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THE DEVIL-FISH IN NEWFOUNDLAND
WATERS.

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

THE animal kingdom is divided by naturalists into four provinces: Radiata, or rayed animals; Mollusca, or pulpy animals; Articulata, or jointed animals; Vertebrata, or backboned animals. At present we are concerned only with the second of these provinces—the Mollusca. Cuvier was the first who applied the term Mollusca (from *Mollis*, soft) to this great department of the animal kingdom. In it are included those animals which have no skeleton, internal or external, whose bodies are soft and generally enclosed in a shell. Thus within the limits of this extensive province are included our ordinary shell-fish, such as oysters and mussels, as well as cuttle-fishes, which also possess a “shell.” Agassiz divides the Mollusca into three classes: Acephala, Gasteropoda, and Cephalopoda.

The last named is the class to which the remarkable specimens I wish to describe belong. The term Cephalopoda signifies “head-footed” Mollusca, and is most appropriate and descriptive. Their distinguishing characteristic is a central mass or head, from which radiate tentacular appendages called arms by some naturalists and feet by others. These arms serve a double purpose—they enable the animal to seize and hold its prey, being covered with rows of sucking disks, which when applied to any surface adhere, at the will of the animal, with immense force, so that it can readily draw whatever it grasps within reach of the powerful horny beak. But it can also use its arms as instruments of locomotion, and walk

with them at the bottom of the water, having its mouth and head downwards and its body upwards, thus presenting a most uncouth and grotesque appearance, as it crawls awkwardly upon its circle of feet. The mouth of the animal, which is in the middle of the central mass from which the arms radiate, consists of a pair of horny or calcareous mandibles, which bear a strong resemblance to the bill of a parrot, acting vertically one upon the other. With this powerful beak, as with a forceps, it can tear open many species of crustaceans and shell-fish, on which it is accustomed to feed, and rend its prey, of any description, when once dragged within its reach.

Professor Owen has divided the Cephalopoda into two orders; the one including the Pearly Nautilus, called *Tetrabranchiata*, or four-gilled; the other including the rest of the existing species, named *Dibranchiata*, or two-gilled. To the latter order belong the cuttle-fishes (*Sepiadæ*)—a tribe which presents some of the most interesting and remarkable of animal forms.

One tribe of these cuttle-fishes have ten arms, two of them much longer than the rest, very slender and covered at their broadened extremities only with sucking disks. The other eight arms are shorter and thicker and covered on the whole of their under side with a double row of suckers. The whole ten arms taper to a fine point. The name "tentacles" is sometimes given to the arms, as not only do they serve for grasping objects but also subserve the sense of touch.

We are accustomed to regard the human hand as the very perfection of a prehensile organ, but some doubts on this point may be raised by a careful study of the arms of the cuttle-fish. Each of these arms is furnished with between one and two hundred suckers, every one of which is capable of adhering to any surface so tenaciously that it is easier to tear away the substance of the limb, while the creature maintains its hold, than to release it from its attachment. It is not difficult to understand how these suckers act. The principle is the same as that of a cupping-glass. The rim or border of each sucking-disk consists of a cartilaginous or gristly substance; and within this ring is a shallow cup-like space, across which a muscular membrane is stretched, having a circular aperture in the centre. Within this aperture is a muscular plug or piston, cone-shaped, and capable of being protruded or retracted rapidly, at the will of the animal. In the

specimens of the cuttle-fish which I am about to describe, I find that the edges of the sucking-disks are all denticulated, the horny rims, having extremely fine and sharp teeth which would sink deep into the flesh of the victim when the suckers are made to act. Let us now suppose that a lobster comes within reach of a cuttle-fish who has not dined. Instantly one of the long, lithe tentacles, which are endowed with a high degree of muscularity, darts out, and as quickly as a cat would clap her paw on a mouse, the extremity of the arm, covered with suckers, rests upon the crustacean. The moment the cuttle-fish feels the contact it draws back the muscular piston of its suckers, almost with the speed of lightning. A vacuum is created and the sharp edges of the disks are pressed against the lobster with a force equal to the weight of the water above it. Should the lobster make desperate efforts to escape, the cuttle-fish has the power of increasing the adhesion, by the retraction of the membranous disks, as well as the fleshy plugs, and thus the vacuum is enlarged and made more perfect. Should the victim still prove troublesome, and struggle hard when touched by the fatal spell, more and more of the suckers are called into play; the other arms twine round it and render it utterly powerless, and finally it is dragged within reach of the formidable beak, and speedily crushed in pieces. Should the cuttle-fish, for any reason, desire to release its grasp, it has merely to push forward the piston and the vacuum is, in a moment, destroyed by the admission of air below the suckers, and then the arms relax their hold. When we fancy the whole ten arms twining themselves round some victim—wrapping it around in their clammy folds with inconceivable rapidity, and then perhaps twelve hundred suckers at once, sinking into the flesh and seeming to drink the very blood, we see what a formidable grasp is that of the cuttle-fish and how terrible its embrace must be.

Another thing well worthy of study is the mode of locomotion in the cuttle-fishes. On examining that part of one of them from which the head protrudes, a tube or funnel is discovered which is connected with the bronchiæ, or breathing organs. The water is admitted to these organs by valves, which allow it to enter on the muscular dilatation of the body; and when the water, so admitted, has communicated its oxygen to the blood, it is expelled by this tube, just as in the case of fishes, it is driven out at the gills. But then this effete water, after purifying the blood of the

creature, is not merely got rid of, but is utilised, so as to be subservient to the movements of the animal. By ejecting the water through the funnel with force, it is, by the re-action of the surrounding medium, enabled to dart backward with amazing rapidity. This is its usual mode of locomotion, and nothing can surpass the ease and elegance of such movements. The common squid, or calamary, one of the cuttle-fish, visits the seas around Newfoundland, during the summer months, in vast shoals, which furnish the fishermen with a most valuable bait when prosecuting the cod-fishery. During a calm summer evening it is a most interesting sight to watch a shoal of these squids propelling themselves backwards over the surface of the sea. The body is just visible above the surface of the water; the head and funnel are hard at work below, like a hydraulic engine, ejecting the water, while the triangular fin, which forms the tail, acts the part of a front rudder, and directs the way. The squid can also move forward by means of the fin-like expansion of its tail, and sideways, by means of the side-fins, or expansions of the mantle. It can also, as we have seen, use its arms as legs and crawl along the sea-bed, with its head downward—a rather ludicrous method of locomotion. The backward motion, however, is that which is most graceful and natural in the squid.

Another remarkable peculiarity distinguishes the cuttle-fish. It is provided with a gland or "ink-sac," which secretes an inky fluid, by means of which it can darken the water and escape from its pursuers. A duct from this "ink-sac" opens into the funnel; and the animal can, at pleasure, squirt out the contents and envelope itself in a cloak of darkness. Formerly it was believed that the Chinese or Indian ink, so well known to artists, was made from the ink of the cuttle-fish, but this has been lately disproved, and it is known now that the Chinese ink is compounded solely from mineral matter. In Italy a similar ink, though not so black, is said to be prepared from that of the cuttle-fish, and probably resembles that which was used by the Greeks and Romans, derived from the same source. Cuvier is known to have used it to colour the plates for the memoirs of these animals. It is interesting to add that the ink-bag, having been found in a fossil state, in the Belemnite, a kind of Cephalopod which has been entombed in the solid rock for countless ages, Dr. Buckland presented some of it to Chantry, requesting him to ascertain its

worth as a pigment; and a drawing having been made with it and shown to a celebrated artist, he pronounced the sepia to be excellent, and inquired by what colourman it had been prepared.

One other peculiarity is worthy of attention. The cuttle-fishes are the most highly organized creatures of their genus, and seem to form the connecting link with the vertebrata. This is suggested by the existence in the squid or calamary of an elongated, flexible rod of horny material, when we lay open the back of the animal. This is called the cuttle-fish "pen," from its resemblance to a quill pen; in other forms similar to the squid, there is, instead of the "pen," a flattened plate of limy substance commonly called "cuttle-fish bone," and which is given to canary and other singing birds. The "pen" and the "cuttle-fish bone" foreshadow the typical chambered shell, on the principle known as "the law of homology," being constructed on the same fundamental and typical plan. Some naturalists recognize them as a rudimentary back-bone; and regard cuttle-fish as approaching nearest to the vertebrata.

It is remarkable that of the great division of cuttle-fish called *Tetrabranchiata* or "four-gilled," there is but one living representative, namely, the Pearly Nautilus, with numerous arms unprovided with suckers, no ink-sac, and an external many-chambered shell. All other cuttle-fish belong to the *Dibranchiata* or "two-gilled" order, and have either eight arms, as the octopus, or ten arms, as the calamary or squid. The geological record makes a remarkable disclosure regarding these great orders of cuttle-fish. During the Palæozoic ages, the oceans and seas swarmed with the "four-gilled" cuttle-fish, their beautiful external shells being now found as fossils, in the older rocks; but as the earth advanced towards its present condition, these curious forms slowly died out, leaving the pearly nautilus their only living representative. On the other hand, the "two-gilled" cuttle-fish have no representatives in the earlier periods of the earth's history, and only now seem to have reached their full development. The pearly nautilus occurs in almost the oldest rock-formations in which traces of living organisms are found, and still holds its ground in the great battle of life.

The cuttle-fishes commonly met with are inconsiderable in size. The squid is but six to eight inches in length. The Poulpe or Octopus, with its eight arms, usually measures about two feet from

tip to tip of the extended arms, and never more than five feet. The body of most of these is not bigger than a large clenched hand. It is, however, very remarkable that from ancient times, and to the present hour, the writings of naturalists and others have abounded with accounts of gigantic cuttle-fish. Some of these accounts were so grossly exaggerated that they have very properly been regarded as fabulous, or the offspring of ignorant credulity. Others were doubtful, and the evidence produced insufficient. No conclusive proof being forthcoming, most naturalists have utterly discredited the existence of these gigantic cuttle-fish. The older tales regarding them were often wild and absurd, but were so often repeated that we can hardly doubt they had some foundation in fact. The sea-monster called "the Kraken," celebrated in Scandinavian story, may not have been entirely the creation of the imagination, but really a kind of gigantic cuttle-fish. In "The Natural History of Norway by Bishop Pontoppidan," published so lately as 1753, a most absurd account is given of a "Kraken," the back of which, he says, when above the surface of the water, resembles a floating island, "in appearance an English mile and a half in circumference (some say more, but I choose the least for greater certainty)." The phenomena attending the rise of this unwieldy monster to the surface are described by the good bishop with wonderful minuteness, and finally he says, "several bright points or horns appear, which stand up sometimes as high and as large as the masts of middle-sized ships. It seems that these are the creature's arms, and it is said if they were to lay hold of the largest man-of-war they would pull it down to the bottom." We smile at the simplicity of the worthy bishop; but the question is, what suggested the tale? May there not have been a gigantic cuttle-fish at the bottom of it?

Pennant, one of our older naturalists, writes thus of the Octopus, or eight-armed cuttle-fish; "In the Indian seas this species has been found of such a size as to measure twelve feet in breadth across the central part, while each arm was fifty-four feet in length; thus making it extend, from point to point, one hundred and twenty feet." He further states that "the natives of the Indian Isles, when sailing in their canoes, always take care to be provided with hatchets, in order immediately to cut off the arms of such of these animals as happen to fling them over the sides of the canoe, lest they should pull it under water and sink it."

Dr. Shaw, in his Lectures, speaks with equal decision regarding the occurrence of this animal: "The existence of some enormously large species of the cuttle-fish tribe, in the northern Indian seas, can hardly be doubted; and though some accounts may have been exaggerated, yet there is sufficient cause for believing that such species may very far surpass all that are generally observed about the coasts of European seas. A northern navigator, of the name of Deris, is said, some years ago, to have lost three men in the African seas by a monster of the colossal cuttle-fish kind, which unexpectedly made its appearance while the men were employed, during a calm, in raking the sides of a vessel. The colossal fish seized three men in its arms, and drew them under water, in spite of every effort to preserve them: the thickness of one of the arms, which was cut off in the contest, was that of the mizzen-mast, and the suckers of the size of pot-lids."

Denys Montfort, in his "Natural History of the Mollusca," relates that off the coast of Angola (West Coast of Africa) an enormous cuttle-fish suddenly threw its arms across the vessel, and was on the point of dragging it to the bottom, when the continual efforts of the crew succeeded in cutting off the tentacula with swords and hatchets.

The Japanese have evidently a belief that the cuttle-fish will attack human beings; for in Mr. Laurence Oliphant's "China and Japan," there is a description of a Japanese show, which consists of a series of figures carved in wood, the size of life, and as cleverly coloured as "Madame Tussand's wax-works." One of these groups Mr. Oliphant describes as follows: "No. 5 was a group of women bathing in the sea; one of them had been caught in the folds of a cuttle-fish; the others, in alarm, were escaping, leaving their companion to her fate. The cuttle-fish was represented on a large scale—its eyes, eyelids, and mouth being made to move simultaneously by a man inside the head."

Mr. Beale, in his "South Sea Voyage," describes an adventure he had on the Bonin Islands, where he tried to stop an Octopus (which was four feet across its expanded arms) from getting back into the water. The brute fastened upon his person, with a murderous clutch, and had to be cut off from him bit by bit.

More recent accounts are so circumstantial and trustworthy, that it is impossible to doubt the occurrence of cuttle-fish of a very large size. Péron observed on the coasts of Van Dieman's

Land, a squid with arms six feet to seven feet long, and seven inches to eight inches in diameter. Quoy and Gaimard obtained fragments of a gigantic cephalopod in the Atlantic, near the Equator; and Sander Rang, in the same region, saw a cuttle-fish whose body was as large as a tun cask. A gigantic cuttle-fish was cast up on the coast of Sutland, in 1853, and has been described by Professor Steenstrup under the name of "*Architeuthis dux*." The largest of its arms were as thick as a man's thigh.

In the *Comptes Rendus*, of December 30th, 1861, the following account occurs: "On the 30th November, 1861, the French steamer *Alecton*, being about forty leagues north-east of Teneriffe, fell in with a gigantic cuttle-fish, of a brick-red colour, disporting himself at the surface of the sea. He was hit by several bullets, and at last struck with a harpoon, and seized by a cord with a slip-knot. At this moment, however, when every precaution was made to secure it, the animal, by a violent effort, tore away the harpoon from its soft flesh, and at the same time the noose slipped down to its caudal end, where it held; but in hoisting the creature out of the water, the part then seized broke off, and only a fragment, weighing about forty-six pounds, was brought on board. Both sailors and officers were anxious to have a boat lowered in order to go in pursuit of the creature; but the captain, fearing that some harm might happen to the boat's crew, in their struggle with so novel an opponent, declined, and left the mutilated cuttle-fish to its fate. The vessel was brought sufficiently near to enable the officers to make a drawing of it. Its length was from fifteen to eighteen feet, and its arms, covered with suckers, were estimated at five to six feet in length; its beak measured about a foot and a half across, and its weight was estimated at two thousand kilogrammes (over four thousand pounds)."

I now come to supply evidence, which will be regarded as conclusive, of the existence of a large species of cuttle-fish, in the waters around Newfoundland. On the 26th October, 1873, two fishermen, of Portugal Cove, were out in a small punt, off the eastern end of Belle Isle, in Conception Bay. Observing something floating on the surface of the water which they took to be a sail or portion of a wreck, they rowed close to it; when one of them struck it with his boat-hook. Instantly the mass showed that it was animated by putting itself in motion; a huge beak, "as large as a six gallon keg," the men declare, reared itself

from among the folds, and struck the boat violently, and a pair of dark prominent eyes glared at them ferociously, as if with some savage and malignant purpose. The men, as may be imagined, were petrified with terror, and for a moment, so fascinated by the horrible sight that they were powerless. Before they could make any effort to escape, there suddenly shot out from around its head two arms of corpse-like fleshiness, grappling for the boat and seeking to envelope it in their livid folds. Had these lithe, slimy arms, with their death-like adhesive powers, once fastened themselves on the boat or the men, by their powerful suckers, the boat would, in an instant, have been dragged beneath the surface of the water, and the victims brought within reach of the beak, which was ready to dart on them. With wonderful presence of mind, one of the men seized a small tomahawk, which was fortunately at hand, and severed the two arms which lay over the gunwale of the boat. The monster uttered no cry of pain, but immediately moved off from the boat, and ejected an enormous quantity of inky fluid which darkened the water for two or three hundred yards. The men declare that had this inky stream which they could see spouting forcibly from the "funnel," reached them in the boat, it would have stifled them. They saw the fish for a short time afterwards, and had a full view of it. Its body they describe as sixty feet in length, and the tail, at the thickest part, ten feet across. Its shape and mode of locomotion were the same as the common squid. In a few minutes it disappeared beneath the waves, and the men dragged the amputated arms into the boat, and brought their trophies ashore. Unfortunately, they were ignorant of the importance of their prize, and let the shorter of the arms be destroyed. The clergyman of the village, the Rev. Mr. Gabriel, assures me that the lost arm was six feet in length and ten inches in diameter; and of course, a portion of it must have remained attached to the body of the fish. The other arm was brought to St. John's, but not before six feet of it were destroyed. Fortunately I was informed of what had happened; and along with Mr. Murray, our Provincial Geologist, carefully examined and measured the arm, and had it immersed in alcohol. It is now in Mr. Murray's Geological Museum. We found the fragment to be nineteen feet in length, three and a half inches in circumference, of a palish pink colour and entirely cartilaginous, exceedingly

tough and strong. The fishermen estimated that in amputating it, they left ten feet attached to the body, and as six feet were destroyed, this would make the original length thirty-five feet. Near the extremity it broadens out like an oar, and here it is upwards of six inches in circumference; then it tapers to a very fine point. At the extreme end is a cluster of about seventy suckers, diminishing in size towards the point, having all denticulated edges. Next to this mass of small suckers come a double row of large ones, twenty-four in number, and an inch and a quarter in diameter, but the edges not denticulated. A second cluster of suckers, similar to the first, and about fifty in number, comes next to the large ones. Altogether, there are about one hundred and eighty suckers on this extremity. Before placing it in the museum, Mr. Murray and I had it photographed, by Messrs. McKenney and Parsons, of this city.

It is very evident that this is one of the long, thin tentacles of one of the ten-armed calamaries or squids; and that the arm which was destroyed was one of the eight thicker arms. I carefully cross-examined one of the fisherman who captured it—an honest, intelligent fellow—and he persisted in affirming that the body was sixty feet in length, “three times the length of his punt,” as he put it, “which is twenty feet in length, and was close to the fish.” I am inclined to think that he has, without any intention to mislead, over-stated the length, partly, perhaps, because alarmed and confused at the time, and partly because the outstretched arms would appear to add to the length. But I am satisfied that the monster seen by these men was certainly of enormous size—not less, at a low estimate, than from thirty to forty feet. It is difficult to conceive of a more horrible fate than to be entwined in the embrace of those clammy, corpse-like arms, and to feel their folds creeping and gliding around you, and the disks, with their cold adhesive touch, glueing themselves to you with a grasp which nothing could relax. The cold slimy touch is extremely sickening, and sends a shudder through the whole frame; while the ferocious glare of the cruel eyes strikes terror to the heart of the victim. The monster darts out its long arms with a snake-like, undulating motion; swiftly they glide round and round their victim, with a pressure like a tightening cord, the suckers feeling like so many mouths devouring him at the same time. Gradually the paralyzed victim, encircled in the terrible arms, which are as supple as

leather, almost as tough as steel, and cold as death, is pressed against the glutinous mass which forms the body, and then the powerful mandibles descend, rending and devouring. The creature is known to be extremely crafty, and when irritated, most ferocious. Not inappropriately have the English sailors named it the "Devil-fish."

