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THE POLARIS EXPEDITION.

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PART II.

[IN this practical age we are accustomed to determine the value of things by their results. Theories may be very ingenious and plausible, but unless they stand the test of practice or experiment, they command small respect. This is a beautiful and complicated machine, but we ask, will it do the work? This is a most venerable institution, but has it ceased to be effective, or does it still retain its hold upon the hearts and lives of living men? This expedition in search of the springs of the Nile is very heroic, but *cui bono*? These men, who set out to do battle with the ice-floes of the Arctic seas, are very brave and their enterprises very daring, and the amount of human toil and endurance which they have undergone is something wonderful; but after all, what good is to come of their efforts in cleaving ice-fields and sledging along hundreds of miles of foreign desolate shores, where even the wretched Esquimaux cannot exist? Such questions are often put in a narrow, cold, utilitarian spirit that is satisfied with nothing short of results that may be measured and described, and which ignores the higher issues—the intellectual and moral consequences which cannot be weighed in the common balance. But still, while we protest against this contracted, commercial view, we must allow, in all fairness, that fruit must be looked for, as the product of human energy, and that objectless

and resultless enterprises cannot be defended in a world where there is so much work to be done, and the time to do it is so short. The Polaris Expedition, like other matters, must submit to be judged by its results.

But for the misfortunes which overtook that expedition, the array of results would have been much greater than we now know them to be. The greatest of these misfortunes was the death of the heroic leader, Captain Hall. Wanting his inspiring enthusiasm, the expedition could not be carried out to a successful issue. The loss of the greater part of the records of the expedition, and many of the specimens, in the gale of October 15th, 1872, was another irreparable calamity. How painful to the scientific corps to discover that the records of their observations—which had cost them many a weary vigil during the long Arctic night—had been swept away on the ice, and were lost beyond recovery. The whole of Captain Hall's papers were lost in this way, having been placed for safety on the ice when the ship was supposed to be sinking. Only a small part of the meteorological and tidal observations was saved; the pendulum observations were also saved, but the observations of time were lost. The whole of the astronomical and magnetic records unhappily shared the same fate. The loss to science of these valuable records of observations taken in the highest latitude in which white men have ever wintered, is greatly to be deplored.

The most striking and important result of the Polaris expedition was the demonstration which it furnished of the practicability of carrying a vessel, by way of Kennedy Channel, to  $82^{\circ} 16' N.$ , or within little more than four hundred miles of the Pole. Even this high latitude was attained in a single working season, and almost without any serious hindrances. It is also certain that, at this farthest point, the sea was still navigable; and that, with a stouter ship, and more confidence on the part of those in command, a still higher point could have been reached. Thus the Polaris has opened the way to the North Pole, and we may now be assured that a host of eager discoverers will be pressing on in the same route, and that the mysterious Pole will ere long be reached. The true gateway to the Pole has at length been discovered; and the icy barrier, which has for centuries baffled the boldest navigators, has at length been pierced. The honor of this achievement belongs to the brave Captain Hall, and if no other result of his

expedition could be named, this is enough to cover it with renown. Henceforward all attempts to reach the Pole will be by following in the track of the *Polaris*, and all further investigations into the geography of the circum-polar regions will be prosecuted through Kennedy Channel. The Spitzbergen route, on which so many fruitless efforts have been wasted, will now, in all probability, be abandoned. When a vessel so poorly fitted for the conflict with ice-floes as the *Polaris*, achieved so much, a properly equipped expedition, in a favorable season, is almost certain of success.

Another very important result of this expedition is the certainty it has furnished that a strong southerly current is constantly flowing through this polar-gateway, keeping the ice in motion and sweeping it south, so that navigation cannot be arrested for any great length of time. In this fact lies a source of safety for all future Arctic expeditions by the same route. Let us suppose that two stout whaling steamers were despatched in this direction, and manned by crews from the navy and commanded by naval officers, and that one of them were stationed at the entrance of Smith's Sound, while the other pressed on towards the Pole, there would be no great difficulty in maintaining communications between two vessels thus placed, and between the most southern of them and the whalers frequenting the "North Water," so that there would be no possibility of serious danger to the more advanced party, in the improbable event of their vessel being lost. Captain Hall found that the floes met with up Smith's Sound were not of a heavy description, and seldom exceeded five feet in thickness, so that it may be safely inferred they were the growth of one winter. The same was found to be the case in their winter-quarters, in  $81^{\circ}38'$ . All the ice seen here appeared to have been formed in one winter. If, then, the most northern of these vessels should reach  $84^{\circ}$  or  $85^{\circ}$  N., from such a position parties could easily survey the whole northern coasts of Greenland and Grinnel Land, and also reach the Pole; while in case of any disaster, a safe retreat would always be kept open. The fact that the *Polaris* drifted from a high northern latitude into Baffin's Bay, is a proof of a southerly current, and of a navigable channel, as an ordinary rule.

In addition to all this, the *Polaris* expedition has dispersed many unfounded assumptions regarding the increasing difficulties

of sustaining human life as we penetrate farther north. The crew of the *Polaris* wintered in  $81^{\circ} 38' N.$ ; and there the climate was found to be milder than farther south, and animal life was so abundant that considerable supplies of fresh meat could be obtained, especially musk-oxen, by well-organized hunting parties. Thus one of the greatest difficulties, in maintaining men in health and vigor, in these icy regions, is demonstrated not to be insurmountable. If only supplies of fresh provisions can be had, the climate of the Arctic regions is found to be perfectly healthy. Explorations, therefore, in this direction, involve little risk to life or health. The apparent difficulties have thus been diminished greatly by the voyage of the *Polaris*. Now that the possibility of a vessel making her way from Cape Shackleton to  $82^{\circ} 16'$  in five days is established, and that at that point there are fewer difficulties to be encountered than farther south, the next few years will, in all probability, witness circum-polar discoveries of vast interest. The prospects of success, in the case of specially equipped and properly manned expeditions, are now vastly increased.

The geographical results of the expedition possess high interest. The Open Polar Sea, laid down by Kane and Hayes, regarding which geographers have been so much divided in opinion, was found to be in reality "a Sound of considerable extent, formed by the somewhat abrupt termination of Kennedy Channel to the northward, and broken by Lady Franklin's Bay on the west, and on the east by a large inlet or fiord, twenty-two miles wide at the opening, and certainly extending far inland to the south-east. Its length was not ascertained, and Mr. Meyer thinks that it may be, in fact, a strait extending till it communicates with the Francis Joseph Sound of the Germania and Hansa Expedition, and with it defining the northern limits of Greenland. This inlet was called the Southern Fiord. North of it, on the same side, is the indentation of the shore called *Polaris* Bay by Captain Hall, where the *Polaris* wintered in latitude  $81^{\circ} 38'$  north. The northern point of this bay was named Cape Lupton. Its southern point is yet without a name. From Cape Lupton the land trends to the north-east, and forms the eastern shore of a new channel from twenty-five to thirty miles wide, opening out of the sound above mentioned, to which Captain Hall gave the name of Robeson's Straits. The western shores of these straits, north of Grinnel's Land, are also nameless. North-east of Cape Lupton, in

latitude  $81^{\circ} 57'$ , is a deep inlet, which Captain Hall called Newman's Bay, naming its northern point Cape Brevoort, and its southern bluff Sumner Headland. From Cape Brevoort, the north-east trend of the land continues to Repulse Harbor, in latitude  $82^{\circ} 9'$ —the highest northern position reached by land during this expedition. From an elevation of seventeen hundred feet at Repulse Harbor, on the east coast of Robeson's Strait, the land continues north-east to the end of these straits, and thence east and south-east till lost in the distance, its vanishing point bearing south of east from the place of observation. No other land was visible to the north-east, but land was seen on the west coast, extending northward as far as the eye could reach, and apparently terminating in a headland and near latitude  $84^{\circ}$  north." (Report, p. 293.)

Dr. Bessels, in his evidence before the Commission, throws some additional light on the matter. He said, "On the 7th of August two of our seamen, Robert Kruger and Henry Hobby, went back to Newman's Bay to get some of their clothing, and in going there, they saw the land to the north of the northernmost cape of Grinnel Land, without any name, as plain as it could possibly be. One of them, Henry Hobby, remarked that the northernmost cape of Grinnel Land seemed to be so near him that he used the expression, he could 'spit on it;' and he described the land to the north of the cape as perpendicular cliffs, covered at some places with snow; and this account of the land corresponds exactly with the bearings of the cloud that I had taken some weeks previous to that, to the north-east of where he was. This is above the northernmost cape of Grinnel Land. This land lies above the northernmost point of that unnamed region which lies above Lady Franklin's Bay, as laid down in the chart of Mr. Meyer, and seems to be disconnected from it, and lying off to the north-east, and trending from north-west to the south-east."

The foregoing evidence seems to establish the insularity of Greenland, its extreme northern extension being in  $82^{\circ} 30'$  N. At this point its shores were steep and precipitous, and free from land ice. Grinnel Land, on the opposite side, appeared to reach somewhat further north, and to terminate in a cape, from which the land trended westward. According to Dr. Bessels, there was a northern land visible at the distance of sixty miles, with a channel between it and Grinnel Land. In the new chart laid

down by the officers of the expedition, this extreme northern land is named "President's Land," and is placed considerably north of  $84^{\circ}$ . The channel between it and Grinnel Land is named "Navy Opening," and the sea to the north of Robeson's Channel "Lincoln Sea." The most northern cape in Grinnel Land is named "Cape Joseph Henry," and a peak somewhat south of it "Cape Hamilton Fish."

In addition to settling the question of an "Open Polar Sea" at Cape Constitution, the expedition rendered important service by correcting serious errors which occurred in the shore-line of the west coast, as laid down by Dr. Hayes, and also errors in the shore-line of Greenland, as laid down by Dr. Kane. Cape Constitution was found to be nearly fifty miles farther south than the position assigned to it by Kane, and the whole coast-line was placed farther to the eastward. Dr. Bessels considers that Cape Constitution ought to be placed in latitude  $80^{\circ} 25' N.$  instead of  $81^{\circ} N.$  He also states that the specimens he brought home prove that Greenland has been connected with America, and that a rupture took place in the direction from north to south. He found also that certain minerals of South Greenland have been deposited as far north as latitude  $82^{\circ}$ ; and that North Greenland has been rising, as he found drift-wood and marine-shells at elevations of seventeen hundred feet above the sea-level,—shells that are now found alive in the adjoining sea. Another important discovery was, that the tides of Polaris Bay were from the north, and probably connected with the Pacific Ocean, while those farther south were from the Atlantic Ocean. From this Dr. Bessels infers that there is an open-sea connection between Robeson's Channel and the Pacific, and that a north-west passage could be made provided the obstructions from the ice are not insurmountable. The same accurate observer saw traces of the Esquimaux as far north as  $82^{\circ}$ . At this point the remains of a summer encampment of this people were found, consisting of three circles of stones for keeping tents in position, and various Esquimaux implements. Evidently, this extraordinary race must have migrated from the eastward, at a very high latitude, and made their way south along both the eastern and western coasts of Greenland. It is clear the stream of emigration was not from south to north. The total extent of coast-line examined and surveyed by the Polaris Expedition was seven hundred miles; so that its geographical results must be pronounced exceedingly valuable.

All observations taken at the most northern position in which civilized man has ever wintered, must be regarded with much interest. The amount of information furnished by the expedition regarding the zoology and botany of those regions, though not large, is important. Unhappily the collections of natural history were lost on the ice, with the exception of two small cases. The character of the fauna is North American, as indicated by the occurrence of the lemming and musk-ox. Twenty-six of the latter were shot. Only one white bear was seen, but foxes were often observed. Three kinds of seals were met with—the common Greenland seal, the ground seal, and the fetid seal—even as far north as  $82^{\circ} 16'$ ; but no walrus or narwhal to the north of  $79^{\circ}$ . Musk-oxen were reported by the Esquimaux to be very plentiful on the western side, in Ellismere and Grinnel Lands. Before the winter set in the birds all migrated south, but ptarmigan and a species of snipe re-appeared early in spring, and the usual Arctic species were abundant. It is remarkable that, with the exception of a salmon in a fresh-water lake, no fish were met with. Altogether, nine species of mammals were found, four of which were seals. The number of species of insects is about fifteen, viz.: one beetle, four butterflies, six diptera, one bumble-bee, and several ichneumons, parasites in caterpillars. Two species of spiders and several mites were found. The flora was found to be richer than could be expected, as not less than seventeen phanerogamic plants were collected, besides three mosses, three lichens, and five fresh-water algae.

The prevailing winds were found to be from the north-east, although there were occasionally tempests from the south-west. Light winds were noticed from all points of the compass. The lowest temperature registered was  $48^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. The fall of snow during the two winters passed by the *Polaris* in Smith's Sound was remarkably small. During the summer the entire extent of both low lands and elevations were bare of both snow and ice, except patches here and there in the shade of the rocks. "The soil during this period was covered with a more or less dense vegetation of moss, with which several Arctic plants were interspersed, some of considerable beauty, but entirely without scent, and many small willows scarcely reaching the dignity of shrubs. The rocks noticed were of a schistose or slaty character, and in some instances contained fossil plants, specimens of which

were collected. Distinct evidences of former glaciers were seen in localities now bare of ice, these indications consisting in the occurrence of terminal and lateral moraines." (Report, p. 292.)

The variation of the needle amounted to 96°, being less than at localities visited by Hayes and Kane, farther south. Auroras were frequent but not brilliant, and streamers quite rare. Only once was the aurora a rosy red. The average rise and fall of the tides at their winter-quarters was about five and a half feet.

The records which have been preserved of meteorological observations, especially of the winds, the temperature and the moisture of the atmosphere, as well as the deep-sea temperatures taken, with the corresponding density of water, will form valuable contributions to physical geography. Twenty sets of pendulum observations were also saved, and will be found of importance. As yet, the gain to science, from the labors of the expedition, cannot be fully determined; but the voyage of the *Polaris* will form an epoch in Arctic explorations not merely on account of the solid gains of the expedition, but still more from the possibilities it suggests of glorious spoils for future explorers, in the at present unknown regions around the Pole.

Manifestly, we are on the eve of great discoveries in that vast unknown area of two million five hundred thousand square miles around the North Pole. Every fresh trial indicates that the icy ramparts will not much longer resist the practical efforts of explorers, and that soon another region will be reclaimed from the unknown and added to the domains of human knowledge. The employment of powerful steamers, built immensely strong, with sharp bows armed with iron, and fitted for cleaving the ice-floes by charging them at full speed, or rising above to descend upon them with crushing force, has created a new era in ice-navigation. All-conquering steam is destined to carry the bold explorer to the Pole. Science has taught men how to preserve the crews of vessels in the most perfect health and vigor in the Arctic regions. The immense advantages of the modern over the ancient explorer, in the matter of equipment, as well as in the means of solving scientific problems of great interest, seem to render success a matter of certainty.

Some, perhaps, may be ready to assert that we have little to gain in these grim icy regions, and that it would be wiser to leave the Frost King undisturbed in his own domains. Such a view,

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however, cannot be maintained in view of the conclusions and demands of science. Judging by all past experience, the examination of such a large portion of the earth's surface cannot fail to yield results of high scientific, as well as practical interest, and to increase largely the sum of human knowledge. No man could anticipate with exactness the nature of the discoveries likely to be made, although we may feel assured that they will be numerous, and like all new truths, will be found ultimately to have a relation to human well-being. When Columbus turned his prow to the west, and ventured out into the unknown waste of waters, who could have then conjectured the results which were to follow his discovery, or anticipated the America of to-day, with its restless, ambitious population and boundless resources? No one, in fact, can venture to predict the result of any new discovery in the realms of nature. At the Pole and around it, observations may yet be taken, which will give us a more thorough knowledge of our globe, and so influence the progress and happiness of the race. In any case the path of duty is clear. So long as any portion of his earthly domains is unexplored, man's instincts will lead him to use all possible means to penetrate the unknown, and never to sit down contented while a foot of territory on the surface of the globe is unvisited. Past experience tells him that the results which are least expected, and entirely beyond human anticipation, are those which explorations in new regions will bring to light. The five millions of square miles around the Poles, yet unexplored, may yield secrets which will vastly aid man in extending his acquaintance with the mighty forces of nature. The very effort to grapple with the difficulties of exploration, in these icy regions, will help to develop human faculty, and to give scope to that spirit of daring enterprise which has already produced so many heroes, and raised our thoughts above the dull drudgeries of our every-day experience.

Even now there are within the scope of our vision, probable results more than sufficient to warrant renewed efforts in Arctic explorations. No science attracts more attention at present than anthropology, and in connection with no other are there more obscurities and difficulties awaiting solution. The study of the lower races of man may be expected to throw much light on the whole history of the human family. In particular, a knowledge of that extraordinary race, the Esquimaux, who have their home

within the Arctic circle, may be expected to yield important results. Important questions connected with the migrations of man within the Arctic zone are yet unsolved, and are closely connected with the geography of the undiscovered portions of the Arctic regions. The Polaris Expedition has made it certain that even as far north as  $81^{\circ} 30'$ , there either are or have been human inhabitants, and even north of the explored portions of Greenland. Indications on the eastern side of Greenland point to the same conclusion. The investigation of the habits of such a people, who have been for generations cut off from all intercourse with the rest of the world, would possess the highest scientific interest. From what centres this singular race originally wandered; what are their religious ideas and what their language; their weapons and method of hunting; their superstitions, songs and traditions—all these inquiries present subjects of high interest for investigation, and their study would tend to advance the science of man. A human interest thus attaches to Arctic explorations. The inhabitants of these icy solitudes are our brothers, and we want to know something of their joys and sorrows, and of the circumstances under which the "struggle for life" goes on, where wood and metals are unknown, and the inhabitants are dependent on bone and stone for weapons and utensils. If we want to know how man fought the battle of life in the Stone Age, we may find light thrown on the subject, by an acquaintance with the isolated tribes of Esquimaux, who are living examples of a stage in progress which the rest of the race have left far behind them.

The geographical and hydrographical discoveries which are to be made, within the unknown region, also possess a deep interest. To complete the circuit of Greenland, and determine the nature and extent of the land along its northern extremity, and to explore the land to the westward, as well as the great Polar Archipelago, whose existence seems to be dimly indicated, is a task worthy of the boldest explorers. Then the hydrography of these unknown seas will have a close bearing on the question of ocean currents and consequently on general navigation. Pendulum observations made at the Pole are still necessary to complete our knowledge of the earth's figure. Researches into the phenomena of magnetism and atmospheric electricity, in the vicinity of the Pole will probably yield important scientific results; while the meteorologi-

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cal discoveries will be of vast interest, such as mortal eye has never before observed. The first bold explorers who reach the Pole, "will see the sun revolving with a uniform altitude, from the day it comes north of the equator in March, until it returns in September, its altitude being equal to its declination."

Geology too, will profit by Arctic exploration. This science wants more light thrown on ice-action, in connection with the glacial period of the earth's history, and to learn more of the height, extent and range of the glaciers. Besides, now that the existence of a true palaeozoic coal formation has been determined, geologists are eager to know more of its composition and extent. The discovery of coal on the coast of Greenland, in large quantities, and in seams easily worked, is one of great importance. In these inhospitable regions too, rare and precious metals have been discovered already, and many more may be brought to light. The Swedish Arctic expeditions found meteoric iron, extending for a distance of two hundred miles.

In conclusion, I shall only add that the zoologist and the botanist have numerous and important questions to solve in connection with Arctic exploration, and must regard their respective sciences incomplete, till a more perfect acquaintance with the animals and plants of those regions has been obtained. Indeed so intimately connected are all the sciences that it would be difficult to name any department which would not be enriched by the discoveries of a thoroughly equipped expedition to the Polar regions.

I cannot close without reference to the discovery of coal at Disco Island, on the Greenland coast—a matter of vast importance in prosecuting Arctic explorations *via* Baffin's Bay. D. S. Braine, Commander of the U. S. Steamer *Juniata*, which was despatched in search of the *Polaris*, in his Report to the Secretary of the Navy refers to the coal in Greenland in the following terms: "The position of the coal mine is latitude 60° 45' N.; longitude 52° 20' W."—(on the north-east coast of Disco Island). "The mines are a short distance back from the beach, and about one hundred feet above the level of the sea." "The coal is easily obtained; the tools used were pick-axes, chisel-bars, and shovels, the mining being done by nine of our men; the coal carried in bags to the beach. As the mining advanced into the mine, the coal assumed a brighter and blacker hue, indicating the presence

of bitumen, and some lumps were sprinkled with small particles of resin, the veins growing thicker as the mining proceeded. The coal proved frail in its structure, not bearing much handling, and was obtained in lumps. It was experimented with for fifteen hours, steaming in the *Little Juniata*, using salt water. It ignites easily, burns freely, and forms very little clinkers. The fine coal burns very nearly as well as the lump. A regular pressure of steam was kept up, twenty pounds to the square inch, with the furnace doors open part of the time, and at no time was the saturation above  $\frac{2}{3}$ . By weight, I judge it requires about one fourth more of this coal to be consumed, in any given time, to produce a mechanical effect equal to the best Welsh coal. This coal is bituminous in its nature. It produces very little smoke, of a brownish colour, and requires but little labor in stoking. While in this locality, several veins were found which indicated good coal and large quantities of it. So easily was the coal mined that our men, nine in number, would have removed and carried to the beach at least one hundred tons, in eight days, with the tools we used." "The anchorage and holding ground off the mines worked by us is good, with a depth of from ten to twenty fathoms; and I deem it perfectly feasible to mine the coals at this point successfully and in large quantities, of quality as stated above." It is not stated how these coal seams occur, but it is probable they belong to the palæozoic coal formation.

