries known as the regions of Central Asia, and to reveal the progress, step by step, which Russia has made during many centuries towards our Eastern possessions, it is now proposed to endeavour to describe the events which have led to the present advance on Khiva. In the month of November last, owing to numerous outrages and insults committed by the Khivans against Russian subjects, an expedition, under the command of Colonel Markosoff, was despatched against these depredators. This expedition nearly reached Khiva, but was eventually surprised and forced to retreat. Of course, Russia can no more afford to be beaten in Turkistan than we could afford to be driven from the banks of the Sutlej, or from the wilds of Abyssinia. Several columns have therefore been sent against Khiva to preserve Russian prestige in the East. One of these columns, it may be observed, attacks Khiva, not from the west but from the east, not from Russia but from Turkistan,

thereby showing that Russia has established herself in regions more remote from her frontier than even the country invaded. These facts prove, were anything necessary to prove the statement, that Russia is already a gigantic Asiatic Power. Her vast domains extend the whole breadth of that Continent, and swarm with Cossack posts. She now simply seeks to emerge southwards—through some of the few openings on the long unbroken Siberian frontier, which stretches from the Caucasus to the Sea of Okhotsk—on the tracts of the fertile country of the Khanates.

Then what more cause to fear Russia have we now than formerly. We have long known her supremacy on the Asiatic Continent; we have long known her to be aggressive and to be advancing slowly but surely towards India. We have recently drawn the line to which the Muscovite may proceed in his career of conquest, and he has accepted our *fiat* with apparent courtesy. Should an invasion really take place we are not unprepared. Conciliatory measures and invitations to join our Councils have won the natives of India to submit to the mild sway of Her Beloved Majesty, and it is questionable if the rule of the Czar would be in any way acceptable to the Hindoos. We may therefore reasonably count upon the cordial support of our Indian subjects, added to which the incalculable advantage of fighting on our own soil, which in itself points to victory, unless most unforeseen contingencies should occur, leaves little doubt of our ultimate success. Such are the opinions of Lord Lawrence, Sir Henry Rawlinson and Brigadier General John Adyr,—authorities not to be despised on matters connected with Indian affairs. These opinions have not been arrived at without much thought, deep research and profound calculation. It might therefore be considered presumptuous were the author of these pages to respectfully endorse the views of his superiors, but, even at the risk of such an imputation, he, in common with many of Her Majesty's subjects who reason and think, does advocate the views of an ex-Viceroy, and clings to the belief that when the exercise of diplomatic art fails, and when the Czar, impelled forward by

> "Vaulting ambition which o'er-leaps itself
> And falls on the other ——"

to snatch the gauntlet which we have thrown down on the frontier line, that he will there find the ever ready British soldier, and around him Rajahs and Chiefs, with banners aloft emblazoned with the words *Quis separabit.*

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

BY J. W. LONGLEY, A. B., HALIFAX, N. S.

LITERATURE, in its broadest and truest sense, is cosmopolitan. No man can gain a world-wide fame as an author whose works do not contain sentiments applicable to men of all nations—to humanity at large. These are very simple principles, and pretty generally understood and acknowledged. This fact seems to render appropriate,—perhaps necessary—some general observations on the subject at the head of this article, particularly at the present time.

Any one who is interested in the progress of literary enterprise in this Dominion cannot fail to notice the activity which is apparent, at present, in literary circles. Where only a few years ago there was scarcely a single publication that pretended to be either literary or scientific, there are now to be found very respectable periodicals, both weekly and monthly, which appear to be alive and progressive, and, in some instances, decidedly creditable. Where a short time since our very school books and novels came from American Publishing Houses, we have now a comparatively long Catalogue of Publishers, who are vieing with each other in fresh adventure each day. This new activity seemed to spring into existence at the inauguration of the Act of Confederation, and it seems, indeed, most reasonable that this measure should have borne such fruits. When we consider the proportions and pretensions of the political organization of Canada, it surely seems only natural and just that the matter of a distinctive National Literature should become interesting to our ablest men and best patriots. The idea of a country possessing important political institutions, and a political status that is constantly becoming higher, and commanding the attention and respect of other nations, and yet, destitute of a literature or literary men of note, strikes one as indicating a strange and unaccountable contrast, if not a decided lack somewhere. Hence, the natural effort that is being made to advance our literary interests, and to make letters as respectable as politics.

The idea embodied in the opening sentence of this article makes it necessary to refer to the peculiarities of our present position. It is affirmed by many of our own people that it is all

folly to talk of a *Canadian* Literature. We need not aim to build up anything of a distinctive type whatever. Literature is world-wide, and we have ready access to the highest thoughts of the best thinkers. All this may be readily granted, and yet it be evident that there is something important for us to do—something tangible for us to achieve.

If it could be truthfully asserted that literature was cosmopolitan fifty years ago, with how much more force can it be averred now. Even in that short space of time the world has shewn immense progress. National distinctions are being broken down, general and intimate intercourse with every quarter of the globe is the daily boon of all civilized people, and isolation is becoming almost an impossibility. Contact with other nations, and familiarity with other races, are tending to annihilate those arbitrary distinctions which used to prevail in such a marked degree. Everything seems to indicate the ultimate brotherhood of mankind. But still, Individualism does exist, and, so far, we must view our relations to the literary world at large with this idea in mind.

It may not be amiss to look back for a moment at the rise of Literature in Europe. Here we notice the most marked distinctions. We have the brilliant, flashy, and, in the main, objective literature of the Latin nations; that graver, duller, more profound and subjective literature of the Teutonic race; and, then, the crude efforts of the Slavonic tribes. Coming to sub-divisions: we have the peculiar and distinctive features of the English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swiss, etc., etc. Perhaps the two opposite poles are the French and the German. The former is sprightly and vivacious; the latter abstruse and solid; in the one, we see the heavy, didactic tread of the Essayist; in the other, the rapid and flexible movement of the Narrator. Then, looking to the origin, we find that one hundred years ago Germany had no books and no literature, and yet, by the zeal of her scholars and men of letters, German literature, though tinged strongly with transcendentalism, and not free from Theosophic moonshine, is, nevertheless, a monument of subtle thought and elaborate research, "from which the learned of other generations shall borrow the corner stones of their edifices."

This glance at European Literature will suffice to suggest the propriety and importance of making efforts in this country to build up a distinctive National Literature, and of fostering a

spirit of literary zeal among our people. Indeed a study and contemplation of what has been achieved in other and older countries ought to stimulate us to seek, by vigorous efforts, to invest our literature with a brilliance and a glory which shall make our new nation famous and respected throughout the world.

It is known that National character exerts an influence on Literature, and literature and philosophy upon religion; it is not amiss, then, to consider what may be some of the marked features of the literature which we may expect to see developed in the course of time in Canada.

The enlightenment which is growing up on this side the water has many features entirely different from those which characterize the older countries of Europe. The lack of social distinctions, of rank, of a born nobility, of castles, and monuments of antiquity, the greater freedom of political and social institutions; these must have their effect on the national mind, yet, they have not developed, until very lately, any marked and distinctive features in American Literature. There has been apparent, among American literary men, a disposition to imitate and follow the English Masters. Longfellow is almost as much an English Poet as Wordsworth or Southey. To Bret Harte belongs the honour of originating a new and distinctive school of American poetry, and there are evidences of other men of that type springing up.

We in Canada may justly be supposed to follow more closely the style and thought of English genius than our American neighbours, and, yet, the facts seem to indicate considerable individualism in the budding efforts of the Canadian mind. The time is past when men will universally admire the poetry of historic deeds and associations. Canadians will not have a very deep interest in, nor derive a very strong inspiration from, the ruins of old castles, or the legends of Heroic times. We live in a country of broad and beautiful scenery. We have noble rivers, immense lakes, wide fields, majestic mountains, and grand falls. Our people are fond of Nature and admire the verdant lawn, the bursting of blossoms, and the waving of corn. Our poetry, if we ever have any, should be the Poetry of Nature.

Next, our people are liberal in sentiment. There is no aristocracy of blood among us; the patrician element is either wanting entirely, or varies with a generation. There is no oppression among us to call forth the patriotic pen of remonstrance and

noble appeal; there are no revolting forms of vice or corruption to awaken the pen of satire and rebuke; equality is acknowledged; the most perfect freedom is enjoyed, and insubordination is unheard of. To write Stories of Canadian life, and fill the scenes with brutal murders, ruthless assassinations and bloody riots, would simply be ridiculous. The delineator of Canadian life must picture the quiet scenes of industry, the simple incidents of ordinary life, the joys, sorrows, hopes, disappointments, successes and failures which are incident to men in the common routine of life. But there need be no lack of interest in these tales, because devoid of the "blood and thunder" element. The faithful history of *any* human heart, through all its struggles in life, can never grow wearisome. It must strike a chord that will vibrate in every other heart. There is more tragedy in the life of the poorest wood-cutter than ever the most brilliant novelist has conceived and written.

It may be inferred from these observations that the Literature of Canada must be broad, and contain elements applicable to mankind in all the relations of life. We are not destitute of interesting historical records; there are many memorable spots to be found in all the Provinces, where the relics of fierce struggles and bloody conflicts may still be found. The Plains of Abraham will ever be memorable, and the Siege of Louisburg will survive as long as the name of Wellington; but the recollections of these encounters will scarcely be the fountain of inspiration for Canadian writers. Our civilization and institutions suggest something broader.

There is no occasion, at present, to deplore the want of literary activity and zeal. We are advancing rapidly—our progress is surprising. Book after book is issuing from the Canadian Press; Magazine after magazine is being started and respectably patronized; Weekly after weekly is being published with unexpected success; Writer after writer is entering the field and competing for public favour; Story after story is appearing, embalming in pleasant narrative the scenes and incidents of our national life; Works of Science are followed by works of History, and everything seems astir. May we not predict that another generation may view the literary achievements of our country with pride, and speak with admiration and reverence of those who even

then shall have earned bright and fadeless laurels in fields of Literature?

I have no fear of our Literature becoming too distinctive. If I have a wish in the matter at all, it is that *Canadianism* may be a prominent element, and that the records of our thought may be tinged with the influence of our own favoured land.

A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

CHAPTER XIV.

DELAVAL speedily found sensation returning to his damaged arm. He was quits for his temerity by a bruised elbow.

Groping his way forward he clambered with difficulty over the fallen *débris* that encumbered the mouth of the cavern.

At last he rose to reconnoitre.

"*Ouais!*" quoth the Frenchman, ducking his head again instantly, "What do I see there?"

In effect it was difficult for him to render himself an account of what he *had* seen; under such a fantastic aspect had the sight presented itself to him.

Through an enormous erosion wrought through the inner face of the cavern into the bowels of the hill, the regard of Delaval plunged under vaults sombre as those of a tunnel, cut and broken by vast sweeps of light and shade. The light came from a dozen torches attached to the pillars of living rock that had been left standing by the fretting tide of an older world than ours.

This light it was, projecting its pencil of radiance like a Pharos far over the billows, which had first attracted the new-comer's notice.

In the clear, there now stood revealed before him a reunion of some sixty men.

The assembly held its session at two hundred paces distance, or thereabouts, from their self-constituted visitor.

These men appeared to be gathered for an affair of the highest

importance, for they pressed around an orater who spoke with fire and gesticulated with energy.

"Stay, stay!" quoth Delaval, then after some seconds' contemplation, "Who are these men, and what are they doing here?"

In fact, thus illumined by the reflection of the torches, had it not been for their every-day male costume, one would have taken them for legendary witches out enjoying their unholy Sabbath.

Again Delaval drew out his *lunette*,—focussed it upon the singular spectacle he had before his eyes,—and sought to divine what it could all be about.

Thanks to the gleam of the flaming bog-wood splints, and also to the perfection of his instrument, he could see the workings of every frame in that nocturnal council.

Though all were masked or blackened, they expressed in every attitude the most rapt interest. The ears stretched, the lips half open, the eyes fixed on the speaker, all denoted how completely their attention was engrossed.

Whether it was that the orator's voice was feeble, whether he purposely spoke in a subdued tone, or whether the distance at which Delaval found himself from the group was too great, certain it is that how close soever the attention he lent, and that fine and practised as was his ear, he was not able after five minutes strained listening to catch one stray word of what was being said.

Though all were variously clad in the ordinary costumes of the country, one thing they had in common, all wore, loosely disposed around them, those long grey frieze coats with ample capes so generally used among the peasantry, and underneath these could be seen at times the gleam of side arms, with other martial accoutrements.

Their rifles stacked in approved military style, a sprig of green in every man's hat, together with other distinguishing badges, all marked them out as a secret society, convened for far other than peaceful purposes.

"Ah, I have found you, *Messieurs* the ghosts! Desolated to have lost sight of you so long, but enchanted to discover you once more, and in such congenial company too. I trust it will not be considered bad taste in a mere mortal like your humble servant to assist at your spectral interview."

So saying he pushed forward cautiously towards the light,

slipping from pillar to pillar till half the distance had been passed, when a sudden burst of voices made him drop into shade.

"Hurrah for the people!" shouted the crowd.

"*Vive le peuple!*" echoed the Frenchman softly.

"Down with the tyrants!" thundered the many.

"*A bas les tyrans!*" quavered the one.

"Down with the Saxons!" "Death to the landlords!"

"With all my heart: I endorse the sentiment, especially as it applies to Monsieur my uncle!" responded this affectionate relative.

The sound of an impassioned voice now fell on his ear, sustained, vibrating, but the words he could not catch. The startled regards of the throng seemed riveted on a shining object the speaker waved aloft from time to time, and soon the look of wondering curiosity changed into that of fury on every face, and the spy fairly shivered as each man started to his feet, and savage yells rang through the cavern:

"Kill him! Hang him! Where's the traitor?"

A sudden fear seized him, an insane impulse to turn and flee. The instinct of the murderer that tells him his sin has found him out, that instinct of flight which drove the first murderer a vagabond and a wanderer over the face of the earth, lest whoever found him should slay him, this over-mastering horror it was which now came strong upon the conscience-stricken wretch.

For, was not *this* a voice from the dead rising to accuse him? Was not *that* the palpable evidence of his crime?

Reason, however, returned in time to prevent him betraying himself, or, rather, rage took the place of remorse; rage at himself that he should have permitted himself to be duped by his own superstitious fancies; rage beyond all at the trick successfully played on him by this resurrected victim of his hate, "the deep damnation of whose taking off" had cost him so many compunctious visitings.

The voice told him, though the face was blackened, that this was none other than Barney! Barney, full of his wrongs, mercilessly unravelling and blazoning abroad his whole dark intrigue.

Grinding his teeth with fury, the Frenchman could scarce restrain himself from leaping there and then upon his foe, wrenching from him by the strong hand that tin lid on which so much of the success of his plot depended, and then by one dagger-stab silencing forever this indomitable witness against him.

"Reptile! You know too much to live! You shall not escape me a second time!" hissed the Frenchman, and his fierce eyes gleamed in the dark like those of the cobra when meditating a spring.

A new stir in the assembly diverted his thoughts for the instant from his purposed revenge. All were kneeling in a circle. In the centre stood one habited as a priest, holding aloft a crucifix in one hand, with the other reverentially pointing to a small box that lay on a table covered by a black velvet pall.

The holy man seemed to address the assistants in tones of solemn adjuration. One by one each started from his kneeling posture and with one hand on the heart, and the other stretched to the heavens, solemnly responded in the Irish tongue "I have not."

When the same unvarying response had been returned from all in the circle, a frown black as midnight gathered on the brow of the priest. Railer and skeptic as he was, it was with an involuntary shiver Delaval heard the dread anathemas of the Church thundering forth.

"And now," cried the priest in ringing tones, "on the *Donagh* I swear ye! Let the liar beware. Who ever missed the death swift and sudden that swore false on the Donagh?" and at the word he reverently opened the box, and displayed under a glass cover the sacred relic.

A groan of horror and dread ran round the auditory. Summoned to approach, one after another they drew near, and with blanched lips kissed the dread talisman. One after another they tremblingly asseverated their innocence:—All of them:—All but one!

As his turn came round, one miserable wretch with a yell of despair bounded from his knees, and dashed off into the darkness.

Straight on towards the hidden on-looker he darted with leaps like those of a wounded tiger.

With the quick instinct of self-preservation the shuddering Frenchman crouched close in the deepest shade,—clasped for safety the slimy rock,—hugged the cold stone with more ardor than ever as a child he had clung to his mother's bosom.

Death, swift, inevitable, seemed rushing on him.

The air,—heavy with the demoniac yells and bitter blasphemies of the infuriated pursuers, whose avenging footsteps rung in thunderous echoes through the resounding corridor,—seemed to choke him.

It was a face pallid as his own that glared out of the darkness upon the fugitive, whose mask falling as he swept by, shewed in the wide-staring eye-balls and the clenched teeth, that the bitterness of death was on him.

A second more, and a wild shriek rising shrilly over the hoarse cries of the balked pursuers told that the doomed wretch, anticipating his fate, had taken the leap sheer down amongst the engulfing billows and the cruel crags far below.

Ah! that face,—with the stamp of death upon it! That despairing shriek,—a shriek as of the damned! Could Eternity ever efface the remembrance of that soul lost,—and lost by *his* crime! for this was but his own instrument?

But it is no time now for thought—for remorse! In an instant they will be back upon him.

Is discovery then certain?—Is there no escape?—no disguise possible?

Ah! welcome the inspiration! Here at his feet lies the crape mask that fluttered from the detected felon; and yonder is the frieze-coat that he tore off to disencumber himself in his flight.

Confident in his disguise, Delaval silently mingles with the group of men now in moody silence, or with muttered ejaculations gazing downwards on the scene of their comrade's death.

At last, in answer to a summons from within they retrace their steps, and with them their self-elected *confrère*.

But how does this latter curse his precipitancy, when he finds his neighbors grasping their arms, filing off in platoons, and answering by name to the roll-call!

He will infallibly be detected if he linger an instant longer; and in the doom of the traitor so lately consummated, he has read an impressive lesson as to what will be his own fate if found out.

So, trusting to his usual good-fortune, he slips into a dark passage opposite to that by which he entered the cave.

But his manœuvre is observed. A hoarse challenge:

"Halt! Let none leave the Lodge without shewing their pass,"—compels him in his own despite to turn. But only for an instant.

One sight of the wrathful countenances bent towards him,—the ominous click of the breech-loaders being charged,—and all his courage suddenly sinks to his heels. Thus it was with a bound, rivalling that of his companion in guilt, he dashed into the unknown darkness.

A few scattering bullets whistling in unpleasant proximity to his ears, and wild shouts of "A spy, a spy! We are betrayed! Seize him! Knock him over!"—lent wings to his flight.

Stumbling and bruising himself severely more than once, he had run for over a minute, when a gust of night air meeting him, and then a gleam of light gave him the hope of escape. But as he rushed on, he suddenly saw yawning in front of him the deep, dark abyss of the castle moat.

Unable to check his speed, with a supreme effort he took the leap, and landed full length in a dark orifice in the opposing cliff, that marked the continuation of the passage he had been traversing.

Hearing now only distant and confused shouts he struggled onward and upward more cautiously, and at last emerged, as he had begun to suspect he should, beneath the big boulder, where the ill-kept tryst of the evening had led him into so many scrapes.