A very fine engraving of this tentacle, copied from the photograph taken here, which was forwarded to London by Mr. Murray, accompanied with a descriptive note, appeared in *The Field* newspaper of December 13th, 1873. An able writer commenting on it in an accompanying article, says: "The animal from which this tentacle was detached, as above stated, belongs to the ten-armed section of the dibranchiate cephalopods, including the true cuttle-fish and the calamaries or squids, in which, besides the eight tapering arms seen in the octopus, there are two long tentacles, furnished with suckers, only on a widened part of the extremity. It was probably a gigantic calamary—and judging from the diameter given, (five feet)—of which the observer would be more likely to form an accurate conception than of its length—it may be fairly assumed that the body or "bag" of the animal was about twenty-five feet long, and that the specimen figured above represents probably nearly the whole of the tentacle. It is a well-known fact that calamaries attain to a large size around the coast of Newfoundland. Taking into consideration only the several instances above recorded, in which portions of the animal have been subjected to actual measurement, it may be regarded as an undoubted fact that huge creatures belonging to the lower forms of life frequent the depths of the ocean, and in their search after food occasionally venture to attack a kind of prey which proves too difficult for their "rapacious maw." It is to be hoped that Professor Wyville Thomson will bring back with him an entire specimen."

Much interest has been excited among naturalists, as well as among the general public, by this discovery; and my account of it has gone the rounds of the press, both in Britain and America. I forwarded a description of the amputated arm, together with a photograph, to Dr. Dawson of McGill University, Montreal, who brought it before the Natural History Society of Montreal. The following paper on the subject, from the pen of the able Secretary of that Society, was afterwards published:

GIGANTIC CUTTLE-FISHES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

At the last meeting of the Natural History Society, held Nov. 24th, the President, Principal Dawson, read the following communication from Rev. M. Harvey, of St. John's Newfoundland:—

He (the President) stated that, in addition to many ancient accounts, some of them evidently exaggerated, Prof. Steenstrup, Dr. Morch and Prof. Allman had recorded the appearance of similar gigantic cuttle-fishes on the Coasts of Denmark and Scotland. Steenstrup has described two species under the names of *Architeuthis*—this *monachus*, and *A. dux*, and it seems not improbable that the specimens spoken of by Mr. Harvey may be referred to one of these. One of the Danish specimens is stated to have had the arms eighteen feet long, and the body twenty-one feet, so that it may have been as large as the Newfoundland specimens. Dr. Packard has directed attention to these monsters in the February number of the "American Naturalist" and has described a specimen found by a Gloucester fisherman on the Grand Bank of Newfoundland. Mr. Harvey's communication gives us the clearest evidence of the occurrence of these creatures on the shores of Newfoundland.

His letter runs as follows:—

"ST. JOHN'S, NFD., NOV. 12, 1873.

"My Dear Doctor,

"I take the liberty of bringing under your notice some account of a gigantic cuttle-fish which was seen a few days ago in Conception Bay. The circumstances under which it was seen were as follows:—Two fishermen were out in a small punt, on Oct. 26th, off Portugal Cove, Conception Bay, about nine miles from St. John's. Observing some object floating on the water at a short distance, they rowed towards it, supposing it to be a large sail or the debris of a wreck. On reaching it, one of the men struck it with his "gaff," when immediately it showed signs of life, reared a parrot-like beak, which they declare was "as big as a six gallon keg," with which it struck the bottom of the boat violently. It then shot out from about its head two huge livid arms and began to twine them round the boat. One of the men seized a small axe and severed both arms as they lay over the gunwale of the boat; whereupon the fish moved off and ejected an immense quantity of inky fluid, which darkened the water for two or three

hundred yards. The men saw it for a short time afterwards, and observed its tail in the air, which they declare was ten feet across. They estimate the body to have been sixty feet in length, five feet in diameter, of the same shape and colour as the common squid; and they observed that it moved in the same way as the squid, both backwards and forwards.

One of the arms which they brought ashore was unfortunately destroyed, as they were ignorant of its importance; but the clergyman of the village assures me it was ten inches in diameter and six feet in length. The other arm was brought to St. John's, but not before six feet of it were destroyed. Fortunately I heard of it, and took measures to have it preserved. Mr. Murray, of the Geological Survey, and I, afterwards examined it carefully, had it photographed, and immersed in alcohol; it is now in our Museum. It measured nineteen feet, is of a pale pink color, entirely cartilaginous, tough and pliant as leather, and very strong. It is but three inches and a half in circumference, except towards the extremity where it broadens like an oar to six inches in circumference, and then tapers to a pretty fine point. The under surface of the extremity is covered with suckers to the very point. At the extreme end there is a cluster of small suckers, with fine sharp teeth round their edges, and having a membrane stretched across each. Of these there are about seventy. Then come two rows of very large suckers, the movable disk of each an inch and a quarter in diameter, the cartilaginous ring not being denticulated. These are twenty-four in number. After these there is another group of suckers, with denticulated edges (similar to the first), and about fifty in number. Along the under surface about forty more small suckers are distributed at intervals, making in all about one hundred and eighty suckers on the arm.

The men estimate that they left about ten feet of the arm attached to the body of the fish, so that its original length must have been thirty-five feet.

A clergyman here assures me that when he resided at Lamaline, on the Southern Coast, in the winter of 1870, the bodies of two cuttles were cast ashore, measuring forty and forty-five feet respectively.

More than once we have had accounts of gigantic cuttles cast ashore in different localities; but not until now have any portions of them been preserved.

By this mail I send you a photograph of the arm: it is one-fourth the original in size. You will readily see the suckers at the extremity of the arm. The disks of several of the larger ones have been torn off by carelessness on the part of the captors. A few of them, however, are perfect, and the smaller ones are not injured. I shall send you also, by this mail, three or four of these suckers which I cut off, the smallest being from the very tip of the extremity, and not much larger than a pin's head.

I shall be glad to hear your opinion of this fish at your earliest convenience.

It is a great pity one arm was destroyed, and it is still more to be regretted that we did not get the head of the monster.

Yours very sincerely,

M. HARVEY.

The photograph and specimens of the suckers of the creature, both forwarded by Mr. Harvey, were exhibited at the meeting. The Kraken, of Scandinavian superstition, is an exaggerated representation of one of these colossal cuttles. Its existence was gravely alleged by Pontopiddan as the cause of the occasional disappearance of islands. Denys de Montfort, who evidently disbelieved in their existence, having represented a "kraken octopod" in the act of scuttling a three-master (by way of caricature), told Mr. DeFrance that if this were "swallowed," he would, in his next edition, represent the monster embracing the Straits of Gibraltar, or capsizing a whole squadron of ships. Truth is, however, at all times, stranger than fiction, as any one may see, in the present instance, who takes the trouble to compare Victor Hugo's fanciful and inaccurate description of the "devil-fish," in *Les Travailleurs de Mer*, with the careful notes on a member of the same group of animals, as given above by Mr. Harvey. The cuttle-fishes are by far the most highly organized members of the great division Mollusca. By many writers they are considered as forming almost a link, as it were, between the vertebrate and invertebrate animals. The glassy internal pen of the squid, and the calcareous internal "bone" of the true cuttles, are held to foreshadow the spinal column of the higher animals. The eyes of the cuttles are large, brilliant, and more complicated in their structure than are those of some fishes. The late Mrs. Barret Browning, probably unconscious of this circum-

stance, however, commences a short poem, entitled Lord Walter's Wife, with the following couplet:

"But why do you go? said the lady, while both sat under the yew;
And her eyes were olive in their depth, as the kraken beneath the sea blue."

J. F. W.

Mr. Murray, of the Geological Survey, forwarded an account of the arm of this cuttle-fish to the lamented Agassiz, who wrote in reply, expressing great interest in the discovery, and a desire to examine the tentacle, in order to determine whether it belonged to a new species of cuttle-fish. Before it could be sent to him, the scientific world had to deplore the loss of one of its greatest luminaries. As his letter on the subject must have been among the last he wrote, it will be read with interest; and by Mr. Murray's kind permission I am enabled to subjoin a copy of it:—

"MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY,
Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 25th, 1873.

"*My Dear Sir,*—

My friend Marcon has communicated to me your most interesting letter, and I am delighted at last to have such direct information concerning the gigantic cephalopods of the Atlantic, of which so much has been said since the days of Pontoppidan. I will now hunt up every thing that is worth noticing upon the subject; and if you would allow me an examination of your specimen, the zoological characters of the beast might be made out from the parts preserved, as we do of imperfect fossil remains. I would also ask leave to publish the substance of your letter to Mr. Marcon, in connection with this.

With great regard,

Yours, very truly,

L. AGASSIZ.

Alexander Murray, Esq., F. G. S., Director of the Geological Survey, Newfoundland."

What an interesting chapter on these gigantic cuttle-fish the world would have had, had the great ichthyologist been spared to examine this specimen and the one which I am about to describe! But alas! death has ended his labours. That busy brain so long engaged in deciphering "the manuscripts of God," is still for ever. No more will Nature, "the dear old nurse," murmur in his ear

“the rhymes of the universe.” Even he had not exhausted the great “story-book.” His life-long study of the fishes, fossil and living, still left much to be learned. His vast acquaintance with all forms of life in the waters did not embrace all its developments. At the very last a new form, hitherto doubtful or half-fabulous, presents itself, and he is eager to examine it, but the Master said, “It is enough: thy work is done. Come up hither.”

All readers of Victor Hugo’s “*Toilers of the Sea*” will have a vivid recollection of his thrilling description of Gilliat’s combat with the Devil-fish. I doubt not a majority of readers of that romance regard this fish as a pure creation of the author’s imagination, and never suspect that it has a counterpart in nature. But fact is often far “stranger than fiction.” Victor Hugo’s Devil-fish, which he named “the sea-vampyre,” and not inaptly described as a “glutinous mass endowed with a malignant will,” was a mere babe compared with the monster seen in Conception Bay, being only five feet between the points of the extended arms, whereas this one must have been more than seventy-two feet from tip to tip of the two largest extended arms. The author represents his hero as killing his assailant with his knife; but half a dozen stout men, well armed, would have been required to despatch this monster.

Only about a fortnight after the appearance of this colossal cuttle-fish in Conception Bay, a fisherman called on me and informed me that he had taken an extraordinary fish in his herring-net at Logie Bay, four miles from St. John’s. From his description, I concluded that he had captured one of the same species, but of much smaller dimensions than the Conception Bay monster. I conveyed the good news to Mr. Murray; and next day I had the satisfaction of possessing a perfect specimen of the Devil-fish. The fisherman informed me that in overhauling his herring net, he found the creature entangled in the meshes; that it made desperate efforts to escape; and that it required three men to despatch it before it could be hauled into the boat, its struggles being so violent that it was necessary to cut off the head. Mr. Murray and I made a careful examination of the fish, and had the head and arms photographed by Messrs. McKenney and Parsons, a separate photograph being taken of the body. We found it to be a calamary or squid, having ten arms. The two long tentacles are each twenty-four feet in length, and two and

three quarter inches in circumference. They are precisely of the same form as the arm previously described—expanding at the extremities, where they are covered with clusters of sucking-disks, all denticulated, the larger ones being about an inch in diameter, the others diminishing in size towards the points. The other eight arms are each six feet in length, and at the point of junction with the central mass the largest are ten inches in circumference, the under surface being entirely covered with a double row of suckers, all denticulated. Each arm tapers to a fine point and carries about one hundred suckers, great and small. On the ten arms I estimate that there are upwards of eleven hundred suckers. The parrot-like beak is in the middle of the central mass from which the arms radiate, and is larger than a large clenched hand. The eyes were behind this central mass, but unfortunately were destroyed in the process of killing it. We were able, however, to make out distinctly one eye-socket or eye-lid, which measured four inches in diameter. It was rather difficult to determine with certainty the length and thickness of the body, owing to its mutilated condition; but we ascertained that it could not have been less than seven feet in length and about five feet in circumference, at the thickest part. The impression here is that this is a young member of the species, perhaps two or three years old, and, as they are said to grow very rapidly, it would probably have reached a considerably larger size had it not met its doom in Logie Bay. The photograph is very well executed, and shows the ten arms hanging down, with their splendid array of suckers, the picture presenting the appearance of a beautifully executed embroidery. The photograph of the body shows the tail very clearly which is fin-shaped. The funnel does not appear in the photograph, but we were able to trace it running more than the half length of the body.

The possession of a perfect specimen such as this, is regarded by naturalists as of great importance, as, I believe, now for the first time, a complete cuttle-fish, of the larger species, has been preserved. I found, on trial, that it would not keep in the strongest brine, as it shrank very much and the softer and finer portions began to dissolve. We therefore decided on cutting it into fragments and putting it into alcohol. A portion has been sent to the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Mass.;

another will go probably to the Smithsonian Institute; and a third to the museum of McGill College, Montreal.

The existence of large cuttle-fish in the waters around these shores cannot be questioned. I am in possession of numerous accounts from persons of undoubted veracity and intelligence, who have seen and measured some of these giants. The Rev. E. Gabriel assures me that in the winter of 1870 the bodies of two gigantic cuttle-fish were cast ashore, during a storm, at Lamaline, on the southern shore, the bodies of which measured forty and forty-seven feet respectively. Another person, resident at Twillingate, tells me he saw one whose body measured eighty feet. I am inclined to suspect this measurement included the arms, and that the body may have been forty feet. A third informant assures me he measured one whose body and outstretched arms were fifty feet in length—the body itself probably twenty to twenty-five feet. Numerous instances are on record of specimens from ten to twenty feet in length of body. The bulk of our fishermen believe firmly in their existence, and call them “big squids.” They have a common saying that “the squid is the biggest fish in the sea.” One of them told me a curious tale. His little coasting craft lay at anchor one day, in a northern harbour, when suddenly, to the amazement of those on board, she began to sink, not having sprung a leak. In alarm, the men took to their boat; when after going down till the water was nearly on a level with the deck, she suddenly rose again. Soon after they saw a “big squid” floating about, and not unnaturally concluded that it had been trying its strength on their little craft, by fastening the suckers on the bottom and dragging it down; and then, for some reason, changed its mind, and relaxed its hold. I am thoroughly satisfied that there are about these coasts cuttle-fish whose bodies are more than thirty feet; and I regard it as probable that some specimens are occasionally met with thirty-five or even forty feet in length, though as yet, I have not satisfactory evidence of the existence of such giants. I am in hopes, ere long, of obtaining possession of one of the largest, should any be cast ashore, as I have made known the importance of preserving such specimens.

I find the following communication from Dr. Honeyman, Provincial Geologist of Nova Scotia, in a Halifax paper:

“I was much interested in the Rev. Mr. Harvey’s graphic description of an Octopus. I would give you a brief description

of another member of the same family—a gigantic squid, a *decapod*. About a year ago a gentleman of our city, on seeing a squid in the Museum, which was cast on shore at Sambro by the storm which was supposed to have overwhelmed the *City of Boston* steamer, a specimen of unusual dimensions,—informed me that he had been present at the capture of an enormous squid. The place where it was captured was West St. Modent, Straits of Belleisle, Labrador side. It was lying peacefully in the water, when it was provoked by the push of an oar. It looked fierce, and ejected much water from its funnel; it did not seem to consider it necessary to discharge its sepia, as mollusca of this kind generally do in order to cover their escape. The men in the boat determined to secure it. After it had taken the boat in its arms, they tried to ship it with their oars. One of these broke, but another boat coming to aid in the capture, the squid was taken hold of by a grapnel and rolled into the seine boat. The boats were engaged in the herring fishing. This also appears to have been the squid's occupation about the time of its capture. The length of its longest arm was thirty-seven feet, the length of the body fifteen feet, whole length fifty-two feet. The bill was very large. The suckers of its arms or feet, by which it lays hold, about two inches in diameter. The monster was cut up, salted and barrelled for dogs' meat. It is to be hoped that the next capture of the kind will be secured for scientific and popular uses."

In the large Aquaria at Brighton, England, and Hamburg, Germany, there is in each a living specimen of an Octopus, but the size is inconsiderable, not more, I believe, than three or four feet from tip to tip of the extended arms. This creature has eight arms, each tapering to a point; and the body is but a shapeless stomach or bag. It excites the greatest interest among the visitors; but could we only capture a live specimen of our "big squids," what a sensation it would make in an aquarium! The following account of the Octopus at Brighton, and its mode of capturing its prey, will be read with interest:

THE OCTOPUS OR DEVIL-FISH.

This marine monster's method of seizing its prey is thus described in "Land and Water" by Mr. Henry Lee, of the Brighton Aquarium, England: "A crab was so fastened that the string could be withdrawn, and was lowered near to the great

Octopus. He was sleepy, and required a great deal of tempting, but the sight of its favourite food overcame his laziness, and he lunged out an arm to seize the precious morsel. It was withdrawn from his reach; and so, at last, he turned out of bed, rushed at it, and got it under him against the plate glass, just as I desired. In a second the crab was completely pinioned. The action of an Octopus when seizing its prey for its necessary food, is very like that of a cat pouncing on a mouse, and holding it down beneath its paws. The movement is as sudden, the scuffle as brief, and the escape of the prisoner even less probable. The fate of the crab is not really more terrible than that of the mouse, or of a minnow swallowed by a perch; but there is a repulsiveness about the form, color and attitudes of the Octopus which invests it with a kind of tragic horror."

UNDER THE SNOW.

Under the snow the roses lie,
 And violets blue as the summer sky,
 They reck not how fiercely the North winds blow,
 Under the snowdrifts, under the snow.

Under the snow the mountain streams
 Babble all day of their nightly dreams,
 Whisper and frolic as on they go,
 Under the snowdrifts, under the snow.

Under the snow in bowers of moss,
 The Dryads are weaving their robes of floss,
 Robes that in summer will sparkle and glow,
 Under the snowdrifts, under the snow.

Under the snow are voiceless lips,
 And tender eyes in dark eclipse,
 And hearts that are pulseless, yet I know,
 A spring is coming to melt the snow.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

I.

ONE day in August, in the year 1862, a rather rakish looking schooner might have been observed at anchor below Partridge Island. There was nothing particular in the appearance of this craft to attract attention, except that a long square-sail yard crossed her foremast, and hung accurately in the slings, giving her a character somewhat different from the common coasting vessels. Evening was gradually drawing her sombre curtain over the harbour of St. John, and the rugged heights of Fort Howe were fast disappearing from the gaze of the inhabitants of this city of hills.

I was on board of this craft, and had a short time previously bade adieu to my friends. In parting with some, I had received many a warm shake of the hand, but on bidding farewell to a few more intimate loved ones, I had been dismissed with tears, and exclamations of "God bless you my son."

"Oh! Johnny," cried my old nurse, "you will be put in prison if you go for to run the blockade!"

"Send me a lock of your hair," cried a pretty little blue-eyed maiden, as she beckoned me away.

"So long, Johnny; don't get shot," shouted one or two of my youthful companions, who had accompanied me as far as Reed's Point.