The series of articles on Arctic explorations is now closed. The readers of THE MARITIME MONTHLY will, perhaps, pardon me for stating that the peculiarity of my position here has led me to take a deep interest in those enterprises conducted by gallant American explorers. St. John's, N. F., has been the starting-point of their expeditions, when leaving the confines of civilization, they turned their prows towards the shores of Greenland. On the 21st of June, 1853, I saw the gallant Kane waving his farewell from the deck of the *Advance*, as he took his departure from our harbor for the North Pole, and I was among the number who wished him God-speed on the occasion. On the 24th of July, 1871, the *Polaris* left our harbor to follow in his track; and on the day before her departure I had a pleasant chat on board with her enthusiastic commander, Captain Hall, who explained to me his plans and expressed his confident hopes of success. Alas! only four months afterwards he was laid in an Arctic grave, in the land

he had conquered from the realms of the unknown! Early in May, 1873, the startling news reached us that the *Tigress*, one of our sealing steamers, had brought into port a portion of the crew of the *Polaris*, rescued from the ice off the coast of Labrador. I was one of the first to visit the party, and gather from their lips the particulars of their marvellous voyage of two thousand miles on an ice-floe, and to tell their startling story to the world. Our interest in the *Polaris* was sustained here by the visits of the *S. S. Juniata* and *Tigress* sent in search of her. In this way I have been led to occupy so many pages of THE MARITIME MONTHLY with the adventures of these brave men. My task is now completed, with what success the readers of THE MARITIME may determine.

### ENON.

WHEN Enon died, I cried, "Oh heart for thee

Nor flower shall bloom nor sun e'er shine again!"

When Enon died, I cried, "As falls the rain

Shall fall my tears through all the years to be!"

But as he faded in men's thoughts, in mine

The recollections of the past grew gray:

Does it disturb that long, long sleep of thine,

That thou art thus forgotten, Enon, say?

I see the white-sailed ships go down the Bay,

Of warning lights I catch the ruddy gleam,

Upon my pillow wearily I lay

My aching head, and through the night I dream

Of ships dismasted, that the ocean plough,

Lost and forgotten, Enon, as art thou!

ENYLLA ALLYNE

# THE ADVENTURES OF ABEN-HAMET.

## THE LAST ABENCERRAGE.

[Translated from the French by W. F. Hatheway.]

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE RETURN TO THE HOME OF HIS ANCESTORS.

WHEN Boabdil, the last king of Granada, was obliged to abandon the kingdom of his father, he stood for a short time upon the summit of a neighboring mountain. From this elevated spot one could perceive the sea, upon which the unfortunate monarch was about to embark for Africa, the city of Granada and the wide extending valley and the river Xenil, with the white tents of Ferdinand and Isabella gleaming upon its banks. At the right of this beautiful country, with its groves of cypress trees, which yet marked here and there the tombs of the Mussulmen, Boabdil burst into tears. His mother, the Sultana Aixa, who, with the nobles that formerly composed his court, was accompanying him in his exile, said to him: "Beware now, like a woman, a kingdom that you knew not how to defend like a man." They descended the mountain, and Granada disappeared from their eyes.

The Moors of Spain, who joined in the fate of their king, scattered themselves over Africa. The Zegri and Gomeles took seat in the kingdom of Fez, from which they had drawn their origin; other tribes remained upon the coast from Oran to Algiers, and the Abencerrages settled in the environs of Tunis. They founded, in sight of the ruins of Carthage, a colony which is yet distinguished among the Moors of Africa for the elegance of its manners and the mildness of its laws. These families carried into their new country the remembrance of their ancient land. The *Paradise of Granada* was always fresh in their memory, and often would mothers repeat its name to their tender offspring. The romances of their country were sung to them from the cradle up to manhood. They prayed five days in the mosques with faces turned toward Granada. They beseeched Allah to restore to his chosen people that land of happiness. In vain did the African land offer the exile its fruits, its waters, its verdure, and its shining sun—distant far from the *vermilion towers* of Granada,

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no fruits seemed agreeable, no waters limpid, nor appeared the verdure fresh, nor the sun worthy of regard.

If you pointed out to one of them the plains of Bagrada, he would shake his head, sadly crying "Granada." More than all the others did the Abencerrages retain the tender and faithful remembrance of their country. They had left with great sorrow the theatre of their glory, and those banks which they had made resound so often with their battle-cry "Honor and Love." No longer being able to level the lance in the desert nor to wear the casque in a colony of laborers, they consecrated themselves to the study of herbs, a profession much esteemed amongst the Arabs, even as much as that of arms. Thus this race of warriors who formerly used to inflict wounds, were now occupied in the art of curing them. In that art had retained something of its first genius, for the warriors oftentimes dressed the wounds of those whom they had just routed. The cabin of this family, a family which once had palaces, was not placed in the village with the other exiles at the foot of the mountain; it was built amongst the very ruins of Carthage, upon the border of the sea.

To the cabin walls were attached shields made of lion skins, which bore, imprinted on an azure field, two figures of savages destroying a city with an immense club. Around this device was written "It is but little matter;"—this, the arms and device of the Abencerrages.

Lances adorned with blue and white pennons and helmets inlaid with white satin, were arranged above the shields. Suspended here and there were seen saddles, richly jewelled, golden stirrups, and long swords with sheaths embroidered by the hands of princesses. Upon the tables at the foot of these trophies of glory, were placed trophies of a pacific life, plants gathered upon the summit of Mount Atlas, and in the deserts of Sahara, a few even that had been brought from the plains of Granada.

Twenty-four years had fled since the taking of Granada. In this short space of time, fourteen Abencerrages had perished; a few by the influence of a new climate, others by the accidents of a wandering life, but the greater number perished by regret, which slowly undermines the forces of man. One scion alone was the hope of this famous house. Aben-Hamet bore the name of that Abencerrage who was accused by the Zegri of having seduced the Sultana Alfaima; in him were combined the beauty, valor, courtesy

and generosity of his ancestors, linked with that mild air and light expression of sadness which unhappiness, nobly supported, bestows upon our race.

He was only twenty-two years of age when he lost his father. He resolved then to make a pilgrimage to the land of his ancestors in order to satisfy the craving of his heart, and to accomplish a design that he carefully concealed from his mother. He embarked at the port of Tunis; a favorable wind took him to Carthage; he disembarked and soon took the route for Granada, announcing himself as an Arab doctor, who came to gather herbs amongst the rocks of the Sierra Nevada.

A quiet mule slowly bore him into that land in which in former times the Abencerrages were accustomed to travel upon fiery coursers; a guide marched ahead, conducting two other mules adorned with bells and woollen stuffs of various colours.

Aben-Hamet traversed the great plains and palmy woods of the kingdom of Marcia; by the age of the palms, he judged that they must have been planted by his fathers, and his heart was penetrated with sorrow. Here stood forth a tower in which watched the sentinel in the time of the Moorish and Christian wars, there was shown a ruin whose architecture declared a Moorish origin; another subject of grief for the Abencerrage. He dismounted and under pretence of looking for herbs, concealed himself a moment in these ruins in order to give full vent to his heavy sorrow.

Granada is built at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, upon two high hills, which are separated by a deep valley; two rivers, the Xenil and Darro, one of which rolls with golden spangles and the other with silver sands, lave the base of these hills, uniting and winding afterwards through the midst of a most luxuriant plain called "La Vega." This plain, which Granada overlooks, is covered with vines, figs, pomegranates and oranges, and is surrounded with mountains of a wonderful form and color. An enchanted sky, a pure and delicious air, carry to the soul a languor from which the traveller, desirous of journeying on, can hardly defend himself. One feels that in this country the tender passions would have quickly silenced the heroic ones, if love, to be real, had not always need of being accompanied by glory.

When Aben-Hamet first perceived the pinnacles of the chief edifices of Granada, his heart beat with so much violence that he was obliged to halt. He crossed his arms upon his chest, and

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with eyes fixed upon the sacred city, he remained dumb and motionless. The guide stopped in his turn, and as all the more elevated sentiments are easily understood by a Spaniard, he appeared touched, and divined that the Moor saw again his ancient home. The Abencerrage at last broke silence, "Guide," cried he, "be thou happy! conceal not from me the truth, for quiet reigned on the waves the day of thy birth.—What towers are these that shine like stars above a forest green?"

"The Alhambra," replied the guide.

"And this castle upon the other hill?" said the Abencerrage.

"That is the Generalife," answered the Spaniard: "there is by that castle a garden planted with myrtles, where they say that an Abencerrage seduced the Sultana Alfaima. More distant, you see the Albaizyn, and nearer to us the Vermilion Towers." Each word pierced *Aben-Hamet's* heart. How cruel it was to have recourse to strangers to learn about the monuments of his fathers, and to hear from them the history of his family and his friends!

The guide putting an end to the thoughts of *Aben-Hamet*, cried out, "Let us move forward, worthy Moor; let us move on, God has willed it! take courage. Is not Francis I., to-day even a prisoner in our Madrid? God has willed it!" He took off his hat, made the sign of the cross, and moved on. The Abencerrage, pressing forward his mule exclaimed "It was written," and they descended towards Granada.

They arrived soon at a place that was environed on all sides with houses of Moorish style. A "Kan" had been opened at this spot for the Moors of Africa, whom the trade in silks drew in crowds to Granada.

Thither did the guide conduct *Aben-Hamet*.

## CHAPTER II.

### DONA BLANCA DE SANTA FE.

THE Abencerrage had arrived at Granada, but too much agitated to seek repose. Tormented by thoughts of his country, he started forth in the middle of the night to wander in the streets. Perhaps that high edifice whose walls he could see through the shadows, was at one time the home of the Abencerrages, perhaps it was upon this solitary place that those feasts were held, those feasts which had raised the fame of Granada to the clouds. *Aben-*

Hamet reflected then upon the vicissitudes of fortune, the fall of empires, and finally upon that city Granada, surprised by its enemies in the midst of pleasure, and suddenly changing its flowery garlands for heavy chains of slavery. All these thoughts were pressing Aben-Hamet's heart. Full of grief and regret, he wished above all to execute the project which had led him to Granada; day surprised him. The Abencerrage had wandered too far.

Whilst endeavoring to find again his route, Aben-Hamet heard a door open. He saw a young girl go out, clothed like those Gothic queens sculptured on the monuments of our ancient abbeys; a black mantle was cast over her head, a duenna accompanied her step; a page carried before her a church-book, while two servants, brilliant with their colors, followed at some distance the fair unknown.

Aben-Hamet thought he saw an angel, or the youngest of the Houris. The Spanish girl, not less surprised, was looking at the Abencerrage, whose turban, dress, and arms rendered more commanding his noble figure.

Recovered from her first astonishment, with a grace and liberty peculiar to the women of that country, she made a sign to the stranger to approach. "Sir Moor," said she; "you appear to have lately come to Granada; have you lost your way?" "Sultana of the flowers," answered Aben-Hamet; "delight of man's eyes, O Christian slave, more beautiful than the virgins of Georgia, thou hast divined it! I am a stranger in this city, lost in the midst of these palaces. I cannot find the Kan of the Moors. May Mahomet touch thy heart and reward thy hospitality." "The Moors are renowned for their gallantry," replied the Spanish girl with a sweet smile, "but I am neither Sultana of the flowers, nor slave, nor contented with being recommended to Mahomet. Follow me, Sir Moor; I will conduct you to the Kan." She led him to the door of the Kan, pointed it out to him, passed behind a palace and disappeared.

The land of his ancestors no longer fills alone and entire Aben-Hamet's heart. Granada had ceased to be for him deserted, abandoned, solitary; in vain does he wish to occupy himself only with the pilgrimage to the land of his fathers; in vain does he gather plants upon the banks of the Darro and Xenil; the flower that he seeks is the beautiful Christian.

One day he was gathering herbs in the valley of the Darro. The

river was rushing along through the middle of the valley, presenting in its course, noisy cascades, broken arches, and the remains of a Moorish bridge. Aben-Hamet was neither so unfortunate nor so happy as to enjoy thoroughly the charms of solitude. He wandered with distraction and indifference over those enchanted banks. Walking at hap-hazard, he followed a leafy alley that circled the side of the Albaizyn. A country house surrounded by a grove of orange trees soon appeared before his eyes. Whilst approaching the grove, he heard the sound of a voice and of a guitar.

"That is my Hourî," said Aben-Hamet.

He listens with beating heart to the name of the Abencerrage several times repeated; his heart beats still more quickly; he cannot resist; he throws himself through a bunch of myrtles and falls in the midst of a troop of young girls who fly terrified. The Spanish girl who has just sung and still holds the guitar cries out, "It is the gallant Moor;" and she recalls her companions. "Favorite of fairies" said the Abencerrage, "I sought thee as the Arab seeks a spring in the heat of noon; I heard the sound of thy guitar, thou wert celebrating the heroes of my country; I knew thee by the beauty of thy voice; I bring to thy feet the heart of Aben-Hamet." "And I," replied Dona Blanca, "it was whilst thinking of you that I sung again the tale of the Abencerrage. Since I saw you, I imagined that those noble Moors must resemble you."

A light blush was visible on her brow; Aben-Hamet felt ready to fall at the feet of the young Christian, to declare to her that he was the last Abencerrage, but prudence restrained him; he feared that his name, too famous in Granada, might cause the government some uneasiness. The Moorish war had hardly terminated, and the presence of an Abencerrage at this moment would inspire the Spaniards with just fears.

Dona Blanca was descended from a family which took its origin from the Cid of Bivar and Chimèue, daughter of Count Gomez of Gormas. The posterity of the conqueror of "Valence la Belle," fell by the ingratitude of the Court of Castile into extreme poverty. It was thought for many years that it had entirely become extinct; but about the time of the taking of Granada, one last descendant of the house of Bivar,—the grandfather of Blanca—made himself known, much less by his titles than by his shining valor.

After the expulsion of the infidels, Ferdinand gave to the Cid's descendant, the riches of several Moorish families, and created him Duke of Santa Fe.

The new Duke settled in Granada, and died quite young, leaving only one son, already married—Don Rodriguez, father of Blanca.

Dona Teresa de Xeres—wife of Don Rodriguez gave birth to a son, who, like all his ancestors received the name of Rodriguez, but in order to distinguish him from his father they called him Don Carlos.

Don Carlos was only fourteen years old when he followed Cortes to Mexico; he had braved all the dangers; he had been witness to all the horror of that adventure; he had assisted the fall of the last king of a world but little known up to that time. Three years after that catastrophe Don Carlos returned to Europe.

The aspect of a new world; long voyages over waters hitherto untried; the spectacle of revolutions and vicissitudes of life had disturbed the religious and melancholy mind of Don Carlos; he joined the order of Calatiava; and, despite the prayers of Don Rodriguez, renouncing marriage, he bequeathed all his wealth to his sister.

Blanca de Bivar, only sister of Don Carlos, and much younger than he, was the idol of her father; she had lost her mother, and was just entering her eighteenth year, when Aben-Hamet appeared at Granada.

Heaven had bestowed all its favors upon this enchanting girl; her voice was ravishing; her dance lighter than the zephyr; with the charms of a French woman, she had all the passion of a Spaniard, and her natural coquetry took nothing away from the constancy, the strength and elevation of her heart.

"Father," said Blanca; "here is the Moor of whom I spoke to you: (Don Rodriguez had hastened towards his daughter when he heard the cries,) "he heard me singing and remembered the voice; he entered the garden to thank me for having shown him his way."

The Duke de Santa Fe received the Abencerrage with the grave yet unaffected politeness of the Spaniard. We do not see amongst this people, any of those servile airs, any of those turns of expression, which tell the abjection of the mind and the degradation of the soul. The speech of the great lord and the peasant is the same; the habits, the compliments are all the same.

It was Don Rodriguez's birth-day, and Blanca was giving to her father a "tertullia" or feast in this charming solitude.

The Duke invited Aben-Hamet to sit down amongst the young girls, who were amusing themselves with the turban and robe of the stranger. He spoke such pure Castilian that one might have taken him for a Spaniard, if he had not always used "thou" instead of "you."

This word had an expression so soft from his mouth, that Blanca felt a secret fear whenever he used it towards any of her companions.

After the "refruco," they beseeched Blanca to execute one of those dances in which the Gitanas excel. One of the young girls commenced to play upon a guitar, the air of the dance. The daughter of Don Rodriguez took off her veil, and attached to her white hands the ebony castanets. Her black hair fell upon her alabaster neck; her mouth and eyes smiled in unison. Suddenly she makes the ebony sound, strikes three times the measure, and joining her voice to the music of the guitar, she darts forth like a swallow. What variations of step! What elegance in her attitudes! Sometimes she starts as if wearied with pleasure, then retires weighed down with grief. The harmony of her steps, of her songs, and of the music of the guitar was perfect.

This music and dance fixed forever the destiny of the last Abencerrage; they would have been enough to disturb a heart less ill than his. They returned in the evening to Granada.

Don Rodriguez, charmed by the noble and polished manners of Aben-Hamet, did not wish to separate from him until he had promised to come often to amuse Blanca with his Eastern stories. The Moor overjoyed, accepted the invitation.

(To be concluded next month.)

## AN IDYL.

"Common objects . . . ." REV. J. G. WOOD.

Cleon with Ida walked, one summer day,

To seek for COMMON OBJECTS, and essay

To read the book of Nature,—never read

Because without a *finis*,—and to tread

With youth's light springy footstep, firm and quick,

The flowery paths of Science and to pick

Some shell up on the shores of poesie,—  
 He a brave youth, a gentle maiden she,  
 And both in heart, as well as years, were young.

Lightly across his stalwart shoulders hung  
 A formidable box of painted tin  
 To safely put his Common Objects in,—  
 She a slight basket bore, with plaques inlaid  
 Tastefully, by some dusky Huron maid,  
 Done with the dyed quills of the porcupine,  
 Its slender ear-rings, like the ivy's bine,  
 Looped to her round arm by a riband band,  
 And so the pair strayed onward, hand in hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

The springing turf, of freshest emerald green,  
 Bent and rose up again beneath the tread,  
 A carpet, glowing in the sunlight's sheen,  
 Patterned with flowers and berries growing red.  
*In lee of thymy mounds and fences' bars*  
*Stout hairy grasses grew up, Midas-eared,*  
*With dew-drops gleaming on their awns, like stars,—*  
*Gems braided in some Eastern satrap's beard.*  
 From hidden pasture-fields, behind the woods,  
 Came to the ear the lowing of the kine,  
 And crow of cocks from distant farm roods,  
 And coo of pigeons from their roost of pine.  
 Beside the brook where level meadow beds  
 Grew greenest green, the lambkins made their play,  
 And, suddenly, among the clover heads  
 The timorous leveret would up and away.  
 The squirrels on outlying orchard trees  
 Made themselves merry with forbidden fruits,  
 And humming-birds no bigger than the bees  
 Gleamed in and out among the runners' roots.  
 The busy woodpecker beat pit-a-pat  
 And bored his auger in the beechen bole;  
 The whiskered mouse within his doorway sat  
 And wiped his moustache at the entrance hole.

Upon the standing stumps of long-felled pines  
 Grew yellow lichens with red coral tops,  
 And round the base were knit in verdant twines  
 Embroidered ferns and luscious bramble drops.

*Beside the columned sugar-maple grove  
 The small gnats, numerous as drops of rain,  
 With flying feet in mazy dances wove  
 Roger de Coverly and ladies' chain.*

A song of great content the hodman bee,  
 With his head hidden in the foxglove bells,  
 Kept humming as he worked industriously  
 Mixing cement for plastering his cells.

The boozy hornets on the currant bine  
 Were gaily tapping the transparent casks,  
 Or with long syphons sucking up the wine  
 From out the long-necked mellilotus flasks.

*The airy butterflies with painted wings  
 Flitted like pleasant thoughts, from flower to flower.  
 All rainbow-hued, as of all summer things  
 Most suited to the most effulgent hour.*

*And thus o'er many a bud, on seraph's plume,  
 A gorgeous butterfly there hovering hung,  
 As hovering hangs above this mortal tomb  
 Psyche the soul, Psyche the ever young.*

Gay ladybirds in spotted leopard skins  
 Were out a-hunting for the aphide dew,  
 And gauzy vein-winged flies like pretty djins  
 Pinched the sweet violets on their eyes of blue.

The knight-crusader beetle armed in mail  
 Wore his red cross;—and ants of low degree,  
 Mere workers, lowest in the social scale,  
 Trudged past and felt themselves as good as he.

The silky caterpillar, ribbed like hose  
 And colored like the leaves they laid along,  
 Clomb up the stems of mossy-coated rose  
 And clasped with many hands the blossoms' thong.

Or fed with outstretched, lithe necks like giraffes,  
 Or sucked the summer air chameleon-wise,  
 Or bit the beauteous buds, or took long quaffs  
 From chalices of many delicate dyes.

While others stood upon the garter grass  
 And measured off striped ribbons, inch and ell,  
 Or lowered themselves with ropes,—gay swinging, as  
 Swings in an Ethiop's ear a colored shell.

Sudden a flash of light! with flirt and whirr  
 In sunlight centre of the little river  
 Leaped the red trout, and set the weeds astir  
 Like small boats rocking on the ripples' quiver.

And when the great trout leaped, with splash and shiff,  
 A panic to the water-things was borne,  
 And pirate-spiders hid themselves as if  
 A Triton had upheaved and blown his horn.

Back and athwart the holt of osier willow  
 Where the pool's eddy swirls dark and brown,  
 The glancing dragon-flies with whoop! and hillo!  
 Chevied each other gaily up and down.

When out of passing zephyr-clouds there sprung  
 The fitful bits and snatches of a breeze,  
 A gossip,—in the Hamadryad tongue—  
 Grew audible among the talking trees:

Telling how late the season was, although  
 The buds had ripened in genial weather,  
 With other interesting things to know,  
 And little anecdotes of fur and feather,—

*How Robin Red had brought his young wife home—  
 How odd were Chick A. Dee's old-fashioned ways,—  
 How Tommy Tit was rather given to roam,—  
 And how Dame Wren had sat for many days:*

*With all the passing rumors, acts, and vows,  
 The current journals of the watchful leaves,  
 The record of the life beneath the boughs  
 And pendant houses underneath their eaves:*

While in the pauses of the Dryads' talk  
 Broke in the small birds' whistles, glad and shrill  
 But mocking,—for along the leafy walk  
 Our pair strayed, seeking Common Objects still.