A few steps more and he clambered on his impatient steed. The distant clatter of galloping hoofs sounding in the morning air told the baffled Fenians that their quarry had escaped them.

Having followed their usual track to the right, whilst he had blundered into one on the left, staunch beagles as they were they had been thrown off the scent.

CHAPTER XV.

"PARDON the intrusion," said Harvey, as, entering his sister's room, he pressed a kiss upon her forehead, but I feel so anxious."

"Anxious!" interrupted she; I should think you were. Why, if you were the man with the Iron Mask you could not have a more care-lined countenance. Your imprisonment seems to weigh heavily upon you."

"That's just it, Madeline. Calvert and I have been puzzling over the problem for the last hour, and it's all a muddle. We can't make it out.

"Can't make what out?" echoed the girl.

"Oh, Delaval's motives for this arrest, and the shooting of the Colonel—for we are sure he has something to do with it—and his trying to fasten the guilt on Barney, and to implicate Calvert. Poor Barney! Calvert takes on badly about his loss, poor fellow!

By the way, hadn't we better have him in? He's out there." And unmindful of his sister's little shriek of protest —

"Oh, don't, for mercy's sake, Reginald! I'm not fit to be seen," the horrid man actually stalked to the door and summoned Calvert to enter.

With a discretion scarcely to be credited in a he-creature, the youth paused on the threshold, giving time to his divinity to catch up a Cashmere, and hurriedly swathe her beauty in its envious folds.

A charming blush, and a grateful glance rewarded his delicacy, as exchanging the morning greetings he timidly advanced, and flung himself on a *fauteuil* she pointed out to him.

Harvey comfortably disposed his lazy length on a lounge, with his head in his sister's lap, whilst she, having subsided in a graceful attitude, turned toward her visitor her candid face. With her wealth of golden hair, still damp, streaming down her shoulders, her dimpled hand and arm, fit model for a sculptor, and toying with the auburn masses of her brother's hair, to the youth she seemed, in her innocence, and fresh loveliness, the perfect realization of Milton's exquisite fancy of Sabrina, — "the water nymph, the virgin pure."

"You see, Maddie," said her brother resuming the discussion, "Calvert and I have been for the last hour or more, vainly puzzling over the snarl we have got into."

"Yes, and so you come to me, who have not a bit of reason or logic in me, to solve your doubts for you."

"Just so," replied her brother. "You women have a genius for intrigue and a knack at reading riddles. Yours is knowledge without reasoning, and truth without logic. As for you—you are a perfect miracle of intuition?"

An enchanting pout and a light cuff of the delinquent's ear resented this sally.

"Now," said Harvey seriously, "can you read Delaval's cards? Can you put us up to his little game?"

"First, let me enquire how you read them," said the girl.

"O, it's plain enough on the surface," began her brother, "the villain is scheming for Calvert's fortune. There are but two lives between. If he could but wipe these two out; if he could but set the father against the son; or better,—if he could wipe out the father, and lay the guilt on the son, the thing would be done."

"The villain!" exclaimed Calvert. "If that be his cue, I will shoot him down like a pestilent wolf."

Disregarding this ebullition of just wrath, the American went on:

"As to the means. Here is Fenianism, a convenient scape-goat for all villanies. What so easy as to make out they have been at their favorite game of 'tumbling the landlords?'"

"Yes. I heard the scoundrel use that very term to my father" —again broke in Calvert.

"Now, here is Barney, Calvert's friend, one whose shrewd intelligence he has reason to fear; and this man is more than suspected of being one of the brotherhood. What more easy again than to fire a shot, and to drop a sign implicating the poor man, and at the same time covering the trace of the real perpetrator? Furthermore, Calvert's attempt to conceal the same will be construed into proof positive of his complicity in the dark deed."

"Oh, he's a devil incarnate!" said the poor lad. "To dream of laying my father's murder at my door. I would die for him."

"Be easy, my lad;" said Harvey in a tone of commiseration; "God knows, and your father knows that. But what I can't make out is how the man should be such a fool as to meddle with me. He must know very well he will make nothing, but mar everything by that move."

"My dear brother," said Madeline, "who risks nothing,—has nothing. Delaval had to bag us all, or none. You remember you challenged him yourself. It wouldn't have done to have let any of us slip, or he would speedily have found the management of this little affair passing out of his hands, and his mine blown up about his ears."

"The man is an ass to shew his hand so early in the game," said her brother. "I am inclined, however, to think there is some deep move under all this we don't know of yet. By the way, Maddie, that was a strange scene with the Colonel and you last night. What do you think of it all? See here"—and beckoning Calvert to approach, the latter drew his seat close by the girl's side. For the next minute the three heads were bent in silent scrutiny over the mysterious locket, unwound by the Colonel the previous evening from his own neck, and transferred to that of his son.

"It is your very picture, Madeline," said Harvey, "A little older, but the same."

"I cannot understand it at all," said the girl, with a strange, set look.

"Think, Maddie; as far back as ever you can. Do you recollect nothing?"

The instant he had uttered them, Harvey regretted his words.

A deadly white slowly settled over her scared face. Her glorious blue orbs, widely distended, gazed into vacancy. Some dread vision of the past seemed swooping down on her like a nightmare,—blanching the sanguine hues, and stiffening the lithe living grace of her adorable figure into the pallor and rigidity of marble.

"So cold! Oh, so cold!" She murmured with a shiver.

Dreadfully alarmed, the American caught her to his breast, and chafing her hands and face, sought to restore the impeded circulation.

A few instants, and the seizure seemed to pass off, the heavy eyelids to lift, and the color to return; then, with a faint smile, and a word of excuse, she rose unsteadily, and assisted by her brother, retired to the chamber adjoining.

Calvert, perturbed, commenced pacing to and fro, conning over in his mind all possible explanations of this mysterious scene.

Who was this girl with his mother's face? Had chance wrought a strange resemblance? Or was there indeed some valid reason for it? What sombre mystery had half reared its skeleton-head from the tomb of the dead past?

A tap at the outer door arrested his cogitations and his march together. Striding thither he flung open the door, and confronted — Marie!

A dark, dangerous, *diablerie* lurked in the smile wherewith she greeted him — a smile, sinister, significant, provokingly suggestive of one knows not how many shameful insinuations.

There is a world of meaning in the smile of a woman of the world; but the meaning smile of a thoroughly depraved woman is a door suddenly opening into hell.

Before Marie's smile the ingenuous youth stood confused, abashed, irritated, compromised, convicted, condemned, all at one and the same time, and all without a word spoken.

At last the vile, unspoken meaning found utterance.

"Ah, pardon! I meant not to derange our little assignation. It appears that Mamselle has her *toilet receptions!* I was not aware of it. Or rather"—and her eye swept the apartment, taking in at a glance the recent disorder, and the half-open door of the sleeping-chamber — "or possibly, her *receptions-de-lit!*" A grin of devilish malice pointed the insult. "How delighted *Monsieur notre père* will be to hear of his son's *succes d'amour!*"

"Confound it, Marie, what do you mean?" cried the youth indignantly. "Dont you see that her brother ——?"

"Her brother!" sneered she; "Ah! he acts the pander to our little drama of Troilus and Cressid, does he! Marvellous complaisance! The beautiful office! I congratulate you on having found a fitting Messalina at last!" and sweeping a mocking courtesy she was gone, leaving the youth speechless, boiling with futile indignation, to digest as best he might the affront, and to ponder over what new complications this might involve him in with his high-minded but hasty parent, with such a serpent tongue to spit her foul venom in his ears.

CHAPTER XVI.

His friend's hand on his shoulder startled Calvert out of his painful stupor.

"What's up, old fellow?" said he kindly, "you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I have seen a devil!" said Calvert savagely.

"What! Who is it? That rascally Frenchman again?" said Harvey.

"No, he's only a he-devil. It takes a she-devil like Marie to beat the Arch-Fiend himself."

"Marie! Pshaw, man! you need'nt get profane on a pretty little thing like that. She could'nt hurt a fly. She is only jealous of your attentions to a stranger. She's afraid you might cast her over. What fun if they should both happen to get sweet upon you. I must put Mad up to it for mischief;" and he laughed long and loud at the idea.

The impossibility of permitting the haughty American even to suspect the insult passed on his sister under his roof and in his name, struck the youth with painful force, the more so that at

the moment Madeline glided into the apartment in a bewitching morning negligée, and smilingly apologized for her delay, at the same time cross-examining Harvey as to the cause of his mirth.

The latter only rolled over on the lounge in convulsions of merriment ejaculating from time to time —

"Oh, Calvert, Calvert! Turned Theseus, have you? Poor forsaken Ariadne!"

The pitiful glance of the confused youth seemed to appeal to the maiden for protection, and her kind heart was touched by his evident distress.

"Come Reginald," said she, "Do be serious. Don't you see how annoying you are?"

A final peal of Homeric laughter as he surveyed the woe-begone aspect of his victim, and Harvey, wiping the tears from his eyes, pronounced himself as sober as a judge.

"But only to think!" said he, threatening a relapse, "A regular Medean tragedy in progress among the juveniles! My dear Jason! Don't you hanker after the Golden Fleece?"—and as a comment on his attempt at a joke, his hand tenderly thridded his sister's wealth of curls;—"For if you do there are terrors and chimeras dire in store for you! You'll be brained by a fan, or done to death with a bodkin to a dead certainty!"

"Now, Reggie, how can you be so cruel?" protested his sister. "You'd jest with Death himself, I verily believe."

"Yes, indeed; if he appeared in such a toothsome guise, as but now I caught a glimpse of at the door. Green-eyed jealousy and dark despair done up in *Chignon* and *Panier à la mode Parisienne!* It was perfect! —

> 'Like Bacchus' raving priests sometimes I go,
> 'With such wild haste, and hair dishevelled so;
> 'Then on some craggy rock sit silent down,
> 'As cold, unmoved, and senseless as a stone!'"

In a short time the American and his sister returned, when Harvey, after some humorous remarks on the appearance of Calvert, said, "I must tell you something which may be explanatory of some strange things in Madeline's history. Years ago, perhaps fifteen, perhaps more, a hard winter it was; an American winter, Calvert! You don't begin to know what that means till you try it.

"It was a night of storm. The snow fell dense, frightful. The

crazy erections in Shanty Town, (you remember it,) Maddie;—between the Fifth Avenue palaces and the Central Park? It's the Potter's Field of New York; (with this about it though,—they bury the poor alive there, instead of waiting till they are dead!) —the crazy hovels there creaked, and rocked like a ship in distress.

"A child, also in distress, was straying about. His coat and fur cap looked strangely out of place, where rags, filth, and nakedness are the customary costume.

"What brought him there it would be hard to tell. Perhaps only that proclivity for getting lost natural to children; be that as it may, he was lost, and likely to remain so.

"Here he stood at all events,—an atom in the midst of the whirling snow-storm, as much alone as if he were in another world, though human life was pulsating all around him.

"Night and sleep dulled all ears to his cry, rising shrill at intervals above the blast. Death rode on the blast that night. It hovered over that devoted mass of poverty-striken humanity, huddled together in their ruinous hutches. Death was busy stamping out ignoble lives!

"The rich man's child staggered blindly on, benumbed, exhausted, terrified; with the drift in his nostrils, and the cold melted snow about his neck.

"All at once a feeble echo of his cry, appeared to rise up out of the ground beside him, he stood still, chained to the spot by hope and yet by horror, for it was more like the wail of an invisible spirit than of a human voice. The cry came again, sharper, more agonized; the cry of something else in distress besides himself.

"The boy hurried forward a few steps, and fell over a white mound upon the broken pathway. His arms out-stretched to save himself, grasped an ice-cold shoulder and a naked arm!

"Again the feeble cry rose up, and this time it was close beneath his ear.

"Kneeling beside the object, he began carefully to remove the snow, and discovered the almost stiffened corpse of a woman. Surely it had not been her voice that he had heard?

"A slight movement under the pall of snow attracted his attention; a tiny, livid-blue hand was thrust upwards; he scooped away the snow, and found a living baby in the dead woman's embrace!

"The infant was clothed in rags, but such as they were they had

been stripped from the mother's body to protect it. She had died of cold, but the dead arms ceased not to enclasp the living child. Such was the tragedy that the rich man's son fell upon in the poor man's quarter."

"Ah! Maddie, do you guess now what made you feel so cold?"

"What?" cried Madeline, "and was it you then who saved me from death, and gave me a new mother, as well as a brother who has not ceased to be more than ever brother was before? O Reginald!" and the beautiful girl cast herself into his arms.

"I have received more than payment for that night's trouble long since," said Harvey tenderly, "and thankful am I for my little storm-bird that God gave me to be the sunshine of my life, and to comfort me in turn over a mother's icy corpse."

* * * * * * *

There fell a deep silence over the group, broken only by the sobs of the agitated girl.

At first, white and cold, and now all unhinged, she clung with nervous tremors round the neck of this more than brother, who had been to her God's angel of life, sent to answer the prayer and accept the charge held forth to Heaven at the hands of death.

"And is this all?" Calvert ventured at last to observe. "Were there no traces discovered?"

"Nothing to speak of," answered Harvey. "It is true there was a coroner's inquest on the body when found next morning. And when my father called at the Irish cabin near by, where the body was first carried, he found the fragment of a crumpled letter with these words in French:—

'La Falaise, 5th Aug., 18—. My dear Lisette, all goes well. Thy little one (*Ta petite*) will be a great lady. And since the other ought to be dead (*l'autre doit être morte*) by this time, that is if you are not too soft-hearted, you can return immediately. Enclosed find a draft on ———, which will be duly honored on proof that the affair is finished. J. BARILLOT.'"

"La Falaise!" ejaculated Calvert, "strange! Is not that the name of the village near the old chateau of my mother's race? Yes. I am not deceived. It is there in the venerable chapel of La Falaise that the two sisters, my mother and Delaval's stepmother lie entombed! What mystery is here?"

"Wonderful!" cried Harvey. "Here at last is a ray of light on that horribly sinister document. What murderous meaning

lies couched under that phrase: 'Thy little one will be a great lady since the other one ought to be dead,—*L'autre——morte!*' Who is this *other?*"

And they all three sat dumb, daunted in the presence of the dim possibility looming up before them.

(To be continued.)

HOW COUSIN GEORGE FELL IN LOVE.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER V.

I ROSE very early, before the frogs had ceased to croak, took my white shroud dress off the nail on the wall where I had hung it the night before. I laid it on the floor, carefully spread out, and on it I placed my concertina, a book of music that George had given me, knots of faded ribbon and old artificial flowers presented by the same individual, withered bunches of dandelions and buttercups, valued because gathered by the same, a pair of serge boots in which the same had admired the feet of Belle Burnaby, and last but not least, shiny *tintypes* and fearful daguerreotypes that dazzled the eyes, taken of the same in every style and of every age, from a little stupid-looking boy with long ringlets and a large collar, to a dignified young man with a moustache,—then the irate proprietor of these things shed a few bitter tears over them, and then proceeded to roll up the strange collection. The dress was nearly as fresh as ever, but I had no mercy on its freshness, but tied it up with many a knot. I took it up in my arms, and crept cautiously down stairs to the kitchen, where there was a large old-fashioned open fireplace. I was glad of this fact for once, for no cooking-stove could have contained my treasures. I laid the bundle on the hearth and struck a match and applied to the white Swiss, then I sat beside it and watched the results.

Whiff! whiff! went the smoke of the blazing muslin, and very soon the shroud dress was a thing of the past; but when the flames came to the boots and the concertina they were slightly staggered, they hovered round, yet drew back from the leather and

varnished paper as if they did not like the taste of them, and wriggling away to find something more agreeable, they lit on the withered flowers and ribbons and licked them up greedily, then they returned and waved coyly round the Prunellas. I encouraged them with delicate slips of firewood and bits of bark, till they finally devoured them, even the tin and daguerreotypes curled up and rocked to and fro like living things, and at last melted into little pools and hissed and sputtered in the glowing ashes. The sacrifice was complete, the greedy fire had ravenously eaten it all, and as it had burnt so had burnt out my love, and I made sacrifice of my heart as well.

After it was all over and the big clock had struck five, I realized that there was an awful smell of burnt leather in the air, and I remembered with dread my Aunty Fan's too sensitive nose. I opened all the windows and doors, established a thorough draft, and some of the ill odor was thus disposed of. I also went up stairs for a time, and then came down again to see or rather to smell the difference; the air was still leathery, so I resolved to abide by it and get breakfast ready myself before Aunty should be stirring, and surely by that time the atmosphere would be all serene.

The breakfast was over and gone, and Aunt and I had settled down to our morning sewing, when I startled her by suddenly asking, "Aunty have you any money?" She jerked her head in such amazement that her spectacles fell in her lap, and the stony stare that she bestowed on me with her unglazed eyes was positively terrifying. "Money," she echoed in faint accents, "No, where should I get it? Why you surely know Belle that I have no money. Your father always manages anything of that kind." "Well then I shall have to walk," I replied doggedly: the expression in my face and voice alarmed the old lady, for she asked in a hurried voice, "Whatever is in your mind, dear Belle?" and she wiped her glasses, put them on, and took a good look at me with her glazed eyes. I met that gaze with a face filled, I know well, with the resigned air of despair. The widow's scathing tongue had worked Satan's work in my untutored mind and heart. I was going to leave them forever—that kind aunt, that dear father, that poor, false, deluded George. My ideas of town life were vague. I thought of escaping from scoffing Rivermouthians, from my lost beau, and I had an indistinct idea of making my fortune. In doing this, of course, I should find some difficulty, but still I was

confident that it could be done, and in this thought lay one of the elements of success. It was trying though to look in my aunt's kind face and tell her that I was going to forsake her. I thought for some time of suitable words in which to tell her the cruel truth. I could not soften it with fine speeches, so at last I blustered out, "Aunt, I am going away, away from Rivermouth, away for good. Yes, you need not shake your head. Ah! dear Auntie, don't you cry;" for so soon as she realized that I was in earnest, she threw herself into my arms and wept. It would be useless to tell of the arguments that ensued, or the entreaties and remonstrances of both my guardians. They got some of our old friends to help them, but it was of no avail, and Amoret clung round my neck and cried over me as if I were going to be drowned like a superfluous kitten, and all their kindness was in vain. I was determined to go, and I went. Looking back on it now, although not sorry that I went, for many reasons, I cannot but see that it shortened my father's life, and caused both dear souls that loved me many lonely days and nights. But my wretchedness and selfishness blinded me, and no earthly power could have held me captive in Rivermouth. Aunty had relations in a distant city, and to their strict custody I was consigned by letter. I travelled partly by coach, partly by rail, and Cousin George drove me to the coach-office himself, and saw me off.

It was a sad drive that last one, for then I felt fully the pain of parting from birthplace, relations, friends, a fond parent, and above all, from the stout, true-hearted man that sat by my side. I scarcely spoke, and he was not talkative; he only wondered why I went away, and wished that I could have stayed at any rate for the pic-nic next day. He did not care, you know, he only said so in politeness, and as the tide of feelings that I could not stem during this my last drive with him, swept over me, in my heart-sick despair I thought that if he loved me as I loved him, Heaven help him when the *awakening came.* Oh! bitterly, cruelly I thought of her, and can you blame me, knowing all? Why could she not leave him to me, why take my one friend from me, when 'twas only to throw his heart aside with a laugh, to spurn with haughty foot his humble love? As we neared the place where we must part, as I thought forever, my cup of misery seemed full to the brim, I laid my hand on his and

looked in his happy, untroubled face. Could I warn him, could I at this last moment cloud his loved face? Oh, no.