I may now state to my readers, that the vessel described was the *Sunbury*, with a cargo of salt, camp stools, clothing, powder, fish, and a thousand other articles. She had been cleared through the Custom House for Havana, but her real destination was Little River Inlet, South Carolina, Confederate States. About midnight a boat ranged alongside of us, and four men of neat attire sprang on board. The boat was dismissed, and a dandy-looking little person, who proved to be our captain, immediately gave orders to heave short. The wind was blowing fresh from the north-east, and the many heavy ships near by began making preparations to proceed on their voyages, and the musical clink of their windlasses was accompanied by the loud song of the seamen. On our anchor

being weighed, we crowded on all sail, and ran gracefully down the bay. On meeting this captain for the first time, I took a particular dislike to him, and he appeared to behold me with a frowning countenance. The three remaining personages I will name, and briefly describe as follows, viz :

Captain Benton was one of these unfortunate southern privateer skippers who had lost his vessel through force of circumstances, that is, his tongue had pressed open his mouth, and the outpourings of that organ had, like sweet music of the flute, attracted attention. A Yankee spy gleaned from him the whereabouts of his "thunder bomb," and consequently had "gathered her unto himself," or, which suited him as well, to his able and wise President, Mr. Lincoln. Benton was a tall, manly looking fellow, and one of his hands had only three fingers ; this was his right hand, and, by reason of its deformity, we all considered it more in order to hold a soup spoon than wield a sword. He was a champion tobacco-chewer, as all good sailors generally are. We styled him after a well-known dusky hero—"Three-fingered Jack." He was our Southern pilot.

Longfellow, though not a man of poetic mind, was over six feet in height, and would generally be considered a handsome man. He could strike a small glass vial, three times out of five, at thirty yards, with a pistol. Consequently, among duellists, he would be as much feared as the famous marksman, Long Tom Coffin. Strongfellow, was by no means least of this trio. He was the very model of physical power. I admired his lively, gentlemanly manners. We shook hands as friends, smoked our pipes and sipped our coffee together.

Nothing of importance took place, after leaving the Bay of Fundy, for several days, save that the little red-faced captain struck me a treacherous blow one morning at the breakfast-table, which, for the time being, enlarged my handsome nose, and caused the blood to flow quite freely. I asked his reason. "Because," said he, "Napoleon would never have a man under him unless he had a big nose." For this act I succeeded, in time, in bringing the little captain's nose to the grindstone—if I may use the phrase. When in the latitude of Delaware Breakwater our pilot, or rather Three-fingered Jack, informed us that we drew too much water to run into the desired port. He proposed to Longfellow to go up to Baltimore and discharge a lot of fish in order to

lighten us. We all disapproved of this suggestion. The pilot argued powerfully, and in a few days we were at anchor off Fell's Point, Baltimore. Here our crew deserted. Spies prowled about, and finally the United States Customs flag floated from our main rigging. *We were under seizure.*

It is almost unnecessary to remark, that Baltimore was one scene of excitement: recruits drilling, soldiers on the march to the field of battle, and Southern prisoners hurried here and there. Jeff. Davis' warlike host was rapidly marching into Maryland, and the melodious notes of the bugle summoned regiment after regiment to form; drums beat, shrill fifes bewailed, in plaintive strains, "The Girl I left behind me," and ten thousand bayonets glistened in the burning sun. The *Sunbury* was finally released, Longfellow giving bonds not to proceed into the South. We shipped a crew of free negroes, cleared through the Custom House for Havana, and sailed down the river; the wind hauling against us, we anchored close under the guns of Fortress Monroe. While here, we took boat and proceeded on shore. We were not admitted within the walls of this immense battery. All was bustle and activity. Hundreds of wounded soldiers were being landed continually, and the countenances of many bespoke great agony and helplessness. Gangs of contrabands were throwing up breastworks. Frigates and gunboats were lying promiscuously at anchor, many of them under steam. We had left Baltimore without a pilot—that official having taken French leave of us. We learned afterwards, that he had succeeded in passing through the lines; after which he walked and begged, or stole, his way to Charleston, South Carolina.

With a strong gale piping in our favour, we left Fortress Monroe, and rounded Cape Henry, passing very near a bleak and dreary lighthouse, and, with a spanking breeze, flew down the coast of Virginia, through a fleet of transports, rounded stormy Hatteras, and glided swiftly by the shores of North Carolina.

One night we narrowly escaped colliding with a United States frigate on Fryng-pan Shoals. She did not perceive us—it being dark and rainy at the time. We soon distanced the light of the cruiser, and before daybreak were off our destination. I was at the wheel. The little captain observed the morning star.

"Is not that a light on our port bow," he inquired.

"No, sir," I replied, "it is the morning star."

"You are a lying fool," answered the pedant.

My attention being diverted by this side issue, the vessel, which was running at a rapid rate, jibed her main-boom, and nearly carried away the mainmast. The captain's rage knew no bounds; he aimed at me a stunning blow with his long spy-glass, but I caught it in my arms, and Strongfellow appearing on the scene gave the little skipper a sound lecture. We now could easily distinguish several lights strung along the coast. These we mistook for Yankee gunboats, or the blockading squadron. We hauled close to the wind and stood off until noon. The sun was taken, and our exact position obtained. No enemy was in view. We shaped our course for the Inlet, which we made about four o'clock that afternoon. To us all, shoreward seemed like a huge swamp. The towering pines and low sandy beaches, made rather a dismal picture, and night was hovering nigh. We could distinguish not the slightest form of a harbour or river's mouth. At last Longfellow and I pulled to *terra firma* and discovered a tall, lanky white man fishing, accompanied by two negroes. They fled at our approach, but we held up a white handkerchief, and they halted. Longfellow offered the white man \$100 gold to pilot us in, for we had discovered the inlet on landing. He most firmly refused, and acted as if afraid—"Well," cried Longfellow, "a bird that can sing and won't, must be made to," so he produced his long revolver, and the stranger became suddenly, as it were, all smiles. He went with us, performed what we desired, and was paid, and ere the night-hawks had spread their dusky wings over the dark waters of Little River Inlet, we were safely moored ten miles above Fort Stanley. We gave three rousing cheers, and the soldiers, dressed in the Southern gray, crowded on our decks. A keg of "Highland-dew" was uncorked, and their band struck up "Britannia Rules the Waves." There is, perhaps, not a more picturesque sheet of water in the whole South than this river. On either side, its banks are studded with towering pines, with here and there an opening, through which occasional glimpses are caught of the white fields of the cotton planter. It was here the sturdy negro went forth to his daily task, his musical halloo echoing across the stream, which, before it died away, was taken up and answered from all the adjacent plantations by his brother slaves. Here the inhabitants were for a time doubtful of our character, but we soon disarmed their suspicions, and found them generally kind-hearted and obliging.

The exports of this port, before the war had ruined its commerce, were yellow pine, resin, cotton, pitch and turpentine. Many of the residents were reputed wealthy, but battle after battle had swept nearly all of their young men away, and made the little town almost bankrupt. We sold our salt for the equivalent of \$2 per bag in gold. We received our pay in Confederate scrip, it being then worth of Confederate \$2.50 to \$1, gold. The balance of our cargo was disposed of at immense profits, and three months after our arrival here, we were loaded with cotton and turpentine, but an efficient blockade was stationed off the mouth of the inlet, and we were fastened in—or, to use a sporting phrase, we were bagged. We did not accomplish unloading and loading without a great deal of toil, hardship and danger, for the cargo inwards had to be transported by us in flat-boats a distance of thirty or forty miles up a sound, along the sea-coast towards North Carolina, to a place named Indian Landing. The outward cargo had to be taken on board at this wild spot and transmitted back to our craft.

Being forced to remain in the South, and having nothing to do, Strongfellow and I would often go roaming about, sometimes to plantations. Occasionally we would take horse and leisurely ride a few leagues back to a cavalry encampment. How astonished I felt on beholding officers in conversation. All of them had careworn countenances, and were in years apparently far down the hill of life. Quite grey was their hair, which hung carelessly down their shoulders. The soldiers were to be seen in companies through the forest, their horses grazing around in every direction. Now and then the charming strains of a violin would gladden our ears, and when the young warriors learned that I could scrape them off a glorious old Scotch air my stock went up fifty per cent., and every violinist, fiddler, and cat-gut rasper in the country sought the valuable acquaintance of Johnny. Strongfellow gained hosts of friends by his kind, gentlemanly manner, and admirable dexterity with the boxing gloves.

One dark night an old planter, accompanied by his slaves and fox hounds, invited us to join him in an opossum hunt. We all started, guns in hand. Away in advance were the negroes bearing pine torches, made from what the natives called "fat lightwood." We tramped for about two miles, when suddenly the dogs took scent and darted off, treeing several of these cunning

animals. We shot ten, and captured three alive. In order to secure them the slaves climbed the trees and shook the limbs violently. This would cause the opossums to take several round turns with their tails, and in this manner they would hold on, swinging away until thrashed off. Then they would fall to the ground in the form of a ball, and a novice at this sport might kick them about and consider them dead, but the good dogs would soon cause them to uncoil and display their grinning countenances. They are much larger than a New Brunswick hare, have short legs and long bristly fur, and a head not unlike a West India pig. They are very docile and will not bite unless much provoked. Some people in the South are fond of this game roasted, for my part I would almost as soon dine on cat.

On our return from this expedition, we found the inhabitants of the town on a brisk move, although it was scarcely sunrise. Rifles were being loaded. The women were running bullets out of tea-lead, lead spoons, and all other lead at hand. Considerable excitement existed among little children, who were crying bitterly for fear their fathers would be killed. The fact was, the Yankees were advancing in large launches up the river, so my friend Strongfellow and I could not remain neutral in the action. We procured a fresh supply of cartridges for our revolvers, obtained powder and ball for our rifles, and immediately joined the ranks of the South Carolina Coastguards. This proceeding, on our part, gained us hearty shake hands from many a brave Southern officer and private, who, a few months afterwards, found a grave in the sandy soil they had fought and died for.

"Johnny," whispered Strongfellow to me, "truly these are gallant and noble fellows, but I fear they are in arms for naught."

"Will they not gain their independence?" I inquired.

"Never!" was the laconic answer.

"Why not?" I continued.

"Because they are not a quarter numerous enough," was the reply.

The preparations made on this occasion to repulse the enemy, proved to be unnecessary, as their boats ran aground after having rowed up river a mile. Not being able to find the proper channel, they retired.

The Yankee gunboats still continued to bar our chances of getting the *Sunbury* out. Many of the coast-guards were ordered

off to the battle-fields around Richmond. Every available man was dragged from his home to help fill up the thin ranks of cavalry and infantry, and many were the sad homes in this little town without fathers, brothers, or sons. In fact, none were left but old women, helpless old men, wounded soldiers, and starving children. Strongfellow and I were compelled to attach ourselves to a small body of men whose duty it was to protect this town, and the salt works and signal stations along the coast of North and South Carolina, and, during our service, we took part in several hot skirmishes. On one occasion we heard heavy cannonading about three miles south of us. The piercing notes of the bugler's horn soon gathered the grey-jackets, all well armed, and ready for the march. An hour's hard tramping brought us to the scene of action. A short distance off lay two gunboats. Near the beach were several launches, and hard aground was the blockade-running steamer *Firefly*. She had been chased on shore by the long guns of the Yankees. Captain McDonald, who commanded us, immediately gave the order to attack the boats by extending ourselves in a single line, and marching at double-quick to the water's edge, holding our fire till the beat of our drums should be the signal to engage. We darted off with a ringing cheer, and received a volley that caused two of our number to fall. The drums finally began to rattle, and we fired. Many a poor sailor and marine felt the venom of our rifle-balls and buck-shot, for our arms consisted of sporting pieces, old flint muskets, and revolvers. The launches proceeded off to their vessels, being called away by signals. With us, three were killed, and over twenty wounded. One youth alongside of me had three fingers shot away while holding the ramrod of his piece.

Strongfellow said: "Johnny, how do you fancy this way of doing things?"

"I don't like it at all," I returned. "I would sooner fight behind pine trees, like we have always done at Fort Stanley."

"Well," laughed my companion, "I almost agree with you; but, I tell you, Johnny, if these Yankees return, we will not get off so easily, for they are numerous, and armed with Enfield rifles, while we are not over four hundred strong, and our captain is such a thundering fire-eater, he would die with every soul of us on this beach before he would order a retreat."

I well knew the truth of Strongfellow's remarks, and prayed in

my heart that the gunboats would leave us. I think my supplication was heard, for a tremendous dark bank of clouds rose southward shortly after, forked lightning streaked the inky heavens, and simultaneously came the deafening roars of thunder, that would silence all the cannons that weak man could produce. The terrible voice of the Creator was over the waters. This was, indeed, no time for men to be at strife. We sought shelter in the forests near at hand. Towards evening the thunder had entirely ceased. The sun peeped out cheerily, and the dull clouds disappeared rapidly before his shining face.

A cavalry company of five hundred now reinforced us, and the gunboats again hove in sight and steamed close in shore. My heart fairly thumped within me. It was not fear that caused it; but I really did not relish fighting for a country I had no interest in, and I now prepared myself to see a grand struggle on a small scale. Strongfellow advised me to keep near him and fight like a man, and not disgrace dear old New Brunswick.

To my extreme delight the gunboats did not lower their launches, but they opened a tremendous fire of bombshells and grapeshot on us. We were ordered to scatter among the trees, and lie flat down. This we did. The cannonading was kept up over an hour; not one of us were hurt, but our horses did not fare so well. Several were slain. Darkness at last came to our aid, the enemy steamed away, and we took charge of the *Firefly*. The greatest disorder prevailed, the entire crew of the steamer had either been captured or had escaped down the coast in their barges. We helped ourselves to whatever we found, and saved a large amount of the cargo, which consisted of salt, medicines, clothing, shoes, etc. For half a mile or more the beach was strewn with oranges, matches, and all sorts of small goods. My share of the plunder that night netted me over \$400. We then fired the beautiful vessel, and soon after day dawned bright and charming; the sea, as far as the eye could discern, was like a world of mirrors. Away up and down the coast might be observed the smoke of salt works ascending in a perpendicular column towards the cloudless heavens. It was one of those refreshing winter mornings, so peculiar to these latitudes. The distant booming of a cannon interrupted the peaceful surroundings, and soon after, back steamed the two busy gunboats. Our prize was in a grand flame, and we prepared for another defence. They did not, however, seek to meet us

at close quarters, but again turned their big guns towards us, and the piles of merchandise stacked along the shore suffered severely. One shell struck within ten yards of a group of us. We were laying flat on our faces. It exploded, doing no harm, but plowing the sand over us. I learned, while in the South, to dodge shot and shell in very fair style, for I could almost always keep my eye on a shot from the time it left the ship's side till it landed, that is, providing the firing was not too lively. Only about one-half of their one hundred and twenty pound conical-shaped shells ever exploded, and we, on many occasions, would unscrew the caps and take out the powder.

The enemy finally proceeded towards Charleston, and we fell in line and marched back to Fort Stanley to the tune of "Paddy Carey." We were a hungry company. I had partaken of no food whatever for nearly thirty hours excepting an orange or two that had been well soaked in salt water. Fort Stanley commands the entrance to Little River, and is situated on a high bluff, frowning down on the water which leisurely ebbs and flows before it. It was an odd sight to observe us at mess. Every soldier cooked for himself, ground his own corn and shelled his own clams, and during the six months that I wore the Southern gray, not one ounce of any other description of prog entered my mouth than clams and corn. After "luncheon" we would gather on the barricades and smoke bad tobacco, rendered sweet by the fragrant cane-roots that we used for pipe-stems. Our pay was \$12 a month, and peach brandy was \$64 a gallon. Strongfellow and I would always go strolling about whenever we could obtain leave. At different plantations we had formed the acquaintance of many young ladies,—

Some of whom were very fair,
With large dark eyes and flowing hair.

One, a Miss V——, was always pleased to see me and darn my stockings. The only fault I could see in her was, she chewed snuff. She would chew it with all the gusto that an English man-of-war sailor would munch his junk of *pigtail*. Her papa owned plenty of "niggers," and being a doctor, and having a lame leg, he managed to keep away from Yankee bullets. He was a good-hearted old chap, and often treated Strongfellow and myself to a clam stew, saying: "Come now strangers, wade in and don't be skeered."

One day Strongfellow remarked to the Doctor that the Yankees had received a sound drubbing at the battle of Secessionville.

"That's so," cried the man of pills. "By Jerushy, our boys fit like cats and worried the Yanks dreadfully, but hold on, that ain't nothin' tu what they'll git yit, for they can't lick us no how."

"By the way," continued the Doctor, "dew yer have any niggers where yer came from?"

"Very few, sir," I replied, "and most of them are in fair circumstances."

"Dew tell," exclaimed our host, "what a blessin. By ginger that's the country for me,—no tarnation flat-nosed squash-heads to torment christians. Tell me a nigger's a human bein'? No, sir, not by a jugful, gol darned if he is!"

Shortly after this I was detailed to command a flat-boat between Little River Inlet and Indian Landing. I shook hands with Strongfellow one sunny morning, and the black slaves poled smartly down stream. Lofty yellow pines adorned the right bank of the river, and our left was a continued expanse of marshes abounding with game. Our progress was not speedy, and when the tide flowed against us we anchored. One night we moored our craft and built a fire under the lee of a sand hill. The darkies served up a goodly dish of clam scouse, and I sought the shelter of my blanket. About gray daylight I sprang from my dreams, having been aroused by pitiful cries proceeding from a big negro boy in flames. Having courted the warmth of the pine chips, he had taken fire, and a most fearful spectacle was he. His dusky friends roared and laughed at the sight, while I coated his physiognomy with corn meal, but his upper works were disfigured for life. His sufferings were intense, but the pity extended to him was exceedingly scanty.

I visited with my flat-boat all the salt works and villages northward for nearly forty miles. My darkies behaved very handsomely, and called me "Massa Johnny, de Englishman." On arriving at Indian Landing, our discharging port—for we had a cargo of merchandise to land—I ordered the *caterer* to prepare the supper. To our dismay, we found that the cornmeal had been forgotten at a landing fifteen miles below. There was no road to this spot—only a path through the swamps and woods. I left my blacks in charge of a couple of armed white men, and proceeded alone in a canoe after the neglected corn. I was sorely in need of some thing to dine on, and I pitied the famished slaves, who had been working hard all day. I found the stream narrow and very

crooked, with high rushes fringing either side. Not being familiar with the use of the paddle, I found myself a remarkably poor steersman, and on gaining much headway, I would suddenly find myself almost high and dry ashore or thoroughly wedged in among the stout rushes from whence I often had great difficulty in extricating myself. For miles I continued in this way, and at last becoming exhausted, shoved my barque on shore under the banks of a long sandy island. Dark night had thrust its gloom over me, and I was famished and sick at heart. Twenty-four hours had passed away since I had broken my fast. I felt weak. Nevertheless, I struck out in search of civilization, and a walk of four miles brought me in sight of a bright light. I thanked the gods and quickened my speed, arriving finally at a Signal Station, occupied by a few soldiers. I implored them to gladden my heart with prog. The willing fellows placed before me all they controlled—a quart of raw cornmeal. This I feasted on, and now I remembered the starving blacks. I despatched two of the gray-coats to the main land, where they secured supplies for my darkies, and next day I joined them. They had become almost starved. Three weeks after this adventure, I was obliged to ground my flat-boat loaded with cotton, off Tubb's Inlet, on my way down. The neap tides compelled me to do this. I found I could not proceed until the spring tides would favour us, so I left my crew in charge of the battery near by, and started away in search of something new.