Gazing to find them in each other's eyes  
 With long, long, lingering looks of burning love,  
 Oblivious that anear in manifold guise  
 Were beauteous things, beneath, around, above.

So as they strayed the tuneful linnnet sung:  
 "O love! sweet love! that makes the bright eyes blind;  
 O love! sweet love! that when the world was young,—  
 Forged the soft links that will may not unbind;  
 "O love! sweet love! that in a world of love  
 Makes brightness dark and out of darkness joy,—  
 Laud be to Love the Blind! to Love the Dove!  
 Evoë—voë—voë—voë—voë."

At length, when Hamadryads ceased to whisper  
 And eve made twilight underneath the trees,  
 And birds were still, save some belated lisper,  
 And all o'erhead was gold as orient seas—  
 A South Pacific calm o'er all the skies—  
 With earth all glistening as the yellow sand,  
 The daylight darkened in their deepening eyes  
 And still our students strayed on, hand in hand.

Orion's belt was bright ere they returned  
 And clear the silvery planet, Venus, burned,  
 When said the Madam—"Well, my children dear!  
 On this a day as sweet as in the year,  
 No doubt you have returned with treasures laden?"  
 The youth replied, with one glance at the maiden—  
 "Nay, *belle mere*, we strayed past the belvidere  
 To seek for COMMON OBJECTS,—but found none,  
 Though on, and on, and on our footsteps pressed  
 Till the red banner of the setting sun  
 By fold on fold was furled up in the west."

## THE VALLEY AND RIVER PLATTE.

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

### No. III.

A Dog Town on the Prairie—The Dog—His habits and the company he keeps—  
Hunting Dogs under difficulties—Where he is (not) buried—The murderous "red"  
brother" not courageous—The Duties of the Squaw.

WE have every few days been favored with the sight of an animal on whom much has been written, but of whom little has really been known till within a few years: we mean the prairie dog. This little animal is quite a character in his way, and deserves a much fuller description than we will probably be able to give. He never obtained notoriety on account of his bulk or appearance. His color is a sober and respectable red; his body of the "chunky" order, and his size approaching to that of an ordinary pup some five or six weeks old. The tail is bushy, ears short and pointed, head neat and shapely, and legs disproportionately short when compared with the body. This latter detracts seriously from his dignity when he attempts any display in the pedestrian line. His walk is a peculiar roll, something akin to that of the duck; and when he indulges in a vigorous gallop his head and tail seem to rotate around a common centre, giving him an extremely ludicrous appearance. This, it will be understood, is when he is either approaching or going from you. Taking him altogether, as he sits on the top of his domicile barking and watching, he is a plain looking animal, with just enough of a knowing look to redeem him from mediocrity. It is on his habits that his fame rests. He is socially inclined, and that he may indulge this amiable propensity to the fullest extent, he inhabits cities exclusively. No isolation for him. When he steps forth from his home, which is sufficiently private to hide his domestic affairs from the prying public, he is in the midst of the life and bustle of the city, and may either at once proceed to business or join in any of the many recreations which make up the sum of dog life. The location of this city seems to be a matter of some calculation. That it may be dry, it must be elevated or have a sufficient slope to afford good drainage. He has no idea of digging and scooping out, with much labor, a

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spacious chamber in which he may be drowned. A more important consideration even than his habitation is, how he may be fed, and this the considerate little animal has not left to chance. He is not a carnivorous animal like his canine namesake, and must therefore, perforce, see that there is a sufficiency of grass and herbage in the immediate vicinity of the city. Where the town is very large, he has even then to travel a long distance. Whether he is in the habit of carrying home a supply for family use or not, we are not prepared to say; but think it more than probable that he does, as the young, about the time of weaning, must have something substantial. That they cannot procure food for themselves is evident, as everything close at hand is cropped close to the ground, and their tender limbs will not carry them to a distance. The same attention does not appear to be given to a supply of water; in fact, we doubt if it enters into his calculations at all. We have seen towns situated so far from water as almost to preclude the idea that they ever visited it. Can they exist without it, or does their subterranean abode communicate in some way with this grand necessary of life? After a good deal of close observation we confess to being unable to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion on this point. We don't understand how, in this climate of extreme dryness, he can exist without it, and we are still more puzzled to account for the manner in which he obtains his supply. If we admit that he goes to the rivers, we must certainly give him credit for being a better traveller than his appearance would seem to indicate. We know that if he considers himself to be in any danger, and that exertion is required to extricate him, his rate of speed is quite respectable; but we should judge it could not be long continued. Let us now see what a prairie dog town is. We, of course, know that, though he may make a choice of location and surroundings, he cannot erect veritable houses. He can, however, do the next best thing—that is, he can dig them out, and in this case his walls are only limited by the possessions of his neighbor. There are from twenty to thirty of these burrows to an acre, and though we had no means of determining their exact extent, we know that they ramify the ground in every direction. We cannot, with any safety, ride through these towns at a pace faster than a walk, as we do not know the moment the ground may give way beneath us. The clay which is removed in forming this cavity is piled around the

entrance, forming an eminence from which his dogship can see all that transpires around him. The tops of these mounds soon become dry and parched, and turn a whitish color. By these white spots we can discern a dog town from afar, and form an estimate as to its extent. These mounds are variable in size, denoting the extent of the owner's domicile, and affording us a correct index to his social standing. The larger the heap excavated, of course the larger the excavation. It is useful as a rain shed, keeping the entrance dry, and is also the place where gossiping, in a doggish way, is indulged in, where news is retailed and public business discussed. During a fine evening, when the labors of the day are ended, the whole family appear to gather at this, the family hearth. The young ones frisk and play around the base and over the summit, ever and anon darting with almost lightning speed into the cavity, speedily to return and enact the same scenes over again. The old ones look soberly and seriously at this *abandon* of puppy mirth, seeming by their presence to give encouragement to the timid; and we can see by an occasional run at some young shaver, who has become too rude or boisterous, or may be both, that if young prairie dogs "delight to bark and bite," the old ones do not always approve of it. A prairie dog's "house is his castle," sacred from all intrusion by the prying members of the community or those who would detail his domestic affairs for the amusement of the public. They certainly seem to visit each other and hold communion around the family dump, but we could not find that the stranger was invited to or did enter the family sanctuary. If such a thing was allowable, the time of danger would see the privilege taken advantage of. No amount of danger will, however, justify such intrusion. He will pass dozens of places of refuge—the homes of others—without once swerving from the straight path which leads to his own. It matters not that this path leads close by you; it is all the same, and his look of terror, and the haste he is in, shows that he is well aware of the danger he is encountering. The little fellow has well earned our respect for the courage which he exhibits on behalf of principle. It may be that he pushes this exclusiveness to the verge of uncongeniality, but it nevertheless shows a high order of doggish civilization. What distinguishes the savage more from the civilized man than his disregard for the rights of property and the sanctity of home? Property held in common

may be made to work in a small community, but the exigencies of a larger one will speedily set this aside and a division will follow, in which the rights of individuals will be rigidly respected. That the dog recognizes this grand principle, and acts upon it, the details which we have already given abundantly prove. Whether this distinction and division extends to the real estate which surrounds the town we are not prepared to say, but our observations would seem to indicate that it does not.

If a dog is known by the company he keeps, an inhabitant of this town will suffer seriously if tried by the recognized standard of the present day. His boon companions, the joint tenants of his inner sanctuary, and may be the sharers of his hospitality, are the rattlesnake and a small variety of the owl tribe. That he associates with them and dwells in harmony with them, at the same time excluding his own flesh and blood, will not generally be accepted as proof of a very discriminating taste. We know, however, that the serpent once ranked high in the scale of created things, at once the friend, the companion, and the adviser of man. That he gave bad advice was the cause at once of his degradation and expulsion from the companionship of the being whose ruin he caused. This malicious advice which he gave under the guise of friendship had turned into his mortal enemy the only being whom he had cause to fear. We find then that the degradation of the serpent may be considered as a purely local affair. We have no reason to believe that his altered relations with man extend to the inferior animals. After a diligent and exhaustive examination of many volumes I have failed to find where he has been the cause of any calamity or even harm to dogs. It is plain then that whatever their relations once were they are so still. The serpent is pointed out to us—in a volume to whose teachings I am afraid we give too little heed—as the embodiment of wisdom. Who knows but that he is the favored oracle and high priest as well as defender of this small family of small animals. His note of warning may be to them the signal, by the obeying of which many dangers may be avoided, its imminence being indicated by the intensity of the rattle. No. 1 may mean "Look out for skunks," No. 2 "Indians, hungry and lean, are bearing down upon you," and No. 3 "To the innermost recesses of your abode if you do not want to be dug out by merciless wolves and cayotes." As to the owl, we are somewhat puzzled what status to assign him. We have somewhere read

about his being an adjunct to some heathen temple, but that won't fit here. He is far from ornamental, and his hours are such as no well-behaved dog should countenance. His music is singularly deficient in variety, and we don't think his most ardent admirer can say much for him on the score of melody. His mousing abilities are useless where there are none of these small pests, though he may be of use in destroying lizards, which are numerous. Probably the head of the household, thinking his doggish retinue incomplete, determines he *will* have an owl, and having accomplished this, leaves fools like us to puzzle our brains as to the why and wherefore.

We have tried to kill prairie dogs. Who that has crossed the plains has not? We thought he would be quite a satisfactory adjunct to our supper table. The everlasting greasy and indigestible bacon would be varied for once. We have so often been informed by hunters as to his delicious flavor, that the bare thought of dining from his plump quarters fills our soul with delight. We spend an entire evening running bullets, wisely concluding that if there is any good in prairie dogs it will be in enough of them. Our way next morning for two hours leads through the heart of a town. It don't now seem quite as easy to shoot prairie dogs as before we tried. The animal is wary. Seated on a thousand eminences are a thousand watchmen ever ready to give the alarm. The bare plain offers no cover by which we can approach. The little wretch is not disposed to give us any advantage, for as we get nearly within gunshot he quits his erect position and proceeds slowly to the entrance of his burrow, barking shrilly as he goes. He appears to be the father of the family, all the rest having sought cover long ago. When we get within range we can see nothing except his head and tail, the latter quivering and shaking with every bark. Doubts of ultimate success begin to steal over us. We are not the man who eleven and a half times in succession—twelve times we mean—spoiled the squirrel's sight, (not the same squirrel), by lodging the ball in his eye, and as we are not, it leaves the advantage decidedly in favor of the dogs. We fire, and have the satisfaction of seeing a cloud of dust arise from the heap, rather closer to the dog than he appears to fancy, for it is the last we will see of him. Never mind, there are ten thousand more dogs in sight, every one as erect as a Mahone soldier. The fore paws do not touch the ground when he is on

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guard or resting himself, but occupy much the same position as the hands of a credulous old lady at the conclusion of some wonderful narrative, the finale of which is totally unexpected. We keep on firing with much the same measure of success. The old maxim, "try again," has been deeply impressed on us in our youthful days, and in this instance we are determined it will only be limited by our stock of bullets. About the time our patience is well-nigh exhausted we have the satisfaction of seeing that we have planted the ball just where we wanted to. We run up to the hole to fish him out, for no matter how instantaneous may be his death he invariably rolls down. We cannot see him. We adjust the focus by shortening our line of vision as far as practicable. A "bat" in the face, by which we see more of the starry heavens at a glance than we had believed possible, is the result. We had aroused the inevitable owl by darkening his abode, on the same principle that the sun shining in the sleeper's face will awaken him. Misfortunes never come singly. Having brushed the tears from our eyes and the dust and feathers from our face, we prepare to "go" for that dog—figuratively of course. We reach down and can just feel the soft white fur with our finger ends. Between squeezing our body in and stretching our fingers out we imagine we will be able to take delivery of the defunct "canine." The sweat starts at every pore, the gravel and small rocks tumble down thick and fast; we have just about secured him, when—ugh, it makes our flesh creep to think of it—the sonorous ring of a huge rattlesnake right under our hand speedily dispels our hankering after fresh meat. We need hardly say that we withdraw the hand, and that the dog is secured by some other agency, but we are unable to bring forth the reptile by force or persuasion.

To finish, we will say something in regard to the extent of these towns. We have seen them of all sizes from the unpretending village of a dozen houses or thereabouts, to the important corporate town or large and stately city. We have not seen any very large collection of these diminutive animals in the valley proper, the extent of the town covering something like forty or fifty acres. On the Cut-off—a short cut from the Platte across the rolling prairie to Denver City—ninety to one hundred miles from the Rocky Mountains and about forty miles from the river was the largest which we have ever seen. Certainly not less than ten thousand acres were covered by this monster city. If we average

the burrows at twenty to the acre, and we are satisfied this will be much below the mark, then allow from four to five inhabitants to each, we will have nearly if not quite a million of these industrious and orderly little animals congregated together. Unlike the buffalo, the prairie dog promises long to continue one of the institutions of these western wilds. It is not easy to exterminate him provided we had the desire to do so. His subterranean abode secures him immunity from the attacks of the greater number of his animal foes, and also the great destroyer man. In a general way he is not greatly annoyed by the latter, unless driven thereto by lack of fresh provisions or imaginative stories in regard to the unheard-of delicacy of his flesh. After one trial, his safety on this count of the indictment will be secured, as we for one most emphatically deny that he is in any way allied to the capons and ortolans, over the bare thoughts of which gourmands smack their lips so fondly. Admitting that he was everything that the most epicurian taste could desire, we think the time consumed in firing away his weight in lead—about the quantity required to secure him on an average—is paying the “full price” for him. The land which he occupies is for the most part too dry for agricultural purposes, so that he is likely to be long undisturbed by the farmer. He is, besides, something of a general favorite. The manner in which he manages his public business and the attention bestowed on the internal affairs of the community secures for him respect; while his harmless disposition, his fondness for and care of the members of his family circle, and his preference for city to that of rural life have caused him to become an object of intense curiosity. That there must be certain well defined laws for the government of these dog communities is what may very safely be assumed; but when we come to think out or enquire into the details we are bewildered, and finally get lost in a maze of irreconcilable and intangible theories. Instinct takes the place of reason in animals, but when it ministers to the wants of and exercises a careful supervision over the safety of the individual and his young and helpless progeny it invariably ceases. Taking this as a basis, we will be obliged to give the dog credit for something more. He must maintain some strong power for the prevention and suppression of rowdyism and the protection of property, for we are not willing to admit that dogs are more civilized than our fellow-men. In this case thieves will have to be punished, and the dog who attempts

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to "jump" his neighbor's real estate given to understand that he must either behave himself or leave the "diggins." The more dense the population the more crime. Then there must be some regulations by which general cleanliness is secured, and the inhabitants guarded against surprise. It is simply impossible that the orderly and cleanly state of these towns is owing to accident, neither can it be urged that the inherent disposition of the dog is such that individual interests never conflict with those of the community. If the animals had no fixed abode the case would be entirely different, as every thing being held in common there would be nothing to fight about. We have been greatly puzzled to account for the manner in which the dead are disposed of. None are lying around nor do we see any signs of a burying place. We suppose prairie dogs to be mortal, and if their lease of life is not longer than that of the domestic animals, the number who annually bid adieu to the plains must be enormous. What becomes of the dead is a question easier put than answered. We have never seen any one who could give what we considered to be a satisfactory explanation on this point. Some say that when they grow old they are killed and eaten by the younger, but this theory we at once reject as absurd and untenable. So far as can be ascertained, the animal does not consume flesh of any kind, and even if he did, we have no reason to suppose he would dine off his father or mother. We do not see any bones lying around anywhere in the vicinity, as we certainly would if he were a flesh consumer. Bones are almost indestructible in this dry climate, and from their absence we also infer that the dead must be buried in some manner. We believe that they are disposed of in some of the innermost recesses of his underground domicile, or if this is not so, that none have died yet. The reader can form his opinion from these data, and any conclusion to which he comes will be satisfactory to us. We have done with the dog. He has barked at us as soon as we came in sight and long after he ceased to see us, and we have written everything we could think of concerning him, so we are about square.

We have now to say something of the Indian of the Platte valley. In many ways he is deserving of attention. He exhibits many new features of laziness and ferocity which make him specially interesting. That he is ugly in feature we have already shown, but that his lower limbs are ugly and ill-shaped was a fact which we think we did not mention. We have the very best chance to

study the muscular developements of the red brother without the intervention of any aggravating drapery. That "Nature when unadorned is still adorned the most" will not hold good here whatever the poets may say to the contrary. That any part of the human body may be prepossessing in appearance, a first requisite is that it must be clean. Such is not the case. "Lo" has an intense antipathy to the application of water to any part of his person. We don't believe he ever washed in his life. If he did there are no visible traces of the operation now. Much as we are in favor of the free and unlimited use of water as a purifier, we would not now advise its unrestricted application to the adult population, as we think the operation would involve much risk of human life, unless a very small patch was *uncovered* at a time. That the operation would be beneficial to the young fry there cannot be a doubt. In case of rapid growth they must absolutely be hide-bound. The head is, if possible, more filthy than the body, and it and every portion of clothing-ware swarm with vermin. This picture is repulsive enough and we could wish for the sake of the Indian that it contained less truth. As a general thing, it cannot be said of the red man that he is ill-formed. Such a thing is guarded against by mechanical appliances during the youthful period, and are much more to be praised for their effectiveness in the end than for any alleviation of the present woes of the unhappy patient. The trunk of these people is well formed, straight and not wanting in the dimensions that are necessary to secure both strength and endurance. It is after the season of youth that we have to look for the malformation of the lower limbs. The red brother is indolent. He dearly loves to squat by the hour on his haunches, or sit cross-legged after the manner of a tailor. Putting aside any injury or distortion of the limbs which may accrue from it, we cannot look with favor on this position. The associations connected with it are anything but pleasant. When the red brother puts himself in this position, he falls into a strain of meditation as naturally as the person who reclines on a bed will sleep. If a season of meditation is to him, as the Scripture says, "a season of profit," we know it is just the contrary to somebody else. The three grand objects for which he lives are so vividly recalled that they seem tangible, and seizing his tomahawk he jumps up with a whoop and a yell to revel in blood drawn with strict impartiality from the innocent and helpless infant, and the aged and decrepid

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of both sexes; to gloat over gory scalps torn from the writhing forms of the wounded and defenceless, or to assist at the most favored of all Indian pastimes and recreations—the torture of some unfortunate prisoner. Such thoughts are extremely pleasant to him, as an imaginary man may be slain or scalped without any danger, to which the red “brave” is by no means insensible. The term “brave” as applied to an Indian is a misnomer. We never knew or read of a brave one though we admit there *may* have been such. A brave man, will, in the hour of peril, expose himself fearlessly to danger. Who ever knew of the Indian doing such a thing? His deeds of valor are uniformly performed behind some sheltering tree or rock, or, in the stillness of the night, on sleeping and defenceless victims of often misplaced confidence. The party of travellers are waylaid in some wild and lonely mountain gorge and securely shot from behind natural breastworks, then scalped at leisure; the settler whose bread he had probably eaten the previous day, is stunned, scalped and burned while still alive in his house, his wife and daughters being carried off to a fate far worse than death. A party of armed men are never attacked unless by surprise or with overwhelming odds in his favor, what he considers prudent being about twenty to one and even then he will hesitate long before endangering his precious skin. He has been known to hang on the rear of a party whom he outnumbered thirty to one for a fortnight, and then not being able to take them at a disadvantage did not dare to attack them. We would give him credit for perseverance if not for courage did we not know that none of the exertion was his. His trusty pony has carried him throughout, it being on his back he spends the greater portion of his life, except when asleep or squatting around the camp-fire. We can imagine as he sits thus how pleasant are his thoughts. The field of humanity to be gathered is large and fully matured, the reapers (figurative language) few. He is at his favorite work. At every blow his good and trusty tomahawk is buried to the hilt in quivering flesh. The shriek of agony which escapes from the mother as she sees her children butchered thrills and tingles on his nerves, leaving him in a state of frenzied and maddening delight; and the groans of the dying are as sweet music to his soul. He is in the third heaven of ecstatic bliss. The good man firmly believes that all created things with the exception of himself and his immediate relations were made to be butchered and

scalped for his amusement, and cannot understand the strange antipathy which they exhibit to be thus operated upon. Even this, however, gives this light amusement a zest which it would not otherwise possess. Much as he loves his ease he believes in pursuit, if not too prolonged, before he obtains possession. Although primitive in his habits, the red brother is not averse to the owning of this world's goods, provided they can be acquired without a great deal of exertion. What he may acquire in his murderous forays, in this respect, is always an important item in his calculations. From the "white brother," besides his scalp, wife and daughters, he gets blankets, provisions, cooking utensils and fire-arms, and his wild brother contributes ponies, buffalo-ropes and an unlimited supply of breech-cloths.