He looked at me with his blue forget-me-not eyes that had so truly forgotten me, and said: "Do you want to drive, Belle?" for the strong hands I clasped held the reins. "Oh! no," I said, forgetting all else save that I should see his face no more. "I want you to kiss me good-bye George, just one kiss, for you know it may be the last, we may never meet again on earth, and we are nearing the settlement.

George blushed and I blushed, but we need not, for we kissed each other as we would have kissed the dead, but he was embarrassed, and my throat was filled with sobs, so that I spoke no more till I reached the coach-office, and then with calmness I bade him farewell. The relations to whom I went proved more kind than such persons usually do, and I was made a welcome member of a large family. I tried to make myself generally useful and agreeable, and took every step that I could towards making my fortune. They were poor and so was I, therefore I began at the foot of the ladder and learnt how to make dresses and run a sewing-machine. I heard from home often and learned with sorrow that my father's health was failing, but, God bless them for it, there was never a word of reproach in their loving epistles. They never mentioned either my cousin or the widow, for they had learned, after I left, of George's infatuation, and they would not have pained me by writing of them, therefore I knew nothing of them, and they almost passed from my mind, as they had passed from my life; sometimes though when I was lonely or homesick my heart would ache, just a little, and my mind yearn to learn something of Cousin George.

CHAPTER VI.

THE stooping and in-door work, combined with the smoky atmosphere, preyed on my health somewhat, and I missed the sweet-smelling garden, and the broad fields and meadows that I used to wander in, and the elastic, pure country air that I used to breathe. There was a small park in the suburbs of the city, and something like grass and trees grew there, so when I was thoroughly fagged out I took one of the children in the house and together we went to the park and refreshed ourselves as far as

was possible. It was a pretty spot, and a bright, cheerful one, especially if you had never seen a better and brighter and more cheerful. I was thankful for even it to sit, or stroll, or lounge in, although I could never get the taste of smoke out of my mouth, or the fine city dust out of my hair, no matter how much I tried to shake it off among the trees and grassy turf.

I was walking there one fine Autumn day, under the maples' variegated foliage, when a wretched haggard-looking man passed me on the broad walk and pushed against the child I held by the hand. I thought him rude, but pitied him as I watched his bent head and lagging steps. For some moments we walked in the shadow of the trees, then he passed first from under their shade, and entered the clear space beyond; as he did so the bright sunlight shone on his hair, it was yellow and curly, there was not another head in the world like it I thought, for then I recognized the man as *Cousin George.*

I did not faint, I did not scream, I did not even call his name, only my heart stopped beating, and for a moment the breath was stayed on my lips. There was a rustic bench near me set under the trees, and I went to it and sat down, for I trembled all over. I thought that I had forgotten, but the gaunt, wretched man before me, had brought back to my heart my cousin, the bright-eyed boy I had loved so well. After walking a short distance he turned and came feebly back to the seat on which I was sitting. I thought that he had not recognized me, but he held out his hand and said, "You will shake hands with me, Belle, and let me rest here, will you not?" I simply pressed his hand, and nodded, for I could not have spoken, only have wept, as I first gazed on the shattered wreck of Cousin George. The golden curls were threaded with silver, the bright healthy colour was concentrated in a hectic flush, the bones of his face were plainly marked through the thin covering of flesh and skin, and his bright fearless eyes were dull and faded, as if they had wept oceans of tears. His breath was short, and now and then he gave a short dry cough. I could say nothing—only look on him with pity, but after he had rested a short time he seemed anxious to speak himself, and began abruptly. "Belle, you remember the widow, Mrs. Williams, that was staying at Judge Croppley's just before you left Rivermouth. Well, I loved her, loved her like a fool, as if she would marry the like of me," he said bitterly. "She encouraged

me, pretended to love my simple, honest ways. Promised, yes promised to be my wife," then he laughed, oh! such a laugh, more terrible to hear than a scream. "And, my God, Belle, all the time she was laughing at me, despising me, and ridiculing me to the fine gentleman that she brought with her. She has cursed my life," he added bitterly, "but even when I discovered that she did not care for me I could only bless her, only pray that she might be happy. Do you know why she came to Rivermouth? She came because it was a quiet place; came because we were ignorant, as she called it; because she was ashamed of being so short a time a widow, and was afraid that her husband's people would find out that she had married again." "Married again!" I cried in wonder, then she was worse even than I thought. "Yes," contiued poor George, "she was the fine town gentleman's bride before I ever saw her." He grasped his head with both hands to still the wild pulses that beat there. "Oh! God," he groaned, "it was terrible, too terrible to be borne. I went mad after they went away. I would have killed him if I could have found him; they shut me up, but I got out, and laid in wait for them; they went away another road, and I missed them. I am glad of it now. I should have murdered him, and then she would have been distressed, and that I could not endure. I sold my farm; I sold all I was worth in the world, and followed them wherever they went—there was a spell on me. I could not lose sight of her, although her beauty only tortured me. If ever a man was bewitched by a woman, she bewitched me, and *yet* the spell is on me. My money is all gone, and I am working here in a factory, for the last few days, to make some more, so that I can find them. I walked after them till I gave out. I shall soon have money though, and then I shall follow them again." I looked at him in pity and surprise, for his eyes had grown wild and his voice was almost a scream. After he finished speaking he coughed violently, and leaned over the side of the bench, and I saw that the Park turf was wet with his blood. "Oh! George," I cried, how ill you must be, and then I burst into wild sobs and tears, and the child that was with me, being frightened, clung to me and wept too. "It's only the factory, Belle, that does not agree with me. Don't be afraid, I shall find healthier work."

Alas! Cousin George's earthly work was done. He died in the city hospital three weeks afterwards, loving and blessing to the

last, the false, heartless woman who had destroyed his life. He was too proud to become a burden on us, and with sore hearts, you may be sure, we saw him die in the hospital, dependent almost wholly on strangers. I visited him often, in fact I spent nearly all my time there, and from kind lady friends who employed me to sew for them, I received wine, fruit and jelly for my dearly loved Cousin; he wanted for nothing except that he longed to see again the false fair face that lured him to destruction. In his sleep he would often dream of her and murmur aloud, "Cecil! Cecil! bright-haired darling, do you really love me?" and then I turned my face to the wall and wept bitter tears. He would wake exhausted, with the perspiration in beads on his face, and such a woful smile on his parched lips. "I dreamed of her, Belle; she was bright and happy, I thought I was at home again;" then he would sigh and I could see the tears steal down his poor wasted face. It was terrible work watching him die, fading away slowly and surely, and Oh! so patiently, but thank Heaven! I was near him, and tended him, and in my arms he breathed his last, and my lips took an earthly farewell of him, and my hard won money, my first earnings, bought him a burial-place and headstone of white marble and "his name thereon in letters of gold." Shall I tell you how I mourned for him, how empty and drear seemed the world without him, how only occupation, steady and engrossing, kept me from becoming the most miserable wretch on earth? I trow not! all who have loved and lost will understand the awful period, after death. Six months went by, and in that time old Mrs. Morse had died and was buried. One day I went as usual to the cemetery to visit the spot where poor George rested. It was a warm, bright April day, and the turf that lay over his faithful breast was just turning a tender green, and the crocuses had opened their pure white petals in the sun's glad rays. I had planted flowers around and near him, but only the simple green sods were above him. I could never bear that the smallest twig, or weed, or leaf should rest on him, and I now noticed with displeasure that earth and fragments of grass were strewed on one side of his grave, and that a profane foot had trampled the crocuses and broken them. As my eyes roved in displeasure over the spot I noticed close by a newly-dug grave: this then accounted for the careless footsteps; they were those of the sexton: well, I must not be angry, 'twas but to make room for

somebody else's darling. Who was it they were going to lay beside mine? I sat down on the grass near, and wove imaginary stories about the coming tenant of that new-made home; and I also thought of poor George, till the tolling of a bell warned me that the funeral procession would soon be there.

I determined to stay and see the ceremony. A feeling of curiosity, and a strong feeling of interest, that I could not explain, took possession of me and grew stronger as the mournful clang still kept ringing out, at intervals, a sad, a solemn sound.

At last it came, that funeral procession, with hearse drawn by horses with sable plumes, and mourning carriages following, but not one mourner on foot. The tramping horses, the motionless mutes, the wonderful hearse with its nodding feathers, all showed wealth and respect, but where was the sorrow? where the stifled sob betokening the anguish of a heart that is broken? I stood guard over the piece of God's garden that I loved best, and watched the fashionable dead approach its last resting-place. The cortege halted near the grave, the inmates of the carriages came out, and the chief mourner, wearing widower's weeds, but an indifferent face, came and stood near me. He was the fine town gentleman who had astonished Rivermouth with his dancing and his lavender kids, and she, where was she? oh! surely not there! I groaned almost, as the richly-mounted coffin was lowered into the grave, bitterly as I had cause to hate her, it seemed terrible to think that so much beauty should perish in its prime and moulder in a dark pit like that. The ceremony was soon over, and the mourners turned to leave the spot. I felt an awful craving to learn for certain who lay buried there, and I touched the fine gentleman's sleeve. "Whose grave is that?" and I pointed to the scarcely finished work of the sexton. "My Wife's," he said, shortly, and then he went away to his comfortable carriage, climbed into it, so did the others, and they drove away, and the Sexton and I were left with the dead. "Retribution! retribution!" I softly muttered to myself. "They are together at last!" and I wondered if George from the Heavenly could look down on the Earthly world and see those resting-places side by side, and if he would be pleased to know that she had come to him at last.

The voice of the sexton broke in on my reverie, "Did you hear Miss that this lady made away with herself?" "No!" I said, with

horror-stricken accents. "Well, some folks say that she did. You see she is a stranger here, and only arrived last evening at the Hotel B——, and died that same night. Her husband says, that 'twas the long journey and heart disease, but other people say that he went away and left her, and that she followed him and found another lady with him, and then she was so desperate that she poisoned herself. Beautiful woman too she was, ah! it's sad, very sad!" and very softly and lovingly he patted the sods that covered her. I could make him no answer, nor can I tell anyone the terrible feelings that were in my heart as the only survivor of that love-wrecked trio. I stood and looked on those graves. Bitterly weeping, I turned away, and it seemed wondrous pitiful that none wept for that fair-haired, beautiful woman, but Belle Burnaby, that she so heartily despised.

I am of the City still. I never paid but one visit to Rivermouth, and that was to see my father die. A very sad visit this, and full of bitter memories. Aunty Fan and I work together now, we have not made our fortunes yet, but we have enough to live on and some to spare. We keep a nice little shop, and sell sewing-machines and outfits for brides and babies; but although such is our department in trade, we are going to be old maids, Aunty and I.

SONNET.

ON THE HOUR OF POESY.

THERE is a time, methinks, in ev'ry life
(Ill-starred the life to which it is not known,)
When the heart feels an impulse—not its own;—
A time when nature shuns the ranc'rous strife
Of worldly commerce; when the keen-edged knife
Of public negligence falls like a stone
Upon the flinty-rock. The soul is grown
In commune with a *higher power*, and rife
With airy influence, seeks a solitude—
Perchance some lonely vale, from notice free—
And feeds upon this *super-mental food*
With inward satisfaction. 'Tis to me
At such a time there comes sweet Poesy;
And, tho' I *write* it not, I love the *mood*.

M. R. K.

July 31st, 1873.

LOVE IN THE KURD MOUNTAINS.

BY M. ALBERT EYNAUD (REVUE DE DEUX MONDS.)

(Concluded.)

III.

THE Chief of the Abdurrahmanli was sincere when he said, "that one forgets but in the grave the evils which he suffers." In seeing Lucy for the first time he was dazzled. Beauty, so different from that of the women of his country, had produced upon the Kurd the effect of a revelation. He had never dreamed that there could be tresses so fair, cheeks so fresh, blue eyes of so pure a ray. When chance brought him into the presence of this marvellous creature, he perceived in himself lighted up a devouring, irresistible love, like the other passions of his untamed nature. He was completely subjugated. He recognized in her a being of a superior order, different from any he had yet seen.

Though he did not reason about his impressions, he comprehended that he was cast beyond all known paths, and that he was lost. He was in the situation of a man who, never having walked but on solid land, feels that he is in the middle of a quicksand. In such a case a European strives against the unknown mysterious danger; an Oriental accepts silently the destiny which is before him. To suffer and submit is the course of the fatalistic races. After his heart had told him he loved, and that there was no hope, he could think but of abandoning himself to events. I have yet, thought he, some hours, perhaps some days, to see her. That was all his consolation—as to what would happen after the departure of the stranger—that was no affair of his, destiny would take care of that. He perceived that she had despoiled his life, that when she departed he could not return to ordinary existence. To the future he remitted the care of determining what was to happen.

The town of Abdurrahmanli was a half subterraneous set of houses, built in terraces across the steep slope of a promontory, bounded on three sides by water, then frozen. The houses were all built on this slope, so that the gates of those on the higher ground opened on the roofs of those immediately below. When one passed the door he found a sort of stone stair by which he descended to the ground floor, partly cut out of the rock. They are still to-day, "subterranean abodes full of grand vessels of

copper, and where the mountaineers live with their beasts," as the chief of the soldiers of Cyrus, the younger, described them two thousand years ago.

The Kurds are only Mussulmans in name, and their women are not veiled in the presence of strangers. When the Agha introduced the Europeans into his house they were received by his sister, a young woman still, a widow of a Kurd of the same tribe. She received Miss Blandemere with a haughty politeness. She appeared accustomed to command in the house, and had none of the timidity of Eastern women. In fact it was she who managed the affairs of the tribe, and inspired the resolutions taken in the little republic, of which the Agha was the president.

She presented to Miss Blandemere her daughter, a young girl, who, by a strange freak of nature, was fair as a Northern. Lucy asked her name. "They call me little Frandjic," (the little Frank.) "They gave me that name because of the colour of my hair, which is like yours," said she, kissing at the same time one of the floating tresses which fell over the shoulders of Miss Blandemere.

The supper was sumptuous. A sheep was served up after the manner of the country, a "wild roast," as the people of Anatolia call it; fowls almost fat — a rather rare thing in Turkey; preserved fruits, and all sorts of creams. During the dinner an old musician, who was at the same time poet and sorcerer of the tribe, sung songs in the three languages of the Abdurrahmanli — Kurdish, Turkish and Persian. He was blind as Homer, and held in his hand an instrument composed of three metal strings stretched on a board. The lyre of these wandering bards, who were the fathers of Grecian poetry, was neither very complicated nor very harmonious. When they quitted the table, or rather the large plateau of graven pewter, which stood in its room, the old man laid aside his guitar, and taking a *Neill*, a sort of flute, of sweet and melancholy sound, he preluded the first measures of the air to which they sing in Persian verse, "The Grief of Feridoun."* The Agha stopped him brusquely, saying they had had enough of music; and during the remainder of the evening appeared more dreamy and pre-occupied than ever.

---

* Feridoun is the legendary hero of many very old heroic Persian poems. The Improvisateurs to-day take readily his adventures as the subject of their recitals.

The sister of Selim conducted the two strange ladies into a neighboring house which had been prepared to receive them. My sister will remain here and pass the night with you, said she. The bed-chamber was large, elegant, and bright with the light of a flaming fire. The mattresses were covered with heavy quilts of large patterns. Mrs. Morton immediately retired to rest. She declared herself satisfied with the manner in which the Kurds attended to the material conditions of existence, and declared that for a long time she had not slept in so good a bed. Lucy undressed, but did not appear so ready to depart to the land of dreams. She remained a long time up talking to Frandjic. She had taken a sudden affection for that little Kurd, blonde as herself, and in whom she thought she found a compatriot. The child had none of the hauteur of the mother. From the first she was confidential and kind toward the beautiful English lady.

Frandjic was not without resemblance to Selim-Agha. She had the same black eyes full of flames, the same impassioned yet restrained gait, the same approaches of intermittent melancholy—a resemblance which Lucy rather liked. She was continually talking of the Agha—who was her hero. Indeed, the fame of Selim was on every lip. Wonderful stories were told of his quick, sharp justice, against his enemies and among his own people.

He liked evidently to show Miss Blandemere his rustic opulence, but he said not a word of the sentiments which yesterday he had allowed to escape him. He contented himself with admiring Lucy at a distance. He was charmed with her gait and grace. Miss Blandemere was beginning to feel the effects of the sympathetic attraction which the Kurd appeared to exercise over all the world. She liked to hear him speak, and when she answered him her voice flowed in accents of caressing sweetness.

The two companions of Miss Blandemere looked on Selim-Agha with a less favourable eye. The Armenian was by no means at ease in presence of a dominant race who had constantly beaten his own. Besides, though he was treated courteously by every one, it was clear that his situation of Christian Effendi gave him no great consideration with the people of his tribe, and those tacit pretentions to superiority of race are extremely annoying to those who have to submit to them; but the most unhappy of the two was Lieutenant Stewart. Since they had met the Kurd he perceived himself farther from the heart of his cousin. The whole

journey had been for him but a long series of deceptions, and, to crown the misfortune, he could not conceal from himself that Lucy accorded to their host an attention strongly mingled with sympathy. At that moment Stewart found it hard to be under obligations to the Chief. If he had thought he could get rid of the debt of gratitude by paying him some thousands of pounds he would have taken out his check-book with a joyful eagerness.

During the evening, he took Lucy apart, and asked her when she thought it would be convenient for her to depart. "You are very pressing," she replied, "we owe to the Agha and his companions to pass a few days with them."

"It appears," said he, "you have reasons to desire a prolongation of your stay."

"What do mean?" she replied.

"I mean that if that man were not a Kurd one would think he dared to love you, and that you took no means of bringing him to reasonable ideas."

No sooner had the Lieutenant uttered the words than he regretted them with all his heart. But they had been spoken. Miss Blandemere was the more deeply offended because she felt she was not completely innocent. "Though it were so," said she, "I do not see that you have any authority to bring me to account. I have no engagements with any one, and am my own mistress." She rose, crossed the room with an offended air, and departed.

It was then too late to rectify the error. When she entered her apartment she found Mrs. Morton in bed, and sleeping. She sat down before the fire. Stewart had wounded her deeply. She had given him no right to be jealous of her, and why speak of Selim with that contempt. Lucy had to confess to herself that she was not insensible to the seductions of that Kurd, as her cousin called him—and then the disdain of Stewart was reflected on herself.

While she looked sorrowfully into the flame as it danced round the immense fagot of wood, the gate opened, and Frandjic entered. Seeing Lucy plunged in reverie, she did not wish to distract her. Seating herself at her feet she remained some time before Lucy was sensible of her presence. "Are you here?" said she, embracing her. Lucy was happy to have the little Kurd near her. The child drew her from her isolation. Ill content as she was with others, Miss Blandemere found the solitude painful in which she pursued her sad thoughts.