I walked into Charlotte breastworks next evening, and was immediately taken charge of by two cavalry officers. They, of course, did not know me, but by my accent knew I was no North Carolinian. It did not take me long to unfold my nationality to them, and we *smoked the calumet of peace*. These cavaliers introduced me around the neighbourhood, and bountifully supplied me with corn-cakes. They were a handsome body of warriors, and were armed to the teeth. When on horse they presented a romantic appearance, with their knee-boots, and grey jackets, ornamented with large brass buttons, on which were stamped the palmetto tree. Broad-brimmed hats crowned their heads, one side being looped or folded tastefully, and from their girdles hung long revolvers, short swords, and handsome rifles. In their belts were gracefully thrust the well-known bowie knife. They were a jolly lot of fellows, and were never tired of asking me about my country. All the old fiddlers in the district were

hunted up, the dance became the order of the day, and now I say farewell to these hospitable friends who are to me *L'inconnu*. I proceeded back to my boat through fields of ground peas, or what we in New Brunswick know better as pea nuts, and soon after arrived safely at Fort Stanley. On gaining the old sand battery I was pleased to find Longfellow, who had just returned from a tour to New Orleans.

We proceeded one afternoon through a swamp to find my friend and old companion, Strongfellow, who was engaged in the woods with a pioneer, tapping trees; or, in other words, making turpentine. On our way, Longfellow trod on a knot of moccasin snakes, one of which instantly coiled around his boot, this he cut in two with his knife, and I shot the other. They were about four feet in length, and though their sting or bite is not deadly, yet it is said to be sometimes almost fatal, and will cause the victim to linger in a fever. From this, till I left South Carolina, we had many skirmishes with the blockading forces, and sometimes we had to retreat back among the pines. Strongfellow and I, at the end, became tired of this work. We had no enthusiasm in it, we were not fighting *pro aris et focis*. The last little engagement we had, we captured a Yankee launch, eight marines, a second lieutenant, and a keg of grog. With the latter article we drank good health, and long life to the prisoners, much to their disgust. We also relieved them of eighty Enfield rifles, a few revolvers, and a sword.

One day I was handed a letter. It was from a wealthy old lady who resided three miles distant. Its purport was for me to call on her at once, if convenient. I was aware of her being the mother of two charming daughters, both of whom were single and just budding into lovely womanhood. I went—"Oh, Mr. Johnny, I am delighted to see you," was my greeting from the venerable dame. The pretty daughters smiled sweetly at me and presented to my avaricious gaze a plate of corn-rolls. A long controversy now took place between us, and the sum total was, that I was offered by the dear good old mother—not one of her darling maidens, but the round sum of \$3000, and a fine young stud, if I would consent to go immediately to Richmond, and relieve her poor noble boy Oanus.

Oanus, she informed me was in the Rio Bravo Cavalry. I listened to this fond mother for an hour, and having refused to enter into the contract, left her *Maison de campagne*.

STRADA SAN GIOVANNI.

'Tis a quiet little byway,
 Steep and rugged as Parnassus,
 Leading from the noisy highway
 Filled with Carbonari asses.
 Lofty houses lean above it,
 Whispering, like neighbors canny;
 Still in memory I love it—
 Dingy Strada San Giovanni.

Shrined in niches on the corners,
 Saints and martyrs smile down grimly
 On the unbelieving scorners
 Stalking through the twilight dimly.
 Going no one knoweth whither,
 By the Casa Frangipani,
 Where the votive flowers wither
 Down in Strada San Giovanni.

When the summer days were weary
 With the breathings of Sirocco,
 Blowing, with persistence dreary,
 Red and sultry from Morocco,
 Pleasant was that shady alley,
 When there were not passers many,
 Like an ancient cliff-walled valley—
 Lonely Strada San Giovanni.

With her cushion, making laces,
 Deftly working, like a fairy,
 Fairest of the island graces,
 Little Anna Camelleri
 Sat upon the doorstep singing,
 Giving little heed to any,
 To and fro her bobbins flinging
 In old Strada San Giovanni.

Gentle, dark-eyed, little maiden,
 Dream of unforgotten pleasure,
 With her tresses, coin o'erladen,
 All her dowry and her treasure.
 Long ago, while multiplying
 Shadows gather thick and many,
 Still a sunbeam, time-defying,
 Shines in Strada San Giovanni.

Ostawa, January, 1874.

CARROLL RYAN.

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF TECUMSEH.

BY JOHN CAMERON, LONDON, ONTARIO.

THE 13th of September, 1872, a day of genial sunshine, tempered by pleasant breezes, found us with our faces towards the battle-field of 1813, near the side of the old Indian village of Moraviantown, where Tecumseh was killed. Thamesville is a thriving village, forty-nine miles west of London, Ont., by Great Western Railway measurement; the battle-ground is about three miles east of Thamesville. A short drive along "the old trail," due east, brings us to our destination.

The battle ground and the disposition of the forces may be briefly pictured. The River Thames (then called La Tranche), here an important and picturesque stream, confined within steep banks, and fringed with oaks, walnuts and shrubbery, and flowing from east to west, formed the southern boundary of the ground. A short distance to the northward was a narrow stretch of morass, so swampy as to be considered practically impassable. East of this morass, facing west, the British force occupied a slight knoll of rising ground. The left wing extended nearly to the bank of the river, the right rested on the north-eastern corner of the swamp. Here—concealed behind trees and logs and rushes—commenced the Indian line under Tecumseh, the dusky column stretching irregularly from east to west along the northern edge of the marshy land. The idea of Gen. Proctor, the British commander was evidently to entrap the Americans into a sort of *cul-de-sac*; and, when the British and Americans were engaged, for Tecumseh

and his Indians to make an attack upon the rear of the American force. In some manner, however, the ambush was detected by the American scouts; the fierce and stalwart Kentucky mounted riflemen—used to riding in the woods, and famous as marksmen—urged their horses impetuously through the morass in spite of mire and every opposing obstacle; springing from their saddles they were in a moment engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand struggle with the Indians; at the same time an attack was made on the British line, and the engagement became general. The result of the battle is well known. The death of Tecumseh early in the fight threw the Indians into confusion; the British line, confronted by a superior force, accustomed to warfare in the woods, was broken, and the Americans were masters of the field. The American force, some three thousand five hundred, is admitted, even by American authorities, to have been from one thousand to one thousand five hundred stronger than the combined force of British and Indians. The Americans burned the Indian village of Moraviantown to the ground; and it is related that many Indian mothers threw their babes into the Thames, rather than leave them behind to the cruel mercies of their foes.

Gen. Proctor has been accused of cowardice. Looking at the evidence we fear it cannot be denied that appearances are against that officer. It is well known that Tecumseh, a keen judge of character, did not entertain the respect for Gen. Proctor's courage he invariably manifested for Gen. Brock.

Of the manner of Tecumseh's death many versions have been given. It is now generally conceded that he was killed by Col. Johnston, the commander of the Kentucky riflemen. An Indian of fierce and commanding appearance, standing by a large walnut tree, was observed by Col. Johnston in the act of throwing a tomahawk. Col. Johnston instantly levelled his pistol, and fired at the Indian who fell dead. Though Col. Johnston did not know it at the time, as the warrior (probably from motives of precaution) was not dressed differently from his fellows, no doubt seems to be entertained that the Indian shot near the walnut tree was Tecumseh. The tree has long since been carried away piecemeal by relic hunters.

A horrible story has found currency and credence in many quarters to the effect that the vengeful Kentuckians cut strips from Tecumseh's body for "razor strops." An old Indian named

Pheasant, who served as a captain under Tecumseh, and one of the last of the native race in Canada who had seen Tecumseh, died only a few months since. Pheasant always denied most emphatically that Tecumseh had been flayed; though it is undoubtedly a fact that the bodies of a number of Indians were submitted to that indignity. Pheasant asserted that six Shawnee braves stole to the battle-ground under cover of night, removed the body of Tecumseh, and gave reverential burial to the remains of their great chieftain in the depths of a forest a short distance northward. The supposed site of Tecumseh's grave is pointed out to the curious, but like that of Moses, whose place of sepulture no man knew, the last resting place of Tecumseh is not, and can never be a matter of absolute certainty.

The name Tecumseh, or Tecumtha, as it is variously written, is said to signify "The Wildcat Springing on its Prey." The great warrior was born in the valley of the Miamis, on the banks of Mud River, a few miles from what is now Springfield, Ohio, in an old Shawnee town, in the year 1768. In his youth he is described as having been good-natured and generous. He early became pre-eminent among his fellows as a hunter and warrior. Six feet in height, straight as an arrow, symmetrical, agile, nose large and aquiline, face large and grave. Heavy eyebrows covered his flashing eyes. Physically, he was prodigiously strong and quick—an Indian William Wallace. Industrious, temperate, wise and magnanimous, noted for manhood, courage and military genius, it is no wonder that his very name exercised a talismanic influence over his dusky *confreres*. As an orator there can be no doubt that Tecumseh was eloquent and impressive. Some of his impassioned appeals, still extant, have a loftiness of sentiment, a comprehensiveness of thought, and a richness of illustration, quite in keeping with his fame. It is said that Perry's victory on Lake Erie was concealed from Tecumseh by Proctor for fear of its effect on his savage followers. Tecumseh, seeing Proctor's preparations to retire eastward from the American frontier, suspected the truth. At a council held in one of the store-houses at Amherstburg, Tecumseh, with great vehemence of manner, addressed Proctor, saying:

"*Father, listen!* Our fleet has gone out; we know they have fought; we have heard the great guns; but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with the one arm (Captain

Barclay). Our ships have gone one way, and we are much astonished to see our father tying up everything, and preparing to turn the other way, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us to remain here and take care of our lands. You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father do so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat dog that carries its tail upon its back, but when affrighted, it drops it between its legs and runs off.

"*Father, listen!* The Americans have not defeated us by land, neither are we sure that they have done so by water; we therefore wish to remain here and fight our enemy should he make his appearance. If they *defeat* us, *then* we will retreat with our father. * * * You have got the arms and ammunition which our great father, the king, sent for his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome for us. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be His will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

Lossing, in his "Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812," from which we extract the above speech, says its effect was electrical. The Indians all started to their feet and brandished their tomahawks in a menacing manner.

Tecumseh's influence over his followers was manifested in other ways. Gen. Brock wrote of him as follows: "A more sagacious or a more gallant warrior does not, I believe, exist. He was the admiration of every one who conversed with him. From a life of dissipation he has not only become, in every respect, abstemious, but he has likewise prevailed on all his native, and many of the other tribes, to follow his example."

The great scheme of Tecumseh's life was the confederation of all the Indian tribes of North America. As early as 1805, we are told, he commenced to carry out his scheme, and became the inveterate enemy of what his people termed the "American dogs." The war of 1812 found him a fast friend of the British, and using his oratory and influence with the Indians in their behalf. In August, 1812, at the capture of Detroit, Gen. Brock paid marked respect to Tecumseh. He took off his own rich crimson silk sash, and placed it round the waist of the chief.

The scene of Tecumseh's death is now a well-cultivated field. The site of the morass, plainly marked by a depression of the soil, has long been drained. Here are indentations marking the graves.

where, under the rain and the dew, side by side slumber peacefully American rifleman, British soldier, and son of the forest. "After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

It is not creditable that no monument to the memory of Tecumseh has yet been erected. Few braver, abler, or more faithful allies ever fought under the old red flag. It is to be hoped the Government of Ontario will see the justice of securing, by a suitable monument, the perpetuation of the memory of a man brave, brilliant and able, though a savage,—a gifted representative of a singular and swiftly perishing race.

Leaving the interesting locality, we drove towards the Indian reservation. Half a dozen Indian lads, with bows and arrows, appeared suddenly upon the foliaged brow of the steep river bank. A black squirrel, sporting upon the topmost bough of a tall oak, was brought down with unerring accuracy by a young Delaware's arrow. Another lad, invited to show us his skill, drew bow on a slender mark several hundred yards distant, out of four times grazing it twice to twice hitting it squarely in the centre. The bows and arrows were of hickory, the latter tipped with feathers and hardened at the point by burning; the bow-strings of hickory bark twisted.

Passing to the south side of the river, we were conducted over the Indian Church by the genial Moravian Brother who has charge of the Mission. We examined the hymn-books, printed in the Delaware tongue, but our success in translation was not conspicuous. The Moravian missionary, after much pondering over the Semitic structure of the Indian languages, and much close observation of the manners, moods and thoughts of the red men, has come unalterably to the conclusion that their origin is Asiatic, and that they are of the tribe of Ishmael.

We paid a visit also to the Indian burying-ground, a pleasant plot of land picturesquely situated on a high bluff in view of the winding river. Among the Indian graves reposes a devoted Moravian missionary. Over the entrance to the cemetery is an arch, on which is inscribed, in the Delaware tongue, these words: AUWEN WULISTAWITE POMMAUCHSUTCH QUONNA ANGELLIKE. ("He that believeth on me though he were dead yet shall he live.")

We returned to the outer world—to the bustle of trains and the shriek of locomotives—musing on the strange fate of a vanishing race, and impressed with the wealth of historic incident in Ontario awaiting the pen of some future Canadian Macaulay.

THE MARTYR OF ART.

He only spoke a hasty word
 That vexed his master cold and stern,
 Some small thing slighted or demurred,
 For which the slave had soon to learn
 That harder than the adamantine stone,
 Is the heart wed to one pursuit alone.

His master was an artist, wholly wrapped
 In practice of his art, (artistic visions
 Of pain and suffering;) and it had happed,
 That sundry critical academicians,
 Who claimed to utter the *vox Romanorum*,
 In speaking of the handling of his pictures
 Which were on view within the Appian forum,
 Had lately made some rather slighting strictures.

“Strip me this slave!” the servile herd obeyed,
 Though almost doubting whether ’twere reality,
 Which done, the nude barbarian form displayed
 A perfect image of intense vitality,
 As Hercules when the Nemean lion
 Might hungrily have gloated on him, for so
 Gloated hungrily the master’s eye on
 His wonderful development of torso.

“Now fetter him!” The cravens bring the bands,
 Though in each coward soul a horror rankles,
 And lock the gyves upon his brawny hands,
 And fetterhasps upon his shapely ancles,
 Then, with weak plaint, their slavish heads they bowed
 And begged his liberty, in feeble fashion,
 But scornfully the master cried aloud,
 Demoniacally, in dramatic passion:

“His life is mine! his life! slaves, ’tis not well
 To beg his ransom; know you not I bought him?
 Here, steward, take this knife; strike when I tell!
 A sacrifice to Art I will devote him.

Carefully, carefully,—here!—take good heed
 Just where the muscles on the line are lying,
Stab!—not too deep,—so!—he will inward bleed;
 Thou hast struck well, he will be long a-dying.

“He pales, he faints, an admirable pose!
 His limbs begin to undersway and stagger,
 But well,—’tis very well,—no gout outflows,
 The blood wells inward. Now withdraw the dagger,
 Carefully bear him through the studio door,
 Hide with this mantle from a chance spectator,
 And chain him on the sitters’ throne before
 My picture of the dying gladiator.

“Trim all the lamps and candelabra. Go!
 Let fall the closing curtain o’er the portal.
 His agony is great, but passes slow,
 If I can seize it I shall be immortal!
 His muscles shudder,—good!—I mark their lines;
 Those sinuous twitchings,—ha!—That anguished quiver—
 Quick, let me catch it,—quick! for these are signs
 He is not far off from the Stygian river.

“What? He is dead. He lieth very still,
 The massive limbs are stretched out limp and flaccid,
 Better to die thus; now he feels no ill,
 His rugged features look so calm and placid.
 I almost feel my eyes by pity dimmed,
 Though Art, alas! a war ’gainst feeling wages,
 But faithfully upon my canvas limned,
 This slave, though dead, shall live throughout the ages.”

HUNTER DUVAR.

HALF AN HOUR WITH A QUACK.

BY SYPHAXIS.

THE present era might, with propriety, be termed the age of health, or rather of health-giving panaceas. We have “tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones,” for the very rocks cry out in ringing numbers the soothing fact that Dr. Pulmonary’s Forest Bitters cure all diseases of the

system, and if we but confine our libations to the sparkling waters of Plantagenet, Vichy or Kissingen, pain will no longer rack our fever-tossed frame. And good old Doctor Parr owed his long and valuable life to his own miraculous pills, and his death, too, for that matter, for had he not omitted on the memorable morning of his demise, historians of veracity tell us, to take his accustomed matutinal pilular dose, he would be with us in the flesh this day, in the full enjoyment of a robust constitution, and a large and lucrative patronage from the extending readers and followers of quack nostrum advertisements. The first patent medicine handed down to us from the early archives of *materia medica* came from the teeming brain of one *John French, Dr. in Physick*—a gentleman who flourished in the glorious times of Shakespeare and of Milton, and who quarrelled with the political faith of Philip Massinger because it better became the erudite physician's policy at that epoch so to do. A famous man was this same Dr. French—a close student of "Aristotle and his Philosophie," as dear old Chaucer hath it somewhere, a man of vast learning and profound information, an inventor of marvellous cures, a receipt vendor, a manufacturer of secret remedies, and an author to boot. He had as much faith in the extraordinary virtues of tar as Bishop Berkeley in his most sanguine moments could have desired, and like the more modern Abernethy, whose bluffness was on a par with his skill, he believed most fervently in an eternal fitness of things. His laboratory was conducted on quite a large scale for that time, and the doctor did his own compounding with remarkable fidelity to detail and scrupulousness, care and exactness. It would be well, and much safer to human life, if the mushroom hot-bed doctors of our day would only take a leaf out of Dr. French's book and exercise a like discretion in the preparation of their proprietary medicines.

At a century later than Dr. French, was born at Palermo in 1743, perhaps, the greatest charlatan and imposter the world ever saw—the renowned Cagliostro. This wonderful character in his time excited at intervals the admiration and terror of European governments and municipalities. Kings, Princes, and Cardinals delighted to do him honour, and Prime Ministers and Governors prepared *fetes* and banquets especially for his presence and countenance. His tour was one triumphal march, and pæans were sung in every village, hamlet and city through which he passed.

One success rapidly followed upon another, until the great diamond necklace trouble arose, when Cagliostro's fall was as rapid as his rise. In one hour he slipped from the pinnacle of fame and blaze of prosperity to the lowest dungeon of the French bastille. Here he remained for nine weary months, when he was released with his wife and Cardinal de Rohan, and ordered to leave France immediately. He now became a wanderer. Every country suspected him, and so soon as he became known he was dismissed the kingdom. He and his wife went to London, and for two years they lived in Sloane street, Knightsbridge, selling "Egyptian pills at 30s. a dram." Their business, small at first, gradually ripened into a first-class trade. In May, 1787, they turned their backs upon Albion and journeyed about Europe, enduring many indignities and suffering great hardships. In 1789 the Holy Inquisition, which had been watching them sometime, seized the imposters and had them consigned to the Castle of St. Angelo. After months of tiresome trial and examination, the manuscripts of Cagliostro were burned, his wife was confined in a Convent, and he himself immured in the fortress of St. Leo, where he died in 1795, at the age of fifty-two years.