From these predilections we pass on by an easy transition to his domestic habits. We do not expect much refinement and will therefore not be greatly disappointed. His usage of his helpmeet will be our first consideration. The word helpmeet will not do; will substitute slave, and this, without explanation, would give a faint idea of her manifold and conglomerate duties. Woman is supposed to fulfil the end for which she was made, if she attends strictly to her domestic duties. Her sphere of usefulness among the Indians is by no means so contracted. She has the glorious privilege of not only cutting the wood, but also of carrying it. As they generally encamp by timber, this labor is not so severe as might be expected, but is still very considerable. When the "buck" brings the game into camp his labor ceases. He has not the remotest idea of helping in any way. Such a thing as helping to dress, hang, or dry the meat would be far beneath the dignity of a great warrior and hunter. It would be akin to setting our staunch farmers or expert tradesmen to wash the dishes or nurse the baby. We can thus at once see that for the Indian to degrade himself in this way would be out of the question, even were she sick and weary or the burdens of maternity heavy upon her. It is well for her that the cooking is neither very artistic nor cleanly, and the sewing slight in quantity and rough in quality. With much of either to do, her position would be unbearable. When the husband is too lazy to hunt, or game is scarce, her lot is a hard one. She has then, in addition to her other duties, to dig all manner of edible roots—an arduous task, as they are small and the ground is hard; catch grasshoppers and crickets, the latter of

which are here large, plump, and consequently fat, and all the nameless insects and reptiles which go to make up an Indian's larder in hard times. We have seen them engaged in catching these and beating the tall grass for seeds, so there can be no doubt in the matter. The red brother shifts domicile often, and this is a fruitful source of female woes. He is often driven thereto by necessity—following the many kinds of game—and oftener from mere love of change. All this labor falls on the squaw—the tearing down of the “tepee,” the piling of the material and the family goods on the rough sled-cars, the driving of the ponies and the carrying of numerous goods which are too precious to be trusted to this risky and uncertain means of transit, the whole, of course, crowned by the inevitable papoose, who amidst all this babel, preserves a serenity which is as heavenly as it is inexplicable. During this confusion, the head of the house sits tranquilly smoking his pipe, never condescending to bestow so much as a word of encouragement on the hard-working “mahala,” or mounting his pony, proceeds leisurely in advance. Our observation to the effect that he should help the poor over-worked squaw was looked upon as the offspring of a mind pitiably uncultivated and effeminate beyond belief. He was indignant at our attempt to degrade him, and eyed us with a look of withering and ineffable scorn. We really feel as humiliated as if we had been caught purloining our neighbor's sheep, and make up our mind from this time forth not to interfere with what does not concern us. The erection of the “tepee” is proceeded with without any help from him, and we can see by the short snappish commands that the red brother is in a hurry for his supper. Nothing under these circumstances would be more natural than to lend a hand towards its completion; at least, so we think. The poor squaw; we heartily pity her hard lot, low in the scale of humanity as she seems. A loveless, degraded and hopeless life she must lead tied down to this human brute. The stamp of degradation is indelibly stamped on her features, the lines of care and hopeless sorrow are on her brow, and her every motion betrays the fact that hardship and exposure, unsoftened by one word of praise or love, have left her a prematurely old and decrepit woman. It appears to us that there is nothing under the canopy of heaven which we would rather not be than a Sioux or Cheyenne squaw, except—except her brute of an Indian husband.

We have now to consider the Indian of these parts in regard to camp accommodations and worldly goods, and in this respect he will compare favorably with the nomad of any other part of the American continent. As they are continually at war with each other, they live in villages for greater security. In one Cheyenne village on the Platte we counted forty-four spacious "tepees," each tenanted by from two to four families, accommodating from five to six hundred old and young. These "tepees" are uniformly of a conical form, and the material is scraped buffalo hide, stretched on poles, which come together and are securely fastened at the top. This material is excellent—being impervious to wind and rain, it affords tolerable protection from the chilly and biting winds of the plain. The chief, or head officer of one of these villages has a spacious "tepee" for his individual accommodation. Many of them are large, say thirty or more feet in diameter, giving an amount of house-room sufficient, as a general thing, to make any savage miserable. Let us push aside the leathern door and enter. After becoming accustomed to the gloom and smoke—this latter causing us to shed more bitter and unavailing tears than the death of our much lamented grandmother—we look around, and in truth must say there was less to see than we expected. The first thing that takes our attention is a marvellous quantity of dried buffalo meat—hung, strung, wound and twisted in every imaginable way and in every possible corner and space. Evidently the owner of this "tepee" is a second Nimrod, and furnishes tangible evidence of his prowess. Our line of vision is next intercepted by two antiquated squaws, who are concocting some infernal compound—so we judge by the awful smell which fairly seems to annihilate our olfactory nerves—over the fire in an earthen pot of home manufacture. We don't know if it is anything in the edible line, but hope not, and patiently await further developments; meanwhile, we may occupy our time profitably by criticising these ancient dames. The apparel is so scanty that we pass it by as not worthy of a remark. We almost feel like laying down our pen in utter despair of being able to do the subject justice. There did not seem to be a pound of flesh on the entire body. The sharp, angular projections which appeared opposite the prominent bones were almost painful to behold. The skin, loose, baggy, and leathery-looking, was furrowed after the manner of a badly ploughed

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field, or a hillside after a heavy shower of rain. Wrinkles are to a certain extent becoming to old age, when strict cleanliness is observed, but when they become the wholesale repositories of abominable filth, the effect is at once changed. When to filth of body we add filth of face—the skin hanging in huge folds from jaws and chin, a nose attenuated and bird-like, every bone in the face defined as minutely as those of a skeleton, and all the original native ugliness, we have a picture to which Macbeth's witches would pale by comparison. Although the face has become small as that of a child, all the original growth of hair is retained, and this, coarse, tangled and dirty, falling and hanging down on every side, gives one the idea of a baboon looking down from the foliage of a cocoanut tree, a Senegal monkey peering through a bag of oakum, or some being strange and weird eyeing us from a jungle. It was perfectly awful to see these spectral figures move about, the movement of every joint, vertebra and rib being as distinct as if the body were transparent, while the legs and feet recalled to our mind all the horrid associations which were connected with our first sight of a skeleton. We begin to think that the ancients have discovered the fabled "elixir of life" and that they may possibly be concocting it now. We feel interested, having the desire common to the greater part of mankind, that of prolonging our life to the utmost, till a casual glance at the old ladies, brings to our mind the horrid pre-eminence which we may attain in ugliness. Life is sweet, but we see it may almost be purchased too dearly. Our doubts as to the contents of the pot are soon set at rest. We see a young antelope, about the weight of a large hare, dropped into it in the same state as when captured. Taking this kid as a basis, and Euclid as a pattern, we can deduce a theory from which no link is wanting as to the cause of this atrocious odor. For if a young antelope, having hide, hair, hoofs, and entrails intact, be thrown into a pot in which is another antelope in the same state or something equally dirty, then will the sum of the odor be almost equal to the atrocious abomination which we now experience, etc., etc. The perfumed state of the air within the Indian domicile, causes us to be as brief as possible in our examination of his moveables. His cooking utensils and vessels for holding liquids, claim a few remarks. The material is earthenware, the designer and manufacturer a native of the American wilds; may be of this village. Staffordshire need

not have any fear of being shorn of her laurels by competition from these parts. We were greatly mystified by the cracked looking affair which we first saw. From its great thickness we knew it could not be metal, and our knowledge of the properties of wood forbid that assumption, unless, indeed, the Indian had some manner of preparing it, which made it as indifferent to the fire as he himself seemed to all the harmless amusements of this world. The dirt and grease on the inside, and soot on the outside, come between us and our investigations; besides, our curiosity may bring down on us the wrath of the ancient scare-crows, as we are well aware the ladies are not in the habit of looking with much favor on those who pry into their domestic affairs. In this case we cannot tell whether we are offending or not, the old ladies countenances not affording much of an index to their thoughts. We might as well expect a cellar-hatch to afford indications of the quantity of vegetables and miscellaneous stores in the recesses beneath. A grin, in which every feature in ugliness is called forth, seems to be the only variation of feature which they command. Our knowledge of Indian customs is so limited that we cannot assign to this its proper value. It seems, like the frontier-man's slang, to have an unlimited range of meaning. All the different shades of pleasure, vexation or pain which we see pictured by smiles, frowns or twitching of the muscles of the face, and with which we are tolerably familiar, are now of no use to us. The key to the grinning emotions we have not yet acquired, so we have determined to be wary. In regard to the pot, accident has furnished us with the information which much investigation might not have yielded. By good luck we espy a broken one in the corner, and the affair is as simple as the habits of the primitive artist. A frame of wicker-work, the shape of the pot or dish required, was first formed, and this was daubed and plastered over with the mud common to the valley, then dried and baked, and—this was all. We judge by the appearance of this culinary vessel that it must have all the uncertainty of existence which the most visionary of the prophets and all human experience assigns to man. If our stock of edibles were reduced to a single meal, this is the last vessel to whose charge we would wish to entrust it, as the uncertainty must needs be fearfully trying to the hungry spirit. Many of those who are in "circumstances" have an iron pot, but we did not see any household that possessed the second one. There was not much more to see in the inside. Around the hut

were raised seats, covered with buffalo robes, and this we could see was also the Indian bed. A few guns were slung from loops at the sides, and this completed all we saw. We saw no fancy work—nothing tasty like what we may see among our own Indians, in the way of moccasins or fancy boxes. Every part of the surroundings indicates the savage—wild, untutored and irreclaimable. Going outside, we see a number of Indians sitting around the fire, for they will have one if the thermometer stands 100° in the shade. The blanket which he considers much too good to sleep in, does duty as a wrapper, or more properly cloak. If hot, it is considered just the thing for coolness; and if cold, it serves for everything except boots.

As we view them squatting around the fire, the blanket tucked tightly under their ears and flowing in slanting lines to the ground, and the hair tied tightly above the head, or we should say on the top of it, and this surmounted by a green bough, we cannot help likening them to their own "tepees." Their shape is much the same, and one is capable of shewing about as much emotion as the other, if we judge by their looks. Little conversation seems to be indulged in, what there is, consisting of monosyllables eked out in matters requiring explanation by assenting gutturals or emphatic grunts. The Indian is saving of his language. He seems to consider a word once used as gone forever, and as for his joke, in all our varied experience we never heard of such a thing nor have we seen, as far as our recollection extends, one of them smile. Under these circumstances what can we expect but a temper intractable, gloomy and ferocious as—a Sioux Indian.

(To be continued.)

### THREE ROSES.

I.

A RARE red rose, so large, so full, so sweet,  
 The type, the essence, of that night in June;  
 With sunset's passion in its crimson leaves,  
 Centred with glory of the summer moon.  
 We plucked it 'neath the stars, my love and I,  
 Our parting was so sad we found a tear  
 Upon its perfect beauty!—Ah! my rose—  
 Who'd think it of you now—so dry and sere?

## II.

There was a rose—another; and it grew  
 Apart from others on a thorny tree:  
 I sought to gather it, but at my touch,  
 The quivering blossom shook aloof from me;  
 And one by one, upon the silent air,  
 The fair, faint-tinted leaves came fall'ring down:  
 I caught them, falling,—and I keep them yet;  
 My shy sweet rose-leaves and their yellow crown.

## III.

No thorns or buds of green this rose enshrines:  
 No close leaves blush above its golden heart;  
 Its stainless purity unveils its truth,  
 As of the breast it sleeps on 'twere a part.  
 As it lies, shadowed by a coffin-lid,  
 I scarcely see to lift it, thro' my tears:—  
 My last-plucked rose! Ah! dearer than the first,  
 Growing more dear thro' the slow-passing years.

## IV.

I have seen flowers, since. Fragrant and fair  
 They seem to others, but not so to me;  
 My withered roses! half so sad, so dear,  
 So dowered with wealth of memory none can be:—  
 O vanished years!—O weary years to come!—  
 May Heaven forget me when I shall forget  
 All your ne'er-dying breath recalls to me:  
 First love—fond memory—and wild regret!

Saint John.

## NOTES OF A RUN THROUGH ITALY IN 1857.

BY JAMES WHITMAN, GUYSBOROUGH, N. S.

### ROME.

"THE world," says Cowper, "upon which we close our eyes at night is never the same with that on which we open them in the morning." Never had the full exemplification of such state-

ment struck our vision so forcibly, as it did on the glorious morning of Palm Sunday—the 5th of April, 1857—when for the first time we opened our waking eyes upon Rome—the city of the seven hills—the Capitoline, Palatine, Aventine, Esquiline, Cœlian, Quirinal, Virinal.

“To the Poet, a pearl is a tear of the sea; to the Orientals, a drop of dew solidified; to the ladies?”—well it is much like what Rome is to the classic pilgrim—a gem, in which the spirit of power, wealth, art, fame, and even of history itself has become solidified, and glistens with immortal brilliancy—in this respect, a pearl above all price.

From Romulus to Alaric, what mighty monuments had courage, conquest, and genius, congregated here—from Alaric to Pio Nino, how ruthlessly have time, the elements, and dissensions destroyed them. But their memories will remain imperishable forever.

On that hill of the Capitol, stood the terror of kings—the citadel of the world, enriched with the tributes and the spoils of nations; once worn by the deafening tread of proudest triumphs; thronged alike with the vanquished and the victor; now grown rude again with brambled ruins. Theatres, statues, obelisks, palaces, built with a view to remain as everlasting monuments of Rome's proud massive grandeur, and seemingly so, from their appearance, to the astounded eyes which then gazed upon them, now lie scattered around in mouldering decay; and where the haughty priest or patrician stood, the broken column or crumbling arch shelter the wild weeds for the buffalo or goat.

Still if history had not transmitted the fame and greatness of their founders, the mighty ruins which remain, would proclaim them.

The names of Constantine, of Alexander, of Domitian, would be left us in the public baths; of Titus, of Severus in the coliseum and triumphal arches; of Hadrian and Augustus in their Mausoleums.

The pillars of the Forum might be more deeply obliterated or buried than they are now; but, the eloquence of Brutus or Cicero would give grace and living beauty to their fluted shafts.

Virgil and Horace will make Rome live forever in their immortal song; Tacitus and Lucretius in their sublime description; Caesar and Aurelian in their world-wide conquest. For statesmen, warriors, poets, orators, architects, and artists—for all that in

humanity makes man great, the world yet turns for a model to Rome; while the cross which Constantine,—that Royal preacher,—saw in the Heavens, commencing with Rome, has gradually through the dim obscurity of Pagan superstition, penetrated to the vision, and unfolded its immortal hopes to the world of nations.

Says Gibbon, "Forty years before the birth of Christ, the Mantuan bard, as if inspired by the celestial muse of Isaiah, had celebrated with all the pomp of oriental metaphor, the return of the virgin, the fall of the serpent, the approaching birth of a god-like child, the offspring of the great Jupiter, who should expiate the guilt of human kind, and govern the peaceful universe with the virtues of his father; the rise and appearance of a heavenly race, a primitive nation throughout the world; and the gradual restoration of the innocence and felicity of the golden age. The poet was, perhaps, unconscious of the secret sense and object of these sublime predictions, which have been so unworthily applied to the infant son of a consul or a triumvir; but if a more splendid, and indeed specious interpretation of the fourth eclogue contributed to the conversion of the first Christian emperor, Virgil may deserve to be ranked among the most successful missionaries of the gospel."

Little would the early Christian dream, as he read the heart-stirring gospel of St. John, recording in its sublime pathos and primitive simplicity the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, in words such as these—"On the next day much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna; Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord"—little would he dream, as he thus read of the humble entry of his master riding into Jerusalem upon an ass, that Rome, the then great Pagan city of the world, should be first to celebrate, and continue for ages to celebrate with more than the pomp of a Roman triumph, that lowly, though public entry of his Lord.

The *Santa Samana* had commenced for the first time, to us, at Rome; and it was with quivering anticipations we looked forward to the grand ceremonies of the day. The city was unusually thronged. The grand conclave of Cardinal Princes, Cardinal Bishops, Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, and other dignitaries of the Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, were congregated to an unprecedented number at that time in the Holy City.

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Royalty from several nations; nobility from nearly all; sons of the Church and devotees from the four quarters of the globe and most of its scattering islands, led on by the Vicar of Christ on earth, the wearer of the *Triplex Corona*, were there to celebrate the anniversary of Christ's entry into Jerusalem to-day, in a building which, when we first gazed at it upward, beneath its massive dome, seemed almost to realize that graphic description of "a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." Through good fortune, and lucky influence, we had secured a position quite near to the *Baldachina* itself, where His Holiness would officiate, and almost directly beneath the choir.

After subdued and awe-stricken glances around at the vast structure of St. Peter's, within which, in our haste, we found ourselves surrounded, the clear, grand, soul-inspiring melodies of music, seeming to burst from heaven and float above, around, beneath and within you in celestial rapture, hold the soul and senses enthralled while it lasts. Then the grand display of magnificent robes and vestments, crowns, cardinal hats and mitres; the gorgeous uniforms of marshals, ambassadors, generals, and all branches of nearly every military and naval service under the sun; the glistening bayonets of ten thousand soldiers; the sea of innumerable upturned faces stretching almost as far as the eye can reach; all these, combined with the might and majesty of Michael Angelo's St. Peter's, before, above, around and beneath, strike the senses dumb with admiration.

His Holiness was the grand centre, around which this sublime masterpiece of Christian scenery and magnificent display was working. As he ascended the altar so highly elevated, beneath its huge but beautiful pillars as to be seen from all parts of the church, every eye was bent upon him—the concentrated gaze of over fifty thousand faces. He met them with a most benignant smile. No look of the most beautiful woman could be more winning. Then, with voice as clear as ever silver bell, while he proceeded to sing or chant the Mass, all those hundred thousand ears were spell-bound, and no other sound amid that mighty multitude was audible until the last notes of his musical voice died away in cadences which held their lingering sweetness to the close.

Then, between the long files of serried ranks of sun-burnt soldiers, glistening with steel, or armored helmet and cuirass, the

pious Pope is borne in lofty chair of state upon human shoulders, dispensing his blessings, and the palm baptized, to eager, anxious, pressing crowds on bended knee. His triple tiara, with its brilliant jewels, shines not more lustrous than his piercing glance, which seems to read the very souls of all around, while beaming with such sweet benignity upon them. Great, grand, and glorious, is the gorgeous procession of princely priests and potentates which follow in his train. All the nations upon earth seem to have their representatives beside him.

Slowly, and for long, amid the pealing music of Heaven-born hosannas, the brilliant cortege winds, till the last and lowest orders allowed in those chosen ranks, defile before you, and clear and high again from the lofty altar, the Papal benediction throws its soothing solace into pious hearts and closes a ceremony of such grand religious splendor, as can nowhere else be witnessed. Spell-bound we stand riveted to the spot, watching the vast multitude retire.

Visitors, first approaching the Grand Falls of Niagara, usually confess their anticipations have been disappointed; and it is not till sufficient time for contemplation has elapsed that their true grandeur and vast sublimity is revealed. It is somewhat similar with St. Peter's. The beautiful symmetry and artistic proportions conceal its vastness, until you have walked and walked around, and measured its enormous size, as well with your feet as your eye.

Oh St. Peter's! sublime conception of Angelo; cause of the Reformation; at once the grandest and most beautiful creation of man; a life without thy realities woven into its beholding, is a life without a full conception of what man's highest genius and power can accomplish. It is like the gaze of a woman whom one loves,—her beauty never tires or fatigues.

Seen alone without the grandeur of the pageant which has just adorned it—the church itself, is sufficient to enkindle emotions of the highest and most enthusiastic admiration; but in this combined blending, these sentiments feel no limits to their sway; while the contrast after its mighty space has become deserted, adds still further to the elevation of our thoughts.

Opening from the main portion of the Church on either side are several enormous chapels; themselves structures of vast extent and beauty, but dwarfed beside their *alma mater*. To the left of the Baldachina, a hugh stairway leads to the Sistine Chapel, and

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still further on, to the Vatican; a vast museum of the world's choicest collection of literature and art; a portion of it being reserved for the residence of the Pope. Let us enter the Vatican.

Amid the spacious halls which opening seem to lose themselves in immeasurable distance, among the first and most striking groups of statuary, we behold the wonderful Laocöon.

“On turning to the Vatican, go see  
 Laocöon's torture dignifying pain—  
 A father's love and mortal's agony  
 With an immortal's patience blending :—Vain  
 The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain  
 And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,  
 The old man's clench; the long envenomed chain  
 Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp  
 Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.”

A contrast to the unspeakable agony of this group stands near by—the Apollo Belvidere, “Lord of the unerring bow”—like God and light and poesy arrayed in human shape. Canova's Perseus and the boxers, Crengas and Damoxenus; the Belvidere Antinous, Meleager with the boar's head, and other *chef d'œuvres* of statuary art, embellish the compartment.

We enter the Stanze of Raphael—four large chambers adjoining—representing in painting the *Incendio del Borgo*; the Justification of Leo 3rd before Charlemagne; the Coronation of Charlemagne by Leo; the Victory of Leo 4th over the Saracens; the Battle of Constantine and Maxentius; Constantine's Donation of Rome to the Pope; and other subjects illustrative of Poetry, Philosophy, Theology and Jurisprudence. The Loggia are a triple portico adjoining this floor, covered with stuccoes and arabesques, by *Giovanni da Udine*, from designs of Raphael. The *Pinacotheca*, or gallery of paintings, contains only about fifty of such productions; but fifty of the most celebrated paintings of the world—the best works of Raphael, Domenichino, Carravaggio, Guido, Titian, Corregio, and others—as, The Transfiguration, The Sacrament of St. Jerome, The Entombment of Christ, Madonnas, Christ sitting on the Rainbow, and a splendid Murrillo, lately added by the present Pope. The value of these paintings can scarcely be told, and their world-wide fame extends wherever art is known. Of the Library it would be useless to speak, as its description, or even inspection, would require more time than at our disposal. Years might be spent in the survey of

the grand wonders here collected, and their interest remain inexhausted. More than a mere recital of their chiefest attractions would become tedious to the object of this paper, and require volumes to convey any adequate description. For such we must refer to the numerous authors who have taken such task upon themselves. Every succeeding day that we had visited this colossal world of wonders unfolded new attractions, and excited more ardent feelings of admiration. From its outward aspect, St. Peter's is so well known by photographic delineations, that description is almost unnecessary. It is not until the enormous size and extent of the buildings are realized, that their wonderful effects strike one with fullest power.

When we think of their covering four acres of ground; that when we have ascended into the ball surmounting the great dome "to which Diana's marvel was a cell,"—we are some four hundred and thirty feet from the ground, we can perhaps better conceive of the vastness, which is hidden by their exact and beautiful proportions, than by looking at them.

"But thou of temples old, or altars new,  
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—  
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.  
Since Zion's desolation, when that He  
Forsook his former city, what could be,  
Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,  
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,  
Power, glory, strength, and beauty all are niled  
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

We attended the services on Good Friday and Easter Sunday at St. Peter's.

Upon the latter occasion the throng was still greater, and the scenic effect, if possible, more imposing, than upon the previous Sunday; and when at the conclusion, the Pope appeared upon the balcony of the Church, and pronounced his grand benediction, "*Urbè et Orbe*," upon the assembled multitude in the grand plaza before him, it was calculated there were over one hundred thousand persons present.