Frandjic was a strange creature, sweet, tender, and thoughtful. She astonished the rude mountaineers among whom chance had given her birth. She often coughed, and one wondered how her weak chest could breathe the keen air of the mountain. Very young, she yet loved not the sports of her age, and one could not divine of what she was dreaming when she would remain for hours, seated on a rock, following with a rapt eye the capricious lines of the peaks which bordered the heavens as the shores of the infinite.

She placed her head on Lucy's knees, and they began to talk. Thus they passed a great part of the night. Frandjic, whom her mother hardly noticed, thinking her a little fool, found an inexpressible pleasure in these conversations. She knew too little to learn much from her new friend, but her own heart was full, and she felt she must open it. Never having quitted the mountains, knowing almost nothing of the neighboring cities, she could scarcely complain of her destiny nor desire a better one; but her uncle was the only one whom she loved; and she comprehended by instinct that there were sweeter skies than the heaven of her native plains. She would have liked to follow Lucy, and was sad with the thought of parting from her. Then she spoke of her uncle, and of his kindness to her. He had never said to her, as others, that the magicians had fixed the destiny of the little Frank. She finished with a burst of tears; she could not tell why, for she did not know. Miss Blandemere tried to console her, and the tears gradually dried up, and she slept as an infant in the arms of her friend.

At that moment Miss Blandemere seemed to think that fate had made a blunder in her lot as well as that of the little Frandjic. She had not lived without pleasure in that wild country, whose noble and severe horizons charmed the fantasies of her altogether ardent and serious nature. She had found there, she thought, a crowd of satisfactions which were wanting in more civilized places. As to the simplicity of the pastoral life, which would have frightened any other European—she could adopt it without regret.

As she could not sleep she took from a table a *narghile*, which had been prepared for her. The *tombeki* which they use in the *narghile* is an aromatic herb which has nothing of the acritude of our tobacco. Almost all the women of the East smoke it, and

Lucy had learned the habit at Tauris. It happened, however, that the leaves of this *tombeki* were mingled with opium. There was not so much as completely to intoxicate Miss Blandemere, but under the influence of the narcotic, feeble as it was, her thoughts became freer, lighter in a way, and swept on through the regions of fancy. Fixing her eyes upon the fine open work of the wooden ceiling gilded by the last reflections of the expiring flame, she commenced a reverie more adventurous than the dreams of sleep. She thought of herself as the mistress of these mansions, and her life henceforth spent between the labours of the winter in the great subterranean habitations, and pastoral wanderings in the long months of summer. As her countrywoman, Lady Esther Stanhope, she would be the Queen of the tribe. Frandjic would be her daughter, and he who had saved her would thank her in turn for saving him "from the evils for which the girls of that country had no remedy." These wild thoughts succeeded in her mind, as the waves which, one after another, roll upon the shore and mingle themselves in expiring.

The fire was dying. She rose to reanimate it, but felt that her head was heavy. "The room wants air," said she. She went to the door and opened it. In the silent night was heard the barking of dogs around the folds. Lucy saw, as across a cloud, the calm winter landscape, but the stars, small and pale, seemed to shine in an atmosphere more than ordinarily sweet. By the light of the moon she perceived a shadow walking in the midst of the snow on the higher terraces. She thought she recognized Selim-Agha. It was indeed he. Since he had met Lucy he had not had two hours of calm sleep. In approaching the place where Lucy was he thought to change the pre-occupations which tormented him. He saw Miss Blandemere, who, white as a phantom, leant against one of the wooden pillars placed on each side of the door. The Kurd could not suppose that it was she—at that hour—rather he thought it was one of the ancestors of the tribe come from the tomb to revisit the places where it had passed its youth. To meet with a spirit from the tomb is the guaranty of an early death. The apparition did not affright Selim. It appeared natural that that messenger from beyond the tomb should announce to him the end of a suffering which it appeared impossible longer to support. He stopped and waited. The unforeseen presence of the Agha was, for Lucy, the continuation of her dream. She quitted the

pillar, traversed the street with the step of a somnambulist, and came towards him. By the rays of the moon Selim distinguished the features of the traveller, but they appeared animated with a strange expression which he had never seen before. She raised her hand to her head and staggered. At a bound the Kurd was beside her and caught her in his arms. In feeling the heart of the young girl beat against his breast the Kurd was more moved than he would have been at meeting with a phantom. It is firmly believed in that country that the dead come forth from the straitened tomb, but this apparition of a living, imposing maiden, noble and cold as Lucy was, was a prodigy which surpassed the wildest imagination. Besides, those eyes, surprisingly large, those sighings which palpitated beneath the bosom of the stranger, shewed that she was under an inexplicable and mysterious influence. Silently she rested her head on the shoulder of Selim. He bent his head toward her, and, without intending it, his lips touched the pale cheek of Miss Blandemere. She shuddered at the touch; at the same time a breeze passed over—a cold breeze, impregnated with the humidity of the snow. Lucy awoke. Gradually the cold air refreshed her brow, and calmed the nervous exaltation produced by the opium. Affrighted to find herself in the arms of the Kurd, she repulsed him vigorously. The remembrance of all that had passed came back to her memory; but she did not comprehend yet how the vague dreams commenced before the hearth had conducted her thither. For some seconds she remained before Selim without speaking; then she said, "I must appear to you very strange. I am astonished to find myself here. The close atmosphere of my room sickened me. I wanted to breathe a moment outside, but the cold surprised me, and I would have lost consciousness in the middle of the snow,—if you had not again come to my succour. I am now better."

Lucy returned to the house and entered. When the door was shut, she trembled as one who has escaped a great danger. "Ah!" said she, with a low voice, when passing before her aged sleeping relative, "You know not what a fool you have brought up." The air of the room was charged with strange vapours, more penetrating than those of *tombeki*. Lucy recognized the peculiar odour of opium. This explained all to her. She renewed the fire, and opened for a little the paper frame which served for a window.

Miss Blandemere, in reviewing the events of the evening,

judged herself severely. She condemned herself for her imprudent reveries. It was cruel to sport with the love of the Kurd, and with the affection of her Cousin. The romance of nomadic life, which for a moment had seduced her, appeared odious and absurd. Who knew where she might have been led if there had been a little more opium in the narghile, if the cool breeze had not dissipated her intoxication? She only thought now of getting away from the Kurdish village as one would withdraw from the edge of a precipice.

Frandjic was in a calm sleep, but a tear still hung at the extremity of the closed eye-lash. Lucy dried that tear with a kiss, then kneeling down before the bed she commenced her evening prayer. In that she asked of God for a blessing upon the little friend whom she was about to leave, and who would be hereafter alone, delivered to the caprices of that destiny which sports with the life of man as the wind with the falling leaves. The prayer finished, she couched herself near Frandjic. Their blonde tresses mingled upon the pillow, and then was heard in the chamber only the chirp of a cricket beneath the cinders of the hearth.

IV.

When the following morning Miss Blandemere met Stewart she held out her hand to him. "Pardon me," said she, "I was unjust to you yesterday, and I regret it. I have a very bad character. I will try to control it better in future. We need not speak any more of that, I suppose? And to give you satisfaction, we will depart to-morrow."

Erzeroom is two days journey of a caravan from Abdurrahmanli, but the horses chosen expressly for the journey were now rested and could without difficulty make it in a single day. It was agreed that they should start with the rising sun. Lucy charged herself with making known the determination to the Agha. "My cousin," said she, "is compelled to hasten his return to Europe. I think it would do me harm to remain in so cold a country as Armenia. You have seen that I was suffering. I fear the consequences of a nervous fever such as that of yesterday."

The Kurd, who did not expect such a speedy departure, perceived that his heart was broken; but he manifested no emotion.

"It will be done as you desire," said he, "I will give orders to have all ready to-morrow morning."

The day passed sadly. Frandjic never quitted Miss Blandemere, and could hardly restrain her tears. The Lieutenent wished to leave with the tribe a souvenir of his journey. He paid magnificently for the least services. He took apart the old blind bard and filled his hand with gold pieces. He, fierce and proud as a poet, accepted that liberality in the same way as Demodocus the presents of kings. "I will compose a poem in your honor," said he, "and your name will live long among the girls of Abdurrahmanli."

Miss Blandemere slept none the whole night. About four in the morning she and Mrs. Morton rose and prepared to depart. They found neither the horses nor the mules which they expected to find there. To make amends, all the village was on foot and in the greatest confusion. "What has happened?" demanded they of Stewart, whom they perceived through the dim twilight.

"The Kurds are in a great commotion," said he. "The Agha has disappeared, and they have been searching for him in vain this half-hour."

The strangers soon learned that the servants of Selim, when they came to their master's house to tell him that the hour of the departure of his guests had come, had found the chamber empty. His favourite horse was not in the stable, and his arms were not in their usual place. He had often previously departed unexpectedly on an expedition or a journey, but always accompanied by some of the men, and after having apprised his sister of his resolution. Such a quick departure seemed inexplicable. If it did not alarm the tribe, it astonished it wonderfully.

When the day came, traces of his horse's feet were found in the snow. He had gone south-east—that is, towards Persia. Many men got on horseback to follow the Agha. The English party did not wish to depart till re-assured regarding their host, and remained at the village awaiting the news. Miss Blandemere had re-entered her chamber, and by the partly open window heard the conversation of the people passing. She did not comprehend their language well, yet enough to know that they imputed to the strangers the event which troubled them all. The witcheries of Europeans are a simple explanation of the most extraordinary incidents. A presentiment told Lucy that the Kurds were only

half-deceived in their conjectures. She feared that the Chief of the Abdurrahmanli remained under the fatal charm which had subdued him, and that he had taken some desperate resolution. She knew the East too well to suppose that he would deliver himself from an existence which had become intolerable, but who could tell what other follies a man might commit under the influence of passion?

Meantime, the evening came on without bringing any news. Lucy passed part of the night consoling little Frandjic, who was alike inconsolable for the departure of Lucy, and the disappearance of the Agha. At break of day the horsemen had not returned. The caravan could not suspend its progress indefinitely. They took the road, charging Selim's sister to send word of the Agha to them at Erzeroom, where they had to remain some days. Lucy bade adieu to the inconsolable Frandjic, to whom she left, as a souvenir of her journey, a turquoise bracelet, a present of the wife of the Viceroy of Tauris; and one part of the tribe accompanied the strangers an hour on the way—all sorcerors as they were supposed to be by the wisest people of the village.

The journey was made, without difficulty, in beautiful weather. On the morning of the third day the caravan departed from a narrow gorge and saw before it a vast plain, like a basin of the sea from which the waves have withdrawn. Mountains in amphitheatre, disposed as steps of an immense circus, shut in all parts. Elevated peaks shot up here and there indented lines above inferior summits. The plain was white with snow. Brown spots, above which floated the smoke, marked the place of numerous villages. In the distance, in the midst of the furthest heights, one might distinguish a sombre spot larger than the others. That was Erzeroom. Environed by immense fields of snow, which the sun covered with blue and rose tints, half veiled by a light fog, pierced by the points of the minarets, she appeared like those fantastic cities, suspended between heaven and earth, which serve for the abode of the Genii.

Erzeroom is near to Europe; but happy as Miss Blandemere was to find herself at the entrance of a civilized country, she did not wish to continue her journey till she had heard what had become of her host of the mountain. The days passed, and the promised message did not come. It was necessary to depart for

Trebizonde, and for Constantinople. In this last city the English voyagers took leave of Tikraine-Effendi. Five days after, they arrived in London.

A year passed away. Lucy, who had married Stewart, was seated at the window of her chamber in the great house of Westmoreland. The winter had returned. The turf of the park, the plains and the lake had disappeared under the snow. The tableau recalled to her the solitudes of Armenia. A letter was brought to her, covered with many coloured stamps. She broke the seal, which bore in Arabic letters the monogram of Tikraine-Effendi, and read as follows :—

CONSTANTINOPLE, 26th Oct., 1861.

"*Madam*,—You have charged me to give you news of our friends of the Kurd Mountains. If the news comes to you late, excuse me, I pray you, in thinking that it is difficult to know at Constantinople what is passing at Abdurrahmanli. Here is what I have heard from a traveller who lately arrived from Kurdistan.

"Selim-Agha has never appeared to his people. The horsemen sent in pursuit lost all trace of him on the frontier of Persia, and during some months nothing was heard of him. At the commencement of this year it was reported that he had joined the Kurdish tribes, established on the frontier of Khorassan. Some time after a Dervish traveller, come from Meched, reported that the unfortunate Selim-Agha was killed in an encounter with the Uzbecks of the Red Sand Desert. No one knows the motive of the strange resolution which he took. His own people say that magic was at the bottom of it. As to myself, I am lost in conjectures.

"You left at Abdurrahmanli one who constantly talked of you —the little Frandjic. Unfortunately, the poor child fell sick at the beginning of winter. She had always been of feeble health. The chagrin caused by the departure of her uncle, was not less fatal than the rigours of the climate, and she died before the spring. She asked her mother to be interred with the bracelet you gave her."

Poor Frandjic! Poor Selim! said Lucy, letting fall the letter. She remained a long time before the window without detaching her thought from the subject of her silent meditation, and without turning her eyes from the winter landscape, so like the Kurdish country. The only verdure in the middle of the snow was that of a little isolated cemetery, at the bottom of the plain. The cypresses

recalled to her once more the melancholy stanzas of the Persian Poet. They were chaunted in her ear as an adieu, full of resigned sadness. Since then, Lucy often thinks of the two tombs, where sleep in the bosom of the East those who loved her.

THE MILLER SANS-SOUCI.

Freely translated from the French of Andrieux.

BY MARY REVETT, HALIFAX, N. S.

MAN'S a strange problem, starting still aside,
The individual, as the race, swerves wide;
What we the common character may call,
Is just to have no character at all;
Sceptic at morn, and dogmatist at night,
Oft in the wrong, yet sometimes in the right;
With every wind and cloud we rise and fall,
As fluid silver in the crystal ball;
E'en kings, the much-abused, of whom there go
Such ill reports—some fairer features show;
I well believe it—yea, a proof will bring,
Of right prevailing with a mighty king.
The Second Frederick on the Oder's side,
Of a new kingdom long the strength and pride,
By Austria feared, by France with envy viewed,
Whose restless mind some problem still pursued,
Wooing the muses 'mid the din of war——
Great king, bad Christian, deep philosopher,—
This Royal Medley sighed for some retreat,
Where, loosed from galling chains of etiquette,
He might—— not vegetate, not hunt and drink,
But—— pipe and sing, philosophize and think;
Sigh over human inconsistency,
Then, mingling wisdom still with mirth and glee,
Sup with D'Argens, Voltaire and Lametrie.

Now, so it chanced, that on the green hill's side,
Whose easy slope the chosen site supplied,

There lived a jolly miller, frank and free,
Whose name expressed his nature——Sans-Souci.
Honest and thrifty, it was not his way,
To cast to-morrow's burden on to-day;
Right pleasant was his eye and kind his tone,
No lack of custom had he ever known;
Up with the sun, the man of meal was found,
The grist came in and fast the sails went round,
And village maids and swains at close of day,
Flocked to the mill and danced their cares away;
Thus far and wide was spread his honest fame,
And to the mill they gave the miller's name—
Auspicious name! whose sound was sure to please
Lovers of Epicurus and of ease——
So the king willed, and rumour loud proclaimed,
That from the mill the palace should be named.

Is it a law of our sublunar ball,
That neighbours still to loggerheads must fall?
That kings and millers should alike be found
Tenaciously resolved to hold their ground?
For once the monarch did not act the sage,
He eyed askance his neighbour's heritage.
Now plans had been traced out, I'd have you know,
That made on paper quite a pretty show,
In which the small inclosure with the mill
Was quite forgot or overlooked, until
'Twas found so placed 'twould intercept the view,
Contract the garden, hide the avenue.
The Overseer of Royal Works thereon,
Sends for the miller, and, in pompous tone—
"We want your mill, good man; so, name your price,
All shall be paid and settled in a trice."
"We want it, quoth'a! but the mill is mine,"
"'Tis for the king; nor need you to repine,"
Make your own terms, you're certain to prevail."
"I'll make no terms, my mill is not for sale.
This bold reply—which, who could have thought,
In no wise softened, to the king was brought;

Who to his presence summoned Sans-Souci,
Lo! face to face he stands with majesty;
And majesty, for once, does not disdain
To promise, soothe, entreat—and all in vain;
Sans-Souci stands his ground. "But listen, friend,
To reason." "Sire, my house I cannot vend;
Thence my old father passed from earth to heaven,
And *there*, even now, has to my prayers been given
An infant son to cheer *my* drooping age.
I will not sell my father's heritage."
The monarch chafed: the miller felt aglow—
"Offer a thousand ducats—I say, No!—
That I'm a stubborn fellow may be true,
Grant it—and what, I pray, sometimes are *you?*"
Kings hardly bear to have their will denied—
With rage transported, Frederick fiercely cried,
"A rare ado about a paltry mill!
Know, I can *take* it fellow, if I *will.*
'Twas of my *grace*, I offered to requite—
Nay, *over*pay—Has not a king a right?"
"A right to take my mill? A pretty saw!
Yes—if at Berlin there's nor judge nor law?"
The king, restored to reason by that word,
Pleased that his subjects felt their rights secured,
Turned laughing to his train and said with cheer,
"The field is lost; we're fairly beaten here;
Friend, keep thy mill. Thy spirit I admire."
From a republic could you more require?
Though kings may act with justice, now and then,
Trust not in princes nor the sons of men;
This very Frederick, here so just and fair,
Sometimes indulged his little whims elsewhere,
At other folk's expense—suffice to say—
He took Silesia, on a certain day,
Scarce seated on his throne, athirst for fame,
And madly set all Europe in a flame.
War's a grand game—the stakes are men; kings throw
The dice, caprice directs their fall, and so,
A mill is spared—a province is laid low.

PHILIP BLAR;

OR,

School Days in the Dominion.

BY E. LAWSON FENERTY, ESQ., HALIFAX, N. S.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Groves, as Mr. Chauncy called his island school, comprised about one hundred and seventy acres of land, most of it classed good, and well cultivated, as he was a farmer, amateurly speaking—to coin a word—in addition to his other duties, that is to say, he employed a competent person to attend to that part of the work, which was wisdom.

Something in the neighbourhood of thirty acres, more or less, had been set apart for the boys' particular benefit, and included a capital cricket ground, made at considerable expense, for the use of the school club, which had acquired quite a reputation in several well contested matches with clubs of the vicinity.

The ground was immediately in front of the houses, almost as level as a floor, and bordered on two sides by magnificent elms that threw broad shadows over its surface.

The lower field, so called, a large oblong enclosure below the cricket ground, extending to the water's edge, was the general play ground; at one extremity a good sized pond furnished an arena whereon divers well contested yacht races came off between the miniature craft of the boys.

The island itself was egg-shaped, or nearly so, the smaller end covered with a thick growth of oaks, from which the name of the place was derived. About the centre the buildings were erected, comprising—first, the Principal's cottage, facing the cricket ground and the broad gravelled road that connected with the Island wharf, extending around one extremity of the ground; a broad piazza fronted the whole of this building.

The school building was a large three story structure in the shape of an L, situated to the left of, and with its longest face parallel with the cottage, the wing being farthest from that building.

The lower flat of the main building was occupied by the large hall, or main entrance, at the left extremity, and the dining hall;

back of this in the wing on the same floor, was the store and servants dining rooms, and below these the kitchen; the ground sloping away from the front, the rear of the wing being four stories in height on that account.