This curious rogue's real name was Joseph Balsamo, and he was a quack in every respect. Carlyle calls him the "quack of quacks." He was by profession healer of all diseases, abolisher of wrinkles, and spirit-summoner. His remedies held high reputation in their day, and commanded extravagant prices. He used to exhibit his wife, a blooming young girl, as an aged dame of sixty, whose marvellous freshness and youth were produced by his famous beautifier of the skin and wrinkle-remover. Courtly dames and cumbrous, fleshy dowagers asthameetically summoned the magician to their relief, and from these customers he always reaped a rich harvest. The Cynic of Ecclefechan thus describes Joseph Balsamo: "A most portentous face of scoundrelism; a fat, snub, abominable face; dew-lapped, flat-nosed, greasy, full of greediness, sensuality, ox-like obstinacy; a forehead impudent, refusing to be ashamed; and then two eyes turned up seraphically languishing, as if in divine contemplation and adoration; a touch of quiz, too; on the whole, perhaps, the most perfect quack-face produced by the eighteenth century."

Hogarth's satire on medical quacks is one of the best of this clever satirist's works. Deeming these Æsculapian humbugs the

best friends of the undertakers, he satirizes them accordingly, and beneath the figures, with professional canes close to their faces, was this device, "The Undertaker's Arms," with the motto inscribed *Et Plurima mortis imago*. This plate is now very rare—but few impressions being taken. Among the characters sketched was one Mrs. Mapp, an Amazonian quack doctress, quite famous in her day, who gained both notoriety and money as a bone-setter—her strength of arm being only equalled, it is said, by her command of language. This woman was frequently called in to see eminent patients by some of the best physicians of her time. Next to her was a cartoon of Chevalier Taylor, the contemporary of Sir William Read, that other great quack, whose fame as an oculist was spread world-wide. Taylor had the reputation of being the man of impudence and effrontery unparalleled in history. He wrote his own memoirs. On Mrs. Mapp's left Hogarth placed Dr. Ward, whose pills, powders and plasters gulled a foolish public and enriched his purse. This corpulent physician had a "claret-stain" on his left cheek, and this beauty spot was often the subject of merriment with his enemies. Sir William Read was a greater fraud than Chevalier Taylor. He couldn't even read, and he employed a poor scholar at a trifle per week to insert in his bills a few scraps of Latin. This made his patients imagine him to be a man of vast learning, and business poured in upon him from all quarters. He rode in a magnificently caparisoned equipage, and drank punch out of a golden bowl. He practised his art in Oxford, the seat of English learning, and in one of his addresses he called upon the Vice Chancellor, University, and the city to vouch for his cures and substantiate his statements. His particular branch was the eye. Blindness fled before him like dew-drops before the morning sun. He numbered among his patrons for ophthalmia King George I. and Queen Anne, and the latter sovereign knighted him and Dr. Hannes. These lines were written at the time, and attracted considerable comment:

"The Queen, like Heav'n, shines equally on all,
 Her favors now without distinction fall;
 Great Read and slender Hannes, both Knighted, show
 That none their honors shall to merit owe,
 That Popish doctrine is exploded quite,
 Or Ralph had been no duke, and Read no knight,
 That none may *virtue* or their *learning* plead,
 This has no *grace*, and that can hardly read."

The Ralph mentioned in the sixth line refers to Ralph, first duke of Montague. A curious picture exists of Read, engraved in a sheet, with thirteen vignettes of persons whose cases he cured. This charlatan died at Rochester, May 24th, 1715. He was originally a tailor or cobbler, the chronicler is not clearly satisfied which.

About the fifteenth century, the seventh son of the seventh son was believed to be endowed with superior qualifications for the medical profession. This unfortunate offspring, with no other recommendation than that, by accident, he was the seventh son of a seventh son, was, as soon as he reached the proper age, forced to learn medicine. And this belief has prevailed since, and is reckoned as one of the moral certainties in the more ignorant localities of Ireland and in Wales. In parts of England this idea has a strong hold on the peasantry, and its principles are acted upon with firmness and sincerity. A seventh son is, of his own free will, able to cure scrofula, or what is known in the *vulgus* as the Evil, by the mere touch of his finger. In Cornwall this disease is cured by the seventh son in this manner. He strokes the part affected thrice gently, blows upon it thrice, repeats a sort of incantation, and finally gives the sufferer a perforated coin or some other object to be worn as an amulet. Even in enlightened Bristol this is a recognized custom, and a few years ago a man was called by the people Doctor, simply because he happened to be a seventh son. In Dublin this form of superstition has a great hold. The people imagine prophetic power is bestowed upon the seventh son as well as the power to heal the sick. In Scotland the seventh daughter is looked upon with awe and reverence, and in a few years this happy being develops into the *spae wife* or fortune-teller, and with the fate or fortune of numberless lads and lasses in her hand, she replenishes her means with *sax pences* and *bawbees* from lovers of both sexes anxious to learn of the future. These instances are merely mentioned as illustrations of another form of quackery, and serve to show the antiquity of the idea which is even now believed in by many of our people, else so many clarivoyants would not do the immense business they now do. Very many respectable people honestly believe in this seventh son and daughter nonsense. Madame Rachel was a correct type of this system of quackery; but her fate will not deter others from pursuing a like avocation. So high a personage as the Earl of

Rochester, in King Charles the Second's time, openly declared his belief in this faith, and a rare pamphlet is extant containing the Earl's speech in its behalf.

As a matter of curiosity we print three valuable receipts from Dr. French's great work, which that gentleman gave to the world in the year of 1667. The first one was a famous spirit which the Doctor himself made out of *Cranium-humanum* and the formula is as follows :

“Take of *Cranium-humanum* as much as you please, break it into small pieces, which put into a glass retort well evated, with a large receiver well luted; then put a strong fire to it by degrees, continuing of it till you see no more fumes come forth; and you shall have a yellowish spirit, a red oyl, and a volatile salt.

“Take this salt and the yellow spirit, and digest them by circulation two or three months in *Balneo*, and thou shalt have a most excellent spirit. This spirit is of affinity with, if not the same as, that famous spirit of *Dr. Goddard's* in *Holborn*. It helps gout, dropsie, infirm stomach, and, indeed, strengthens all weak parts, and openeth all obstructions, and is a kind of panacea.”

That is the animal remedy. The next belongs to the mineral kingdom, and the doctor calls it a “Fragrant Oyl of Mercury.” It is made by taking mercury seven times sublimed, and as often revived, with unslaked lime, as much as you please; dissolve it in spirit of salt, and a moderate heat; then abstract the spirit of salt and edulcorate it very well by boyling it in spirit of vinegar; then abstract the spirit of vinegar, and wash it again with distilled rain-water; then dry it, and digest it two months in a like quantity of the best rectified spirit of wine you can get. Distil them by retort, making your fire moderate at the beginning, afterwards increasing it; then evaporate the spirit of wine in *Balneo*, and there will remain in the bottom a most fragrant oyl of mercury. This oyl so purifies the blood that it cureth all distempers from the impurity thereof. The truth is, they that have this medicine well made need but few other medicines. The dose is four or five drops.

The water of wonderful efficacy, not undeservedly called the Mother of Balsam, takes up the third remedy, and is of the vegetable order. This is, unquestionably, the doctor's *chef d'œuvre*. He says :

Take Turpentine,
 Lignum-Aloes,
 Oblibanum, of each five ounces ;
 Cinnamon,
 Lily-Leaves, of each half an ounce ;
 Pepper-wort,
 Balsam, of each two ounces.

Mix them well together, and distil them according to Art in a gentle fire, and there will come a clear water, good in all diseases wherein the Balsam is usually applied. 1. It takes away the pimples in the face. 2. It takes away all blemishes in the eyes. 3. It comforteth a cold head, and helpeth the memorative faculty. 4. It retardeth grey hairs. 5. It cleareth the spirits. 6. It strengtheneth the digestive faculty. 7. It healeth the nerves. 8. It preventeth the palsie. 9. It expelleth all wind out of the body, and giveth a good favor to the whole body.

When you see no more white and yellow water to ascend the Alembick of Distil, then increase the fire a little, until it leave distilling. This water keep apart, for it is of infinite vertues, which I am not able to comprehend. 1. It purgeth the whole body, and preserveth it from putrefaction, like the true natural Balsam. 2. After a man is dead, it admitteth not of corruption. 3. It cureth Leprosie. 4. It is good in the Epilepsie. 5. It is good in old deafness. 6. It removeth Rhume. 7. It suffereth not grey hairs. 8. It preserveth youth, etc.

When this water has done distilling, then increase the fire, and there will distil a red water. If you put one drop of this water into your hand, it will immediately penetrate it, whereby it sheweth its vertue in contractures. It preserveth a dead body from corruption. It taketh away forgetfulness proceeding from any infirmity, and comforteth the memory. It cureth the crook-back, *if it be rightly applied.*"

These were the three great remedies of Dr. French, genuine cure-alls in their way, and worth in their time very many golden guineas. It is an interesting and amusing study to look over a few of these old medicines once so popular with the people of a past generation or two, and compare them with the "new fangled notions" of our day. In old times it was absolutely necessary that the ingredients in the phials and boxes should taste unplea-

santly; and the virtues contained within were measured by the degree of vileness of flavour which they possessed. It is an innovation of quite recent date, that of making medicines palatable, and while our forefathers struggled with immense doses of calomel and powdered jalap root, we, with more tender stomachs, regale ourselves with effervescing citrates, sweetened with richly-flavoured syrups. We no more indulge in "two bull-dogs and a driver"—black draught and blue pills—but a resinous gum named jalapine is moulded with exquisite precision into a tiny globe, and with a thick coat of sugar, is admitted into the mouth, swallowed, and lo! the desired end is accomplished. We have all the beneficial effects of the mercury, say the medicine men, and none of the injurious results. No one inhales chloroform now, when he can avoid the anguish of a raging headache, by the simple use of hydrate chloral. Though this latter sedative is considerably over-rated, and caution should be exercised in its use.

As the age advanced, and people took a more extended interest in the æsthetical, the help of the engraver was called into requisition, and handsome wrappers, in the highest style of the art, now envelope several of the more popular and best paying of our patent medicines. Thus we find Dr. Doolittle's Cough Syrup, which, a few years ago, was put up in dirty bottles of various sizes, with ill-printed labels giving directions as to how it should be administered, now contained in a handsome symmetrical phial with a gorgeous label, fresh from the lithographic stone, and a beautiful xylographic portrait of the sage and venerable Doolittle himself, discovered in his laboratory compounding his panacea for the relief of all mankind. Well executed views and scenes of forests, glades and glens now surround bottles of Jaundice Bitters and Dyspeptic Drops, while Dr. Oscar's Anti-Bilious Pills and Deobstruent Physic are enclosed in a porcelain box, with a neat wrapper on the outside, printed in gold letters on a mauve ground. The public are ever on the alert for the beautiful, and their medicines must come in good shape or not at all. We live in the days of giant posters, mammoth show cards, and page advertisements; when a man, if he would make money with a quack nostrum, must advertise lavishly, not to say recklessly. He who has the largest purse will win. Fortunes are daily lost and won in the great patent medicine trade. This new branch of commerce has been wonderful in its extension. A short time ago there were a few well-known proprietary articles

which commanded a fair sale; but now they can be counted by the thousand. In obscure districts, in small villages, the patent medicine man manufactures his local remedy, and it has a home popularity and importance, too. Of course the remedies from the great houses and wholesale marts of New York, Boston and Philadelphia have a trade extending all round the world; but these never interfere with the sales of the small trader who travels from house to house with his pony-cart and case of medicines. We remember a man, and though it is ten years since we saw him first, he seems to grow not a whit older, and his clothes become no seedier as time passes away, in a small town in New York State, who carried at that time, and does so still, a black leather carpet bag, smooth with age, on which were lettered in white, "Use Smith's Itch Ointment." And this pale, cadaverous-looking benefactor sauntered along the dusty road, carpet bag in hand, playing, when opportunity offered, the benevolent part of the good Samaritan, at the rate of twenty-five cents a head. We trembled for the locality when we saw him again last year, and inwardly hoped some descendant of the learned Duke of Argyll might come this way, some day, and confer a boon on the people of this peaceful retreat.

Of all the medical humbugs the hair preparations have the widest and most popular sale. Almost fabulous prices have lately been paid by large firms wishing to possess themselves of some fast selling hair renewer. The sum of one hundred thousand dollars was paid down in cash to one firm, to stop making a certain capillary renovator. It happened in this wise. A maker had spent a great deal of money in advertising his preparation, and already his article was selling to advantage. It had beaten all competitors for popular favor, all but one which was steadily pressing on him. Every expedient was resorted to, but with no avail. Both preparations were running neck and neck. The question was which should triumph in the end. One morning a trade of magnitude was made. A hundred thousand dollars changed hands, and both preparations, under different names, are now made by one man, who doesn't care much which has the largest sale. The chief expense in these articles is the wrapper, which is usually of elaborate and chaste design. The fluid is composed for the most part of sugar of lead and sulphur dissolved partly, for there is always a sediment in alcohol. Moustache and whisker

producers are the greatest of all frauds; though the sales of these preparations alone, are quite enormous. They are sold at high retail prices and the demand is, in trade parlance, "lively;" the profit is therefore large.

So long as patent medicines are composed of harmless materials there is really no danger in selling them, but extra precaution must be taken in the purchase of proprietary preparations which have for their base chlorodyne and opium—two dangerous drugs in unskilful hands, and likely to accomplish much mischief when improperly given.

As a source of internal revenue the patent medicine business has been quite lucrative to the government. The tax is four cents on every dollar's worth. In England it is far greater, and it was to escape this tax that Holloway opened an office in New York in 1859 for the manufacture of his pills and ointment. At that time there was no internal revenue tax exacted on American patent medicines. The civil war broke out shortly after Holloway became established, and he then had the melancholy satisfaction of literally jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, for now he had two taxes to pay instead of one. He closed his American house some years ago. The governments of all countries have done their utmost to keep down the sale of proprietary articles, but not successfully. The import duty has been fixed at a large figure, but the sales have in nowise decreased.

One great nuisance in connection with this trade is the unholy crusade the advertiser makes on the natural scenery of the country. No spot is too sacred for the patent medicine advertiser. The "green-robed senators" poor Keats sang of, tell us in mournful numbers that Briggs' Liniment is a cure for pains in the back, while majestic pines sing in the breeze the tidings that Kilnap's Draught is a sure producer of sleep. Fences, rocks, barns, gates, everything on which words can be painted or scratched, and in any way intelligibly seen by the passers by, have some ill-sounding legend, as unhandsome as it is sadly out of place. This is really a crime, this desecration of the beautiful in nature, and is positively not a good way of advertising. It disgusts the better class of the population and should be abolished.

There is considerable amusement in reading over the advertisements of the quacks. Every trick is resorted to to catch the eye

of the reader. Lines are run in in the local department of the papers, and frequently inserted in just the places you don't expect to see them. The reader finds himself commencing a paragraph about some terrible railway accident, only to learn at the conclusion that it is a patent nostrum advertisement ingeniously worded.

DREAMS OF LAUGHING EYES AND GOLDEN HAIR.

I.

A STATELY castle in my dreams I planned,
 Which, in a night, reality became :
 The clouds were fretted by its turrets grand—
 Its flashing windows put the sun to shame :
 Its walls I hung with pictures quaint and rare—
 Its floors with carpets from the East I laid—
 Here, curious books to quell the plaint of care,
 And mail-clad statues peering from the shade :
 There, fauns surrounded, a cool fountain played,
 That lulled the senses with the sounds it made.
 And thou wert queen of all the wide domain—
 Thou of the laughing eyes and golden hair ;
 And Death was dead, and dead the goblin, Pain—
 Life, Love and Joy, thy faithful vassals were.

II.

Again I dreamed. The night was starless, cold—
 Through devious ways with cautious feet I stept—
 I breathed the odor of some charnel old,
 The rain fell down—I thought the heavens wept !
 But on, and on in weariness I crept ;
 My hair grew gray with anguish, and how bled
 My heart within thy grip, oh fiend, Despair !
 For to a tomb by Fate my feet were led,
 And on its brazen door thy name I read—
 Thou of the laughing eyes and golden hair !
 Oh God ! That I had died, my darling, in thy stead !
 For I am weary and of little worth :
 Then, sweetest pillow for this aching head
 Had been thy bosom, oh my Mother Earth !

III.

I dream no more of castle or of tomb,
And thou art sad no longer, billowy Sea!
Upon the hills the May flowers bud and bloom,
And birds make vocal every hedge and tree.
And I rejoice with Nature. Unto me
The throbbing pulse of youth doth Spring restore:
It is enough, oh heart of mine, to be,
And feel as I had thought to feel, no more.
The sunshine falls where shadows lately fell,—
I hear the merry music of thy voice—
And oft, and oft I whisper, It is well,
And in the fullness of my heart rejoice,
That thou my pilgrimage should'st longer share,
Thou of the laughing eyes and golden hair.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

THE WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. ZSCHOKKE.

(Continued.)

ONE who has not slept for forty hours finds every bed soft. In my weariness I soon fell asleep. But I had hardly closed my eyes, when the creaking of the summer-house door awakened me. I sprang up; I saw a man enter, and thought it was a thief. But imagine my astonishment,—it was friend red-coat!

“Where do you come from?” said I.

“From Prague. In half an hour I must set out again. I was determined to keep my word, and to see you and your Fanny as I passed through. I heard from your servant, that you had gone on before, and I expected to find all awake at your house. You do not mean to pass the night here in the cold damp air, and get sick?”

I went out into the garden with him, and quaked in every limb. In my secret heart indeed I laughed at this superstitious fear and yet I could not rid myself of it. Such is human nature. The hard features of my Prague friend appeared by the pale

moonlight even more terrible, and his eyes glittered even more brightly.

“You have really frightened me like a ghost,” said I; “I tremble all over. How came you to seek me in my summer-house? You seem to know every thing.”

He smiled maliciously, and said; “Don’t you now know me, and what I want with you?”

“I don’t know you now any better than I did at Prague. But just for the joke, I will tell you how you appeared to me,—you will not take it amiss—I thought that if you were not a wizard, you must be Satan himself.”

He grinned again, and replied; “What if I were Satan, would you make a bargain with me?”

“You will have to offer me much before I should give my hand upon it. For truly, Mr. Satan—permit me to call you so just in joke—my happiness is complete.”

“Oho! I shall offer you nothing, give you nothing. That was the custom in old times, when people believed in the devil, and so were on their guard against him; then, one had to bribe them. But now-a-days, when no one believes in the devil, and every thing is carried on by reason, the children of men are as cheap as dirt.”

“I hope it is otherwise with me, although I do not believe in Beelzebub. A drachm of reason is worth more to me than a bushel of faith in the devil.”

“Just so?—Your proud security, ye mortals—permit me to speak in the character you have assigned me—your proud security supplies me with more recruits than a legion of recruiting officers in Satan’s uniform. Since you have begun to consider eternity as a problem, and hell as an Eastern fable; since honesty and stupidity have come to be considered as virtues of equal value; since licentiousness is held to be an amiable weakness, selfishness magnanimity, public spirit a folly, and mere trickery prudence, you give the devil no trouble to catch you. You come to me of your own accord. You have reason upon your lips, and the might of a hundred passions in your hearts. The best among you, corrupted creatures, is he who has the least opportunity to sin.”

“This is talking like the devil indeed,” cried I.

“Certainly!” cried the red gentleman, and grinned. “But I speak the truth, because you people do not any longer believe it.

So long as truth was yet sacred among men, Satan must needs be the father of lies. But now the case is reversed. We poor devils are always the antipodes of mankind."

"Then in the present case at least, you are not my opponent; for I think just as you did, my philosophical Mr. Devil."