The grand illumination of St. Peter's usually takes place on the evening of Easter Sunday; but on account of the non-arrival of the Dowager Empress of Russia, it was postponed till the evening of the 18th, when it came off with its usual brilliant and wonderful display. On a given signal at a fixed hour, the magnificent

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outline of the whole structure, from the cross at the top to the column at its base, bursts with radiating light, seemingly instantaneous. The effect is magical, and unsurpassed in beauty, lasting sufficient time to enable you to drive to the different stand-points where the best and most varying views may be obtained.

Among the immense number of churches in Rome, upwards of three hundred to a population of about two hundred thousand, the Pantheon ranks next to St. Peter's in interest. Formerly a Pagan Temple of ancient Rome, it is now the only building of that era remaining to such modern use, and now stands—

“Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime,—

Shrine of all saints, and temple of all gods,

From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time.”

Next to St. Peter's in size, and probably surpassing it in richness of material and gorgeous decoration, is the great church of St. Paul, without the walls of the city. Its lofty rows of immense granite pillars, polished to the smoothness of a mirror, and almost as brilliant, while detracting from the appearance of its size, give it a relief which becomes a fascination to the eye.

The church of *S. Maria degli Angeli* was built of part of the Baths of Diocletian. Eight of the sixteen immense columns in this church are antique, of Egyptian granite, of *one piece*—forty-five feet high and sixteen in circumference; four of the Corinthian, and four of the composite order of architecture.

But in point of beauty and magnificent decoration, the church of *S. Maria della Vittoria* far surpasses all others in Rome—consequently in the world. It seems more the workmanship of angels than of men—like some bright gem of architecture transported from heaven to earth.

But from the churches we will turn to the Coliseum, begun by Vespasian A. D. 72; dedicated by Titus A. D. 80.

“While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;

When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;

And when Rome falls—the world.”

Of this mighty majesty of ruin, perhaps Gibbon's graphic description of its original splendor may be appropriate. Says the great historian:

“It was a building of an elliptic figure, five hundred and sixty-four feet in length, and four hundred and sixty-seven in breadth,

founded on fourscore arches, and rising, with four successive orders of architecture to the height of one hundred and forty feet. The outside of the edifice was encrusted with marble, and decorated with statues. The slopes of the vast concave, which formed the inside, were filled and surrounded with sixty or eighty rows of seats, of marble likewise, covered with cushions, and capable of receiving with ease about eighty thousand spectators. Sixty-four vomitories (for by that name the doors were aptly distinguished) poured forth the immense multitude; and the entrances, passages and staircases, were contrived with such exquisite skill, that each person, whether of the senatorial, the equestrian, or the plebeian order, arrived at his destined place without trouble or confusion. Nothing was omitted which, in any respect, could be subservient to the convenience or pleasure of the spectators. They were protected from the sun and rain by an ample canopy, occasionally drawn over their heads. The air was continually refreshed by the playing of fountains, and profusely impregnated by the grateful scent of aromatics. In the centre of the edifice, the arena, or stage, was strewed with the finest sand, and successively assumed the most different forms. At one moment it seemed to rise out of the earth, like the garden of the Hesperides, and was afterwards broken into the rocks and caverns of Thrace. The subterraneous pipes conveyed an inexhaustible supply of water; and what had just before appeared a level plain, might suddenly be converted into a wide lake, covered with armed vessels, and replenished with the monsters of the deep. In the decoration of these scenes, the Roman emperors displayed their wealth and liberality; and we read, on various occasions, that the whole furniture of the amphitheatre consisted either of silver, of gold, or of amber. The nets designed as a defence against the wild beasts were of gold wire; the porticos were gilded, and the belt or circle which divided the several ranks of spectators was studded with a precious mosaic of beautiful stones."

The vast arena enclosed by the Coliseum was originally designed for the combat of gladiators, and of wild beasts. But the persecution of the early Christians with such terrible ferocity, and in such numbers, led them to be regarded as the proper prey for the ferocious animals let loose upon them there; and thousands of martyred souls have sanctified with their blood, this sacred spot, and made it a place of departure from earth to Heaven. The

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vast ruins, though despoiled for centuries, still continue to excite the wonder and admiration of the world.

"A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass

Walls, palaces, half-cities have been reared;

Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,

And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.

Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?"

From the Coliseum to the Capitol is not far; situated on its proud eminence near the Tarpeian Rock, it gives perhaps the most commanding view of Rome, from whence its ancient ruins can be seen. Below,—the arch of Septimus Severus, and the broken columns of the *Forum Romanum*. Straight to the left, still proudly defying time, rise the arches of Titus and Constantine, in front of the Coliseum; and on the right, the Palatine Hill, with the immense ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. Stern, but life-like in front of the building, stands the antique equestrian statue of one of the Roman Emperors, guarding its venerable portals; and within, the Museum contains numberless art treasures, of which perhaps the celebrated Dying Gladiator, forms the chief.

The numerous palaces of Rome are noted for their splendor, and the liberality with which their treasures of statuary and painting are thrown open by their owners, on weekly, or other occasions, to public inspection.

Among the chief of these, may be mentioned *The Palazzo Colonna*, *The Doria*, *The Barberini*, *The Spada*, *The Corsini*, and without the walls—*The Villa Pamfili*.—*Doria*.

This latter was occupied by Garibaldi in 1849; who maintained it against the attack of the French for some time, but it subsequently fell into their hands, after sustaining considerable injury from the bombardment. The grounds and gardens around it are most extensive and beautiful, and the view from the *Casino* is, without doubt, one of the best in Rome.

The galleries of the Doria Palace probably contain the richest private collection of paintings and other works of art in Rome. The Prince Doria married an English lady, a daughter of the late Earl of Shrewsbury (the Talbot family), and is munificent towards the public in his exposition of the priceless treasures of his princely mansion. The paintings, to the number of five hundred, are distributed over thirteen rooms or galleries, fitting receptacles in the august splendor they present to the magnificent specimens of

art therein displayed. While it would be tedious to enumerate, it might not be unfitting to mention some of the renowned celebrities in the world of painting to be found therein, and we single out—A Village Feast, by *Teniers*; Portrait of the Queen of Aragon, *Leonardo di Vinci*; Portrait of Lucretia Borgia, *Paul Veronese*; Madonna, by *Guido*; The Flight into Egypt, by *Claude*, with celebrated specimens of the works of *Angelò*, *Reubens*, *Vandyke*, *Poussin*, and a host of masters.

With almost equal rank is the display of the *Palazzo Colonna*, in the *Piazza di S. S. Apostoli*. The Great Hall in this palace is considered one of the finest in the world; and the masterpieces of *Salvator Rosa*, *Titian*, *Guido*, *Caracci*, *Albani*, and other artists which adorn it, add an imposing air to its grandeur.

Among other artistic marvels, the *Barberini* Palace contains the world-renowned *Cenci*, by *Guido*, whose touching story may be read in the following description:

“In the picture gallery of this (*Barberini*) Palace hangs a portrait of a young Roman girl, painted by *Guido*; whose ‘south look of sweet, sorrowful eyes,’ and ‘touch of prison paleness,’ reproduced in chromo, are so frequently seen in parlor and shop windows.

“*Francesco Cenci*, the head of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of Rome, was a man of violent temper, and intolerably cruel in his household. Two of his sons were assassinated at his instigation. At length his family, unable to endure his cruelties and tyrannies longer, appealed to Pope *Clement VIII.* for protection. The petitions miscarried, and remained, of course, unanswered.

“On the night of the 15th September, 1598, *Francesco* was murdered. He was found with an enormous nail driven into each of his eyes, indicating that at least two persons were engaged in his assassination. One of them was finally captured, and, upon examination, charged the wife, a son, and the daughter, *Beatrice*, with having prompted the deed. They had, he testified, put the victim to sleep by a narcotic draught, and had then introduced him and his accomplice into *Francesco*’s chamber. They were arrested and imprisoned in the Castle of *St. Angelo*, where they were subjected to the tortures of the rack to force a confession. The mother and brother made a confession, preferring death to this lingering agony. But *Beatrice* continued firm in her decla-

and Mr. Rogers the American sculptor. The former showed us

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rations of innocence. At last a new mode of torture was devised, which would make it necessary to cut off her hair—described as being ‘the most silken, the longest, and most marvellous in color ever seen.’ At this she turned pale. ‘Touch not my head,’ she cried; ‘let me die without mutilation.’ And to save her tresses she confessed; but her beauty, the courage and firmness she had shown, and a belief in her innocence, won the sympathy of all Rome, and the Pope was besieged with petitions to pardon her. But other similar murders occurring induced him to refuse, and they were therefore all publicly executed on the piazza of the bridge of St. Angelo, September 9th, 1599.

“The portrait by Guido is said to have been painted just before her execution, and her story has furnished food for many a romance, and has often been represented on the stage. She is still generally supposed to have been innocent of any connection with the crime, and the picture has a strange fascination for every one recalling this passage of history!”

The artist life in Rome is one of its distinctive features. Here, through all the public galleries, you can see the easel and the student before the most distinguished paintings, which are thus generally marked out as such for the visitor or stranger.

See that slim youth, with long dishevelled hair, and beard untouched by razor, his pale face, lustrous eye, and fixed attention, gazing sometimes with a gleam of hope, oftener with a touch of mute despair, at the masterpiece before him, as he looks from thence down to his own fresh copy; watch the anxious touch and re-touch of his pallet and his brush, and then the look, as if of calculation, “how many *scudi* will it fetch?”—or if working his arduous way to fame alone, “what will they say of this?” regard the varied emotions of his face almost transparent from his soul, and you behold a type of thousands working away amid toil and penury, in studio or in attic, bound, hand, eye, and heart, to the profession and worship of the painter’s art.

They among them who have climbed fame’s rugged steeps are few, but distinguished in their elevation; secure in their contemplation of the wolf at others’ doors, and radiant with a hope that after-generations, shall hand their names to posterity, and talk of them, as they now talk of the masters gone before.

Among others, we visited the studios of Mr. Gibson, the English, and Mr. Rogers, the American sculptors. The former showed us

the statue of his tinted Venus, combining as did the Greeks of old, the twin sister arts of statuary and of coloring; while the latter displayed with justifiable pride, the glories of his "Ruth and Nydia"—so admired in modern art.

During the winter months, as well from the fascinating influence of its associations and displays as from the heavenly temperature of its climate, Rome takes rank as one of the gayest capitals of Europe, whose wealth and fashion largely centre there. The Russian Prince, the English Duke, the German Baron, the French Count, and other more strangely titled members of society, create a temporary tone for its nomad existence, as gay, as brilliant, and as variegated as the colors of a Scottish chieftain.

The Roman nobility are proud, indolent and poor; but their palaces are grand and spacious, and from the rental of these, or a portion of them, during the winter season, they contrive to live frugally at home, and appear in their usual state abroad.

The English barouche, with its rich and emblazoned heraldry, its proud, high-stepping steeds, bear their well-bred beauties with much the same grace and languor, if not the same frequency as in Belgravia. The scarlet huntsmen muster on their thorough-breds at the *Campagna*, if not in the same numbers, with the same zest and daring as at Tychley or at Quorn; and the hounds run as swiftly and as sure-scented as at any hunt in England.

A presentation to the Pope is as delectable to the novice as an introduction at St. James; and the world, with its varieties, reproduce themselves in the Holy City in the same varied enticements of the Theatre, the Opera, or the Ball, as they do at St. Petersburg, London, Vienna or Paris.

"*Colum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*"

At Rome, too, the words of the Scripture are more than verified in the saying, "The poor ye have always with you." Ragged poverty, importunate beggary, soul-harrowing distress, run, or creep, side by side with voluptuous luxury, proud wealth, and brilliant pleasure. So time rolls on and brings us to the period when we must bid farewell, a probable eternal farewell, to the possible Eternal City; and let us hope that the same efflux will bear us all further and further onward in our journeyings till we reach a higher and a holier habitation in that city "whose builder and maker is—God."

MY HOPE.

BY MARY BARRY.

I knelt by a grave last night,  
Twas a grave in a jungle deep,  
I knelt dry-eyed, with a steady sight,  
One cannot always weep!

There were weeds of tropic growth,  
Rank weeds and tangled grass,  
Many a summer had ripened both,  
Over my dead, alas!

Not a stone, not a name nor date,  
Do you deem me recreant thus?  
Stranger eyes may weep for our fate,  
Can a stranger weep with us?

And this grave was all my own,  
I am blameless though I hide,  
Twas the lowly grave of a Hope full grown,  
The grave of a Hope that died!

Of a Hope that had been to me,  
Beauty and strength in one;  
You can only guess what the night must be,  
From the glory of the sun!

Dark, dark, but the grave is dry,  
I shiver, I do not weep,  
What would it matter though I should cry?

It is dead, it is not asleep,  
But could I dream that the years,  
Would give back my Hope new born,  
I could kneel and water it with my tears,  
Till the Resurrection morn!

thoughts would come up, when no one appeared to testify on his behalf; but those were the days of telegraphs and telegrams. He looked around the court-room eagerly, hoping to see a known face, but in the sitting mass of human beings, no friend appeared.

BY DR. D. CLARK, PRINCETON, ONT.

### CHAPTER VIII.

**T**HE day of trial for high treason, of the captured rebels, arrived. It was a bitter cold day, and the manacled prisoners shivered, with scarcely enough clothing to cover their nakedness, when they appeared in court. The court-house of Toronto was at that time small, dirty and dingy. It was densely packed by friends and foes, and instead of the usual constables with long staves, were militia men with burnished arms. A murmur of many voices, discussing all the probabilities of the sentence of each, with now and then angry altercations, filled the room, with all the sounds of the gamut. The indignant cries of "order," by the factotum of the hall of justice, only procured temporary and partial silence. Day by day the same weary routine was gone through. At last a noted day in the calendar arrived. Levi was placed in the dock, and the usual interrogations of "Guilty" or "Not Guilty" were put to him. The reply was "Not Guilty." Some men become soured, dogged and obstinate by incarceration, especially if unjustly imprisoned. They feel that, as a usual thing, the character of a "jail-bird" is gone out for aye, and put on a defiant air against the world. They clothe themselves with a "what-do-I-care" panoply. They become defiant Arabs, courting ostracism from respectable society, and believing every hand to be against them, they respond with hostility active and uncompromising against their kind, being led by the false rule, "From one, learn all." Not so with Levi; this episode—unpleasant as it happened to be—was another electric shock, so to speak, and woke him up to a sense of his relationship to humanity, in a rude, but useful way. He was not of a rancorous or revengeful spirit, and had no ill-feeling against any one; he felt that circumstances, more than persons, were against him. He did not perceive in what way he could prove his innocence. At the same time, he felt keenly his isolation from his friends, and not being allowed to communicate with them, they were not supposed to know anything in regard to his unfortunate position. Sometimes, in his despondency, ungenerous

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thoughts would come up, when no one appeared to testify on his behalf; but those were not the days of expresses and telegraphs. He looked around the court-room eagerly, hoping to see a known face, but in the surging mass of human beings, no friend appeared. The first witnesses for the prosecution were those who arrested him, and although he was not found with arms in his hands, yet he was captured in freedom in the enemy's stronghold, and seemed to be making no effort to reach the loyal lines. So spake the Crown counsel and his witnesses. A fair-haired youth was called to the stand. He was none other than the rescued villain who had escaped from the watery grave, and from Molly's wrath. For revenge he was prepared to risk his own life within the clutches of the law, hoping, in his changed appearance, the boldness of the act, and the excitement of the times, to escape recognition. So changed was he for the better, that Levi did not know his former companion on the tree, and indulged in wonder as to what his evidence could be. The suspense was of short duration. He swore to knowing the defendant, and to hearing him plotting treason in a cabin near the Humber, where he happened to be storm-stayed. He identified the prisoner at the bar, and could know him anywhere. He gave the names of his entertainers, and their residence, with apparent relish. The coolness, the audacity, and the cunning of the rascal and convict, were astounding. When he described the country, the house, and its inmates, Levi saw in the man before him his former comrade. Why such "malice aforethought" could enter into the bosom of a man whom he had never injured, and to whom he had rendered such signal service, was a mystery. The witness was preparing to leave the box, when a woman's cry was heard from the crowd, "Arrest that man; he is an escaped murderer!" All eyes were turned in the direction from whence this startling announcement came, when a tall strapping woman stepped in amongst the members of the bar, who were arranged round a low table covered with baize, and placed in front of the Judge's stand. The Chief Justice ordered the last witness to be arrested. When he was brought back his countenance was pale as ashes, and he shook as if he had a fit of ague. The defiant air had gone, and the doomed wretch knew he was face to face with his avenger, Molly.

This woman of splendid physique, standing in the midst of the lawyers, was a model which would have put into ecstasy a Powers

or a Homære. Dressed in homespun plaid, neat and becoming, without a solitary attempt at ornamentation, besprinkled with tenacious mud, she stood forgetful of timidity and reserve. Her bonnet had been thrown back on her shoulders, in the rush forward, and was hanging by the strings. The hair was thrown back in almost artistic disorder, from a brow which in its frown foretold a gathering storm. Every muscle of the neck, showed individual outline, as the head was thrown back. The redness of the cheeks came and went like the "merry dancers" of the aurora borealis, on a wintry night. The flash and glitter of the eyes told of a spirit within, strained to its utmost tension. The left arm was stretched down by the side, motionless and rigid as marble. The right was extended towards her would-be persecutor, the threatening attitude of which, showed the will of its owner, would be to grind to powder the perjured witness. One foot was slightly flexed in front, yet firmness of standing was seen in the rigid poise of a dilated frame. The culprit quailed before the withering look, and concentrated scorn of this enraged and much-wronged Nemesis. The stillness during this pantomime became oppressive before a word was spoken.

"Mr. Judge," said she, "excuse my boldness in coming before you, but I'm the woman, and my uncle and aunt are the parties who are accused of hatching treason, with the prisoner, Levi Jinks. But I hav'n't been sworn,—Judge, where is the book?"

She took a Bible up, reverently, which was lying on the table, and clasped it over her heart with both hands, and without waiting for the stereotyped form of oath, which she had never heard, said in solemn tones, which sent through saint and sinner in the room, a thrill of intense emotion; "God is my witness, as I shall answer at the Last Day, I shall tell the whole truth without fear, and in His love I rest my approval from the Judge of all." The clerk was about to interfere, and put the oath in the usual formula, but the Chief Justice said, "Let her alone, the oath has been administered?"

"Mr. Judge, I'm a plain woman, excuse my lameness of speech, but I heard *this* man swear falsely. I could not hold my peace. I have just came to the court, and only heard last night that Levi was arrested for a rebel, and I walked since two o'clock this morning, to give my evidence for his loyalty." She described in plain and forcible language the scene on the swollen river—the rescue

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of lover and convict—the nursing of the latter for weeks—his conduct afterwards—the thrashing he received at her hands—his confession and threats. The auditors, from the court downward, felt that honest testimony had been given. In the cross-examination, the Crown Council asked:—

“The prisoner is your lover, I believe?”

“Yes. I have no wish to conceal it.”

“Of course, you take a deep interest in his fate?”

“Certainly?”

“Are you prepared to sacrifice a good deal for him?”

“Everything, but honor and truth.”

“How do you know the prisoner did not join the rebels, of his own free will?”

“Because it would be a libel on his whole life, and I know how loyal he was by word, and speech, and conduct, up to the night of the 6th December, and that was, it seems, the night of his capture?”

“Were you sent for, to give evidence in his behalf?”

“No. A neighbor who saw him captured, brought the news to us, last night, and that is how I heard.”

“Is your uncle loyal to the Crown?”

“Yes. And always has been.”

“How does the court know you are a loyal woman?”

“Because I say so; who never told a lie, to my knowledge; and how dare you hint I am not?”

“Have you had any communication with the prisoner?”

“None, whatever. I have told you as much already.”

“Did he know you would appear on his behalf?”

“Not that I know of.”

“Beware now.”

“You beware now, too.”

“I may be able to prove some of these statements incorrect.”

“You may be able to prove a lie; that’s your business, I’m told.”

“You can sit down.”

“Not till Mr. Judge tells me. Your Honorable Worship, every drop of blood in the veins of Levi Junk is filled with pure love for the Queen; God bless her.”

Molly, so defiant and confident, now that her testimony was given, felt her fatigue and mental exhaustion in a sort of reflex way, and sank into a seat, with welling eyes which refused to flow before. Tears never were her arguments.

"Are there any more witnesses for the prisoner," asked the Chief Justice. "None."

"Gentlemen of the jury, it is not necessary for me to define again, what constitutes conspiracy against the Crown, and treason against the State, but—"

"Yer Honor, will ye let me speak?" cried a rough guttural voice from the crowd, and sure enough, our old acquaintance, Aled, pushed himself forward.

"What have you got to say?" sternly asked the Judge.

"I took that daddie prisoner."

"Where?"

"In the woods of Vaughan."

"Were you with the rebels?"

"Nae, my sarty, but miles awa'."

"Were you with the loyal volunteers?"

"I wisna wi' onybody, but watchin' as an ootpost, for to catch the Yankee rebels."

"How do we know this statement to be true?"

"Because if you gang to the wuds wi' me, I'll show you the log we sat on, an' the beech tree that I whittled on its back a gallows for somebody to hing on, meetaforically, as ye wid say, havin' naething to do."

"Were you armed, and if so, with what?"

"I wis that, an' wi' a muckle shot gun."

"Where did the prisoner say he was going?"

"To Toronto, to fight for the Government."

"Where did you both go to after this?"

"I took him in charge, an' afore we kent it, the rebels got baith o' us, an' locked him up."

"Why did they not lock you up?"

"They thoct I wisna very wise—a kin o' dottled, or daft, ye ken, an' just lat me run roon'."

"Are you not a rebel?"