The second story of the large building was occupied by the school and class-rooms, and library, the entire upper part of both buildings was taken up by the dormitories, and the Master's apartments.

The large dormitory was for the smaller scholars, and would accommodate about sixty; the smaller, over the wing, was arranged for about forty of the older boys. They were wide, high and airy, lighted from the roof and ends.

Two rows of iron bedsteads were placed with their heads against either wall, leaving a space of twenty feet between, clear; at the head of each bed a door opened into a small dressing-room, just large enough for a washstand, chest of drawers, trunks, and a couple of chairs; this was the sanctum of the two boys that occupied the bed nearest; each of the assistant masters was supposed to have charge of one dormitory, having for his lieutenant one of the older pupils.

Just a few words to describe the Principal and his wife: he was a man of medium height, powerfully built, broad shoulders and perfectly erect, his hair and whiskers slightly grizzled, he was past fifty, his face was one of those that always impels one to desire to shake hands with the owner, the kindly hazel eyes looked so cheery, but it could be stern, and he was a sturdy boy that could look without flinching into the eyes when the light of anger shone in them; but such an occasion was a rarity, for he did not believe in the rod, except as a last resort.

Mrs. Chauncy was as much like her husband as possible, pleasant and affable, but inexorable as fate in regard to duty; she had some few peculiarities; it was whispered among the boys that sometimes an offender might have escaped punishment but for her; the scholars liked her pretty well, but feared her more.

Philip, after his uncle's departure, was, with Strickland, directed by Mrs. Chauncy to follow her, ordering one of the servant men to bring up the luggage to No. 12, large dormitory. After showing them their room, they were to be chums, she gave them each a key and explained that two of the bureau drawers belonged to each.

"The supper bell will ring by the time you have arranged your things and washed," she said, as she turned to go out, "be ready, for we are very punctual here."

They had completed all their arrangements, and made themselves presentable; as the bell had not yet rang, Strickland suggested that they should go out, but Phil preferred remaining, and seating himself at the window he was left alone to think over his novel position. As he thought, the picture of his home rose clear before his eyes, the pretty cottage, and brighter gardens, the kindly faces, all seemed as though they were with him. As the vision faded from his mind, a sense of unutterable loneliness stole over him, and the tears welled up unbidden; then he knew how good it was to have such a home as his.

The tinkle of the supper bell disturbed his day-dream; he started up, half ashamed of this weakness, dashed the wet from his cheeks and went down stairs, his previous examination of the place proving useful in finding the dining room. On his way down he found himself in company with some twenty others, bound on the same errand; some stared at him and wondered what kind of a fellow he was; but the majority kept on their way, too intently engaged in conversation to notice any one.

In the large dining-room he found himself in company with about seventy others of all ages, ranging from eighteen to ten, but very few of the older ones were present, not having come back from home. Some were already seated at the well-spread supper tables that filled the room, after some confusion and bustle, for they were not yet properly settled to their places. All were seated but Phil and Strickland, who remained standing, uncertain what to do. Mr. Chauncy espying them, placed them at a small table near his own seat, which had been dubbed the duffers table, from the fact that only new comers used it, until, as he explained, they were regularly placed.

After a short grace, the Principal set the example, and soon all were busily engaged discussing the supper. The place Mr. Chauncy occupied this evening, at the head of the table, was his more by courtesy than custom, the senior Assistant Master usually taking that place, excepting at the commencement of each term, or after holidays, when the boys were more than ordinarily hard to manage.

Phil was among the first to leave the room, having but little

appetite. He strolled out to the play ground, and had been standing some time looking absently at the quiet waters of the river as they glowed under the red light of the setting sun, when he was saluted by his friend—of three hours standing—Crawford.

"I say Blair, how do you like the place, bully ain't it?"

Phil looked up inquiringly as if he did not understand the question, which was the case, as his thoughts were away when it was asked.

"Bully place, ain't it?" said Crawford, repeating the question.

"Yes, first rate," and he turned his head away to hide his face, for his lip was quivering, but not soon enough; his quick-sighted companion discovered it.

"Hullo! home sick? come along or the fellows will chaff;" and the good natured boy took Phil's arm for a walk, to show him about. "Hold on a minute," he added, "till I get my cousin, it would be awful shabby to leave him to himself." He hurried off, and soon returned with Jerry, and the trio started on their explorations. They had still an hour yet of good daylight, so that when the twilight had fairly deepened to dusk, they were tolerably familiar with their Island home.

"What do you go in for?" queried Crawford of Phil, as they were standing on the cricket ground after their ramble. "Cricket?"

"I hardly know. I can row pretty well, but it's too hard work; cricket's good fun, I have played a good deal, but you see the club where I come from are all big fellows."

"You must join the school club, it's in first-rate order now, got lots of things," meaning bats, etc., "and two good elevens, I'm in the second; what are you best at?"

Phil smiled, "I do not know what I am best at, but I like long stopping."

"That's bully, we just want a back stop for our eleven, the one we have now isn't much good."

"Perhaps I'm not, either."

"Oh, well, you can practice, and if you are any good at all you'll beat Wilman; we'll have a game to-morrow afternoon."

"Can I play before I join the club?"

"Of course, at first; I'll give your name in to the Secretary in the morning."

"All right."

"There is the evening bell," said Crawford, "all the fellows except the first class must go in when that rings; you can sit in the school-room — read, or do anything quiet, until half-past nine, unless you want to go to bed sooner; lots of fellows go up to their rooms and read, but if they get caught they get a licking; the rule is to read all you want to before dark, unless in the school-room; the big fellows come in about ten, some of them go across the river sometimes, have to get leave first."

"You and Jerry can sit with me," he continued, as they entered the school-room, "the boys that have those seats are not back yet; it is likely you will be examined and placed to-morrow, your seat will depend on what class you are in, perhaps in the same as me, the third, this is my seat," stopping by one of the desks, "you can sit there," pointing to the one on his right.

Phil seated himself, feeling, among so many strange faces, as if all were examining him; but discovered, to his relief, when he raised his eyes they were too busy with their own affairs to bestow more than a passing glance on him or his companion.

Feeling more at his ease after this discovery, he leisurely inspected the room and its fittings, and was examining the faces of the boys next to him, making a mental estimate of their characters from the data thus afforded.

He was getting tired of this, and wondering if he could find his way to bed before the rest went; there was half an hour to spare, when his eye was arrested by one of the oddest profiles he had seen since he left Croasdale; it reminded him so forcibly of Old Pimples that, having a keen sense of the ludicrous, it was with difficulty he suppressed a burst of laughter; when its fortunate, or unfortunate possessor, turned its glories full upon our hero. He was seized with an irresistable desire to sketch it; in accordance with this idea he emptied his pockets until he reached a lead pencil.

"Crawford," he whispered, "give us a bit of paper, I want to draw something."

This was obtained, after some rummaging, and handed to Phil, who at once proceeded to execute a portrait of him of the comical face, after his best style.

"There," he said, handing it to Crawford, after ten minutes application, "how's that?"

Crawford looked at it an instant, then his face became one

broad smile as he recognized the face; involuntarily he turned to look at the original. "Just like him, only a little more so, I say," he added, touching the boy in front of him on the shoulder, "look," handing the sketch. He took it, and a grin of recognition overspread his face, taking a lead pencil he printed the word "Gooseberry" in large letters and passed it along to the next. After passing through several hands, and becoming pretty well covered with comments, one fellow folded it and indicated he was going to give it to Wilman, the victim.

Phil, in great distress, beckoned hastily for him not to, for when he drew the caricature he had no idea of letting it reach Wilman's hands; but he was too late, or not heeded, as, while he beckoned, Wilman took the paper.

Phil watched him anxiously to see what effect it would produce.

One look at the paper, then he colored up furiously; discovering when he looked up a lot of fellows eyeing him with a half smile, he scowled savagely, tearing the paper into a dozen pieces and scattering them about the floor.

This increased the boys amusement, as, being no favorite, any opportunity to badger him was taken advantage of. The fun got to be so noisy at last as to attract the attention of one of the Masters, who sternly called them to order.

Phil felt, as he observed the angry glances of Wilman, that if he was discovered to be the author of the caricature, he would have at least one enemy in the school. This he did not like, not so much from fear of Wilman, but getting into mischief before he was fairly in the school, looked bad. As they were going up to bed after prayers, he confided his fears to Crawford.

"That's a fact, if he finds it out; but there's no danger, I won't tell him."

"I don't suppose *you* will, but some of the other chaps might."

"Don't think they know it, anyway, if they do what's the odds as long as you can't help it; you can lick Wilman, at least I think so."

"It's not that," replied Phil, "but what I said first, it looks so seedy for a fellow his first day to make a row."

"I don't believe the Governor will take any notice of it even if there is a row," said Crawford, after a minute's silence; "but if he does you'll be on the black book sure, and if Wilman finds out that it was you there'll be a fight, for he's got an awful temper."

"I don't care for that part as long as the Principal doesn't know about it."

"Don't you?" said Crawford dryly, "you're fonder of a row than I am; mind, I tell you, you'll find him tough enough."

"Who said I was fond of a row? I am sure I don't want to fight; but if I have to, I guess I can take a licking; not so sure I'll have to either," he muttered in an under tone.

By this time they had reached the door of Phil's dressing-room, so bidding Crawford good night, he went in to prepare himself for bed. Strickland soon after joined him. After disrobing, they sat on their chairs, in their night-clothes, looking at each other furtively. The fact was, they both wanted to say their prayers, but each was ashamed. Phil found it harder work than the prospect of facing the angry Wilman. Finally, after a deal of waiting, and hoping that Jerry would go out and get into bed, he made one determined effort and knelt down; it was with a feeling of relief that he heard his companion follow his example. I am afraid I will have to admit, that if he had not had the privacy of his dressing-room, Phil's prayers would have remained unsaid. He was not a hero, only an ordinary school-boy that remembered his mother's *teaching*, *but had a school-boy's fear* of ridicule.

CHAPTER IX.

THE next morning he wakened thoroughly refreshed, and was up and dressed long before the first bell rang.

He sat down before the window, having first thrown it open. The fresh morning air came streaming in, laden with sweet perfume, the new-mown hay flinging its fragrance lavishly around. The depression of spirits he experienced the night before had all vanished; bouyantly he looked forward to his new life, and resolved to stick to his good resolutions. While meditating, his eye caught his mother's present, which he found in his trunk when he unpacked it the night before and laid it on the bureau. It was a handsomely bound reference bible. Stepping across the room, he took it, seated himself again, and was looking through it in a pre-occupied way, when he was startled by a knock at his door; laying the bible hastily aside he called out, "come in!" and was answered by Crawford's pleasant face, peering in through the partly open door.

"Hullo!" said Phil, "is it you?"

"Part of me, am I bothering you?"

"No! come in! I feel first rate this morning, not a bit home sick."

"You're up early; I suppose this being your first night here would make a difference?"

"So are you," Phil replied, laughing; "hear anything about that picture affair after I left you last night?"

"Yes, Wilman's mad as thunder, says he'll lick the fellow that did it, if he can, and he is bound to fight anyway. He blamed me for it, I just laughed at him, the loon. He knew better all the time, trying to find out, don't you see; he could'nt fool me though. We came pretty near having a row as it was, only the Senior Master came along; he thinks I am afraid of him."

"Don't you get in a row on my account," said Phil.

"Don't intend to," Crawford replied, turning and surveying his companion from head to foot; then adding with a short laugh, "I guess you can look after yourself."

Phil smiled a little gratified smile; who, does he think, did it? I don't know; doesn't think it you though, or if he does, he is very quiet.

Phil leaned thoughtfully out of the window a minute.

"Let us have a walk," said Crawford, breaking the silence; "there is lots of time before breakfast; besides, none of the fellows will be up, may be one or two: better put your brushes away," he added, as they were turning to leave the room, "servants will use 'em if you don't." He followed this advice, and the two went down stairs.

"You see," continued Crawford, after they had walked a short distance, "if he doesn't find it out now it will all blow over; but if he does, you will have to stick right up to him, because if he sees your funky he'll be worse than ever, regular bully you see."

It was not very pleasant this prospect of a fight, and Phil walked along soberly enough, despite his assertions that he did not care. It's all well enough getting your temper up, and pitching into a fellow then and there, but this talking about it so coolly before-hand did not suit his peculiar temperament. "It does well enough to lick a fellow, or get a licking," he thought, "but this sort of thing is not such fun, that's all."

"I say Blair," said Crawford suddenly—they had been walking

in silence for some minutes—"if the fellows chaff you this afternoon, don't get mad, only makes 'em worse; and, besides, you won't have any chance with so many. Talk back and laugh at them, they'll soon get tired."

"Trust me," Phil replied with a grin, "I'm not green; if they fool too much though," and he shook his head threateningly.

Crawford laughed:—"You'll have a fight anyway, so it don't make much difference whether it's with Wilman or not."

"What kind of a chap is that new chum of your's?" said half a dozen of the boys together, assembling about Crawford in the lower field the same afternoon: "He seems independent enough."

"So he is, and as far as I can see, a real good sort. I only came across him yesterday on the wharf. He crickets, and rows too. I asked him to join the cricket club."

"Is he going to, what's his name, where does he belong, what class is he in?" exclaimed half a dozen voices together.

"Go ahead, ask a few more questions, and before I can answer one lot, ask another batch," Crawford replied provokingly.

"Stop that rubbish and tell us; here he comes now to speak for himself; we'll find out for ourselves, hey, boys?"

"I guess so," and a mischievous laugh ran through the group.

Crawford discreetly held his tongue, knowing that all he could say would not save Phil from a "roasting," as they elegantly phrased it.

"I say, what's your name?" queried several boys, as Phil joined them.

"Philip Blair," in a steady voice, but with just the faintest suspicion of a twinkle in his eyes, as he remembered Crawford's advice of the morning and comprehended the situation.

"Where do you come from?"

"Croasdale," and he looked quietly around at his questioners with a grin.

"Going to study for a Parson?" suggested one boy in an insinuating voice, slightly tinged with contempt.

"And make a Christian of you," replied Phil solemnly; whereat there was a laugh. He had the best of it as yet.

"He's one of the Clargy!" exclaimed a tall fellow who had lounged leisurely up during the conversation.

"Oh, no! if you'll be kind enough to say the Navy, the Dominion Navy I mean; or the Army, a commission in Brindler's

Pets, for instance; he don't seem to be fool enough though, he'll hardly come to that," shaking his head slowly and speaking in a meditative way that started a laugh. "You see," he explained, that's one of the crack regiments, that when they march slide along sideways like a dog after his dinner."

Phil flushed hotly at this. It was mean, he thought, for one of the big ones to go at him; he underwent the catechising from the youngsters quite composedly, but this was more than he bargained for. Looking squarely at his last assailant, he said in a matter of fact way: "You're about twice as big as I am, ain't you?"

Terrence, that was his name, raised his eyebrows, and admitted such was the case, with a stare of surprise at such audacity, and looked as if he wondered what in the mischief was coming next.

"Well, then, if you want to chaff a new boy, wait till you get hold of one something like your own size."

"Phew" whistled Terrence, from between his lips, "It's a little rooster to crow so loud;" but he flushed, nevertheless.

The youngsters were astounded. It was not often that one of the upper boys got talked to that way.

To tell the truth, Phil was a little alarmed himself after he said what he did, and saw the result. Fortunately for him it was a manly fellow he had to deal with.

Terrence passing through the group and laying his hand on Phil's shoulder said, while a little spot burned on either cheek, "you are right, youngster, it was hardly fair for me when so many of your own age were at you; but I like you all the better for the way you have acted; it would'nt go down with some though," he added in an under tone. "What's your name?"

"Blair."

"You will get on well enough, if I am not mistaken; I don't think they'll trouble you much more," and he looked significantly at the boys; saying this he strolled off as leisurely as he came.

It was marvellous to observe the effect of this little episode on the manner of the same boys who, a few moments before, had hinted their intention to roast him unmercifully.

There was a certain respect, if I can so term it, for the boy that could break a lance against such odds and come out unscathed.

Nevertheless, if Terrence had cuffed him, the verdict of the majority would have been, served him right for his cheek; but he

did not, and consequently the respect and our hero obtaining a standing among the boys that half a term's residence would hardly give.

"By George! but you're lucky," said Crawford, taking our hero aside after Terrence left them, "not for getting off so easy, for he is a regular brick, but for having pluck enough to say what you did."

"I'd do it again," said Phil in a don't care tone.

Crawford eyed him a moment, then said, "No, you would'nt; you looked half scared after you said it, I noticed, so don't put on airs, that sort of thing won't do here."

Phil flushed a little, but he was wise enough to know that he deserved the rebuke, also to take the advice it contained, so he dropped that part of the subject.

"What's his name?" he asked after a moment's silence.

"Terrence, and it's good for you he is one of the best fellows here; all of us like him he is such a jolly one; you don't see him putting on like some of them I could name, that would have given you a clip on the ear if you said half as much to them; that sort will hear of what he said about you, so they'll not trouble you unless you deserve it."

"Why what did he say?" said Phil, slightly bewildered at Crawford's comments; certainly he heard nothing that would warrant him in supposing that Terrence had constituted himself his protector.

"He said he thought they would not trouble you any more, did'nt he?"

"Yes, but that meant only the lot."

"Did it; you'll see, I know as much about this place as you, I think."

"Bully for me!" exclaimed Phil, with a laugh. "I don't mind, that will come in first-rate if they try to bully."

"How did you get along this afternoon with your examination, what class are you in?"

"Miserable; in the fourth. I thought I would get in with you. I would have too, only I slipped up in Algebra. I missed like the mischief in History too. I did'nt mind that so much as I never could remember dates; but I knew the Algebra questions well enough, somehow I could not get the answers out; such luck, and

I got Wilman for a desk-mate too." Here Phil seemed almost overpowered by his feelings, he looked so exceedingly disgusted.

Crawford laughed merrily.

"When will I have another chance?" continued Phil when Crawford stopped laughing, but in such a forlorn tone as to cause his companion to explode again.

"Not till the end of the term, unless you apply for an examination at the end of the month: you can do that. If you could only get rid of Wilman now it would'nt be so bad."

"I'll do it," said Phil, with determination in every line of his face.

"What, get rid of Wilman?"

"Yes, I suppose that's part of the programme; but go in for another examination. That Wilman is a nasty beggar though; do you know, I believe, he has a notion that I had something to do with that picture."

"Pretty near right if he has, but I don't think; how would he hear? what makes you think so?"

"So crusty, hardly speak to a fellow; I don't care though, but I am sorry I did it. I thought we were going to have a game of cricket this afternoon!"

"So we can, there are lots of fellows about. Let's see what they say to it?"

"Who'll go in for a game of cricket?" queries Crawford, rejoining the boys from whom they had wandered during the conversation."

"I don't mind if I do," said one, "we haven't had the things out since the holidays;" — "and that's so long," interposed another, laughing, "day before yesterday."

"Haven't the first eleven been out?"

"No, and they have got the return match to play with the town fellows; they'll get a beating, too, if they don't look out."

"Never mind that," said Crawford, impatiently, "will you have a game?"

"All right," exclaimed a lot, "get the rigging."

"Who'll go for it?"

"Go yourself."