"Good, then you belong to me already. Let a man give me hold of a single hair, and I will have his whole head; and—but it's cool here—my carriage is, I guess, all ready; I must start. So good-bye."

He went. I accompanied him back to the post-house, where indeed his carriage stood waiting.

"I thought you would come in and drink a parting glass of punch with me, which I ordered before I went after you."

I accepted the invitation. The warm room was very agreeable.

THE TEMPTATION.

The punch was standing on the table when we entered. A stranger was walking, moody and tired, up and down the room. He was a tall, meagre, elderly man. Baggage was lying around on the chairs. I noticed a lady's shawl, and bonnet, and gloves.

As we were drinking together, the stranger said to a servant who brought in some baggage, "Tell my lady, when she comes, that I have gone to bed. We must start early."

I determined not to return to the cool summer-house, but ordered a bed for the night. The stranger retired. The red gentleman and I chatted together, and drank the punch-bowl empty. The brandy warmed and exhilarated me. The Red-coat hastened to his carriage, and as I helped him in, he said, "We shall see each other again." With this the carriage rolled away.

When I went back into the room, there was a lady there, taking away the bonnet and shawl. As she turned towards me, I lost all self-possession. It was Julia! my first love, upon an excursion to Italy, as I afterwards learned. She was no less startled than I.

"For Heaven's sake, Robert, is it your spirit?"

"Julia!" stammered I, and all the rapture of first love awoke in me at this unexpected meeting.

I turned respectfully towards her. Her eyes were full of tears. I drew her to my heart.

"This is not my room," said she, drawing the shawl around her.

"Come, Robert, we have much to say to each other."

She went; I followed her to her room. "Here we can talk freely," said she, and we sat down upon the sofa. How we talked! Once more I lived again in all the fever-tumult of an old love, which I had supposed was long ago extinguished. Julia, unhappy in her marriage, treated me with all her former tenderness. She was more beautiful, more blooming than ever. She found me handsomer, too, as she was pleased to say.

There was a magic, which I cannot describe, in Julia's words, and in her whole manner. All the past rose vividly before me. Our first acquaintance, at her sister's wedding-ball; the emotions which filled us then; our meeting again in the garden of the ducal castle; then the excursion upon the water with our parents; then—but enough.

Suddenly the door opened. The tall, lank man entered, with the question; "Who is this with you, Julia?"

We sprang up terrified. The count stood for a moment speechless, and pale as a corpse. Then, with three steps he strode towards Julia, wound her long chestnut locks around his hand, hurled her, shrieking, to the floor, and dragged her about, exclaiming, "Faithless woman! False wretch!"

I rushed to her aid. He pushed me away with such force, that I tumbled back upon the floor. As I rose to my feet again, he let go the unhappy Julia, and cried out to me: "You'll throttle!" In my desperation, I caught up a knife from the table, and threatened to plunge it into him, if he did not keep still. But the frantic man threw himself upon me, and seized me by the throat. I lost breath, and brandished the knife in all directions. I thrust it repeatedly at him. Suddenly, the unhappy man fell. The knife was in his heart.

Julia lay sobbing on the floor beside her murdered husband. I stood there like a statue. "Oh!" thought I, "were it only a dream, and I lay waking on the sofa in my summer-house! A curse upon the Red-coat! A curse upon the pocket-book!—Oh my poor children! O my dear, unfortunate, innocent Fanny!—upon the very threshold of my domestic paradise here, am I hurled back into a hell, such as I never dreamed of!—I am a murderer!"

The noise in the room had awakened the people in the house. I heard them stirring and calling. Nothing was left to me but flight, to escape discovery. I seized the candle to light myself out of the house.

CONSUMMATION OF HORROR.

As I rushed down the steps, I resolved to hasten to my house, awaken my wife and children, press them once more to my heart, and then, like a second Cain, wander forth in the world a fugitive from justice. But on the stairs I saw that my clothes were sprinkled with blood. I trembled at the thought of being seen.

The street-door was locked. As I turned to escape through the yard, I heard people crying and calling after me from above. I ran across the yard to the barn; I knew that thence I could get out into the gardens and fields outside the town. But my pursuers were close behind me. I had scarcely reached the barn when some one seized me by the coat. With fearful desperation I tore myself away, and hurled the burning candle in a large haystack near by. It suddenly caught fire; so I hoped to save myself. I succeeded. They let me go, their attention being diverted by the fire; I escaped into the open country.

I rushed blindly forward over hedges and hillocks. The idea of seeing my Fanny, and Augustus, and Leopold, was no more to be thought of. The instinct of self-preservation took precedence of every thing else. When I thought of my return home yesterday, and of my expectations of the coming morning, I could not believe what had happened. But my bloody and clotted clothes, and the cool morning air, which chilled me through, convinced me only too truly of the reality. I ran almost breathless until I could run no longer. Had I had any weapon of death about me, or had a stream been near, I should have ceased to live.

Dripping with sweat, and utterly exhausted, with trembling knees, I continued my flight at a slower pace. I was obliged at times to stop, to recover myself. Several times I was on the point of fainting quite away.

Thus I succeeded in reaching the next village. While I stood hesitating whether to go round it or go boldly through it,—for it was bright moonlight, and the sun had not yet risen—the village bells began to ring, and soon I heard bells from more distant quarters. There was a general alarm.

Every stroke harrowed me. I looked round. O Heaven, behind me appeared a dark-red glow, a huge pillar of flame licked the very clouds! The whole town was on fire. I—I was the incendiary!—O my Fanny, O my children, what a horrible awakening has your father prepared for you!

Then it seemed to me as if I were lifted up by the hair, and my feet were light as feathers. I ran, leaping furiously, round the village, to a pine wood. The flames of my home shone like the day, and the moaning alarm-bells rang with heart-rending tones through my distracted soul.

As soon as I had reached the depth of the wood, and had got so far in, that I could no longer see the light of the conflagration, which had hitherto caused my shadow to dance before me like a ghost, I could go no farther. I threw myself on the earth, and cried like a child. I beat my head against the ground, and tore up the grass and roots in my frenzy. I would gladly have died, but knew not how.

A faithless husband, a murderer, and incendiary, all in one short hour! O, the Red-coat was right; there are none innocent among us, except those who lack opportunity to sin. Offer the devil a hair; he has your whole head. What accursed fate led Satan to me in the summer-house. Had I not taken his punch, I should have seen Julia without forgetting Fanny; I should not have murdered the count; I should not have lain here in utter despair, a horror to myself, and cursed of mankind.

In the meantime, the alarm-bells boomed most fearfully, and frightened me to my feet again. I rejoiced that it was not yet day. I could still hope to get a good start without being known. But I sank down again, weeping, when I recollected that it was the first of May, my Fanny's birth-day. How had we always kept the blessed day in the circle of our friends! And to-day! what a day! what a night!—Then it suddenly occurred to me: it is WALPURGIS-NIGHT!—Strange! the old superstition had ever made this night the night of horror, in which bad spirits keep festival, and the Evil One assembles his witches on the top of the Black Mountain. I could almost have believed in the truth of the silly fable. The horrible Red-coat now occurred to me more vividly than ever, with his strange speeches. Now—why should I deny it?—now would I have given my soul, were he really the personage whom he had pretended in jest to be, that he might save me, take from me all memory of the past, and give me my wife and children, in some corner of the earth, where we might spend our days undiscovered.

But the alarm-bells sounded still louder. I discerned the gray of the morning. I sprang from the ground, and continued my flight through the bushes, and came upon the highway.

CAIN.

Here I took breath. All that had happened was so horrible, so sudden,—I could not believe it. I looked around me;—the reflection of the conflagration glowed through the pine-trees. I felt that my clothes and my fingers were all wet with the blood of the count.

“This will betray me to the first that meets me!” thought I, and I tore off my spotted clothes, and hid them in the thick bushes, and washed my hands in the dew on the grass. Thus half-clad, I ran out on the highway.

“What am I now?” said I to myself: “Whoever sees me, will pursue me. Only crazy people, or murderers, run through the woods half-naked; or, I must pretend that I have been robbed. Could I only meet a peasant whom I could overpower, he should furnish me with clothes, so I might disguise myself for a while. I might hide myself in the woods by day, and continue my flight by night. But where get food? where money?” And now I recollected that I had left my pocket-book in my coat, which I had thrown away, and so deprived myself of all my cash.

I stood for a moment undetermined. I thought of turning back to seek my pocket-book. But—the blood of the count! I could not have looked upon that again, had a million of dollars been to be got by it.—And to go back, to have continually before my eyes the light of the conflagration flickering through the pine trees no, the flames of an open hell rather! So I wandered on.

I heard the rattling of a vehicle—perhaps a fire-engine and peasants running to give their aid. Instantly I threw myself into the bushes, whence I could look out. I trembled like an aspen leaf. A handsome open travelling carriage, drawn by two horses, and loaded with baggage, approached. A man sat in it driving. He stopped just before me, got out, and went back a little way to pick up something he had dropped.

“It would help me mightily to get off,” thought I, “were I only in that carriage! my legs are giving out; they will drag me no farther. Clothes, money, swift flight, all now within reach. Heaven certainly means to favour me. I’ll take the hint. I’ll jump in!”

No sooner thought than done. Not a moment was to be lost in consideration. Every man is his own nearest neighbour, and

saves himself first, when he can. Despair and necessity have no law. A leap, and I was out of the bushes into the road, from the road into the carriage; I seized the reins, and turned the horses round, away from my burning home. The man sprang at the horses, and just as I let them feel the whip, he tried to seize them by the bit. He stood right before them. I plied the whip more vigorously.—It was now or never with me. The horses reared and sprung forwards. The owner fell, and lay under the horses' feet. I drove over him. He cried for help. His voice pierced me to the very soul. It was a well-known voice—a beloved voice. I could not believe my ears. I stopped, and leaned out of the carriage to look at the unfortunate man.—I saw him!—But—I shudder to relate it—I saw my brother, who must unexpectedly have finished his business at Prague, or, for some other reason, was on his way home.

I sat there as if struck by lightning, disabled, paralyzed. My poor brother lay moaning under the wheel. Such a thing I had never dreamed of. I dragged myself slowly from the carriage. I sank down beside him. The heavy wheel had gone over his breast. With a low, tremulous voice, I called him by name. He heard me no more; he recognised me no more. It was all over with him. I was the accursed one, who had robbed him of a life as dear to me as my own. Horrible! two murders in the same night! both indeed involuntary—both committed in despair. But they were still committed, and the consequences of the first crime, which I might have avoided.

My eyes were wet, but not with tears of grief over the beloved dead, but tears of frantic rage against my fate, against Heaven. Never in my life had I stained myself with an atrocious crime. I had been alive to all that was beautiful, good, great and true. I had had no sweeter joy than to make others happy. And now, a cursed thoughtlessness—a single unhappy moment of self-forgetfulness—and then this guilty play of accident, or necessity, had made me the most miserable wretch under heaven. O, let no one boast of his virtue, his strength, or his circumspection!—It needs only a minute for a man to thrust aside a little his firmest principles—only a minute, and the pure angel is capable of the greatest crimes. Well for him is it, if fate, more favourable to him than to me, throws no brother in his way, to be run over like mine!

But let the moral go. For him who has not found it out of himself, there is no moral. I will hasten to the end of my unhappy story, than which no poet ever invented any thing more horrible.

REMORSE.

I kissed the pale brow of my brother. I heard voices in the wood. Terrified, I sprang up. Should I let myself be caught over the body of this beloved one, whom I had first intended to rob, and then murdered? Before I could think, I was again in the thickest of the bushes, leaving the corpse, together with the horses and carriage, to their fate. The all-powerful instinct of self-preservation was alone awake in me; every other feeling was dead. In my distraction I rushed through brake and brier; where the bushes were the thickest, and the underwood the most entangled, thither I rushed. "Whoever finds thee," cried I to myself, "will kill thee, thou Cain! thou fratricide!"

Exhausted, I sank down upon a rock in the depth of the wood. The sun had risen without my having noticed it. A new life breathed through all nature. The awful Walpurgis-night lay behind me with my crimes; but its offspring danced like devils in my path. I saw my weeping Fanny, with her orphaned children—I saw the disconsolate family of my unfortunate brother—I saw the scaffold, the last procession, the place of execution.

Life became an intolerable burden to me. "O, that I had let myself be throttled by the count," thought I to myself, "for I deserved it. I was then false to my Fanny and to the vows which I had a thousand times sworn to her.—Or had I only turned about, when the town was burning behind me, I might have kissed wife and children once more, and then flung myself into the flames. I might then have been spared the murder of my brother."

I trembled at life because I trembled at new crimes, which seemed to await me at every step. So much was I shaken by what had occurred, that I felt that to the sinner every breath he draws may bring a sin. I thought of suicide—but for that I wanted means. So I determined to give myself up to justice, and confess all my guilt. Thus I hoped—although indeed under the bitterest circumstances, once more to press to my heart my Fanny, my Leopold, my Augustus, to implore their forgiveness, and then depart into eternity accompanied by their tears. I might yet

make many domestic arrangements, and give my Fanny hints and counsels concerning various things.

These thoughts gave me some satisfaction. I became more quiet. I had given up life, and now the furies of conscience ceased to rage within me since they had obtained what they wished.

I got up, and proceeded I knew not whither. In my distraction and anguish I had forgotten the country through which I had passed. The woods lay thick and dark around me. I longed for the light of the conflagration, which should guide me to my judges. But it was no matter; every step, every road, would lead me to them at last.

After having walked for some time I got out of the forest. I came upon a wild road, and struck instantly into it, caring not whither it might lead.

THE TEMPTER.

I soon heard the neighing of horses before me. I was startled; the love of life awoke in me anew. I thought of fleeing back into the wood. I had been very wicked; I was a criminal of the worst kind—but I might hope still to be happy, could I save myself this time. For I never was a complete villain, although the most thoughtless. So thought I to myself, forgetting all my resolutions, and already in imagination in a remote solitude, where, under a strange name, unknown to the world, I could live with my wife and children. Occupied with these thoughts, I had still gone forward. As the road opened, I saw right before me horses standing, a carriage upset with a broken wheel, and to my horror, or to my delight, standing near—the well-known Red-coat.

When he saw me, he grinned after his usual fashion: “Welcome here!” said he. “Did I not tell you that we should find each other again?—I have been waiting all night; my coachman has gone back to the town for help, and has not returned.”

“His help is wanted more there than here,” said I; “the whole town is on fire.”

“I thought so,” returned he, “for I saw the light in the sky. But what do you want in the wood? What are you seeking here? Why are you not helping to extinguish the fire?”

“I have quite other fires to extinguish,” said I.

“I thought so; didn’t I tell you so?”

“O save me! I have become a wretched criminal, a faithless

husband, a murderer, an incendiary, a highway robber, and a fratricide, all since the moment you left me; all within three hours. And yet I swear to you, I am not a wicked man."

The Red-coat stamped on the ground with his club-foot as I said this, apparently in high displeasure. But his features remained hard and stern. He made me no answer. I then related to him the unprecedented history of the night. He kept quiet.

"Do you not now know who I am, and what I want of you?"

"My soul! my soul!" shrieked I; "for now indeed I begin to believe that you are the person whom in jest I took you to be in Prague."

"And that person was—"

"Satan."

"Then fall down and worship me!" bellowed he, in a horrible voice.

I fell upon my knees before him like a crazy man, raised my clasped hands, and cried: "Save me!—Save my wife and my children from destruction! They are innocent. Carry us to some desert, where we may have bread and water, and a cave to live in. We shall be as happy there as in a paradise. But blot this Walpurgis-night from my memory, or else paradise itself would be a hell. If you cannot do that, it were better for me to atone for my crimes on the scaffold." As I said this he raised his club-foot, and pushed me contemptuously with it, so that I fell backwards to the earth. I sprang up. I was about to repeat my entreaties, but he interrupted me: "There commend me," said he, "to your pious, tender-hearted man! Look at the proud mortal in the majesty of his reason! look at the philosopher, who denies the devil, and brings eternity itself into learned doubt! he crowns his crimes with the worship of Satan."

"Now I know thee, Satan," cried I raving; "I see now, that not a touch of the sympathy which dwells in the human heart, has a place in your iron breast. I want no sympathy from thee. Thou feelest nothing but malicious scorn. I would have purchased thy favour, purchased it with my soul. But my soul will do better. It will find the way to repentance and mercy. It will escape you yet, and when you fancy yourself most sure of it."

Scowling grimly, he replied: "No, sir, I am not the devil, as you suppose. I am a man like you. You have been a criminal; now you are a madman. But he who has once broken with his

better faith, is soon done with reason too. I despise you. Truly, I would not help you if I could. I do not want your soul. It is all ripe for hell, and Satan need not offer a brass farthing for it."

HOPE.

For a few moments I stood before him doubtful and embarrassed. Shame and rage, remorse and a readiness for any crime that could save me, for the moment struggled within me. I cannot describe what I felt; for the history of that single moment would grow into a volume under my pen, and yet I could not do it justice.

"If you are not he for whom I take you," said I at last, "I cannot help wishing you were he. Save me, or I am lost. Save me, for you alone are to blame for my horrible fate."

"That's the way with man," said he, grinning; "he always makes himself out perfectly innocent, even when stained with a brother's blood."

"Yes; you, sir, were the first cause of all my terrible sufferings. Why did you come in the night to my summer-house, where I was sleeping harmless and quiet, awaiting the break of day? Had you not awakened me, all this never would have happened."

"But did I awake you to conjugal infidelity and to arson? That's just the way with man. When he has assassinated some thousands, he would lay all the blame on the miner, who has dug the steel out of the earth. Your breath, sir, is the cause of your crimes, because if you could not breathe, you never would have committed them, but without breath you could have had no life."

"But why did you play the part of the devil with me in the garden, and say so significantly, that whoever lets the devil have hold of a hair—it will be the string by which he will get his whole head."

"True that! Did I tell you a lie? Who can testify more fearfully to that truth than yourself? Have I asked a hair of you? or did you offer it to me?—But, sir, when you saw Julia, your first love, you ought to have remembered Fanny. You trusted too much to your virtue, or rather you did not think of virtue at all. Religion and virtue would have told you, flee home to the summer-house. Sir, the instant temptation appears, man must take care how he permits himself in the slightest thought that favours sin; for the first little thought of evil, which one allows himself to entertain, is the aforesaid hair in the claw of the devil."

“Right, oh, right! but could I have foreseen that?”

“To be sure you could.”

“It was impossible. Think only of the horrible coincidence of circumstances?”

“Of that, as a possibility, you ought to have thought. Could you not have thought of the count, when you held his wife in your arms? of the conflagration, when you threw the candle into the hay? of fratricide, when you drove the horses over the body of their owner?—for whether he or another, every man is your brother.”

“Too true! But drive me not to greater despair. You must, at least, grant that the first fault might have happened without all the other horrors, if there had not been the most terrible combination of circumstances.”

“You are mistaken! What was there so terrible in the count’s coming to his wife? What was there so very terrible in there being hay in the barn, as in all other barns? What so strange in your brother’s happening to pass that way? No, sir; what you call a horrible coincidence, might have been for you, had you kept in the right path, most happy. The world is good; it is the mind that turns it into a hell. It is man that first makes the dagger and the poison, which else would have been the peaceful ploughshare or the healing medicine. Do not pretend to vindicate yourself.”