"Me! yer jokin'—if I wis, I widna tell, and if I wisna, I shouldna tell, for I'm no' on my trial, an' by the thing they ca' the Heebear Corpsos, and the ither thing they ca' the Peetition o' Riichts, I'm no' obleeged to tell ye; but, if onybody wid say onything no' gentle aboot oor Sovreen Lady, I'd thrav his neck and thruple for him, war nor the rape will ony o' thae chaps. This *Levite* is no' guilty, for mind, fules and bairns always tell the

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The evidence of these two witnesses influenced the Chief Justice and jury so much that Levi was liberated on his own recognizance to keep the peace, for three years. We will draw a veil over the after-scene, except to record, that Alec Riach whispered in Levi's ear, as they were leaving the court-room; "Ye see they forgot to sweer me, and so I only twisted the truth about myself—just a veenial sin."

All the way home, Molly was far from communicative. She was evidently satisfied at the result of the trial, but when Levi poured out his thanks for her timely efforts on his behalf, he got almost "crusty" replies. Molly felt that she had been more forward than was meet and womanly, and in that perverse way so human, partially blamed her lover for her acts. Had it not been for him, the public declaration of her love would not have been necessary. The heart said "all right."—The head responded "you made a spectacle of yourself." It mattered not, that loyalist and rebel equally applauded—I was about to write—her manly testimony. She was not satisfied, and kept Levi at a distance. She turned herself into an iceberg, with a chilling atmosphere around her, and with the same results as in classic ages. "The quarrels of lovers are the renewals of love."

After the expedition to Scotland, where we only marched up the hill, and then marched down again, I was detailed to join the detachment that was to attack the rebels in their last foothold on Navy Island, and reached the main-land in front of it on Christmas day. This island is so situated on the Niagara river that it could be easily reinforced both from Canada and the United States. In the meantime, seeing that no operations of a formidable kind were likely to take place, I received leave of absence for a few days to visit my home. A horse had been sent for my use, and was very acceptable. Towards dark, as I was nearing home, a blinding snow-storm set in. There was no frost, and great flakes of stellular snow came down, dancing in waltzes and reels about my head, and at the same time wetting me to the skin. I overtook a man on foot plodding through the mud and slush wearily and slowly. He did not seem to notice me. I was cold and only about a mile from a hearty welcome and home. My heart warmed

toward the storm-besieged traveller. I invited him to take my seat. At first he did not look up, nor reply, but at last he thanked me, and said he was too exhausted to mount my horse. I helped him up, but his face, whiskers and hair were so impacted with snow, I only saw a red patch for a face. I told him my home was near, and I would be glad to shelter him for the night. This proposal seemed to be reluctantly accepted, but with a "thank you," when we drove into the yard. When we reached the fire, and had the snow shaken from our garments, I saw that my fellow-traveller was middle-aged, short of stature, and, from his speech, educated. He ate heartily, and seemed reserved. My father watched him narrowly for some time, just as he would have scanned a felon. After a sharp scrutiny, which the guest noticed, he seemed satisfied, and, in an unobstentatious way, showed considerable kindness to the stranger, making up for past coldness and suspicion, by prodigal hospitality. The weary man asked to retire early. My father took him to his bedroom. They remained a long time in earnest conversation, and were heard distinctly in my room. I wondered what could engage their attention for such a length of time, seeing they were apparently strangers to one another. Morning came, and with it additional mystery. Both my father and the traveller had disappeared. I went to the stable, and found that two horses were absent. My mother was reticent, and gave evasive answers to my enquiries. It was years afterwards before I found out the secrets of that night. When my father went to the bedroom with the tired sojourner, he shut the door, and turning sharply around on the man, slapped him on the shoulder, and, to his astonishment, said: "You are my prisoner; I know you, Dr. Routh; you are a fugitive from justice."

The doctor said, "You are correct; I am he, and so tired of life have I become, that I am careless of my fate. Do as you like, I will make no resistance. I have suffered a dozen deaths already from hunger and exposure; give me a night's rest, then let me die."

"Do you give me your word of honor, doctor, that you will not try to escape. I am a loyal man, and must do my duty."

"I give you my promise."

Next morning, before break of day, they left home on two horses. After they had travelled about twelve miles, my father said to the doctor, "You are a rebel, and a price is set upon your

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head. I am a Tory, and God forbid! I should deliver you up for the price of blood! Your rebellion is more from mistaken views of liberty, than from treason against our Queen. Do you remember when you resided in the county of Norfolk, that you visited and attended a family, by the name of Garth, through a protracted fever—that the head of this family got his leg broke, at the same time when the poor man was sorely needed to look after his sick? Do you recollect making a present of necessaries to keep them from starvation, and medicines to keep death from the door? I am that Garth. Those were the days of my sorest trials. I am now in comfortable circumstances, and in consideration for your friendly services I am prepared to stretch my loyalty a point, and show you a way of escape. Take this horse with you, and this rude map of the country roads, which I have made for you; follow its directions, and deliver this letter to the party indicated on it by name. You will find a guide to Niagara River. Never speak an ill word of your Queen and country. Good-bye. I'll have remorse over the act of this morning. Go, before I repent."

Dr. Routh escaped and was thankful, for I had the facts ratified by himself, many years afterwards, when he became an able Minister of the Crown, and a trusty loyal man. The escapes of many of these men were wonderful, and had it not been for the sympathy felt for them by all classes, and all shades of politics, very few of them could have escaped. The execution of several of the minor conspirators was bad policy, and to the credit of the British Government, be it said, it gave peremptory orders to stay public executions for this cause. In after years a general amnesty was granted, and many of the chief actors became prominent members of Government, and of Parliament, wiser and moderate in their political views.

## THE VOYAGE OF MAGELLAN.

BY CAPT. N. W. BECKWITH.

THE glory of being the first to circumnavigate the globe, settling forever the *quæstio vacata* of its sphericity, of finding the western passage to India, and of leading discovery into

the vast island systems of the Pacific Ocean, is the meed of this second Columbus.

He was by birth a Portuguese, but by adoption a Spaniard, and his name is differently given by the writers of the two nations—Fernando Magalhães by the former; by the latter, Hernando Magalhães. Every school-boy geographer knows of the famous Straits that bear his name, and every southern-voyaging sailor sees nightly those beautiful nebulae that are called Magellan's clouds, whence the Anglicised form is as "familiar in their mouths as household words." He was born in Oporto in 1481, and entered the Portuguese navy about the time of Columbus' triumphant return from the discovery of America (what a misnomer!)—the fame of that achievement, it may well be presumed, deciding him in his choice of a profession.

He served with distinction under the renowned Albuquerque, under whom he made rapid proficiency in seamanship; and diligently, it appears, employed his spare hours in acquiring scientific knowledge and geographical information. Rapid promotion was naturally the result, and we find him at about the age of seventeen occupying the post of a sort of sub-lieutenant—probably corresponding nearly to the grade of ensign of to-day.

In this capacity he aided in the famous siege and sack of Malacca, and, it has been said, the first cause of his leaving the service of his own country and entering that of Spain, was in consequence of being denied his rated share of the enormous booty captured by that celebrated "Portuguese Mars," as the old chroniclers name Albuquerque.

This can hardly be correct, since it is certain that many years after, when he had matured the plan of his great undertaking, he made the first offer to his own sovereign, Emmanuel, who rejected it and him, it would seem without due examination, and with contempt, real or feigned for the proposals; apparently adopting as a precedent the line of conduct observed by his predecessor towards his prototype and predecessor, Columbus.

It may be, that the King's enquiries were coldly and suspiciously met by the navigator, who, according to Herrera, had profited by the experience of Columbus at the court of Portugal, bearing in mind how John II., after obtaining his confidence, and gathering from him the gist of his project, had, while he pretended to encourage him, secretly dispatched an expedition to attempt the

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voyage, and rob him of his honors; Magalhanes therefore carefully concealed the vital points of his theory, though disclosing enough to invest the enterprise with a sufficient appearance of probability.

But, doubtless, the astute Monarch discerned that something was withheld; and refused to countenance the scheme in the expectation of compelling a fuller trust than was accorded him; or, annoyed at the implied want of confidence—though how he could expect anything else is by no means clear—decided to dismiss the projector, in downright earnest, and without any waste of ceremony.

That he had faith in the scheme itself, and that he regretted his hasty decision, from whatever motive made, is abundantly evident from the fact that he afterwards used every inducement to win him back from the service of Spain; failing in which, with a meanness of soul not easily paralleled even among princes and potentates, he occupied himself in propagating at the latter court rumors derogatory to the character and abilities of Magalhanes, and in every possible manner threw obstacles in the way of the expedition, of which he soon obtained command from the more liberal and far-seeing Monarch of Spain.

Though Herrera tells of a "fairly painted globe," which the adventurer brought with him to Spain, and on which he had delineated the known lands and seas, and his intended route; but carefully left out any indication of the position himself assigned to the passage assumed to exist through the western continent,—no records have been preserved of the grounds upon which he based his theory. It has been supposed that the shape of South America, trending away to the west, as Africa does to the east, suggested to him, by analogy, that the former had probably a southern boundary also, washed by an open sea, leading into the ocean beyond, which had already been discovered from the Isthmus of Darien, by the ill-fated Vasco Nunez de Balboa, in 1513. And already the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico, and of South America had been explored by eager seekers for an outlet to India, as far south as the mouth of the Rio de la Plata,—named "*El mar dulce*," by an explorer of ability, Juan Diaz de Solis, who while engaged on a similar enterprise had penetrated this great estuary for some distance, believing it to be the much sought for Strait, but was captured and devoured, with five of his crew, by the cannibal

natives,—in 1515. Only for this untoward event, that captain might have anticipated the discoveries of Magalhanes.

Thus it appears that the field of research had been already reduced to a comparatively narrow arena, south of the line; and the question touching the “existence of a passage through the American continent, to Cathay and the Indies,” having been decided in the negative, with respect to the vast portion lying between the discoveries of Cabot the younger, on the north as far as latitude  $67^{\circ} 30'$ , and those of the ill-fated De Solis down to the entrance of the La Plata, on the south; the general tide of opinion among geographers and navigators was setting strongly in favor of prosecuting explorations in the direction of a north-west passage—an idea perhaps older, by several centuries, than is generally believed, dating, it may be, as far back as the day when Leif Erickson led the way from Iceland to “Vinland” and “Markland,” as the New England and Nova Scotia of to-day were named by him.

Late in 1517, Magalhanes, accompanied by his faithful co-laborer and friend, Ruy Falero, a Portuguese astronomer, arrived at Valladolid, where the Emperor, Charles V., then held Court. This wise though ambitious potentate entertained him and his proposals in a manner characteristically different from that of the narrow-souled ruler of Portugal. Honors were conferred on him; he and his associate were lodged at Court, and the preparation of an expedition was early set about.

Over all the seas and lands that he might discover, Magalhanes was created, in anticipation, “Adelantado” of all profits that might accrue to the Crown, he was assured the very liberal share of one-twentieth, and also, conjointly with his companion, the astronomer, was granted certain mercantile privileges, beginning with the fruits of the voyage of discovery itself, at the rate of one-fifth of whatever should be realized, and a ten years’ monopoly of the route they should explore. And further, the royal speculator covenanted to furnish five good vessels, agreeing to victual and provide them with a crew of two hundred and forty men for the period of two years.

On the first of August, 1519, our discoverer left Seville, and on the twenty-first of the following month sailed on his eventful voyage of circumnavigation, from the little port of San Lbear, with a well-equipped squadron of five ships, two hundred and

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thirty-seven men, and an admiral's commission, after having taken a specially framed oath of allegiance, which covered in particular all contingencies of the adventure in hand, and is probably one of the earliest instances of "naturalization" on record.

His command consisted of the *Trinidad* and *Concepcion*, of one hundred and twenty tons each; the *Santiago* and *San Antonio*, each of ninety; and the afterwards renowned *Vittoria*, of only sixty tons.

Touching at Tenerife for wood and water, holding along the Coast of Africa, and passing the Cape de Verd Islands early in October, he crossed the line in about seventy days after his departure. On the thirteenth of the following December, he anchored in a port, now unknown, on the Coast of Brazil, in 23° 30' south latitude, to which he gave the name of "St. Lucia," where he discovered a large river, and friendly natives, of whom Pigafetta, the historian of the voyage, who accompanied the expedition, says, that when the boats put out from the ships, "they set up a great shout, conceiving them to be young sea-monsters, the offspring of the latter."

Taking in further supplies here, he left on the twenty-seventh, and steered to the southward; and on the eleventh of January, 1520, reached Cabo de Santa Maria, at what is now known as Bahia Falsa, a few leagues eastward of the Rio de la Plata, and touched near where De Solis had been murdered, five years before, while searching for that passage that Magalhães was destined to discover.

Profiting by their knowledge of this affair, the stay of the Spaniards here was short, and their intercourse with the people guarded; nevertheless, as it seemed part of their admiral's wise policy to improve every opportunity of procuring fresh provisions, they managed to make a further addition to their stock without

\* There is a popular belief that Magellan sought up the La Plata for the passage to the South Sea, which has been adopted by several writers. Parton says: "The broad mouth of the La Plata lured him in at length, but doomed him to disappointment," etc. There is no authority whatever for this, but the contrary is well established; that the La Plata was well known to be a river, and its mouth, in a measure, even explored, five years previously. Indeed, the parallel assumption with respect to De Solis, that "he voyaged up the current for weeks" in expectation of an outlet to the Indies, is equally untenable, for "the current" itself, its appearance, taste, etc., must have proved to him that his discovery was no strait, or passage from sea to sea, but simply a vast river, affording in itself ample inducement to continue his explorations, whence his persistence therein, until the lamentable issue.

coming to any rupture with the Indians. Weighing anchor again, keeping well in with the coast, and making frequent touches in search of a suitable harbor in which to winter, they at length, on Easter day, entered a port which they named "San Julian," where they spent the five ensuing months.

Here, being put on allowance, the people became discontented; and, according to Herrera, "on account of the great cold, begged the Admiral, that since the country was found to extend itself towards the antarctic, without showing a hope of finding the cape of this land, nor any Strait; and as the winter was setting in severe, and some men died for want, that he would increase the allowance, or turn back; alleging that it was not the king's intention that they should seek out what was impossible, and that it was enough to have got where none had ever before been; besides that, going farther towards the Pole, some furious wind might drive them where they could not get away, but all perishing."

"Magalhães, who was a ready man, and presently hit on a remedy for whatever incident occurred, said that he was very ready to die, or to fulfil what he had promised. He said that the king had ordered him the voyage which was to be performed; and that, at all events, he was to sail till he found the end of that land, or some Strait, which they could not fail of doing; and though wintering seemed to be attended with difficulties, there could be none, when the spring set in, to proceed forward, discovering the coasts of the continent under the Antarctic Pole, being assured that they must come to a place where one day lasted three months: that he was astonished that men, and Spaniards, could have so much sluggishness; and that for his part he was determined to die rather than shamefully to return back."

These encouraging words, and the brave example of their leader, put an end, for a time, to the insubordination which afterward assumed such gigantic proportions. While wintering here, exploring parties were sent out from time to time, to examine the inlets of the coast to the southward, and finally the *Santiago* was detached for this service, which vessel on the third of May discovered the River Santa Cruz.

Finding no western outlet, she returned to sea, and proceeded still further south, but after making a few leagues, was driven ashore in a sudden gale, and wrecked. The overland travel of her crew back, to rejoin the squadron at Port San Julian, led to an

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acquaintance with the natives, of whose gigantic size honest Pigafetta has placed on record such marvellous accounts. These have long been held as altogether unworthy of credence, or at least unreasonably exaggerated, but during the last quarter of a century some events have transpired, which together with the testimony of Byron's expedition of 1764-66, and that of Wallis and Carteret, of two years later, tend to show that these stories, though doubtless a good deal heightened, are by no means unfounded.

Since the discovery of gold in California, wealth seeking voyagers have landed, or been cast on these inhospitable shores, and their concurrent testimony is, that the "clumsy hoofed" tribe which Magalhães discovered, really averages very much above the tallest stature of ordinary humanity. Byron, by actual measurement, ascertained that many of them were over seven feet, some seven and a half, and Carteret complains of the underrating statements made by Wallis after admitting that he had neglected his opportunity of acquiring a correct knowledge of the stature of the gigantic savages, simply because of the prevailing spirit of disbelief in Great Britain, which had no better foundation than a silly national vanity that felt it distasteful to contemplate the idea of any people existing in the world bigger than Scotch Highlanders and English Grenadiers. Certainly any of the *gallant* Wallis' stories ought to be taken *cum grano salis*, after his marvellous record of his performance of the character of Eneas to the "infelix Dido" of the amorous Queen Oberea; and his description of her majesty, who was very tall, it appears, and "who took me by the arm, and whenever we came to a plash of water or dirt, she lifted me over with as little trouble as it would have cost me to have lifted over a child." And, after all, he admits having himself measured one Patagonian of six feet, seven inches.

Capt. Bourne, of New Bedford, who was made prisoner by these sons of Anak, on the first of May, 1849,—and who escaped from them on the seventh of August, of the same year,—says that he had no standard of measurement except his own height, which is five feet ten, but that he could easily stand under the arms of most of them, and there were none of the males who were not at least a head taller than himself, and judged their average to be at least a foot greater than ours. "They exhibit," he says, "enormous strength whenever they are sufficiently aroused to shake off their constitutional laziness, and exert it." Lesser points, too,

of his account, tally exactly with what has been recorded by the earliest visitors,—such as dress, manners, customs, etc.; Capt. Bourne's statement that they use the hind hoof (with a portion of the skin attached to it;) of the *Guanao*, to make shoes, during the cold season, shows that the epithet of "*Pata-gones*," has a more literal signification than was suspected.\*

Capt. Ashleigh, of the *Balance* whale-ship, who visited Coy Inlet, which is situated between Port Santa Cruz, and the entrance of the Straits of Magalhanes, in November, 1863, measured the height of a Patagonian *giant*, whom he endeavored to induce to accompany him home, but without success, "and found him eight feet, four inches in height, standing with naked feet upon an oar-blade on the sands," says the captain commendably exact, "but he was the tallest, by nearly a head, of a party of eleven, and certainly the tallest of all seen by any of the crew of the *Balance* during her stay of a week in this region." And all were remarkably well-proportioned.

The tallest specimens of our own race are sometimes nearly eight feet high, while our average stature is fixed at five feet eight inches; if now, we assume the Patagonian average to be six feet eight inches, which seems warranted, and suppose extraordinary specimens attaining to corresponding difference of altitude among them, we shall imagine coloss of *nine feet*!† It may be possible that the account given by the credulous old chronicler of the voyage concerning the first Indian he saw "who was so great that a middle-sized Castiliano reached no higher than his waist," was not so marvellously stretched beyond the bounds of probability after all.

Some time later, the gathering discontent of the crew manifested itself in open mutiny, in which the majority of captains and officers were perfidious and vile enough to engage—feeling themselves degraded, as Spanish gentlemen, to serve under a Portuguese commander, forsooth—miserable excuse. To quell this outbreak, the admiral was compelled to resort to the most desperate measures, and well was it, in this exigency, that the admirable foresight of the Emperor had invested the leader of his expedition with full, unhampered powers to meet such an emer-

\* Narrative of Three months captivity among the Giants of Patagonia. London, 185—.

† Here's a hint to the collectors for the next new museum.

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gency; and equally well that Magalhães was not a man to hesitate about accepting the responsibility of the actions he was compelled to perform. The worst of the mutineering captains, who shut himself up in his ship, and backed by his crew, openly defied all authority, and whom it was therefore impossible to arrest, the admiral got rid of summarily; it is said, by sending a messenger with a letter to him, and orders to despatch him while reading it—which terrible commission was successfully executed, to the great consternation of the crew of mutineers and disheartening of the other leaders. Two others, being brought to trial, were hanged, and a fourth, with his accomplice, a priest, was "marooned;"\* a very effective mode of punishment much in use in later times. These measures, promptly followed up, soon taught the rebellious wretches whom they had for a leader, and saved his imperilled authority.

Little was done here after this, beyond taking formal possession of the country for the Crown of Spain, and seizing, by stratagem, a couple of the gigantic natives to carry home as a present to the Emperor. Two more they afterward endeavored to capture by force, with the intention of exchanging them for two of the females (for the laudable purpose of introducing the "giant breed" into Spain), as the latter were not allowed to visit the new comers by their jealous protectors; but the plan failed, and one of the crew was killed in endeavoring to carry it out. The captives, in their struggles, called on their god "Setebos," from Pigafetta's account, of which Shakspeare perhaps borrowed the demon whom he makes the familiar of the "foul witch Sycorax."

(To be continued.)

\* Marooning was simply putting ashore on any wild, desert coast, or island, the obnoxious individual, and leaving him. There have been cases even in the present day.

**A RINGLET.**

**GOLDEN, glossy ringlet,**

**Dainty curl of grace,**

**Wavering in the sunlight**

**Of a happy face!**

**Can'st thou shade the splendor,**

**Dim the lovely light**

**Of the truth and beauty**

**Mirrored in thy sight?**

Soft, unconscious ringlet,  
Nestling close and warm  
To a cheek all glowing  
With its rosy charm:  
Tell me dainty love-curl  
What her blushes say?

When thou hidest gently

All their bloom away

Careless, wavy ringlet,

Art thou full of glee?

When her dewy breathings

Touch thee tenderly;

When her smiles so near thee,

Lavishly are given,

Art thou not enraptured

With that glimpse of heaven?

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

London, England, August, 1874.

## TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

### VII.

THE privateer *Tallahassee* made a long visit to Nassau under the name of the "Camellia." She was a rather handsome steam-propeller, and a Yankee man-of-war laid "off and on" New Providence, waiting for this vessel to go out; but, naturally, she preferred remaining where she was. I dined on board of the *Tallahassee* on Washington's birthday. A U. S. gunboat lying at anchor near by, manned two barges, which pulled round and round the Confederate so styled *Camellia*. The day was comparatively calm, and the star spangled banner hung gracefully and languidly about the stern-sheets of the Yankee launches. The American vessels in port made a fine display of bunting in honor of the day. The Southern officers manifested considerable chagrin at the taunting way in which these Yankees were manoeuvring

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about their ship; but, like wise men, they said nothing. The stars and bars, a Palmetto flag, floated among the numerous Confederate steamers in port, but not in respect for this day, although, from what I could perceive, the Southerners appeared to look upon the event with a kind of secret veneration, yet they would not publicly make known their regard before the rejoicing Yankees.