"So I mean to, but I am not going to lug it alone."

Phil signifying his willingness to assist, they started off on their errand.

"Did you bring that left hand bat?" inquired one of the boys, Johnson by name, when they returned.

"Yes, and pads, too."

"Stick up the wickets, then, and let us get at it; I suppose the first eleven will be wanting this ground about the time we get started," he grumbled.

"What is it to be, tip and run?"

"No! No! A scratch match, there are plenty to choose up sides."

"All right, go ahead; Ferris, you and Qurlett choose," said Crawford."

"Toss you for innings," said Ferris, "first toss, flat or round?"

"Round!" as the bat went spinning in the air.

"Round it is, what do you do?"

"We'll go in," replied Qurlett, who had won the toss.

"We've got to field, Phil," said Crawford, both being on the outside.

"I wish we had Wilman here to back-stop for us," said Ferris. "I asked Qurlett to lend us Johnson, he is about next best, but he won't. They are going to count byes, and I bowl pretty fast, you know. What will we do?"

"Here's Blair," suggested Crawford, "try him, he has long-stopped."

Ferris looked doubtfully at Phil, an instant, and said: "I suppose that will do; do you think you could manage it, I'm fast?"

"I am not anxious," replied Phil, stiffly, a trifle offended at Ferris' manner, "I don't mind how fast it is though."

"Put on the pads, then, get out the rest of your fellows; Crawford point and bowl at the other end." Everything was arranged, and the game commenced, Ferris taking the ball. The first two or three he delivered were straight for the wickets, and neatly stopped; the next was at his best pace, but a little wide, and it rattled past the wickets with a rush.

"Look out, Phil!" exclaimed Crawford, feeling naturally anxious that he should do well, as he had recommended him.

He did look out, but being nervous, let the ball pass him for three byes.

Crawford looked disappointed, and Phil distressed.

"Never mind," said Ferris, "that's nothing, often miss the first ball, look out for the rest."

The next ball was hit away. This being the over, and Crawford a very much slower bowler then Ferris, it gave Phil a chance to regain his confidence; after this he stopped capitally, picking up and throwing in clean.

"Splendid!" said Crawford, delightedly, as the last bat left the wickets; "beats Wilman higher'n a kite." To a certain extent he shared the credit. "He ought to be on our eleven," he said to Ferris, as they walked away waiting for their innings.

"What will we do with Wilman? Qurlett will have to fix that though, but it doesn't make much difference, as there are no matches for us to play."

"If there is a match and Wilman is put off, I don't see what he will have to growl about? He was put on in Johnson's place because he was the best; we want the best fellows we can get."

"That's nothing, you know what he is as well as I do. He'll be sure to get his back up; if he does, there will be a row. Wilman looks at the other fellow now whenever he meets him like a cross dog. I think they must have had some words already."

"Blair does'nt care two cents for him."

"I can see that, but that won't do him any good."

"Won't it? Do you know I think he can lick Wilman if they don't clinch."

"O no," replied Ferris, shaking his head, "Wilman's ever so much heavier."

"Well, perhaps he can't, but he is'nt afraid of him." You see our hero had secured a staunch champion already.

That night Phil went to bed almost too tired to sleep; he was lying in a half doze thinking over the events of the day, and, naturally enough, rather gratified at the turn they had taken with respect to himself, when he thought he felt the bed-clothes move, the lights were all out and the room perfectly quiet, his bed-fellow was sleeping soundly. He must have been asleep, he thought, for it was evidently late; however, he directed all his attention to the foot of the bed, remaining perfectly still; again the clothes moved, and this time he felt a hand cautiously thrust under and touch his foot. There it stopped a moment, then another hand came on to play its part, and he felt them both at work fastening a string around his toe. His mind was made up in an instant. Waiting until the joker had tied it once, and before it was properly secured, he turned over with a sonorous yawn and drew the

foot well up towards his body. The hands were withdrawn like a shot, and a dead silence following, again he tried, but Phil moved restlessly.

The joker gave it up, trusting that what he had done would prove secure, and as Phil saw him moving off through the gloom after a minute's rest he hastily slipped his hand down, removed the string and tied it firmly to the bed-post. It was hardly secured, and still in his hand, when he felt a tug, then another. Smiling blandly, he composed himself for a comfortable nap, and left the would-be practical joker vainly endeavoring to pull down a bedstead with a bit of twine.

On awakening in the morning, and remembering the tying arrangement, he looked at the bed-post to see if the string was still there, but it had been removed; the boy, whoever it was, evidently being afraid to carry out his original intentions.

He told Crawford, the first opportunity, and being too good a joke to be lost, it was speedily known throughout the school, raising Phil another peg in the estimation of the boys, who were ever ready to admire anything that was, to use their vernacular, cute; they endorsed their sentiments by voting him a regular brick. Of course all this flattered him, when he heard it, as he did shortly after, and indirectly had a tendency towards upsetting all his good resolves.

(To be continued.)

"WAITING.'

AMONG the tufted clover
That waft sweet odors over
Across the river,
The wings of noisy plover
As o'er the field they hover
In the light quiver.

Where the boughs interlacing
With delicate green tracing
The calm stream shadow,
A bridge of rustic timber
With many a leafy climber
Leads to the meadow.

By the gate leaning over
As waiting for her lover
A maid is staying:
Her eyes with her hand shading
From hope to sorrow fading
With his delaying.

She knows not that the rushes
And over-hanging bushes
A dead face cover;
And that the placid river
Will never, never give her
Her one true lover.

"HELEN HALIFAX."

THE FORMS OF WATER.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has given us the fullest information on this subject in a volume of the International Scientific Series. We propose, in a series of short papers, to give the substance of this interesting volume.

No. 1.—*Clouds, Rain, and Rivers.*

Every occurrence in Nature is preceded by other occurrences which are its causes, and succeeded by others which are its effects. The human mind is not satisfied with observing and studying any natural occurrence alone, but takes pleasure in connecting every natural fact with what has gone before it, and with what is to come after it.

Thus, when we enter upon the study of rivers and glaciers, our interest will be greatly augmented by taking into account not only their actual appearances, but also their causes and effects.

Let us trace a river to its source. Beginning where it empties itself into the sea, and following it backwards, we find it from time to time joined by tributaries which swell its waters. The river of course becomes smaller as these tributaries are passed. It shrinks first to a brook, then to a stream; this again divides itself into a number of smaller streamlets, ending in mere threads of water. These constitute the source of the river, and are usually found among hills.

Thus the Severn has its source in the Welsh mountains; the Thames in the Cotswold Hills; the Danube in the hills of the Black Forest; the Rhine and the Rhone in the Alps; the Ganges in the Himalaya Mountains; the Euphrates near Mount Ararat; the Garonne in the Pyrenees; the Elbe in the Giant Mountains of Bohemia; the Missouri in the Rocky Mountains, and the Amazon in the Andes of Peru.

But it is quite plain that we have not yet reached the real beginning of the rivers. Whence do the earliest streams derive their water? A brief residence among the mountains would prove to you that they are fed by rains. In dry weather you would find the streams feeble, sometimes indeed quite dried up. In wet weather you would see them foaming torrents. In general these streams lose themselves as little threads of water upon the hill sides; but sometimes you may trace a river to a definite spring. The river Albula in Switzerland, for instance, rushes at its origin in considerable volume from a mountain side. But you very soon assure yourself that such springs are also fed by rain, which has percolated through the rocks or soil, and which, through some orifice that it has found or formed, comes to the light of day.

But we cannot end here. Whence comes the rain which forms the mountain streams? Observation enables you to answer the question. Rain does not come from a clear sky. It comes from clouds. But what are clouds? Is there nothing you are acquainted with which they resemble? You discover at once a likeness between them and the condensed steam of a locomotive. At every puff of the engine a cloud is projected into the air. Watch the cloud sharply: you notice that it first forms at a little distance from the top of the funnel. Give close attention and you will sometimes see a perfectly clear space between the funnel and the cloud. Through that clear space the thing which makes the cloud must pass. What, then, is this thing which at one moment is transparent and invisible, and at the next moment visible as a dense opaque cloud?

It is the *steam* or *vapour of water* from the boiler. Within the boiler this steam is transparent and invisible; but to keep it in this invisible state a heat would be required as great as that within the boiler. When the vapour mingles with the cold air above the hot funnel it ceases to be vapour. Every bit of steam shrinks, when chilled, to a much more minute particle of water. The liquid particles thus produced form a kind of *water-dust* of exceeding fineness, which floats in the air, and is called *a cloud*.

Watch the cloud-banner from the funnel of a running locomotive; you see it growing gradually less dense. It finally melts away altogether, and if you continue your observations you will not fail to notice that the speed of its disappearance depends upon the character of the day. In humid weather the cloud hangs long

and lazily in the air; in dry weather it is rapidly licked up. What has become of it? It has been reconverted into true invisible vapour.

The *drier* the air, and the *hotter* the air, the greater is the amount of cloud which can be thus dissolved in it. When the cloud first forms, its quantity is far greater than the air is able to maintain in an invisible state. But as the cloud mixes gradually with a larger mass of air it is more and more dissolved, and finally passes altogether from the condition of a finely divided liquid into that of transparent vapour or gas.

Make the lid of a kettle air-tight, and permit the steam to issue from the pipe; a cloud is precipitated in all respects similar to that issuing from the funnel of the locomotive.

Permit the steam as it issues from the pipe to pass through the flame of a spirit-lamp, the cloud is instantly dissolved by the heat, and is not again precipitated. With a special boiler and a special nozzle the experiment may be made more striking, but not more instructive, than with the kettle.

Look to your bedroom windows when the weather is very cold outside; they sometimes stream with water derived from the condensation of the aqueous vapour from your own lungs. The windows of railway carriages in winter show this condensation in a striking manner. Pour cold water into a dry drinking-glass on a summer's day: the outside surface of the glass becomes instantly dimmed by the precipitation of moisture. On a warm day you notice no vapour in front of your mouth, but on a cold day you form there a little cloud derived from the condensation of the aqueous vapour from the lungs.

You may notice in a ball-room that as long as the door and windows are kept closed, and the room remains hot, the air remains clear; but when the doors or windows are opened a dimness is visible, caused by the precipitation to fog of the aqueous vapour of the ball-room. If the weather be intensely cold the entrance of fresh air may even cause *snow* to fall. This has been observed in Russian ball-rooms; and also in the subterranean stables at Erzeroom, when the doors are opened and the cold morning air is permitted to enter.

Even on the driest day this vapour is never absent from our atmosphere. The vapour diffused through the air of this room may be congealed to hoar frost in your presence. This is done by filling a vessel with a mixture of pounded ice and salt, which is colder than the ice itself, and which, therefore, condenses and freezes the aqueous vapour. The surface of the vessel is finally coated with a frozen fur, so thick that it may be scraped away and formed into a snow-ball.

To produce the cloud, in the case of the locomotive and the kettle, *heat* is necessary. By heating the water we first convert it into steam, and then by chilling the steam we convert it into

cloud. Is there any fire in nature which produces the clouds of our atmosphere? There is: the fire of the sun.

Thus, by tracing backward, without any break in the chain of occurrences, our river from its end to its real beginnings, we come at length to the sun.

There are, however, rivers which have sources somewhat different from those just mentioned. They do not begin by driblets on a hill side, nor can they be traced to a spring. Go, for example, to the mouth of the river Rhone, and trace it backwards to Lyons, where it turns to the east. Bending round by Chambery, you come at length to the Lake of Geneva, from which the river rushes, and which you might be disposed to regard as the source of the Rhone. But go to the head of the lake, and you will find that the Rhone there enters it, that the lake is in fact a kind of expansion of the river. Follow this upwards; you find it joined by smaller rivers from the mountains right and left. Pass these, and push your journey higher still. You come at length to a huge mass of ice—the end of a glacier—which fills the Rhone valley, and from the bottom of the glacier the river rushes. In the glacier of the Rhone you thus find the source of the river Rhone.

But again we have not reached the real beginning of the river. You soon convince yourself that this earliest water of the Rhone is produced by the melting of the ice. You get upon the glacier and walk upwards along it. After a time the ice disappears and you come upon snow. If you are a competent mountaineer you may go to the very top of this great snow-field, and if you cross the top and descend at the other side you finally quit the snow, and get upon another glacier called the Trift, from the end of which rushes a river smaller than the Rhone.

You soon learn that the mountain snow feeds the glacier. By some means or other the snow is converted into ice. But whence comes the snow? Like the rain, it comes from the clouds, which, as before, can be traced to vapour raised by the sun. Without solar fire we could have no atmospheric vapour, without vapour no clouds, without clouds no snow, and without snow no glaciers. Curious then as the conclusion may be, the cold ice of the Alps has its origin in the heat of the sun.

DOMINION BALLADS—No. 3.

THE SIEUR DE ROBERVAL.

Sieur de Roberval appointed Governor-General of Canada,—a favorite of King Francis of France, who called him his "Little King of Vimeu,"—sailed for his destination and was lost at sea.

THE Governor's ship lay in the bay,
The parting flag flew from the fore,
The townsmen had made holiday,
And in their gew-gaws thronged the shore,
And clustered round the gallant crew—
(Two hundred Frenchmen, stout and tall,)
Who were to sail with the King of Vimeu,
The gallant Sieur de Roberval.

The sailors, when high noontide rung,
Hung votive offerings on the sails,
And mass was in St. Malo's sung,
To pray good heaven for favoring gales;
The barges dipped their flashing oars,
Belched forth the cannon of the town,
The ship sailed for Canadian shores,
And at sunset was half-hull down.

When evening fell the red sun burned
Before them as to lead the way,
The Sieur saw it well, but turned
His back upon the dying day,
And bent his last looks on the land,
And there amidst his comrades true
He three times kissed his white-gloved hand
And gaily cried, "fair France, adieu!"

For days and nights the wind blew free,
The glad waves kissed the vessel's prow,
When orders rung out suddenly
To make all snug aloft and low;
The ship obeyed the summons well
And forged ahead with slackened way,
While on the coming darkness fell
A misty shadow dank and grey.

For two long days and nights and more,
A storm came following on their track,
Towards the far Canadian shore
Up piled, in tier on tier, the wrack;
Then chopping round with sudden shift,
A norther fierce came on to blow,
That cut the mountain waves to drift,
As thick as scuds an Alpine snow.

The struggle vain,—the timbers creak,—
The hatches gone,—the falling mast,—
The flooded decks,—the ship a-leak,—
The boats and hamper drifting past;
The waves rush on, the seas o'erwhelm
At prayers the panic-stricken crew,
While Roberval still grasped the helm,
And sadly sighed, "fair France adieu!"

The morn broke on a falling sea,
But few clouds drifted o'er the sky,
A floating mast and *fleur-de-lys*
Among the kelpweeds tangled lie;
But no ship looms upon the blue,
And Picard maids in bower and hall
Will mourn the little "King of Vimeu,"
Jean-Franc de la Roque de Roberval.

HUNTER DUVAR.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

THIS is an insulated assemblage of buildings and courts, occupying three acres, minus nine or ten yards, north of the Royal Exchange, Cornhill; bounded by Prince's-street, west; Lothbury, north; Bartholomew-lane, east; and Threadneedle-street, south. Its exterior measurements are 365 feet south, 410 feet north, 245 feet east, and 440 feet west. Within this area are nine open courts; a spacious rotunda, numerous public offices, court and committee-rooms, an armoury, engraving and printing-offices, a library, and apartments for officers, servants, etc.

The Bank, "the greatest monetary establishment in the world," was projected in 1691, by Mr. William Paterson, a Scotsman; was

established by a company of Whig merchants, and incorporated by William III., July 27, 1694, Paterson being placed on the list of Directors for this year only; the then capital, £1,200,000, being lent to Government. The first chest used was somewhat larger than a seaman's.

The first Governor was Sir John Houblon, whose house and garden were on part of the site of the present Bank; and the first Deputy-Governor was Michael Godfrey, who, July 17, 1695, was shot at the siege of Namur, while attending King William with a communication relating to the Bank affairs.

The Bank commenced business at Mercers' Hall, and next removed to Grocers' Hall, then in the Poultry; at this time the secretaries and clerks numbered but 54, and their united salaries amounted to £4350. In 1734 they removed to the premises built for the Bank, the earliest portion of which part is still remaining —the back of the Threadneedle-street front, towards the court— was designed by an architect named Sampson. To this building Sir Robert Taylor added two wings of columns, with projections surmounted by pediments, and other parts. On January 1, 1785, was set up the marble statue of William III., amid the firing of three volleys, by the servants of the establishment, Cheere, sculptor, in the Pay Hall, 79 feet by 40 feet, which, in the words of Baron Dupin, would "startle the administration of a French bureau, with all its inaccessibilities."

In 1757, the Bank premises were small, and surrounded by St. Christopher-le-Stocks Church (since pulled down), three taverns, and several private houses. Between 1766 and 1786 east and west wings were added by Taylor: some of his work is to be seen in the architecture of the garden court. Upon Sir Robert Taylor's death, in 1788, Mr. John Soane was appointed Architect to the Bank; and, without any interruption to the business, he completed the present Bank of brick and Portland stone, of incombustible materials, insulated, one-storied, and without external windows. The general architecture is Corinthian, from the Temple of the Sibyl at Tivoli, of which the southwest angle exhibits a fac-simile portion. The Lothbury court is fine; and the chief Cashier's office is from the Temple of the Sun and Moon at Rome. The embellishments throughout are very beautiful; and the whole well planned for business—high architectural merit. The Rotunda has a dome 57 feet diameter; and the Bank Parlour, where the Governor and Company meet, is a noble room by Taylor. Here the dividends are declared: and here the Directors are *baited* half-yearly by every Proprietor who has had £500 Bank-stock in his possession for six months. In the Parlour lobby is a portrait of Daniel Race, who was in the Bank service for more than half a century, and thus amassed upwards of £200,000. In the ante-chamber to the Governor's room are fine busts of Pitt and Fox, by Nollekens. The ante-room to the Discount Office is adapted from

Adrian's Villa at Tivoli. The private Drawing Office, designed in 1836, by Cockerell (Soane's successor), is original and scenic; and the Drawing Office, completed by the same architect in 1849, is 138 feet 6 inches long, and lit by four large circular lanterns. In 1850, the Cornhill front was heightened by an attic; and a large room fitted up as a Library for the clerks.

The entrance to the Bullion Yard is copied from Constantine's Arch at Rome, and has allegories of the Thames and Ganges, by T. Banks, R. A. The Bullion Office, on the northern side of the Bank, consists of a public chamber and two vaults—one for the public deposit of bullion, free of charge, unless weighed; the other for the private stock of the Bank. The duties are discharged by a Principal, Deputy-Principal, Clerk, Assistant-Clerk, and porters. The public are on no account allowed to enter the Bullion Vaults. Here the gold is kept in bars (each weighing 16 lbs. and worth about £800), and the silver in pigs and bars, and dollars in bags. The value of the Bank bullion in May, 1850, was sixteen millions. This constitutes, with their securities, the assets which the Bank possess against their liabilities, on account of circulation and deposits: and the difference between the several amounts is called "the Rest," or balance in favour of the Bank. For weighing, admirably-constructed machines are used: the larger one, invented by Mr. Bate, for weighing silver in bars from 50 lbs. to 80 lbs. troy; second, a balance, by Sir John Barton, for gold; and a third, by Mr. Bate, for dollars, to amounts not exceeding 72 lbs. 2 ozs. troy. Gold is almost exclusively obtained by the Bank in the *bar* form; although no form of deposit would be refused. A bar of gold is a small slab, weighing 16 lbs., and worth about £800.