Here I could not help crying out in utter despair, when I saw the full extent of my enormities: “O,” cried I, “up to this night I have been innocent; a good father, a faithful husband, without reproach—now I am without rest, without honour, without consolation!”

“No, sir; there, too, I must contradict you. You have not become what you are in one night, but you became it long ago. One cannot change from an angel to a devil in an hour, unless he possesses already every disposition to become a devil. Opportunity only is wanting for the inner man to become the outer. You only needed to see Julia alone. The fire sleeps in the steel and flint, although we see it not—strike them together and the sparks fly. The spark falls into a powder-cask near by, and half a city, with all its prosperity, is thrown into the sky. Commend me to your pious people who attend the poor sinner to the gallows!—that many more do not hang there, is merely the favour of fortune.”

“That’s a comfort. So, then, if you speak the truth, the world is no better than I or you as to that matter?”

“No, sir. There, once more, you are mistaken. I grant you half the world, not the whole. I do yet believe in virtue and principle, although you have never really believed in them with all your supposed exaltation of mind. But half the world, yes! and especially in our days, when the ruling spirit is love of ease, selfishness, and cowardly hypocrisy. That is your spirit, too. And that is the reason why you stand here now as a criminal.”

“You may be right; but I am no better nor worse than any other man in these times.”

“What you are, that the world appears to you to be. We never see the outward in ourselves, but ourselves in the outward. All out of us is only a looking-glass.”

“For God’s sake, sir!” cried I, beside myself, “save me, for time flies. If I have been bad, I can become better.”

“Certainly. Need brings strength.”

“Save me, and my wife and children! I can be better; I will be better, for I now see with horror of what crimes I was capable; crimes, which I never could have believed that I could commit.”

“It may be. But you are a weakling. Weakness is the foster-nurse of all wickedness. I will save you, if you can save yourself. Do you know me now, and what I want of you?”

“You are an angel! my guardian spirit.”

“I did not then appear to you in vain in the summer-house, before the perpetration of all these enormities. But courage! Whoever has faith and spirit for the divine, retains every thing.”

To be continued.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
 That never has known the Barber’s shear,
 All your wish is woman to win,
 This is the way that boys begin,—
 Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer ;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes,—
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are grey,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was pass'd away ?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years syne !
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine. THACKERAY.

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH.

THE "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avator and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body and especially upon the face of the victim, were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of

his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress and termination of the disease, were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress or egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was towards the close of the fifth or six month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different, as might have been expected from the duke's love of the *bizarre*. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass, whose colour varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly

blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange—the fifth with white—the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But in this chamber only the colour of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep blood colour. Now, in no one of the seven apartments, was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro, or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite, there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire, that projected its rays through the tinted glass, and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the fire-light that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes, was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered, that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also that there stood against the western wall, a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute-hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical; but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to harken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own

nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes, (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies,) there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the duke were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colours and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric lustre. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great *fête*; and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm—much of what has been since seen in “Hernani.” There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There were much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the *bizarre*, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these—the dreams—writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven, there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away; and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-coloured panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery

appals; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gaieties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who revelled. And thus, too, it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumour of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms, such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revellers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—

and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its *rôle*, stalked to and fro among the waltzers) he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

“Who dares?” he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him—“who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise from the battlements!”

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly—for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who, at the moment, was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the prince's person; and, while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centres of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple—through the purple to the green—through the green to the orange—through this again to the white—and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted

his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revellers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect, and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave ceremonies and corpse-like mask which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

E. A. POE.

AFTER YEARS OF WAITING.

“I SHALL see you to-night, Mrs. Kathlane!”

“At the Grangers! Yes I shall be there. I hope it won’t be a crush.”

“Why? I rather like a crush.”

“Oh. A crush makes me feel vicious.”

Rupert Thornbury smiled as he looked down at the speaker. Something had evidently put her out. “Are you often viciously disposed, Mrs. Kathlane? It is news to me.”

“I wish you would not call me that, Rupert. Mrs. Kathlane! You do it on purpose, and I don’t like it.”

The last words were spoken like a petulant child; and there was a cloud on the face which looked up for a moment from the soft vividly colored wools which the white and slender fingers were knitting into some incomprehensible “fancy-work.” A very beautiful face it was, and a very beautiful woman was little Mrs. Kathlane; and no one in the wide world was more thoroughly convinced of that fact than Rupert Thornbury.

She was slight and small in figure—girlish looking still, despite her four and twenty years. No other woman would have dared,

with her complexion, to wear the colours which she did, often in defiance of ordinary rules. She wore, this morning, a deep, royal purple dress, with purple bands in her dark hair, and looked, as no other woman could have looked—charming. Her hair drooped over her forehead in lustrous waves, and was marvellous in its perfect form and brilliant colouring; and her great dark eyes, with their long lashes, were enough of themselves to turn an ordinary man's head.

"I don't like it," she said again, glancing at her companion, who was abstractedly tangling the bright wools, apparently lost in thought, "and I shall be seriously angry with you if you persist in being so formal. For it is formal, after you have known me since I was a little child, to speak as though we were strangers."

"I'll not call you so again, Millicent. Only——" Mr. Thornbury paused.

"Only what?" returned the imperious little lady, giving him another searching glance.

"Things have changed a great deal since you were a child, Millicent. You are a woman now, wealthy, courted, flattered; and I—but it is no good talking of these things. I must be going. Will you promise me the first waltz to-night?"

"Certainly. I hope you appreciate my kindness. I waltz very rarely, you know."

"I do appreciate it: and now I must go down to that 'stupid old office,' as you call it, and make up for lost time. Good-morning, Millicent—don't forget your promise," and then he was gone. Gone, and unconscious, as he walked swiftly down the street, that when she turned back to her work, a soft sigh fluttered from her beautiful lips, and a shadow clouded her face.

He had known her, as she said, since she was a little child; and he, a strong, rude lad, had loved the flower-faced little Millicent dearly; and when, at the age of eighteen, he had been sent away from his home to qualify himself to play a part in the work of life, it was with a secret determination to return after years had passed, and claim her. Although she was a child not a dozen years old, she had taken the warmest place in his warm heart for her own.

Years passed by, and Rupert Thornbury worked hard and well, but the fortune he so ardently wished for never came. He was an honourable man; and crushing his own heart back, he took his father's burdens on his strong, young shoulders, and bore them

bravely. Only once he faltered, and that was when, after scarcely six years had passed since he first went out into the world, news came to him that Millicent, his "little Milly," was married. It was her father's wish, the gossips said. Mr. Kathlane, the suitor, was immensely wealthy, and having been fascinated by Millicent's beauty, her parents had used all their influence with her; and the end was, she married. Millicent, now Mrs. Kathlane, went away to her husband's home; and Rupert Thornbury wearily went on with his dull, distasteful labour, with not even the old boyish dream to lighten his task.

Six years more passed slowly by, making many changes in the affairs of both. Mr. Kathlane died suddenly after two or three years of married life, and Millicent went abroad with some friends.

She had been back nearly a year now, and had settled down to a town life. During this period the old childish friendship for Rupert Thornbury had been warmly renewed; and Rupert had discovered that, charming as she was in her childhood and girlhood, now that she was a woman she was infinitely more so.

During this year, life had grown a great deal brighter to Mr. Thornbury; he was prospering, slowly and steadily, and had gained many friends. Anxious mammas looked upon him with favour, and many bright eyes gave him bewitching glances; hitherto in vain. His whole heart—and he knew it—was still with Millicent Kathlane: but her marriage had raised her, both as to wealth and position, so far above himself, that he did not, except at some fond, delusive moment, dare to aspire to her. He was only a city man, plodding on in his close city office with his three or four clerks under him.

"How beautiful she is!" he thought, as he walked away from the house. "Just the same little Milly at heart, too, as in the dear old days. And her glances—oh, if I might dare to believe in them!—seem as true to me as they were then. But what would the world say?"

That night saw him at Mrs. Granger's: a fashionable woman with some fashionable daughters, one of whom, Cornelia, had made a dead set at Mr. Thornbury. He stood in the lighted rooms, watching eagerly for Millicent: but it was not until very late that she arrived. As she came down the long rooms—moving as easily and gracefully as though she had been, from earliest childhood, accustomed to reign in society—a murmur of admiration followed her.

She was dressed in a trailing robe of pale, silvery blue, with an over-dress of soft, white lace; her beautiful neck and arms were bare, save for their ornaments of fretted gold; her face was untouched by paint or powder, and her vivid colouring made her beauty seem almost unearthly as compared with some of the inane faces around her. Her black hair, elaborately dressed, was fastened here and there with drooping sprays of scarlet flowers, and at her bosom, looping her over-dress, and in her jewelled *bouquetiere*, the scarlet buds glowed and burned.

"Is she not lovely?" That was a question which every one felt could be answered but in the affirmative. And many an envious heart was hidden under the smiling faces which greeted her.

"There is Mrs. Kathlane, Mr. Thornbury," said Cornelia Granger, a tall, pale, ill-natured girl, to whom Rupert had been saying civil nothings for the last few minutes, and who was furiously jealous of Mrs. Kathlane in her heart of hearts. "You gentlemen are wild about her, I believe. Red and blue—what excruciating taste! I wonder her maid does not teach her better."

"Every one has not your critical eyes, Miss Granger, said Rupert, laughing. "I thought her dress charming."

"Of course." Miss Cornelia was not an amiable girl, as we have said, and at that moment her temper was pinching her rather sourly. "Perhaps you make one of those who are wild over her, Mr. Thornbury?"

"It would be of no use to me, I expect, if I were," replied Rupert, in his candour.

"Well, I suppose not—as she is so soon to be married again."

"Married again!" he uttered.

"So report runs," said Miss Granger, toying with her fan.

"To whom? I had not heard of it."

"To Mr. Worthington: a cousin of her late husband, you know."

"I know him," cried Rupert, feeling he knew not how. "Dick Worthington's not worthy of *her*. It would be desecration."

"She may not think so. It is said there was a great deal of intimacy before Mr. Kathlane died. She married him simply for his money—that's well known—and the handsome cousin used to be a frequent visitor. There was a deal of gossip about it at the time, and—but there's Dick Worthington now. Look how her colour rises when she speaks to him."

"Are you quite certain your information is correct, Miss Granger?"

The pale eyes glanced at him again, and then looked away.

“About the engagement? Quite sure, Mr. Thornbury. At least, the world is sure of it. I am neither more nor less wise than it.”

Mr. Thornbury did not change colour at the news, or seem, in reality, to feel much surprise; he stood laughing and chatting with the young lady for a few minutes on different subjects, and then, excusing himself, sauntered across the room to where Mrs. Kathlane sat, surrounded by an admiring group, of whom Richard Worthington was one.

“It is my waltz,” said Mr. Thornbury, as she looked up, and greeted him with one of her brightest smiles. “Or are you too tired?”

“Tired?” She laughed a little silvery laugh as she rose. “I am never tired of dancing. Richard, I will leave my flowers and fan with you as a hostage.”

It was nothing, this leaving with him her fan and flowers—it was like a thousand other little coquettish ways which she had—but Rupert thinking—oh! so bitterly—of what had just been told him, fancied that he saw something deeper than her usual light coquetry in the glance she gave the handsome young fellow, and groaned in spirit. It seemed a full confirmation of what he had heard.

“One, two, three. One, two, three. You are shockingly out of step, Rupert!” said she, after the first turn. “What is the matter? You look as stern as if you had seen a ghost.”

“I have,” he said, almost grimly—“the ghost of a dead hope;” and she, half-frightened at his tone, looked up at him questioningly. But in another moment he smiled back at her, and she was reassured.

“Don’t talk nonsense, Rupert. There! you are dancing beautifully now. What were you and that odious Cornelia Granger talking about so long?”

“Odious do you call her?”

“Well, I do, Rupert. I think her so; she has not a spark of good feeling in her. Don’t you go and tell, now.”

“Do you think she is truthful, Millicent?”

“No, I don’t. Take care!”

They whirled lightly through the dance, Rupert almost startling Millicent by his unwonted gaiety, laughing and chatting like any

one but his grave self; and she, the colour deepening in her cheeks, the light in her eyes growing momentarily brighter, looked like a veritable "dance-sprite," so airily did she float through the rooms.

"How beautifully they waltz!" Even Cornelia Granger involuntarily spoke in admiration, and a slender youth near her gave it as his opinion that "Thistledown couldn't be lighter than Mrs. Kathlane in a waltz."

"Are you tired?" said Rupert, looking down at the beautiful face; and Millicent, for answer, said she could keep on forever. And so they danced on and on, until Rupert saw the bright colour fading away, and the sensitive mouth beginning to droop a little at the corners.

"You *are* tired," he said, and then, before she could answer, he whirled her through the low, open window into the cool, fresh air on the balcony.

"Thanks," she said. "I believe I was a little faint. Will you get my cloak?" And then, until her cloak came, she sat quiet, like a tired child, with her head resting wearily on the railing.

"The next dance but one is Richard's," she said, as he wrapped the soft, white cloak around her tenderly. "I must not slight him. But we will stay out here until then, unless you wish to go back—in which case I will not keep you with me."

"I shall not dance again to-night," he answered, "unless it is with you."

"I am engaged for every one of them, I am afraid. I could have been engaged three or four times over," she added, laughing. "I am sorry, Rupert, but—"

"No matter," he interrupted her, almost rudely. "I must get used to it, I suppose." He was standing before her, looking down at her, and she, in her pretty, imperious way, laid her hand on his arm.

"You are cross to-night," she said. "Sit here beside me, and tell me what it is that troubles you."

He hesitated a moment; and then, with a reckless determination to disclose everything, and afterwards leave her for ever, he told her the story of his long love for her. Told her in a fierce, hard way, which almost frightened her, and yet made her reverence and admire him more, perhaps, than she had done before.

"I have loved you, Millicent. I love you now, more than you can imagine, and I have not told you because—because you are so far removed from me in every way. I feared you would think me mercenary. I feared—Oh, Millicent! Heaven only knows how I have loved you; how I have longed to tell you, and yet I have not had the courage. Now it is too late, either for harm or good. I shall pray for your happiness always with the man whom you have chosen."

"What do you mean, Rupert?"

The profound wonder in her voice made him hesitate. "I have heard of your engagement to Mr. Worthington."

"Who has told you *that*?" she asked. But in the same moment Richard Worthington stepped through the low window, and came toward them.

"I have been searching for you everywhere," he said laughing in his boyish, good-natured way. "It's my dance, most respected cousin Millicent." And she was forced to go without another word to the man beside her.

"Have you and Mr. Thornbury been quarrelling?" said Richard; who, to do him justice, was entirely innocent of any thought of Mrs. Kathlane, or of anybody else, as a wife. "He looked black as a thunder-cloud, and you are pale."

"I was a little faint after the waltz," she answered. "Don't tease me Dick;" and so Richard desisted from his inquiries.

Meanwhile Rupert Thornbury, left alone with only his own thoughts for company, sat as utterly and entirely wretched as a man can feel but once in his lifetime. Inside the rooms the music kept untiringly on; the gay dancers floated past the windows; every face was bright with smiles. Outside here, in the darkness, a man sat alone, struggling bravely to lift his cross and bear it uncomplainingly.

How long he sat there he knew not, but at last he roused himself, and rose to his feet. "I must go back," he said. "Cornelia Granger will have a delicate bit of gossip if she sees me here."

So he went in and showed himself, and said a few words to Miss Granger, and strolled about he knew not whither, talking to one, talking to another; and presently found himself up stairs near the library.

The library door was ajar, and as he entered, a little figure all in silvery blue and soft white lace, with scarlet buds glowing and

burning here and there, turned and advanced a step toward him. There were tears in the great black eyes, and the red lips were trembling like a grieved child's.

"Was it untrue, Millicent?"

"Every word of it. Dick, indeed! Oh, Rupert!"

He clasped her hands almost rudely.

"You are not engaged?"

Only a look answered him. He caught her to him, pouring forth all the sweet love-vows that he had sensitively refrained from before: and Millicent whispered that she never should be engaged, unless it was to him.

A pity but Miss Cornelia Granger had chanced to look into the library.

After waiting so many years!—*The Argosy.*

THE MAIDEN QUEEN.

IT was under Elizabeth that Whitehall shone out in all its romantic splendour. It was no longer the splendour of Wolsey alone, nor of Henry alone, or with a great name by his side now and then; but of a Queen, surrounded and worshipped through a long reign by a galaxy of the brightest minds and most chivalrous persons ever assembled in English history.

Here she comes, turning round the corner from the Strand, under a canopy of state, leaving the noisier, huzzaing multitude behind the barriers that mark the precincts of the palace, and bending her eyes hither and thither, in acknowledgment of the kneeling obeisances of the courtiers. Beside her are Cecil and Knolles, and Northampton, and Bacon's father; or, later in life, Leicester, and Burleigh, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Greville, and Sir Francis Drake (and Spenser is looking on); or, later still, Essex, and Raleigh, and Bacon himself, and Southampton, Shakspeare's friend, with Shakspeare among the spectators. We shall see her by and by, at that period, as brought to life to us in the description of Heutzner the traveller. At present (as we have her at this moment in our eye) she is younger, of a large and tall, but well-made figure, with fine eyes, and finer hands, which she is fond of displaying. We are too apt to think of Elizabeth as thin

and elderly, and patched up; but for a good period of her life she was plump and personable, warranting the history of the robust romps of the Lord Admiral, Seymour; and till her latter days (and even then, as far as her powers went), we are always to fancy her at once spirited and stately of carriage, impulsive (except on occasions of ordinary ceremony), and ready to manifest her emotions in look and voice, whether as woman or Queen; in a word, a sort of Henry the Eighth corrected by a female nature and a better understanding—or perhaps an Anne Bullen, enlarged, and made less feminine, by the father's grossness. The Protestants have represented her as too staid, and the Catholics as too violent and sensual. According to the latter, Whitehall was a mere sink of iniquity. It was not likely to be so, for many reasons; but neither, on the other hand, do we take it to have been anything like the pattern of self-denial which some fond writers have supposed. Where there is power, and leisure, and luxury, though of the most legitimate kind, and refinement, though of the most intellectual, self-denial on the side of enjoyment is not apt to be the reigning philosophy; nor would it reasonably be looked for in any court, at all living in wealth and splendour.

Imagine the sensations of Elizabeth, when she first set down in the palace at Whitehall, after escaping the perils of imputed illegitimacy, of confinement for party's sake and for religion's, and all the other terrors of her father's reign and of Mary's, danger of death itself not excepted. She was a young Queen of twenty-five years of age, healthy, sprightly, good-looking, with plenty of will, power, and imagination; and the gallantest spirits of the age were at her feet. How pitiable, and how respectable, become almost all sovereigns, when we consider them as human beings put in possession of almost superhuman power; and when we reflect in general how they have been brought up, and what a provocative to abuse at all events becomes the possession of a throne! We in general spoil them first;—we always tempt them to take every advantage, by worshipping them as if they were different creatures from ourselves;—and then we are astonished that they should take us at our word. How much better would it be to be astonished at the likeness they retain to us, even in the kindlier part of our weaknesses.