At a supper party one night, on board of the steamship *Fox*, commanded by a Captain Brown (a noble-hearted fellow), I was introduced to a gentleman who represented himself as having been a lieutenant on board of the late Confederate war-ship *Alabama* during her fatal action with the lively little corvette *Kearsage*. I noticed by one or two expressions from this party, that he was not altogether an admirer of Captain Raphaël Semmes. He remarked that—"When the chapel bells on the coast of France were calling their flocks together for the Sabbath morning's worship, we steamed out of port to meet the *Kearsage*, and cleared for action. I reckon the churches had empty seats that morning, for the shores and beaches were covered with spectators. Several of our shot struck the enemy's sides, but appeared to do no damage. Semmes watched this nervously with his opera-glass, gnashing his teeth. 'By G—d,' said he, 'she is encased in iron from stem to stern. We had a great many killed and wounded. Semmes showed considerable excitement, and I had my face half knocked off, as I dodged a shot that tumbled over a couple of dozen poor fellows. Finally, we commenced to sink, and I rushed below for something I wanted to save, and then I met Semmes, who drank a whole bottle of brandy before he left the cabin. I was picked up by an English yacht." It is said, and generally believed, that the *Kearsage* only had chains strung along in tiers over the sides amidships, in order to protect her boilers, wherein those of the *Alabama* were rendered secure by a large quantity of coal stored in her port and larboard bunkers.

I met a celebrated banjo player at Nassau named McCarthy. He claimed to be the author of the words to that gay and animated song styled "Dixie's Land"—the song that cheered countless thousands to victory, death and defeat.

The currency of Nassau was gold and silver. This was generally banked in \$50 and \$100 packages, and marked with the initials of the depositor. The bank on receiving and paying out, the

silver—as a rule, neither counted nor weighed it. Should the last receiver, even after taking it away, find one or more parcels short, it was the custom for the party who first put up the amount, to make good the deficiency without questions. There were no “hard up” borrowers in Nassau, merchants were never seen waiting—hat in hand—at the door of the bankers’ sanctum.

Very many Bahama negroes have a fashion of “fingering” small things, “pocketing,” or in other language, appropriating to their own use the property of others. Like *Rob Roy*, I suppose they think that if opportunity offers for a “lift” they should not let the prize slip through their hands.

For why? Because the good old rule,  
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.”

I once missed my gauging-rod, and suspecting one of four employés of having stolen it, challenged the supposed thief concerning it, quite sharply. “Jeffrey,” said I, “what makes you fellows such confounded prigs?” “What Massa?” “Why thieves! I mean!” “Now Massa Johnny, you kind ob hurt my feelens, I no nodden ’bout dat stiek. You say nigger great tief! I say no—no—sah—Nigger sometimes tief little, but white man tief big! he tief befo’ you eyes and you don’t see um?” Next day I found the rod. It had been replaced in its old quarters.

There are several good Hotels in Nassau. The “Royal Victoria” is very superior. It is built of stone and is quite spacious. It stands on a beautiful hill, surrounded by orange and other fruit trees.

The negro soldiers of Nassau attract considerable attention. Every morning about five o’clock, they form for the purpose of marching to the bathing grounds. Like statues, they would stand awaiting the order to move forward. Their well-made leggings, strong English shoes, blue zouave breeches, scarlet coats, and white caps, contrasting with their intensely black, and sometimes scorched faces, gave them a decidedly foreign and somewhat fierce appearance. At the sound of their plaintive fifes, and rattle of their well-played drums, away they would march—tramp, tramp, with their long white towels carelessly flung over their shoulders, fluttering in the early breezes.

During my first residence at Nassau in 1861, I had experienced

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a severe attack of what the natives styled "break bone" fever, but through this latter sojourn my health was excellent. It is true I had been confined to my room for a week by a bilious attack, but this I did not by any means attribute to the climate. Now and then the yellow fever would pluck off a victim, yet it so seldom occurred, that the mass of foreigners who resided at Nassau would not really admit that it was "Yellow Jack." However, the doctors were the best judges of the species of this malady, but business with them was so dull that little was said concerning this horrible disease. As for myself, I considered that I was proof against the poisonous breath of this monster. Massa Captain told me that I must be acclimated *by this time*, which meant that I was beyond the grasp of the loathsome enemy. Being informed of this, and from such a source, I flattered myself that I was safe *au pis aller*.

The summer of 1864 will long be remembered by all who resided in New Providence, and were so fortunate as to survive it. This horrifying scourge—yellow fever—broke out in dreadful force amongst us. The Death Angel spread her fearful wings over the island. Her pestilential darts struck down a vast number of human beings, and I imagine that I can see dozens of my old friends who alas! are now gone. On shore the mortality was dreadful. Among the shipping it was even worse. Vessels lay swinging to their anchors without captains, officers, or crews. Boat-loads of poor emaciated sailors were hurried to the Marine Hospitals, to-day as it were, and to-morrow their coffins were sent after them. Not a pound of ice was to be had in the island. Heated brains and parched tongues burned. In direful agony, men, women and children appealed to God for ice—ice. Heaven forbid that I should again witness such scenes of suffering and death. The atmosphere was putrid. Of nights I would stroll through the deserted streets, seeking, if possible, to partake of one mouthful of cool air. Many times did I pronounce a blessing on the chilly fogs of my native Bay of Fundy. I said the streets were deserted. I was wrong. Negro men hurriedly came and went, bearing on their broad shoulders large coffins, small coffins, little coffins. My old violin was locked up these times. The dying wanted no merry tones to lighten their hearts—as their spirits moved swiftly onward toward the dark way. Business was almost entirely suspended for three months. Groups of men stood at every corner conversing in low tones. Fear was stamped



of the thatch-covered cottage in which we dwelt. There was no one to pray for him; but sinner as I was, I breathed a *hope* for the future happiness of his soul. It is said that "the prayers of the wicked avail nothing." This may be so; but if it be so, then who among this world's creatures shall pray the prayers of the righteous? At last my cowardly heart mustered a little courage, and sitting on the side of my expiring friend's couch, I gazed into his burning, glistening eyes. They were large, manly eyes—eyes that in their health and vigor could sparkle forth kindly glances, or cast out bitter, piercing frowns. But not so now; their beauty had left this world. They were preparing for new scenes; they were closing on the fading objects of this life to open, I trust, among the verdant hills of Heaven, I was just in the act of handing him a draught of water, when I perceived that he had turned away from me, as if desirous of changing his attitude. "Donald!" I whispered, shaking his arm gently. He answered not; he moved not. His spirit had quietly drifted into the dark "stream that flows forever to the mysterious ocean. He was buried I before noon the following day.

Death found him in a foreign land,

Where thatch and red woods grow;

'Mong sandy hills and coral shores,

Where strong trade-breezes blow.

We laid him in a lowly spot,

Close by the restless sea;

Sweet be thy sleep, my early friend,

Beneath the mangrove tree.

And now, adieu! young Scot farewell,

Thy memory fills mine eye;

The shady river's borne thee past—

Donald, good-bye! good-bye!

Here I met several of my own countrymen, (St. John boys) who were penniless, sick, and miserable indeed. I did what I could for their comfort. Massa Captain gave them employment for a time. One young fellow (a wild chap) who had been an old school-chum of mine, was about the hardest up youth I had ever met. His wardrobe—when I first discovered him, consisted of only a pair of pants and half a shirt. If my memory serves me right, he possessed no *sombrero*, at all. His bare feet were swollen and blistered from the sun's fiery rays. I took him to our office, and

being in a philanthropic mood, presented him with one of Massa Captain's spare coats, also a pair of that gentleman's shoes, and a Panama hat belonging to Strongfellow. Massa Captain advised me to start a second-hand clothing shop. "Then," said he, "you will perhaps let my things alone; I would thank you to bestow your own coats on your ragged acquaintances." The next day, I met this "wild chap," strutting about "large as life" with a meerschaum pipe in his mouth, and a feather in his hat, quite a dandy, *pro tempore*.

Yellow fever now raged throughout the island, causing fearful havoc among the foreigners who resided there. It did not attack the natives. Massa Captain and I one morning repaired to our hotel for breakfast, for although we roomed separately and in different parts of the city, we generally dined together at the Karnack hotel. As we entered the great dining hall, Tutsey, the head waitress, informed us that four men had just died in rooms off the front piazza, and that a lady was breathing her last on stairs. "Well, Johnny," said Massa Captain, "this is becoming a city of corpses. I want no food this morning." "Nor I either," I rejoined. "Now boy," he continued, "you had better go to New York till this is over; I fear that you are not sufficiently acclimated yet, others have been cut off that have lived here for three years."

For the first time, among all these scenes of sickness and death, I experienced a little fright—just a little—for my own safety. Massa Captain had made the acquaintance of yellow fever years previously, and consequently was not at all likely to take it again, at least not dangerously. A steamship belonging to a young friend of mine was about to proceed to New York, and he gladly reserved a berth for me in his state-room on board.

Directly across the street, facing my domicile, stood a castle-like structure of stout masonry. It was surrounded by a high wall of stone-work, which was penetrated by two strong iron gates. The tops of this enclosure were covered, or perhaps I may say adorned, with broken glass bottles, which were firmly cemented thereon. The gates were closed and locked every night at eight o'clock. At this hour, the lord of the mansion would invariably depart therefrom, wending his way no one knew whither, excepting himself and his little stub-tailed dog, "a terrier tough and lean" that followed him as regularly as did the long tails of his black frock coat. There is nothing more lonely to many than an evening in

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the streets of Nassau. As the sun lowers at the end of day, so falls the darkness. No gaslights meet the eye, except, perhaps, in Havana. White ladies are never out of their houses at this time. They sit within their jalousied piazzas, night after night, rocking, and endeavoring to pass away the dull hours. Mayhaps the notes of a piano interrupt the common silence. I will not attempt to describe how West Indians enjoy themselves at this time, for I know not.

Within these walls dwelt a young lady; yes, four of them. They were all considered pretty, or what is commonly termed "good-looking." Now, how strange it is that men will keep their eyes on good-looking women. Why do they do it? I do not know. I suppose it is because men have an eye for the beautiful; just that, and nothing more. How it amuses me in my daily walks through life, to observe some blithesome damsel tripping gaily along; and how it amuses me to see some ministerial-looking old gentleman carefully observing this fair one. For why does his eyes follow her footsteps? Because he cannot help it. To those whom God hath blessed with clear vision—close not your organs of sight on the beauties of nature, for pretty girls should be looked at, just as much as pretty flowers.

I will call this young lady Isabella. She was of graceful form, and her eyes, which were intensely blue, were large and loving. Silken hair in abundance flowed languidly about her perfect shoulders. She wore one of the most affectionate countenances that I had ever seen. Her sisters were likewise very beautiful. During evenings, after they had performed pleasant airs on the piano, they would betake themselves to the piazza fronting their residence. The windows of my room were constantly open, and here I had often sat and played a tune or two, or rather a dozen tunes or so, on my old violin, just for my own amusement; but my landlady had informed me that my continual scraping was excruciating torture to her, but then she was always a victim of the headache or toothache, and consequently enjoyed nothing, unless it was some pain-killer or proceeds of a recent discovery in the form of a balm, warranted to cure every evil heir to human flesh. My room window was about thirty feet distant from the balcony of my fair friends over the way. These girls were as bashful as they were pretty. I became acquainted with them in what manner I now forget, but be it known that they had in

their service a little black chubby *fille de chambre*, who was more frequently in the street than in her mistresses' home. This maid of darkness had performed several little errands or commissions for me, in the form of getting a washer-woman, etc., for which, of course, I had rewarded her with a silver coin or two. Her mistresses, to be sure, heard of this, and in the end I had the good fortune to be placed on friendly terms with her fair employers. These girls were full of life; they were noble, modest creatures, that no man could look upon else than to respect them; yes, and even love them. Their papa was a portly and somewhat dignified old gentleman, who would allow no male to visit his home unless he were an English naval or army officer. He was a very "high cut" gentleman. I liked him not.

Having decided to go to New York for a short season, I made the fact known among my young friends, and one night about twenty of them visited my room for the purpose of bidding me good bye. I uncorked a dozen of claret in commemoration of the event. Every bottle was emptied. It was most excellent wine. My jolly company declared that it was delicious. They were all what is commonly styled "steady young men." One month from this night, nearly the half of this entire party slept in their graves. The yellow fever had gathered them unto his great charnel-house.

I was all in readiness to embark the following morning, and retired for the night at a little over the mid hour. I was alone. My room-mates had died. I dozed half wakefully for an hour. A noise awoke me. It sounded like the hasty tramp of some frightened mortal, hurriedly stepping about the room. Then a knocking sound was heard, then all was again quiet. I arose and lighted my lamp; underneath my bed I found a soldier-crab, who had entered my apartments. I kicked him out. I was soon fast asleep. After a time I awoke feeling very chilly. Throwing a goodly blanket about my shoulders, I again sought the realms of sweet repose. About one o'clock in the morning, I opened my eyes with difficulty. I was in a burning fever. I sprang to the floor and dressed myself. I well knew what ailed me. Rushing into the dark, quiet street, I vigorously rapped at the door of a saloon keeper with whom I was acquainted. I told him that I was attacked with yellow fever. He would not believe it, telling me I was only frightened. He locked the door and shut me out. I fell fainting on the dusty road. How I found my way back to

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my room I know not, but suffice it to say, I succeeded in reaching the dismal abode. My head began to ache in a splitting manner. My back was filled with sharp dragging pains. I felt that I was rapidly sinking. Death seemed to be waiting for its third victim from my quarters. I could not rise. Not a human being was near me. A singular thought rushed into my head. I grasped my revolver that hung near my couch, and fired every cartridge into the wall of my room. A window was quickly raised from the opposite side of the street, and like an angel of mercy, Isabella enquired what occasioned the noise. I had just strength enough left to say to her "for God sake send some person to me." Quick as a flash she alarmed the neighborhood, and her papa—Heaven prosper him,—built a fire with his own hands, and heated water for me. Fortunately, I understood how to treat yellow fever. So I despatched a friend for a doctor and another for Massa Captain, while I gave orders for a strong, hot mustard bath, and ere the doctor or Massa Captain had arrived, I was insensible.

For nine days I was nothing better than a raving maniac. I was told that these dear girls exerted their utmost strength in endeavoring to make me comfortable. I was not aware of this. I was not myself. I cursed and swore like a trooper. I anathematized Massa Captain most effectually. I struck my nurse, and did everything that was disorderly and wicked. One night I awoke in a devilish mood. I sprang like an enraged tiger to the floor. "I am going home," I screamed. "I won't stay here," and off like a deer I jumped for the window. But I was caught by two powerful negro men who had me in charge. I threw them off as if they had been children. Massa Captain, who was a man of no mean strength and activity, grappled with me, and I bit a mouthful out of his shirt-sleeve, but the three of them overpowered me and dashed me into bed again. For an instant I came to. Massa Captain was in tears, and so was I, but I was weeping on account of my defeat. Two doctors gazed sternly into my eyes. They had been called in. They pronounced my case hopeless. The tears fell thick and fast from Massa Captain. Stupid and crazed as I was, I wondered what this strong man was crying about.

(To be concluded next month.)

Yet sweeter is the better part—  
I shudder as its hand is pressed  
So icy cold  
The phantom of a man's heart

## Scrapiana.

Another spectre tow'ring o'er me  
One flashes hand outstretched to me  
The other pointing to a ball  
Of dust that must be  
It is the end "it has said"  
The end "it has said"  
All in vain  
All in vain  
I feel its  
The spectre

### HAUNTED.

The moonbeams, sleeping on the sea,  
Climb, in their dreams, the river's bank  
No zephyr plains melodiously  
Among the sedges, weeds and dank,  
Nor stirs the osier willows bank:  
Above, beneath, and all around  
A solemn stillness seems to brood,  
As though it were enchanted ground,  
In which all life was turned to stone,  
Where might no living thing intrude,  
But unto me no solitude  
It brings— Ah! me, I'm not alone!

What a queer world this is! rather what queer people there

are in it, and what queer things seem to be linked together in the world, till that to something else—  
A shade stands by me where I sit,  
It lays a pleading hand on mine,  
I cannot but remember it,  
So mournfully its sad eyes shine—  
Around its brow is wreathed a twine  
Of flowers that died ere scarce they bloomed,  
And on its face the marks I see  
Of hopes that long have lain entombed—  
Of hopes whose star no longer gleams—  
It speaketh not, but still to me  
Its sad eyes turn reproachfully—  
The spirit of my boyhood's dreams.

A man's life is made up of so many minute particles; and the annihilation of one of these would bring instant destruction to the airy fabric of his life.

Another spirit, dark and drear,  
Comes stalking to me from the gloom,  
And whispers sadly in my ear  
Prophetic words of fate and doom:  
How stars that now the paths illumine  
Shall fade, and die, and be no more,  
And Hope's fruit, losing all its grace,  
Fall, rotten to the inmost core,  
In that now fast approaching time  
And, falling back into its place,  
It looks at me with solemn face—  
The sad ghost of my manhood's prime.

lines of crimson heart's blood: matters not. It is done. The

iv.  
Another phantom draws near,  
More terrible than those gone past—  
It fills me with a shrinking fear—  
It chilleth like a whirlwind's blast—  
It cometh nearer, nearer, fast,  
With arms on breast supinely crossed,  
A hapless phantom, all unblest,  
That, grieving still for all 't has lost,

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Yet sneereth at the better part—  
 I shudder as its hand is pressed,  
 So icy cold, against my breast—  
 The phantom of a hard'nug heart.

## V.

Another spectre towers o'er all—  
 One fleshless hand outstretched to me,  
 The other pointing to'ards a pall  
 Of mist that rises o'er the sea,  
 From which the moonbeams, waking, flee  
 "It is the end," it whispereth,  
 "The end to which thou needs must bow"  
 All, all in vain thy life, thy death!  
 All, all in vain thy weary strife!"  
 It draweth near, and nearer now,  
 I feel its touch upon my brow—  
 The spectre of a wasted life.

T. R. R.

## THE MOMENT OF TEMPTATION.

What a queer world this is! or rather what queer people there are in it, and what queer lives these queer people live. Everything seems to be linked together. This is joined to that, and that to something else.—And so it goes on through the world, till beginnings and endings meet and are blended in one infinite whole. And is not every individual life a fitting type of this whole? Do you remember what Dickens said in reference to the first day that Pip spent at Mrs. Havisham's? I do not remember the exact words, but I think the idea was something like this:

A man's life is made up of so many minute particles; and the annihilation of one of these would bring instant destruction to the airy fabric of his life.

And is it not so? Let one circumstance, no matter how trivial, be taken out of your life, and where would you be?—what would be the result? Perhaps it may have been but a single day or moment, the decision of which has changed the whole tenor of your after-life. In an instant the page of your history was turned; and another hand took up the pen. It may have written fair, round characters in letters of gold, or it may be in stiff, sharp lines of crimson heart's blood: it matters not. It is done. The writing is indelible on every page of your life-record.

Do you remember the time when you stood with life's ways all before you? 'Twas yours to choose your own peculiar avocation, to take for better or for worse, for life or for death, your beautiful bride—your life object. Was it well chosen? Did you love it above all things? Have you suffered for your love? *He knows*

nothing who has not suffered! How can a man love truly, devotedly, enduringly, unless he has been tried in the great fire of experience—"whose name is also sorrow"—and found out what his life is; and who is worthy to receive it! A man must suffer, and grow strong, if his heart is kindled with a love of the ideal. And I would to God that every man and woman, too, felt this more keenly!

I believe, in the life of every individual, there comes, with the putting away of childish things, a longing for that higher manhood, the type of which is found alone in Christ. This feeling takes possession of his soul; and he, looking away from himself into the busy, bustling world with an eager, restless, hungry soul, longing for the future of his hopes—the goal of his ambition—turns from the picture therein presented; and from his inmost soul cries out to God in one long wail of piercing agony.

Alas! his life has been imaginary. His brain has been revolving on a pivot, which existed in his fancy alone. The ideal is unattainable, the real is not enough, and feeling

—this thirst and hunger of the soul,  
We cannot still—this longing, this wild impulse,

And struggle after something we have not,

And cannot have; the effort to be strong,

And like the Spartan boy to smile and smile

While fatal wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks,"

he becomes impetuous, daring, sinful; and grasping the nearest support to his sinking hopes, he drains the first fountain no matter whether its waters are living or poisonous; and with a hurried desperation goes down to ruin. O! this awakening—this coming from the sweet dreams of youth to the bare realities of manhood! At one spring we launch from the ideal to the real, from the soft June midnight to the raw November morning. Thackeray has said:

"The delusion is better than the truth sometimes, and fine dreams than dismal wakings."

In some instances this is verily true. A thoughtful, sensitive youth nourishes his affection for the good and beautiful, until after years of blissfully ignorant training, he finds the delicate plant has reached a height whence its tendrils droop for support; and instantly he sets to work to discover an object suitable for his love to entwine. In his mind's inner chamber there hangs a portrait

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of his ideal woman, fair to look upon, lovely in its origin, purity and beauty. Out into the world he gazes for its original, and thinks when she is found his Heaven is near. He seeks with earnest glance, and like Relas cries,—“Where? Where! I love thee, tho’ I know thee not.”