In the Weighing Office, established in 1842, to detect light gold, is the ingenious machine invented by Mr. William Cotton, then Deputy-Governor of the Bank. About 80 or 100 light and heavy sovereigns are placed indiscriminately in a round tube; as they descend on the machinery beneath, those which are light receive a slight touch, which moves them into their proper receptacle; and those which are legitimate weight pass into their appointed place. The light coins are then defaced by a machine, 200 in a minute; and by the weighing-machinery 35,000 may be weighed in one day. There are six of these machines, which from 1844 to 1849 weighed upwards of 48,000,000 pieces without any inaccuracy. The average amount of gold tendered in one year is nine millions, of which more than a quarter is *light*. The silver is put up into bags, each of one hundred pounds value, and the gold into bags of a thousand; and then these bagfuls of bullion are sent through a strongly-guarded door, or rather window, into the Treasury, a dark gloomy apartment, fitted up with iron presses, and made secure with huge locks and bolts.

The Bank-note machinery, invented by the Oldhams, father and

son, exerts, by the steam-engine, the power formerly employed by the mechanic in pulling a note. The Bank-notes are numbered on the dexter and sinister halves, each bearing the same figures, by Bramah's machines: as soon as a note is printed, and the handle reversed to take it out and put another in its place, a steel spring attached to the handle alters the number to that which should follow.

The Clock in the roof is a marvel of mechanism, as it is connected with all the clocks in the Stock offices: the hands of the several dials indicate precisely the same hour and second, by means of connecting brass rods (700 feet long, and weighing 6 cwt.), and 200 wheels; the principal weight being 350 lbs.

The Bank has passed through many perils: it has been attacked by rioters, its notes have been at a heavy discount, it has been threatened with impeachment, and its credit has been assailed by treachery. In 1696 (the great re-coinage) the Directors were compelled to suspend the payment of their notes. They then increased their capital to £2,201,271. The Charter has been renewed from 1697 to the present time.

The earliest panic, or *run*, was in 1707, upon the threatened invasion of the Pretender. In the run of 1745, the Corporation was saved by their agents demanding payment for notes in sixpences, and who, paying in the same, thus prevented the *bonâ fide* holders of notes presenting them. Another memorable run was on February 26, 1797, upon an alarm of invasion by the French, when the Privy Council Order and the Restriction Act prohibited the Bank from paying cash, except for sums under 20*s*. During the panic of 1825, from the evidence of Mr. Harman before Parliament, it appears that the quantity of gold in the treasury, in December, was under £1,300,000. It has since transpired that there was not £100,000, probably not £50,000! The Bank then issued one-pound notes, to protect its remaining treasure; which worked wonders, though by sheer good luck: "because one box containing a quantity of one-pound notes had been overlooked, and they were forthcoming at the lucky moment."

The Bank is the banker of the Government; for here are received the taxes, the interest of the National Debt paid, the Exchequer business transacted, etc. The amount paid by the Government to the Bank for the management of the National Debt is at the rate of £340 per million for the first £600,000,000, and £300 per million for the remainder. This amounts to about £250,000 a year. "The Old Lady of Threadneedle-street," applied to the Bank, is a political *sobriquet* now almost forgotten.

The forgeries upon the Bank supply a melancholy chapter in its history. The first forger of a note was a Stafford linen-draper, who, in 1758, was convicted and executed. Through the forgeries of one person, Robert Aslett, the Bank lost £320,000; and by another, Fauntleroy, £360,000. In 1862, there were forgeries to

a large amount, by paper expressly manufactured for the Bank, which had been stolen, for which four persons suffered penal imprisonment.

The Committee of the Treasury sit weekly, and is composed of all the Directors who have passed the chair. The Accountant, the Secretary, and the Cashier reside within the Bank; and a certain number of Clerks sit up nightly to go the round of the building, in addition to the military guard.

The Bank possesses a very fine collection of ancient coins. Visitors are shown in the old Note Office, paid notes for ten years; and some bank-notes for large amounts which have passed between the Bank and the Government, including a single note for one million sterling, kept in a frame.

Madox, who wrote the *History of the Exchequer*, was first Cashier; but more popularly known was Abraham Newland, Chief-Cashier from 1778 to 1807, who had slept twenty-five years within the Bank, without absenting himself a single night. He signed every note: his name was long remembered in a popular song, "as one that is wrote upon every bank-note," to forge which, in street slang, was to "sham Abraham."

In 1852 was placed in the Garden Court a fountain, constructed by the then Governor, Mr. Thomas Hankey. The water is thrown by a single jet, 30 feet high, amongst the branches of two of the finest lime trees in London, and is part of the Bank system of waterworks. An Artesian well sunk 330 feet—100 in the chalk—yields soft water, free from lime, and without a trace of organic matter. The water is pumped into the tanks at the top of the building, which contain 50,000 gallons, and the fountain is connected with these tanks; the pumping being by the steam-engine employed also in printing the bank-notes. The fountain is placed on the site of St. Christopher's churchyard. The last person buried there was Jenkins, a Bank clerk, 7½ feet in height, and who was allowed to be buried within the walls of the Bank, to prevent disinterment, on account of his unusual height.

There are in the Bank upwards of eight hundred clerks, at salaries ranging from £65 per annum to £800; the patronage is in the hands of the directors, of whom there are twenty-four, each having a nomination to admit one clerk, provided he be found qualified on examination. The vacancies are not, as in most public offices, filled up as they occur by deaths, resignations, etc., but by electing from twenty-five to thirty junior clerks every four or five months; it is also usual to admit one-fifth of this number from the sons of clerks already in the service. The scale of pensions for length of service is the same as in the Government offices.

Among the *Curiosities* are the bank-note autograph-books—two splendidly-bound folio volumes, each leaf embellished with an

illuminated border, exactly surrounding the space required to attach a bank-note. When any distinguished visitor arrives he is requested to place his autograph to an unsigned note, which is immediately pasted over one of the open spaces. They are thus illustrated by signatures of various royal and noble personages. That of Napoleon III., Henry V., the Kings of Sweden, Portugal and Prussia, a whole brigade of German Princes, Ambassadors from Siam, Persia, Turkey—the latter in Oriental characters—and some of our higher nobility. There are some scientific names, but few literary celebreties; among them those of Lady Sale, and Mehemet Ali, the Pasha of Egypt.

Upwards of a million is paid into the Bank daily, in the shape of notes. When cashed a corner is torn off, and this now valueless piece of paper, after being duly entered in the books, is deposited in chambers beneath the sorting-room, where it is kept ten years, in case it may be required as testimony at some future trial, or to settle any other legal difficulties. In one of the court-yards of the building is a large circular cage, within which is an octagonal furnace constructed of bricks, laid only half over each other, so as to afford ample ventilation. In this furnace, once a month, all the notes that were received during the month previous ten years back are consumed. The furnace is five feet high, by at least ten in diameter; yet we are assured that it is completely filled by the number returned during one month.

MAGNETISM AND GRAVITATION.

WE submit the following criticism on "Magnetic Influence on Iron Ships and Compasses," which appeared in our last issue, with a rejoinder by the author of the article. The discussion will be of much interest to our scientific readers.—[EDITOR MARITIME MONTHLY.]

GRAVITATION *versus* MAGNETISM.

I HAVE read with pleasure the article on "Magnetic Influences on Iron Ships and Compasses," which appeared in the August number of the MARITIME MONTHLY, and quite agree with the author that the means now taken to counteract the disturbing influence of the ship's iron upon the compass needle are both defective and deceptive; but while admiring the article as a whole, I make bold to play "critic" for a little upon one paragraph, occurring near the close of the article.

The author, "R," says: "These facts also show a grand 'scien-

tific' deception in the theory that 'all bodies are attracted or gravitate with a force according to the inverse ratio of the square of the distance,' and not of *like* substances being magnetically attracted according to their condition and position."

Does "R" mean to call Newton's law of universal gravitation a "scientific deception?" (and by the way, his statement of the law is very defective.) Now I don't believe that Newton's law is a deception of any kind, nor do I see how "R" infers such a conclusion from his previous remarks. The law was clearly demonstrated by the great Sir Isaac nearly two hundred years ago, and has been confirmed by the daily experience of all physicists ever since; and I don't feel like giving it up without some better proof of its inaccuracy than "R" gives in his "foregoing facts."

Again, what does he mean by the last clause of the paragraph: "and not of *like* substances being etc.?" Does he mean this as a law to be substituted for Newton's law, because this is much superior and the other is defective and inadequate? Such would seem to be the case; but the thing is too absurd. Gravitation is a force affecting *all* bodies, at all distances, at all times, and according to a known fixed law. Magnetism is another force quite distinct from Gravitation, affecting only a very few substances, iron, nickel, oxygen, etc., and its laws are not yet ascertained with certainty. "R" gives a *statement* that "like substances are magnetically attracted according to their condition and position," which contains no new truth, and which is no law at all, and is in every way vague and indefinite. This *statement*, made concerning one natural force, he would substitute for a definite demonstrated law of another totally distinct force. The whole thing is absurd. I cannot think that I have caught the meaning intended by "R" when he wrote the unfortunate paragraph; yet I can take no other meaning from it than I have taken: no doubt the paragraph was written carelessly. Perhaps the author will favor us with an explanation of the mysterious paragraph which seems to threaten the whole modern system of Astronomy, not to mention Molecular Physics, and the many other departments of knowledge, which are based upon that great *delusion* that "*All* bodies gravitate with a force proportionate directly as the mass, and inversely as the square of the distance." V.

CHATHAM, Aug. 8, 1873.

ATOMAGNETISM *versus* GRAVITATION.

NEWTON'S so called "Law of Gravitation" was not an error so far as his knowledge could then reach, or as regards certain heavy substances falling towards the earth; but it is deceptive when considered as an elementary law affecting the nature of all bodies. It is thus calculated to mislead those who, in our day, with increased knowledge of nature and natural law, still believe in it.

The mere facts that comets, or other bodies, do not fall into the sun, but shoot away after approaching within a certain distance of our luminary, shows that the principle of gravitation is not a *universal* law, nor will it explain the effect of the bar of iron on the compass-needle, as noticed in the article referred to.

Does not the *position* and *not* "the square of the distance"—in the experiment with the bar—show by a difference in the attraction of the compass-needle that the bar will gravitate with greater force when falling in a vertical position, than when falling horizontally? And will its weight, or gravity, not be greater through the air than through the water? Must not the attraction, or gravity, of an iron ball be greater than that of a cricket ball of like bulk?

Newton saw an apple fall—but did he not desire to know what induced it to fall? The law demonstrated through nature's *atomagnetic* workings would have answered his inquiry had he apprehended it.

By another illustration we may show where the "law of gravitation" is defective, and not of *universal* application.

Balance a piece of steel horizontally on a point or pivot, then magnetize it, one end will fall or be found heavier than the other, balance it again on its new centre, then change its polarity, when thus poised the other end will be much heavier. Can a "law of gravity" account for this?

Certainly not; but the law of magnetism can. For the earth is a magnet, and with its northern or polar influence (in these latitudes) it attracts the opposite pole of the magnetized bar of steel, and likewise all other bodies according to their condition and position. It being a known law of magnetism that opposite poles attract, and like or similar poles repel.

Gravitation, then, is merly a term applied to that particular *magnetic* phenomenon affecting bodies falling towards the earth, and we cannot recognize it as a universal law, such as that of *atomagnetism*. This principle *can be shown* to be the universal rule of nature, or the law regulating and producing all natural phenomena,—consequently, the force that originates all other forces, including the principle of gravitation.

With all due deference to V's views of the "absurdity" of our opinion, we mean fully to substantiate the existence of a universal law of *Atomagnetism* upon the simple fact, that *all* atoms are magnets, or that MAGNETISM is *a property* of ALL atoms of matter; that like atoms, and like substances, attract and repel their like only, according to their condition and position with their surroundings—instead of that other law, "That *all* bodies at all distances, at all times, are affected by a force of gravity."

The operation of this law of Atomagnetism, whereby like atoms and bodies attract or repel their like only, according to their condition and position, originates *all* natural phenomena, includ-

ing that of gravitation, which, as we understand it, is the incidental falling of bodies towards the earth.

All movable bodies, including our atmosphere, being formed of similar matter to that atomic material composing the earth, are magnetically attracted towards the earth, according to their *condition* and *position* with reference to their surroundings. For example, a balloon in the atmosphere is a body with its accompaniments of considerable weight, but its altered condition when inflated with gas produced from the metals iron and zinc, causes it to occupy a greater space than do the surroundings with which it comes in contact, and it is therefore less dense. The balloon is repelled from the earth to a position and atmosphere suited to its *condition*. How does the law of gravity explain this phenomenon? Again, if *all* bodies attract each other, the metallic compass-needle should be affected by other metals or bodies, but we find it affected by *its like only*. May we not therefore be allowed to differ with V., and draw his attention to the fact, or correct him in his opinion of "Magnetism, its affecting very few substances, as iron, nickel, oxygen, &c., and that its law is not yet ascertained with definite or ultimate certainty."

We make no pretensions to giving him *new truths*, but we find ourselves in circumstances to give him *new views of old* truths, that are as ancient as the law of nature, and must have existed from or before the beginning. To explain Atomagnetism thoroughly would take up more space than we at present might be permitted to occupy; but we may have now said enough to show that we meant as a reality what we stated in the sentence under consideration.

In conclusion, we must confess that we never could understand the *universal* application of that "law of gravity" spoken of, and could never find any one prepared to explain it. We would therefore be much pleased if our "critic" would be kind enough to do so.

As for his dread of the consequences of progress and discovery, upon antiquated and established theories of nature's operations, including those of Astronomy, etc., all we say is, if the later theory be true *we* are not responsible for consequences.

Let the *truth* prevail though theories perish. R.

HALIFAX, Aug. 16, 1873.

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M. D.

THIS is the title of a Work, some pages of which will be familiar to the readers of *Stewart's Quarterly*, where several of the articles first appeared. The article on "Auld Lang Syne" will be recognized as having first seen the light in the MARITIME MONTHLY. There is a raciness about the style of these papers which commends them to us. Besides the human characters portrayed, we have characteristic tales, one of which we here present to our readers. It is entitled—

A NIGHT OF TERRORS.

IT was customary, about twenty years ago, in Highland districts, to carry the bodies of deceased persons on bearers of wood, instead of on wheeled vehicles. This was necessary in many places on account of the rocky and precipitous character of the roads. The bearers were usually kept in the church or vestry for convenience.

It was a clear frosty October day, in the year 1839, when John McLeod, the parish school master of Tomintoul, died. He had taught, and flogged, and scolded the growing urchins of that locality for nearly half a century, and many of his early pupils had distinguished themselves in the navy, and on bloody battle-fields, in the forum, and among the literati of their country. Would that I could wax eloquent on their behalf! His dominical sway was benignant and patriarchal, and there was always a radiancy of graciousness about his countenance which cheered the falterer toiling up the hill of science, but as yet, not far from its foot. Well, his race was run, and his coffined body must be hid from sight. James Murdock, his assistant and successor, was deputed to go over to the "Auld Kirk" for the bearers. His eagerness to go was explained by the gossips at the wake, who stoutly asserted he was sure to pay a visit to the manse near by, and have a short *tete a tete* with Flora, the minister's daughter. He sped on his way and mission with all the alacrity of one whose breast was filled with "love's young hopes." Night overtook him on the hills, but the full moon was high in the heavens, and benignantly shed silvery pencils of glory over the heathy slopes of the looming mountains, and along the scarcely beaten track on which he trod. When he reached the minister's house, he saw a light shining through the sitting-room window, and curiosity getting the better of his sense of propriety, he peeped through the lattice, and saw Flora stitching swiftly one of the white collars which he so often admired upon her snowy neck. A gentle tap brought her to the door. It is not our intention to chronicle the sayings of the

lovers, for who wishes such love scenes depicted to the *ignobile vulgus?* The hours of night were fast wearing away, and the "wee short 'oor ayont the twal,"—which somebody sings about —was numbered with the past, when he was found scrambling over the stone wall, which separated the garden of the manse from the graveyard, in which stood a spectre white. (These gentry never appear in any other color, for some good reason of their own.) It appeared to him of monstrous dimensions and of uncouth appearance. It moved and moaned and sighed in apparent unquiet, so that it could not be a white monument made grotesque by the light of the moon. Superstitious by inheritance, his blood froze within him at the sight, for all the ghosts, wraiths, dead-candles, and horrid apparitions, nestling in some nook or cranny of his brain, came vividly to his remembrance; and here was a living evidence of their existence, for what else could it be? Sliding back over the wall, he hastened to Flora, and told the wonderful tale, with shaking knees, dilated eyes, and fierce gesticulation.

"Now, Murdock," said the tidy maid, "what a silly 'gouk' you are, to be sure, it is only my father's white horse. which has jumped the stiles to feed in the yard."

Murdock, ashamed of his cowardice, especially at such a time, mustered courage to march with firm steps towards the author of his fears, yet, he had been startled, and his nerves had not fully received their *quietus.* He was now among the dead, and with the living—horse. It was haunted ground. Here was the mound of McTavish, the miser, who drove his only daughter from his door, because he begrudged her the food she ate and the room she occupied, and afterwards froze himself to death, for want of fuel to warm his shrivelled limbs. There lay the bones of Urquehart, of violent temper, who, in blind frenzy, plunged a dirk into the side of his best friend, and then capped the climax by hanging himself. Here reposed poor Nellie, who died ruined, forsaken, and broken-hearted, because of the ruthlessness of a perjured villain. There slept—it is presumed—Baillie Ruthven, who treasured up riches by extortion and deceit, but now his children have squandered them, and all that remains of him on earth are a few pounds of unctuous earth;—Enough!—but over him stands a splendid monument of Peterhead granite, as hard as had been his own heart, and on it a lie for an epitaph. Here lies saintly Munro, or rather his remains, but his hymnal chorus of adoration is now echoing in celestial courts. Each green mound had a history, either real or mythical, and Murdock had heard of the tortured spirits of those departed, periodically haunting the scenes of their earthly sepulture. He believed that such was the case, and while he cogitated, his fears increased. Diabolus was always supposed to be lurking near churches and impregnating the air with satanic influences. He made his way to the church

door, and finding it open, he entered. The bearers had been left near the pulpit, and Murdock determined to make a rush for the spot, and retreat as quickly as possible. He gathered up one coat tail under each arm, and fixed his blue bonnet firmly upon the top of his head, and then made the grand charge along one of the aisles. But alas! for all his plans and hopes, the enemy had him in his clutches, and apparently his hour of doom had come. He felt a painful constriction round the throat, which was fast suffocating him, but he was determined not to fall into the hands of the Evil One without a struggle; yet, like the bewildered traveller in a morass, the more he struggled the more his difficulties increased, and the tighter the grip became. He beat the air with his hands, and stamped the floor with his feet. He gurgled forth short prayers with gasping emphasis, intermingled with the creed, and snatches from the shorter catechism, with now and then ejaculations, which seemed second cousins to profanation. His objurations seemed of no avail, for strangulation by the relentless and untiring fingers of his adversary was increasing in intensity every moment. He made a rush for the door, as he supposed, but blind with terror he had lost his longitude and latitude. No matter, any way out of the church, by window, vestry, or door would be acceptable. Over the pews and seats he went—now floundering on the floor between them, and, anon perched on the top of them in vain attempts to gain his equilibrium, for his unseen enemy had entangled his legs and arms in the meshes of this terribly mysterious agency. He was partially bound hand and foot. Wherever he plunged a bloody trail was left behind. The bonnet was gone, the coat and nether garments,

> "Like tattered sail
> Flung their fragments to the gale."