At length, a glorious vision is presented to his view; and this he thinks without reflection is, “His likeness, his fit help, his other-self, his wish exactly to his heart’s desire.” And before he has studied her character, or knows her mind, he has opened his heart to receive her; but he finds there is a place there—a lonely, quiet place—into which she may not enter. At first he is startled; then he turns away from the dreaded reality, and shutting his eyes to the fact which is distinctly rising before him, he walks hastily into his “Holy of Holies;” drags forth his heart’s best treasure; and presents it as an humble offering to the beloved of his bosom—no; to the one he supposes he loves but for whom in reality he cares nothing. His heart throbs hard, his eyes kindle, his cheek is flushed, his hands are cold and tremulous and the burning temples are laced with the blue and corded veins, as he awaits its reception. But, alas! the flush dies away from the eager features and a tired wistfulness—a pitiful sorrow—steals into the face, a sigh escapes the parted lips; one hot tear falls from the sadly drooping eye-lid, and a sharp pain pierces through his heart. And why? His gold is counted but dross, his pearls are trodden under the feet of his divinity, she does not appreciate their true value—their real worth. Well, was it the girl’s fault? Think a moment, and you will see where the trouble lies. You were mistaken. If you will you may take back your gems, and by faithful waiting some day find one worthy to receive them. One who will come into your heart’s most lonely recesses and guard your precious treasures. It has been observed that “any ordinary person may work but it takes a hero to wait;” and there are few (?) heroes in our world to-day, at least this one is not heroic and does not wait, or if necessity compels him to, there is no heroism in the act. His faith once shaken refuses to trust again; his confidence once misplaced refuses to confide; and with a bitter smile, “a smile a thousand times more bitter than tears,” he turns away from all his cherished dreams; and shuts down all those youthful aspirations with this sentence on his lips,—

*“There is no reality.”*

Then the dark, hard look sweeps over the tired face, and in his soul he shudders, for "the dread reality has fallen upon him." "O, brother mine, I pity your self delusion!

This is the moment, when a man looks out into the world and finds but emptiness, in which there is no real joy. This is the moment of temptation, when the powers of darkness seize upon the human heart, striving to obliterate all marks of the Heavenly impress. On one side stand the dark spirits of despair. Their black wings sweep his face. Their hot breath fans his burning cheek; and low and sweet are their tempting voices, dark and deep are their subtle meanings. On the other side stands his guardian angel. He feels the flutter of her snowy pinions. He hears the clear accents of her heavenly tones. He sees the pure radiance streaming from her brow. O, Heavens! what a moment in a lifetime! Is the spark of life to turn to darkness? or is it to be re-kindled until its blaze of brilliancy shall illuminate the gloom of his soul? For a moment he stands motionless. Before him are the two great ways—the Right, with all its blessedness; the Wrong, with all its dreadful guilt, its blighting sin, its hottest hell. He sees fully the awfulness of sin and the glorious dignity of right. Then, is it possible for him, by one strong effort, to put away the evil, and hold fast the good? But let him delay or hesitate one instant, and the scene changes. He looks at the picture as presented by fiends—before 'twas illuminated with angelic brightness—and behold! the golden radiance has faded from the good, the blackest black from the evil. He considers, reasons, or rather listens to the voice of temptation for a little longer, and then with a blind determination, turns from the gentle pleading sister—his guardian angel—and seizing the cup containing the deadly drug, drains it to its latest drop. And then,—

"O weary heart, with sin and care oppressed

your life is sad and desolate indeed. And it has been made thus by your submission to the horrible oppression of sin. You have given up your own will, the power of which you have allowed to be taken from you, while you resisted not. Useless is it now to look back upon the moment of your fall, and worse than useless "to live your life's desolate story" without one backward glance. There come moments when you must look back, and you do so seeing this your sin in all its staring horror more terrible than

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before; and you long for a saving power to explain the mystery of your own tried heart; and by the power of His will compel your weary feet to walk in the way of life.

O, if such would—could—only come to Him—

“Whose feet have toiled along our pathway rough,  
Whose lips drawn human breath,”

and reaching up through all the gloom and doubt and darkness, willingly, trustingly, patiently lay their hand in His. Then might they hope to find food for the longing soul, peace for the throbbing heart, rest for the “restless,”—sweet Heaven at last.

GECH.

HORACE—CARM. I.—BOOK I.

BY A YOUNG LADY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

MECENAS, sprung from race of regal fame,  
My patron and my proudly valued joy,  
There are some heroes whom it doth delight  
To have Olympic dust in racing course  
Collected,—whom the goal, by glowing wheels  
Well shunn'd, and green-ennobling palms, exalt  
As petty lords of earth to gods above.  
There is another whom it pleases well,  
If him to raise to honors great, a crowd  
Of fickle Romans loudly strive. A third  
There is to whom it brings great joy if he,  
What'er is swept from Libyan-threshing floors,  
Have hoarded up within his own store-house.  
The farmer, who with hoe delights to cleave  
His father's fields, thou canst from his content  
Ne'er move, by bribes as great as wealth Attalic,  
To plough the Myrtoan sea in Cyrian ship,  
So fearful of the surging waves is he.  
The merchant, while he fears the south-west wind  
With waves Icarian struggling, praises ease  
And rural scenes around his native town;  
But he, untaught to suffer want, his ships,  
Just shattered, soon repairs. There is one yet  
Who quaffs the bowls of Massic old, nor scorns  
To waste in part the livelong day, as now  
He lies beneath the arbut green, now near  
The gently flowing source of sacred streams,  
And many more there are whom war, much feared  
By mothers, and camps and sound of trumpets blend  
With clarion notes, delight. His gentle wife  
Forgetting off, the hunter stays beneath  
The frigid sky, if by his faithful dog  
A deer is seen, or if a Marsian boar  
The well-wrought net has torn. But me it more  
Delight will give, if ivy-grown—rewards  
Of learned brows—raise me to converse with  
The gods above. Cool shades and dances light  
Of nymphs and satyrs, me exalt above

The vulgar throng, Euterpe not the flute  
 Restraining, and Polyhymnia not the lyre  
 Of Lesbian fame; but shouldst thou me among  
 The lyric poets rank, the lofty stars  
 I'll proudly touch with my uplifted hand.

A REMARKABLE POEM.

WE ask our readers to give more than a passing glance at the Poem in this number by Hunter Duvar, Esq., on "Common Things," which contains some of the finest description to be found in the language. We call attention to it for its own merits, and also for the purpose of gaining the good will of the subscribers to the MARITIME MONTHLY in favour of the forthcoming volume from the same gifted pen, entitled "John A'Var." John A'Var is supposed to have been a troubadour who sang, to his lute, his songs before the several courts of Europe in the days of chivalry. One or two of the songs of this troubadour have already appeared in the pages of the MARITIME MONTHLY, and have gained the approbation of the most discriminating critics. It is proposed by some friends of the author to have this poem published by subscription. It will be printed in the best style on fine tinted paper; some one hundred and forty or fifty pages; and nicely bound; price, one dollar. Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, the Editor of the MARITIME MONTHLY, I. Allen Jack, Esq., and Rev. James Bennet. Five hundred subscribers are wanted to insure its publication. The author is a man of singular genius, who seems to have had a very wide and various culture and experience, at present residing on a woodland farm in Prince Edward Island, where he cultivates corn, potatoes, and poetry. We have read another long poem of Mr. Duvar's in satiric vein, which will be also, we trust, soon brought to light. It is in the *ottava rima* stanza, and is entitled "Atlantis." We believe that these poems will create a sensation in the literary world, and that the author is destined to become famous. Every man who wishes to see justice done to our native literature, should at once subscribe to aid in the publication of John A'Var, whose lute will surely cheer and gladden the latter part of the nineteenth century. The specimen pages accompanying this number of the MARITIME MONTHLY show that it is the intention to send forth the poem in a very handsome form, suitable to the drawing-room table, or "my lady's chamber."

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It should be borne in mind by writers for the Press that "Brevity is the soul of wit." Weed, prune, winnow, sift, and do this with a merciless hand. One superfluous word obscures the point and mars the beauty of what might otherwise have been a faultless paragraph. If you have anything to say, say it and let your readers or listeners pass on. Men have no time to waste with a babbler.

#### A REMEMBRANCE OF EDINBURGH.

Some time ago, having an opportunity to visit the old country, I, like a sensible man, immediately availed myself of it. It is not necessary that I should dilate upon the miseries and pleasures of an ocean voyage, suffice it to say that, early in July 1872, I arrived at Liverpool, in about as good a state of preservation as ever mortal man could wish to enjoy, and having replenished my wardrobe, and enjoyed a hearty dinner of English roast beef at the Adelpia Hotel, I started by the night express for Auld Reekie. To a person used to travelling in the comfortable, and in many instances magnificent rail-cars of the United States, the sensation of being locked up in a little four by eight compartment, with the duce knows who for your companion, is not, to say the least, very agreeable. However, I reached the modern Athens in good time for breakfast. I immediately, to use a nautical term, turned in, and did not present myself to the public gaze till sometime past mid-day. Having lighted the inevitable cigar, I took a stroll down Princes street, wandered for a short time through the gardens, inspected with an admiring eye the noble outlines of Sir Walter Scott's monument, but, with a wholesome fear of fatigue, declined to mount the two hundred and odd steps which lead to the summit. By this time darkness had set in, so I thought the wisest thing I could do would be to retrace my steps to mine inn, which I accordingly did.

The next morning, bright and early, I was out, and by seven o'clock was well up the mountain towards Arthur's Seat. The view, when I reached the top, amply repaid me for the exertion I had used in gaining my position. Beneath me, lay spread, like some glorious and beautiful panorama, that city which has ever been my delight. The old town, with its houses, many of them twelve and fourteen stories in height, rising gradually towards the

Castle, which, with its imposing front, seemed to bid defiance to time itself, formed a marked contrast to the new town, which, with well laid out blocks of mansions and splendidly kept squares, put me in mind of Philadelphia more than any place I had ever seen. Away in the distance lay the Frith of Forth, glistening in the morning sun like countless brilliants, and the white sails of the numerous vessels passing and re-passing on its surface shone like the snowy plumage of the white gull. The town of Leith and the village of Portobello are distinctly visible, and far away, winding like a silver thread, till it was lost in the distance, lay the road to Roslyn Chapel and Hawthornden. I stood lost in admiration of the beautiful scene, when suddenly, right at my side, I heard an enquiry, in accents far from melodious, if "I didna want a wee bottle of soda water?" I was disgusted; all my glorious dreams were dispelled on the instant; I turned and fled ingloriously, and soon came panting and breathless to the foot of the mountain. Here I was entertained by the sight of a regiment of Lancers parading in front of the park adjoining the Palace of Holyrood, and, I may say, I enjoyed their manœuvres and the music of their mounted brass band, for a half an hour, about as well as anything I had met with for some time. Seeing the Palace, suddenly impressed me with the idea that it was *seeable*. I enquired at the gate, and was informed that on the payment of one shilling current coin of the realm, I might have the extreme pleasure of gazing on the wonders of the Palace of Holyrood. I immediately produced the necessary, was provided with a ticket, marched inside and given up to the tender mercies of a guide. And such a guide! What he didn't know about Holyrood was never heard of. I never heard a man's tongue go at such a rate in my life; he fairly took away my breath. This mild specimen of a human fiend marched me through several apartments, till I got as far as Queen Mary's Chamber, when fortunately his services were required by some other unhappy sight-seers.

I do not wish to damage this man's character, but if ever I thought any being a first class humbug it was that guide. I could have seen him consigned to the remotest shades of Erebus without a twinge of sorrow. I could even have heard of his sudden demise without any enormous quantity of sorrow. Glad I was indeed to be left alone in the room, rendered almost sacred by the remembrance that in times past it was graced by the presence of the

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loveliest women of her day. Can any one read her sad, sad story without feeling sorrow for her early death, and horror and anger at her persecutors. Here on the spot where she saw her favorite Rizzio torn from her side and ruthlessly murdered before her eyes, I felt a wish that I could have been there, that the strength of one arm might have been devoted to her service, or one blow struck in her behalf. All the old Highland blood burned in my veins at the very thought of the horrible deed, which has cast a blot upon Scottish history that can never be effaced. In the midst of remembrances such as these, came feelings of a more carnal nature. I discovered partly by the aid of my watch, but much better by that of my appetite that I was in want of some slight refreshment. I turned aside from Holyrood and marched towards home, taking John Knox's house on the way.

I remained nearly a week in Edinburgh, and exhausted the sights in and around the fine old town. The Castle, with the Crown jewels, Mons Meg, and other antiquities, was a source of great delight. Nelson's Monument, converted into a station for the time ball; the National Folly, a partly finished monument, on Calton Hill; Burns' Tomb; the Heriot Hospital, all came in for their share of attention, and when the time came for me to leave Edinburgh I felt like parting with an old and tried friend. It is the one city in which I would be content to live, in which I would feel happy to die. The place, above all others, where I would be sick or well, in wealth or poverty, perfectly able to say, I am happy. And as I left the city, and looked back on its many spires and monuments shining and glittering under the rays of the setting sun, I felt that truly where the heart is, home is, and my thoughts will many a time and oft take me back to Fair Dunedin.

EL PROUTA.

TREASURED—AND YET—

I sought to brim a cup already flowing,

How could I wonder that the drops fell down?

Since rarest roses are within her clasping,

Why murmur that she scorns a daisy crown?

And shall I, careful, catch the drops in falling,

Or treasure flowers her dainty hands threw by?

E'en tho' the one be all my vineyard's yielding,

The other plucked beneath a burning sky.

Perhaps, one day, her cup of pleasure emptied,  
Her rose-wealth fallen all in withered showers,  
Then may I gladly pour my heart's libation,  
And crown her bright head with my sweet wild-flowers.

But, if she *twice* shall scorn my true love's offering,  
Her heart again no answering love-beat thrill,  
Then shall the vineyard lie unwatched, untended,  
The wild-flowers bloom and wither on the hill.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

#### THE RETURN OF ORPHEUS.

When the world was young, Orpheus sang to it, and when the world grew old, Orpheus came again and sang a second time. At the first visit all were so enchanted that the rocks and trees could not sit still, but jumped up and danced about to the sound of the music. That was when the world was young and foolish; no one was looking on, and all did as they pleased. When the world grew old, it was wiser and did nothing without thinking about it, and asking what its ancestors would have thought, what its posterity was going to think.

Now it was whispered about that Orpheus was to revisit the world. The world had not forgotten his first coming; the Evergreens took care of that. They stood sprinkled in the forest, and though the rest slept, they kept awake,—they never forgot. All that had happened was intrusted to them to remember. Each year in the spring, they told of Orpheus' visit, and at last, one spring, they added: "He is now to come again, for when he left us he promised to return when the blood of heroes should make the cold world warm enough for his footsteps."

The rocks, the trees, the bushes, all heard this and expected Orpheus, but they were not quite certain how they ought to behave. "When the world was young," they said, "our ancestors danced; very likely, but the question is—are *we* to dance?" A great deal has happened since those days; all sorts of fiddlers have been fiddling, singers have been singing, there has been no general dance, one or two may have skipped a little, but they make no rule; if reports are correct, they were not always very reputable. This was the common talk, but the matter was so interesting that there were many separate opinions.

"What think you, neighbor?" asked the Elm of the Oak.  
"Shall we dance?"  
"Shall we stand on our heads?" growled the Oak; "I have a

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better opinion of myself than to think I shall engage in such foolery," and he thrust his knobby arms out and dug himself deeper into the earth, for he meant to get such a hold and make such a solid stand that he never should be shaken.

"I see nothing to dance for," said the Willow; "I can't dry my tears so suddenly for every strolling player that chooses to pipe for me."

"It is undignified to dance," said the Poplar. "How I should look!"

"Well, I should like to dance pretty well," said the Elm; "it is graceful exercise, but then I don't care about it if the rest do not dance. I should not wish to be conspicuous."

The Rocks said they would dance; they only asked that Orpheus should play loud enough to move them, and that he should play exactly as he did when he came before. They were perfectly willing to dance, but they must insist on knowing the tune. The Evergreens said they should dance, as a matter of course; it would be ridiculous not to; they were ready, only let him come and strike up—they would lead off.

Orpheus came with his lyre and sang. The Evergreens immediately began to dance, but they were out of time from beginning to end. It was not the music that made them dance; in fact, they led off before Orpheus had uttered a note. When the Elm saw them she also began to dance quite gracefully, though she did not listen much to the music. But she saw the Oak clinching his knobby fists at Orpheus, and she stopped, pretending that she had only been practising some steps by herself, which was true. The Willow had her griefs, and she said, "'Tis better to sigh than be dancing." The Poplar cried, "Hem!" and looked serious; he was not quite sure about this dancing. The Rocks were covered with lichens hundreds of years old, and they said,—

"This is very different music from what moved our ancestors. We know about that music; we have reduced it to perfect rules. Keep to the rules and we will dance; not otherwise," and they sat stiff.

Orpheus wept. "Will no one listen?" he cried. "The ground is wet with the blood of heroes, and I sing their souls into life." Once more he touched his lyre and sang with sweeter power. There was a stir in the forest. The shoots that had lately sprung from the earth, minature trees, having the perfect structure folded

in their tiny forms, whirled in the joyous dance. The rocks that peeped from the soil joined carefully in the movement. The earth trembled with excitement. Above all sounded the clear voice of Orpheus singing to his lyre. He turned away from the old and sang to the new. He sang and the world grew young again; the young shoots sprang up and waved their branches; the flowers opened their cups, and the sun filled them with golden light; the air was fragrant with music.

A new song had been sung, a new dance had been led, and when all was at the height Orpheus fled; but the world was young again. Will it ever be different?

MISS SCUDDER.

DREAMS.

Dreams, only dreams,  
 Beguiling my soul in the night—  
 Dreams, only dreams,  
 That vanish with morning light;  
 Yet sweeter ye be than the thoughts of day,  
 And brighter to me than the morning's ray,  
 For ye give to my longing heart once more  
 The loved and the dead of the days of yore.

Dreams, only dreams,  
 Like rain on the thirsting ground—  
 Dreams, only dreams,  
 Like angels that hover around;  
 Yet softer to me than the rain at even,  
 And welcome ye be as the angels from heaven;  
 For ye comfort my heart as ye give once more  
 The loved and the lost of the days of yore.

Dreams, only dreams,  
 Though they come when I walk and wake—  
 Dreams, only dreams,  
 That noontide life will not break,  
 Better to dream, when we dream of the blest,  
 Calm amid strife, for our souls are at rest,  
 As we live in the past, and hold converse once more  
 With the loved and the lost of the days of yore.

Dreams, no more dreams,  
 When this phantom life is past—  
 Dreams, no more dreams,  
 When we close our eyes at last,  
 Shadows forever are passing away,  
 Earth was our night, but Heaven is our day,  
 What Death ravished from us will Death then restore,  
 The loved and the lost of the days of yore.

THE paper on "Our Dumb," in the MARITIME for August, has occasioned considerable discussion on the subject of cruelty to animals; such being the case, the daily Press, to its credit, has

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taken up the matter, and it is to be hoped that results commensurate with the importance of the movement we have initiated will follow. A cotemporary says:—"Attention having been called to this matter, perhaps the authorities will inform themselves as to the provisions of the law respecting "cruelty to animals," their powers under it, and in future pay more attention to this part of their duties. To be sure, it is competent for any citizen to make a complaint for violation of this or any other law; but there are few—no matter how glaring the offence—who will throw themselves into the breach, and take the trouble and responsibility of prosecuting a neighbor, when there are officers appointed and paid for doing it."

INNS.

NEXT month Mr. Carey will record in these pages some reminiscences of Clevedon Castle—Coleridge and Tennyson; and a sketch of the late Alex. Rae Garvie will be supplied by a gentleman well qualified for the task.

Geoffrey Crayon's "Shakspearian Research" culminated at the "Boar Head," Eastcheap; his story of the "Spectre Bridegroom" was appropriately related in the kitchen of the "Pomme d'Or," in the Netherlands; and he makes Rip's congenial retreat from his virago spouse, the "coin of vantage" in front of the village inn. Irving's own appreciation of these vagabond shrines and accidental homes is emphatic; he commends the "honest bursts of laughter in which a man indulges in that temple of true liberty, an inn," and quotes zestfully the maxim that "a tavern is the rendezvous, the exchange, the staple of good fellows." His personal testimony is characteristic: "To a homeless man there is a momentary feeling of independence, as he stretches himself before an inn fire: the arm-chair is his throne, the poker is his sceptre, and the little parlor his undisputed empire." How little did the modest author imagine, when he thus wrote, that the poker with which he stirred the fire in the parlor-grate of the "Red Lion" would become a sacred literary relic wherewith his partial countrymen are beguiled of extra fees, while the bard of Avon and the gentleman of Sunnyside mingle in the reverie of fond reminiscence.

"I went by an indirect route to Lichfield," writes Hawthorne, in his English sketches, "and put up at the 'Black Swan.' Had

I know where to find it, I would rather have established myself at the inn kept by Mr. Boniface, and so famous for its ale in Farquhar's time." Gossip and gait, the poor man's arena and the "breathing-time of day" of genius, thus give to the inn a kind of human scope. Beethoven, wearied of his palace-home and courtly patronage, and the "stately houses open to him in town and country, often forsook all for solitude in obscure inns, escaping from all conventionalities to be alone with himself." "*Nous voyons,*" says Brillat-Savarin, "*que les villageois font toutes les affaires au cabaret;*" Rousseau delighted in the frugal liberty thereof; and the last days of Elia are associated with the inn which was the goal of his daily promenade. "After Isola married," writes one of his friends, "and Mary was infirm, he took his lonely walk along the London road, as far as the 'Bell of Edmonton;' and one day tripped over a stone and slightly wounded his forehead; erysipelas set in, and he died." Somewhat of the attractiveness of the inn to the philosopher is that its temporary and casual shelter and solace accord with the counsel of Sydney Smith, "to take short views," and Goëthe's, to "cast ourselves into the sea of accidents;" and a less amiable reason for the partiality has been suggested in "the wide capability of finding fault which an inn affords."

The beautiful significance of the first incident in the life of Christ is seldom realized, offering, as it does, so wonderful and affecting a contrast between the humblest mortal vicissitudes in the outward circumstances of birth and the highest glory of a spiritual advent: they "laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." It was to an inn that the Good Samaritan carried the traveller who had "fallen among thieves." Joseph's brethren rested at an inn on their way to Egypt; and it was at the "Three Taverns," in the suburbs of Rome, that Paul was met by the brethren. Venerable as are these allusions in sacred history, the visible token of the antiquity of inns that strikes our imagination most vividly is the wine-stains on the marble counter in Pompeii.