He attempted to scream, but fatigue and a tightened throat forbade it. To add to his terror, his adversary leaped upon his head, and scourged his face and body with merciless blows. These fell fast and furious, accompanied by unearthly screams, appalling enough to awaken the seven, or seventy and seven sleepers. The thought came up to his mind, whether it would not be better to come to terms and capitulate on conditions to the Enemy of souls, by the barter of his body and soul, for his release from thraldom, rather than be immolated at once, and never see Flora again. He called upon the Prince of Darkness to release him and he would be his abject slave forever. He would seal such a contract with his blood, only liberate him now; but no response except blows without stint, came from his Satanic Highness. The battle of life and death continued foul and fierce, and yet no truce was sounded by the enemy. In sheer desperation, Murdock made for a small glimmer of light, which met his eye, and which happened to be a gothic window. He plunged at it, and through it,

on to the green sward outside, as a storm-tossed mariner steers for the streaming light from afar, which to him is a beacon of hope. A woe-begone creature told his "horrible tale" to an awe-stricken assembly, at the house of the dead, and a *posse comitatus* was formed of all the "braves" of the vicinity to 'beard the lion in his den' and exorcise him with cudgels, instead of with "book and candle." With slow steps, and bated breath, and dilated eyes, the crowd surrounded the church, and as the day dawned a goose, with broken legs, and a cord fastened to one of them, was found dangling from the window. The minister's wife had tethered the fowl in the church-yard, and as the door had been left open, it had found its way into the church, and sitting on one of the pews its cord had become entangled about Murdock's neck, and in the struggle he had wound it round his legs and arms, until the poor animal was dragged upon the top of his head, and in its fight for liberty, had beat him with its wings. Murdock fled the country for Canada, in very shame, and saw Flora no more. If this true tale meets his eye, we expect to be "called out," but we have provided pistols for *two* and wine for *one*. As poor Artemus would say "let him appoint the day for his funeral, and the corpse shall be ready."

LASSA BUAICHT,

THE OLD MAN OF THE GLEN.

LONG before the Danes ever came to Ireland, there died at Muskerry a Sculloge, or country farmer, who by dint of hard work and close economy had amassed enormous wealth. His only son did not resemble him. When the young Sculloge looked about the house, the day after his father's death, and saw the big chests full of gold and silver, and the cupboards shining with piles of sovereigns, and the old stockings stuffed with large and small coin, he said to himself, "Bedad, how shall I ever be able to spend the likes o' that!" And so he drank, and gambled, and wasted his time in hunting and horse-racing, until after a while he found the chests empty and the cupboards poverty-stricken, and the stockings lean and penniless. Then he mortgaged his farm-house and gambled away all the money he got for it, and then he bethought him that a few hundred pounds might be raised on his mill. But when he went to look at it, he found "the dam broken, and scarcely a thimbleful of water in the mill-race, and the wheel rotten, and the thatch of the house all gone, and the upper mill-stone laying flat on the lower one, and a coat of dust and mould over everything." So he made up his mind to borrow a horse and take one more hunt to-morrow and then reform his habits.

As he was returning late in the evening from this farewell hunt, passing through a lonely glen he came upon an old man playing backgammon, betting on his left hand against his right, and crying and cursing because the right *would* win. "Come and bet with me," said he to Sculloge. "Faith I have but a sixpence in the world," was the reply; "but if you like I'll wager that on the right." "Done," said the old man, who was a Druid; "if you win I'll give you a hundred guineas." So the game was played, and the old man, whose right hand was always the winner, paid over the guineas and told Sculloge to go to the devil with them.

Instead of following this bit of advice, however, the young farmer went home and began to pay his debts, and next week he went to the glen and won another game, and made the Druid rebuild his mill. So Sculloge became prosperous again, and by and by he tried his luck a third time, and won a game played for a beautiful wife. The Druid sent her to his house the next morning before he was out of bed, and his servants came knocking at the door and crying, "Wake up! wake up! Master Sculloge, there's a young lady here to see you." "Bedad, it's the vanithee, [a corruption of Gaelic *bhan a teaigh*, 'lady of the house,'] herself," said Sculloge; and getting up in a hurry, he spent three quarters of an hour in dressing himself. At last he went down stairs, and there on the sofa was the prettiest lady ever seen in Ireland! Naturally, Sculloge's heart beat fast and his voice trembled, as he begged the lady's pardon for this Druidic style of wooing, and besought her not to feel obliged to stay with him unless she really liked him. But the young lady, who was a king's daughter from a far country, was wondrously charmed with the handsome farmer, and so well did they get along that a priest was sent for without further delay, and they were married before sundown. Sabina was the vanithee's name; and she warned her husband to have no more dealings with Lassa Buaicht, the old man of the glen. So for a while all went happily, and the Druidic bride was as good as she was beautiful. But by and by Sculloge began to think he was not earning money fast enough. He could not bear to see his wife's white hands soiled with work, and thought it would be a fine thing if he could only afford to keep a few more servants, and drive about with Sabina in an elegant carriage, and see her clothed in silk and adorned with jewels.

"I will play one more game and set the stakes high," said Sculloge to himself one evening, as he sat pondering over these things; and so, without consulting Sabina, he stole away to the glen, and played a game for ten thousand guineas. But the evil Druid was now ready to pounce on his prey, and he did not play as of old. Sculloge broke into a cold sweat with agony and terror as he saw the left hand win! Then the face of Lassa Buaicht grew dark and stern, and he laid on Sculloge the curse which is laid upon the solar hero in misfortune, that he should never sleep twice

under the same roof, or ascend the couch of the dawn-nymph, his wife, until he should have procured and brought to him the sword of light. When Sculloge reached home, more dead than alive, he saw that his wife knew all. Bitterly they wept together, but she told him that with courage all might be set right. She gave him a Druidic horse, which bore him swiftly over land and sea, like the enchanted steed of the Arabian Nights, until he reached the castle of his wife's father, who, as Sculloge now learned, was a good Druid, the brother of the evil Lassa Buaicht. This good Druid told him that the sword of light was kept by a third brother, the powerful magician, Fiach O'Duda, who dwelt in an enchanted castle, which many brave heroes had tried to enter, but the dark sorcerer had slain them all. Three high walls surrounded the castle, and many had scaled the first of these, but none had ever returned alive. But Sculloge was not to be daunted, and taking from his father-in-law a black steed, he set out for the fortress of Fiach O'Duda. Over the first high wall nimbly leaped the magic horse, and Sculloge called aloud on the Druid to come out and surrender his sword. Then came out a tall, dark man, with coal-black eyes and hair, and melancholy visage, and made a furious sweep at Sculloge with the flaming blade. But the Druidic beast sprang back over the wall in the twinkling of an eye and rescued his rider, leaving, however, his tail behind in the court-yard. Then Sculloge returned in triumph to his father-in-law's palace, and the night was spent in feasting and revelry.

Next day Sculloge rode out on a white horse, and when he got to Fiach's castle, he saw the first wall lying in rubbish. He leaped the second, and the same scene occurred as the day before, save that the horse escaped unharmed.

The third day Sculloge went out on foot, with a harp like that of Orpheus in his hand, and as he swept its strings the grass bent to listen and the trees bowed their heads. The castle walls all lay in ruins, and Sculloge made his way unhindered to the upper room, where Fiach lay in Druidic slumber, lulled by the harp. He seized the sword of light, which was hung by the chimney sheathed in a dark scabbard, and making the best of his way back to the good king's palace, mounted his wife's steed, and scoured over land and sea until he found himself in the gloomy glen where Lassa Buaicht was still crying and cursing and betting on his left hand against his right.

"Here, treacherous fiend, take your sword of light!" shouted Sculloge in tones of thunder: and as he drew it from its sheath the whole valley was lighted up as with the morning sun, and next moment the head of the wretched Druid was lying at his feet, and his sweet wife, who had come to meet him, was laughing and crying in his arms.

GRANDMOTHER.

GRANDMOTHER is so old, she has so many wrinkles, and her hair is quite white; but her eyes! they shine like two stars, nay, they are much finer—they are so mild, so blissful to look into. And then she knows the most amusing stories, and she has a gown with large, large flowers on it, and it is of such thick silk that it actually rustles. Grandmother knows so much, for she has lived long before father and mother—that is quite sure.

Grandmother has a psalm-book with thick silver clasps, and in that book she often reads. In the middle of it lies a rose, which is quite flat and dry; but it is not so pretty as the roses she has in the glass, yet she smiles the kindliest to it, nay, even tears come into her eyes!

Why does Grandmother look thus on the withered flower in the old book? Do you know why?

Every time that Grandmother's tears fall on the withered flower the colors become fresher; the rose then swells, and the whole room is filled with fragrance; the walls sink as if they were but mists; and round about it is the green, the delightful grove, where the sun shines between the leaves. And Grandmother—yes, she is quite young; she is a beautiful girl, with yellow hair, with round red cheeks, pretty and charming—no rose is fresher. Yet the eyes, the mild, blissful eyes,—yes, they are still Grandmother's! By her side sits a man, young and strong; he presents the rose to her and she smiles. Yet Grandmother does not smile so,—yes; the smile comes,—he is gone. Many thoughts and many forms go past. That handsome man is gone; the rose lies in the psalm-book, and grandmother,—yes, she again sits like an old woman, and looks on the withered rose that lies in the book.

Now grandmother is dead!

She sat in the arm-chair, and told a long, long, sweet story. "And now it is ended!" said she, "and I am quite tired: let me now sleep a little!" And so she laid her head back to rest. She drew her breath, she slept, but it became more and more still; and her face was so full of peace and happiness—it was as if the sun's rays passed over it. She smiled, and then they said that she was dead.

She was laid in the black coffin; she lay swathed in the white linen: she was so pretty, and yet the eyes were closed—but all the wrinkles were gone. She lay with a smile around her mouth; her hair was so silvery white, so venerable, one was not at all afraid to look on the dead, for it was the sweet, benign grandmother. And the psalm-book was laid in the coffin under her head (she herself had requested it), and the rose lay in the old book—and then they buried grandmother.

On the grave, close under the church wall, they planted a rose-

tree, and it became full of roses, and the nightingale sang over it, and the organ in the church played the finest psalms that were in the book under the dead one's head. And the moon shone straight down on the grave—but the dead was not there: every child could go quietly in the night-time and pluck a rose there by the church-yard wall. The dead know more than all we living know —the dead know the awe we should feel at something so strange as their coming to us. The dead are better than us all, and therefore they do not come.

There is earth over the coffin, there is earth within it; the psalm-book with its leaves is dust, the rose with all its recollections has gone to dust. But above it bloom new roses, above it sings the nightingale, and the organ plays: we think of the old grandmother with the mild, eternally young eyes. Eyes can never die! Ours shall once again see her, young and beautiful, as when she for the first time kissed the fresh red rose which is now dust in the grave.—*Hans Andersen.*

LORD BULWER.

TOWARDS twelve o'clock Mr. Lytton Bulwer was announced, and enter the author of "Pelham." I had made up my mind how he *should* look, and between prints and descriptions thought I could scarcely be mistaken in my idea of his person. No two things could be more unlike, however, then the ideal of Mr. Bulwer in my mind, and the real Mr. Bulwer who followed the announcment. I liked his manners extremely. He ran up to Lady Blessington, with the joyous heartiness of a boy let out of school; and the "How d'ye, Bulwer?" went round as he shook hands with everybody in the style of welcome usually given to "the best fellow in the world." . . . Bulwer's head is phrenologically a fine one. His forehead retreats very much, but is very broad and well-marked, and the whole air is that of decided mental superiority. His nose is aquiline. His complexion is fair, his hair profuse, curly, and of light auburn. A more good-natured, habitually smiling expression could hardly be imagined. . . I can imagine no style of conversation calculated to be more agreeable than Bulwer's. Gay, quick, various, half-satirical, and always fresh and different from everybody else. . . . Bulwer's voice, like his brother's, is exceedingly lover-like and sweet. —*N. P. Willis.*

DICKENS' CHARACTERS.

IF Mr. Dicken's characters were gathered together, they would constitute a town populous enough to send a representation to

Parliament. Let us enter. The style of architecture is unparalleled. There is an individuality about the buildings. In some obscure way they remind one of human faces. There are houses sly-looking, houses wicked-looking, houses pompous-looking. Heaven bless us! what a rakish pump! What a self-important town hall! What a hard-hearted prison! The dead walls are covered with advertisements of Mr. Sleary's circus. Newman Noggs comes shambling along. Mr. and the Misses Pecksniff come sailing down the sunny side of the street. Miss Mercy's parasol is gay; papa's neckcloth is white and terribly starched. Dick Swiveller leans against a wall, his hands in his pockets, a primrose held between his teeth, contemplating the opera of Punch and Judy, which is being conducted under the management of Messrs. Codling and Short. You turn a corner, and you meet the coffin of little Paul Dombey borne along. In the afternoon you hear the rich tones of the organ from Miss La Creevy's first floor, for Tom Pinch has gone to live there now; and as you know all the people as you know your own brothers and sisters, and consequently require no letters of introduction, you go up and talk with the dear old fellow about all his friends and your friends, and towards evening he takes your arm, and you walk out to see poor Nelly's grave.—*Alexander Smith.*

CHARLES MACKAY is the first poet, so far as my knowledge extends, of the new epoch; the day-star of a brighter day of poetry than the world has yet seen. At the same time I fear that only the initiated—that is, the individuals with high moral organs, more or less cultivated—will understand and feel the divine harmony of his poetry. But his fame will rise and last. —*George Combe.*

HAPPY is the privilege of genius that can "float down the hungry generations" in a song; and, so far as I may venture to prophesy, such will be the fortune of Charles Mackay. He speaks emphatically for the people. Not inferior to Tennyson in artistic skill, he possesses some of the pathetic humour of Hood, with a simplicity which sometimes reminds me of Longfellow; but with a sprightliness, elasticity, and versatility which none of them possess.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

(From the Popular Science Monthly.)

A SINGULAR RACE.—A French traveller, M. Duveyrier, describes, in "Ocean Highways," a curious race, the Imôhagh (called in our maps Tauricks or Tuâregs), who dwell in the heart of the Sahara. They are pure Berbers, with white skin, but their uncleanly habits give them the appearance of blacks. The men alone wear a thick black veil over the face, while the women dispense with that

covering. A man would consider himself dishonored were he to expose his face, and he takes precaution against any involuntary breach of decorum, by wearing his veil at all times, whether sleeping, walking, fighting, riding, and even speaking to his father. As a general rule, the Imôhagh despise fire-arms, as fit only for cowards, "but they fear them extremely" remarks M. Duveyrier.

They treat their women with great respect. No Imôhagh woman would consent to her husband indulging in plurality of wives; and, what is perhaps more singular still, the women alone know any thing of the art of writing. In political affairs the weaker sex exercise a powerful influence; and, when a chief dies, the supreme authority descends to the eldest son of his eldest sister.

Reproduction of Eyes in Crawfish.—That the crawfish has the power of reproducing an eye which it may happen to lose is a fact quite familiar to naturalists, but we are indebted to M. S. Chantran, of the French Academy of Sciences, for the discovery that this power of reproduction varies according to the animal's age. In a recent number of the *Comptes Rendus*, M. Chantran gives the results of his observations on this subject, from which it appears that a crawfish one year old quickly and effectually repairs such injuries, while in animals two or more years old reproduction is uncertain in its operation, and never perfect. His first experiment was with a number of one year old animals. In October, 1871, after the close of their moulting season, he clipped off their eyes. Moulting commenced in May of the year following, and in September, after four months, the eyes were perfectly reproduced.

The next experiment was with animals two years old. These he deprived of their eyes, either immediately before moulting set in, or in the interval between two moults. The results in these cases were various. In some of the animals, after three or four months, the eyes were reproduced, but then the pupils were so disfigured as to leave it doubtful whether they could serve for the purpose of vision; in others, one pupil was considerably smaller than the other.

Finally, in the case of full grown animals, which moult less frequently—the females but once a year, and the males twice—the author's results did not show any reproduction of the eye, but only the growth of *buds* marked with a black point, and, in one case, of opaque bifid buds in place of eyes. The author promises at an early day to communicate to the Academy his observations on certain concretions formed in the stomach of the crawfish, and called *crab's eyes* in old pharmacopœias.

Discovery of Ancient Egyptian Mines.—Some of the iron-mines anciently worked by the Egyptians have recently been discovered anew by English explorers, and search is to be instituted for other ancient mines of silver, gold, and iron. As the

processes followed in ancient times for the reduction of ores were very defective, it is expected that, in the *débris* accumulated in the neighbourhood of the mines, an amount of the useful and precious metals will be found sufficient to make the working it over again profitable. At a recent meeting of the British Society of Antiquaries, mention was made of the discovery, in the neighbourhood of Mount Sinai, of the turquoise-mines of the ancient Egyptians. The discoverer, an Englishman, whose name is not given, observed in the water-courses of that region, which in summer are dry, peculiar blue stones which he soon ascertained to be turquoises. This circumstance led to further research. We are now informed that, "aided by the friendly tribes he has taken into his pay, he has discovered the old turquoise-mines of the ancient Egyptians, the rocks that they worked for the stones, the very tools they used, and their polishing and grinding places." The fortunate discoverer has already sent to England some of the finest turquoises ever seen.

While searching for the turquoise-mines, this same explorer discovered the ancient lines of fortification surrounding the works, and came upon the remains of vast iron-works, which must have employed many thousands of hands. Slag taken from the refuse-heaps around these works contains as much as 53 per cent. of iron. The whole surrounding district is well worthy of being thoroughly explored by the antiquary, as it contains many hieroglyphic inscriptions which would doubtless throw much light upon the early history of metallurgy.

Light-Waves and Sound-Waves.—A curious instance of the analogies of light and sound is given in the *Medical Times*, from a German medical journal. Two brothers, named Nussbaumer, are said to receive visual impressions from sounds. When a certain note is struck from the piano, the brothers at once have a sensation of a certain corresponding color, which is not, however, identical for both. Thus the note which produces in the one the impression of dark Prussian blue, produces in the other that of dark yellow. They do not, however, perceive all colors on occasion of hearing sounds. One of the brothers has sensations of yellow, brown, and violet, most frequently; while blue, yellow and brown, are more frequent with the other. One of them never has the sensations of red, green, black, or white, awakened by musical notes, though on one occasion he says that, suddenly hearing a noise from the filing of a saw, he had the sensation of green. No doubt it is very difficult to be secure against deception in such a matter as this; but we may add that Prof. Brühl, of Vienna, after thorough investigation, is satisfied that there is no fraud.