By a very natural process, considering the great and chivalrous men of that day, Elizabeth became at once one of the greatest of

Queens and one of the most flattered and vain of women. Nor were the courtiers so entirely insincere as they are supposed to have been, when they worshipped her as they did, and gave her credit for all the beauty and virtue under heaven. On the contrary, the power to benefit them went hand-in-hand with their self-love to give them a sincere though extravagant notion of their mistress; and the romantic turn of the age and its literature, its exploits, its poetry, all conspired to warm and sanction the enthusiasm on both sides, and to blind the admiration to those little outward defects, and inward defects too, which love at all periods is famous for overlooking—nay, for converting into noble grounds of denial, and of subjection to a sentiment. Thus Elizabeth's hook nose, her red hair, nay, her very age and crookedness at last, did not stand in the way of raptures at her "beauty" and "divine perfections," any more than a flaw in the casket that held a jewel. The spirit of love and beauty was there; the appreciation of the soul of both; the glory of exciting, and of giving, the glorification;—and all the rest was a trifle, an accident, a mortal show of things, which no gentleman and lady can help. The Queen might even swear a good round oath or so occasionally; and what did it signify? It was a pleasant ebullition of the authority which is above taxation; the Queen swore, and not the woman; or if the woman did, it was only an excess of feeling proper to balance the account, and to bring her royalty down to a level with good hearty human nature.

It has been said, that as Elizabeth advanced in life, the courtiers dropped the mention of her beauty; but this is a mistake. They were more sparing in the mention of it, but when they spoke they were conscious that the matter was not to be minced. When her Majesty was in her sixty-second year, the famous Earl of Essex gave her an entertainment, in the course of which she was complimented on her "*beauty*" and "*dazzling outside*," in speeches written for the occasion by Lord, then "Mr. Francis, Bacon." Sir John Davies, another lawyer, who was not born till she was near forty, and could not have written his acrostical "Hymns" upon her till she was elderly, celebrates her as awakening "thoughts of young love," and being "beauty's rose indeed;" and it is well known that she was at a reverend time of life when Sir Walter Raleigh wrote upon her like a despairing lover, calling her "Venus" and "Diana," and saying he could not exist out of her presence.

LEIGH HUNT.

FLORENCE LEE.

OH! the winter-winds are sighing
 Over mount and valley low,
 As the Old Year lies a-dying
 On his pallid bed of snow;
 And I hear the distant ringing
 Of St. Catherine's convent-bell,
 And the nuns as they go singing,
 Chanting slowly, "All is well!"
 "All is well!" I mutter mildly;
 "All is well!" but not to me;
 For I loved thee, Oh! too wildly,
 Earth-lost angel, Florence Lee!

Such a night of last December,
 On the last day of the year,
 Sat we then beside the embers,
 Whispering to each other cheer.
 As we welcomed the new-comer,
 Little thought we of the dearth
 Which the bright, long-looked-for summer
 Made around the homestead hearth;
 Little thought we that the roses
 Thou wouldst never live to see;
 For the cold earth now reposes
 On thy breast, dear Florence Lee!

Through the long, long summer-hours
 Angel-hands upon thy grave
 Planted fair and beauteous flowers,
 For the soft south wind to wave:
 Where the dew-drops of the even
 Sparkled in the morning sun,
 As the stars in yonder heaven
 When the gaudy day is done:
 But the winds of autumn sadly
 Wailed along the sunny lea,
 Scattering all the leaflets madly
 O'er thy tomb, fair Florence Lee!

Oh! the winter-winds are sighing
 Over mount and valley low,
 As the Old Year lies a-dying
 On his pallid bed of snow :
 And I hear the distant ringing
 Of Saint Catherine's convent-bell,
 And the nuns as they go singing,
 Chanting slowly, "All is well!"
 "All is well!" I mutter mildly ;
 "All is well!" but not to me ;
 For I loved thee, oh! too wildly,
 Love-lost angel, Florence Lee!

THE LILY'S QUEST.

AN APOLOGUE.

TWO lovers, once upon a time, had planned a little summer-house, in the form of an antique temple, which it was their purpose to consecrate to all manner of refined and innocent enjoyments. There they would hold pleasant intercourse with one another, and the circle of their familiar friends; there they would give festivals of delicious fruit; there they would hear lightsome music, intermingled with the strains of pathos which make joy more sweet; there they would read poetry and fiction, and permit their own minds to flit away in day dreams and romance; there, in short—for why should we shape out the vague sunshine of their hopes?—there all pure delights were to cluster like roses among the pillars of the edifice, and blossom ever new and spontaneously. So, one breezy and cloudless afternoon, Adam Forrester and Lilius Fay set out upon a ramble over the wide estate which they were to possess together, seeking a proper site for their Temple of Happiness. They were themselves a fair and happy spectacle, fit priest and priestess for such a shrine; although, making poetry of the pretty name of Lilius, Adam Forrester was wont to call her LILY, because her form was as fragile and her cheek almost as pale.

As they passed, hand in hand, down the avenue of drooping elms, that led from the portal of Lilius Fay's paternal mansion-

they seemed to glance like winged creatures through the strips of sunshine, and to scatter brightness where the deep shadows fell. But, setting forth at the same time with this youthful pair, there was a dismal figure, wrapt in a black velvet cloak that might have been made of a coffin-pall, and with a sombre hat, such as mourners wear, drooping its broad brim over his heavy brows. Glancing behind them, the lovers well knew who it was that followed, but wished from their hearts that he had been elsewhere, as being a companion so strangely unsuited to their joyous errand. It was a near relative of Lilius Fay, an old man by the name of Walter Gascoigne, who had long laboured under the burthen of a melancholy spirit, which was sometimes maddened into absolute insanity, and always had a tinge of it. What a contrast between the young pilgrims of bliss, and their unbidden associate! They looked as if moulded of Heaven's sunshine, and he of earth's gloomiest shade; they fitted along like Hope and Joy, roaming hand in hand through life; while his darksome figure stalked behind, a type of all the woful influences which life could fling upon them. But the three had not gone far, when they reached a spot that pleased the gentle Lily, and she paused.

"What sweeter place shall we find than this?" said she. "Why should we seek further for the site of our Temple?"

It was indeed a delightful spot of earth, though undistinguished by any very prominent beauties, being merely a nook in the shelter of a hill, with the prospect of a distant lake in one direction, and of a church spire in another. There were vistas and pathways, leading onward and onward into the green woodlands, and vanishing away in the glimmering shade. The Temple, if erected here, would look towards the west: so that the lovers could shape all sorts of magnificent dreams out of the purple, violet, and gold of the sunset sky; and few of their anticipated pleasures were dearer than this sport of fantasy.

"Yes," said Adam Forrester, "we might seek all day, and find no lovelier spot. We will build our Temple here."

But their sad old companion, who had taken his stand on the very site which they proposed to cover with a marble floor, shook his head and frowned; and the young man and the Lily deemed it almost enough to blight the spot, and desecrate it for their airy Temple, that his dismal figure had thrown its shadow there. He pointed to some scattered stones, the remnants of a former

structure, and flowers such as young girls delight to nurse in their gardens, but which had now relapsed into the wild simplicity of nature.

"Not here!" cried old Walter Gascoigne. "Here, long ago, other mortals built their Temple of Happiness. Seek another site for yours!"

"What!" exclaimed Lilius Fay. "Have any ever planned such a Temple, save ourselves?"

"Poor child!" said her gloomy kinsman. "In one shape or other, every mortal has dreamed your dream."

Then he told the lovers, how—not, indeed, an antique Temple—but a dwelling had once stood there, and that a dark-clad guest had dwelt among its inmates, sitting for ever at the fireside, and poisoning all their household mirth. Under this type, Adam Forrester and Lilius saw that the old man spake of Sorrow. He told of nothing that might not be recorded in the history of almost every household; and yet his hearers felt as if no sunshine ought to fall upon a spot, where human grief had left so deep a stain; or, at least, that no joyous Temple should be built there.

"This is very sad," said the Lily, sighing.

"Well, there are lovelier spots than this," said Adam Forrester, soothingly—"spots which sorrow has not blighted."

So they hastened away, and the melancholy Gascoigne followed them, looking as if he had gathered up all the gloom of the deserted spot, and was bearing it as a burthen of inestimable treasure. But still they rambled on, and soon found themselves in a rocky dell, through the midst of which ran a streamlet, with ripple, and foam, and a continual voice of inarticulate joy. It was a wild retreat, walled on either side with gray precipices, which would have frowned somewhat too sternly, had not a profusion of green shrubbery rooted itself into their crevices, and wreathed gladsome foliage around their solemn brows. But the chief joy of the dell was in the little stream, which seemed like the presence of a blissful child, with nothing earthly to do, save to babble merrily and disport itself, and make every living soul its playfellow, and throw the sunny gleams of its spirit upon all.

"Here, here is the spot!" cried the two lovers with one voice, as they reached a level space on the brink of a small cascade. "This glen was made on-purpose for our Temple!"

"And the glad song of the brook will be always in our ears," said Lilius Fay.

"And its long melody shall sing the bliss of our lifetime," said Adam Forrester.

"Ye must build no Temple here!" murmured their dismal companion.

And there again was the old lunatic, standing just on the spot where they meant to rear their lightsome dome, and looking like the embodied symbol of some great woe, that, in forgotten days, had happened there. And, alas! there had been woe, nor that alone. A young man, more than a hundred years before, had lured hither a girl that loved him, and on this spot had murdered her, and washed his bloody hands in the stream which sang so merrily. And ever since, the victim's death shrieks were often heard to echo between the cliffs.

"And see!" cried old Gascoigne, "is the stream yet pure from the stain of the murderer's hands?"

"Methinks it has a tinge of blood," faintly answered the Lily; and being as slight as the gossamer, she trembled and clung to her lover's arm, whispering, "let us flee from this dreadful vale!"

"Come, then," said Adam Forrester, as cheerily as he could; "we shall soon find a happier spot."

They set forth again, young Pilgrims on that quest which millions—which every child of Earth—has tried in turn. And were the Lily and her lover to be more fortunate than all those millions? For a long time, it seemed not so. The dismal shape of the old lunatic still glided behind them; and for every spot that looked lovely in their eyes, he had some legend of human wrong or suffering, so miserably sad, that his auditors could never afterwards connect the idea of joy with the place where it had happened. Here, a heart-broken woman, kneeling to her child, had been spurned from his feet; here, a desolate old creature had prayed to the evil one, and had received a fiendish malignity of soul, in answer to her prayer; here, a new-born infant, sweet blossom of life, had been found dead, with the impress of its mother's fingers round its throat; and here, under a shattered oak, two lovers had been stricken by lightning, and fell blackened corpses in each other's arms. The dreary Gascoigne had a gift to know whatever evil and lamentable thing had stained the bosom of mother Earth; and when his funereal voice had told the tale, it appeared like a prophecy of future woe, as well as a tradition of the past. And now, by their sad demeanor, you would have fancied that the

pilgrim lovers were seeking, not a temple of earthly joy, but a tomb for themselves and their posterity."

"Where in this world," exclaimed Adam Forrester, despondingly, "shall we build our Temple of Happiness?"

"Where in this world, indeed!" repeated Lilius Fay; and being faint and weary, the more so by the heaviness of her heart, the Lily drooped her head and sat down on the summit of a knoll, repeating, "Where in this world shall we build our Temple?"

"Ah! have you already asked yourselves that question?" said their companion, his shaded features growing even gloomier with the smile that dwelt on them; "yet there is a place, even in this world, where ye may build it."

While the old man spoke, Adam Forrester and Lilius had carelessly thrown their eyes around, and perceived that the spot where they had chanced to pause, possessed a quiet charm, which was well enough adapted to their present mood of mind. It was a small rise of ground, with a certain regularity of shape, that had perhaps been bestowed by art; and a group of trees, which almost surrounded it, threw their pensive shadows across and far beyond, although some softened glory of the sunshine found its way there. The ancestral mansion, wherein the lovers would dwell together, appeared on one side, and the ivied church, where they were to worship, on another. Happening to cast their eyes on the ground, they smiled, yet with a sense of wonder, to see that a pale lily was growing at their feet.

"We will build our Temple here," said they, simultaneously, and with an indescribable conviction, that they had at last found the very spot.

Yet, while they uttered this exclamation, the young man and the Lily turned an apprehensive glance at their dreary associate, deeming it hardly possible that some tale of earthly affliction should not make those precincts loathsome, as in every former case. The old man stood just behind them, so as to form the chief figure in the group, with his sable cloak muffling the lower part of his visage, and his sombre hat overshadowing his brows. But he gave no word of dissent from their purpose; and an inscrutable smile was accepted by the lovers as a token that here had been no foot-print of guilt or sorrow, to desecrate the site of their Temple of Happiness.

In a little time longer, while summer was still in its prime, the

fairly structure of the Temple arose on the summit of the knoll, amid the solemn shadows of the trees, yet often gladdened with bright sunshine. It was built of white marble, with slender and graceful pillars, supporting a vaulted dome; and beneath the centre of this dome, upon a pedestal, was a slab of dark-veined marble, on which books and music might be strewn. But there was a fantasy among the people of the neighbourhood, that the edifice was planned after an ancient mausoleum, and was intended for a tomb, and that the central slab of dark-veined marble was to be inscribed with the names of buried ones. They doubted, too, whether the form of Lilius Fay could appertain to a creature of this earth, being so very delicate, and growing every day more fragile, so that she looked as if the summer breeze should snatch her up, and waft her heavenward. But still she watched the daily growth of the Temple; and so did old Walter Gascoigne, who now made that spot his continual haunt, leaning whole hours together on his staff, and giving as deep attention to the work as though it had been indeed a tomb. In due time it was finished, and a day appointed for a simple rite of dedication.

On the preceding evening, after Adam Forrester had taken leave of his mistress, he looked back towards the portal of her dwelling, and felt a strange thrill of fear; for he imagined that, as the setting sunbeams faded from her figure, she was exhaling away, and that something of her ethereal substance was withdrawn, with each lessening gleam of light. With his farewell glance, a shadow had fallen over the portal, and Lilius was invisible. His foreboding spirit deemed it an omen at the time; and so it proved; for the sweet earthly form, by which the Lily had been manifested to the world, was found lifeless, the next morning in the Temple, with her head resting on her arms, which were folded upon the slab of dark-veined marble. The chill winds of the earth had long since breathed a blight into this beautiful flower, so that a loving hand had now transplanted it, to blossom brightly in the garden of Paradise.

But alas, for the Temple of Happiness! In his unutterable grief, Adam Forrester had no purpose more at heart than to convert this Temple of many delightful hopes into a tomb, and bury his dead mistress there. And lo! a wonder! Digging a grave beneath the Temple's marble floor, the sexton found no virgin earth, such as was meet to receive the maiden's dust, but an ancient

sepulchre, in which were treasured up the bones of generations that had died long ago. Among those forgotten ancestors was the Lily to be laid. And when the funeral procession brought Lilius thither in her coffin, they beheld old Walter Gascoigne standing beneath the dome of the Temple, with his cloak of pall, and face of darkest gloom; and wherever that figure might take its stand, the spot would seem a sepulchre. He watched the mourners as they lowered the coffin down.

“And so,” said he to Adam Forrester, with the strange smile in which his insanity was wont to gleam forth, “you have found no better foundation for your happiness than on a grave!”

But as the Shadow of Affliction spoke, a vision of Hope and Joy had its birth in Adam’s mind, even from the old man’s taunting words; for then he knew what was betokened by the parable in which the Lily and himself had acted; and the mystery of Life and Death was opened to him.

“Joy! joy!” he cried, throwing his arms towards Heaven, “on a grave be the site of our Temple; and now our happiness is for Eternity!”

With those words, a ray of sunshine broke through the dismal sky, and glimmered down into the sepulchre; while, at the same moment, the shape of old Walter Gascoigne stalked drearily away, because his gloom, symbolic of all earthly sorrow, might no longer abide there, now that the darkest riddle of humanity was read.

Scrapiana.

OUR contributor, Mr. John Cameron, has recently published in a handsome volume, entitled “Sights and Sensations in Europe,” the impressions made on his mind by a summer tour through the Old World.

MR. WILSON (Travels and Adventures in the South), in the present number of the MARITIME MONTHLY, speaks of a sale of salt at Little River Inlet, at \$2.00 a bag—he should have said \$200 a bag.

TIDINGS of the death of Dr. David Livingstone are generally credited. It is said he died between Ujiji and Unyanyembe, where he was met by Lieut. Cameron's expedition. He was born in 1817, of Scottish parents, and admitted to the practice of medicine in 1838: he was ordained to preach, and left for Natal as a missionary in 1839. He explored the Kalahari Desert in 1849; afterwards the Zambezi River, the chief stream of Southern Africa. In 1856 he returned to Europe, and in 1857 his travels were published. In 1858 he returned to Africa, discovered the Lakes Nyassa and Shirvan, and returned to England in 1864. In 1865 he left England for the last time, since which but little is known of his travels, explorations, sufferings and adventures.

THE coal supply of the world is estimated at 152,520 square miles, of which 18,000 are in British North America and 113,000 in the United States.

MR. HARVEY'S article in this issue of the MARITIME MONTHLY, may lead to the solution of some of the mysteries by which the great deep is surrounded. It cannot fail to be read with intense interest.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S literary career was singularly successful, brilliant and happy. At his death in 1863, his English and American publishers had paid him upwards of \$200,000. He shunned politics, was never tortured by the critics, and never married. Few American writers are so generally read and admired—none are surrounded with such an atmosphere of love and reverence.

DR. HEIDEGGER'S Experiment, republished in our February number, was written by Nathaniel Hawthorne, who died in 1864. Mr. Hawthorne's style was quaint and fanciful—his thoughts were of an antique and melancholy cast. He peopled the world with the ghosts of buried generations, and walked through life with eyes closed to surrounding realities. Leigh Hunt says, "His countenance was one of the most speaking I ever met with."

DEATH, which is no respecter of persons and spares no rank and no condition, has, during the past year, mowed down not a few who held eminent positions in the ranks of the press. Charles

Knight, Thos. Letts, William Dalziel, James Hannay, William Skeene, Sheridan Le Faun, John Blackie, junior, Dr. Guthrie, T. G. Lomax, Dr. John Murray, John Camden Hotten, Charles Longman, and Lewis Gaylord Clark, are names, in the mouths of Press-men "familiar as household words," which have been erased from the muster-roll of the Fourth Estate. Lewis Gaylord Clark, for nearly thirty years editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*! What tender recollections are awakened as we turn the yellow leaves of the *Knickerbocker*, whose quaint covers furnish a sort of index to the quaint and versatile genius that presided in its editorial chair! The *Knickerbocker Magazine* was the pioneer of American Magazine literature, and of the myriad periodicals that have succeeded it, not one can boast of such brilliant editorial management or of such talented contributors.

Wm. H. Seward, Washington Irving, J. K. Paulding, W. C. Bryant, Charles Dickens, Letitia E. Landon, Fanny Kemble, Fitz Greene Halleck, Joseph Rodman Drake (of whom Halleck wrote the beautiful and familiar lines, beginning with—

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.)

Fred. S. Cozzens (author of the Sparrowgrass Papers), E. W. B. Canning, Alfred B. Street, H. T. Tuckerman, Chas. G. Leland (Hans Breitmann), Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), Charles Astor Bristed, and many others whose names are familiar, including a regular contributor to the MARITIME MONTHLY, enriched its pages from year to year with the productions of their pens.

But the business management of the *Knickerbocker* was foggyish, and shortly after the Harpers put their magazine in the field with a mint of money at their backs, to make it a success, it gave up the ghost, and Lewis Gaylord Clark sank out of the sight and memory of all except those who had known and loved him personally, or as the editor of the magazine.

It was at the Editor's Table that Clark shone most conspicuously—there he was a prince—and his table talk of thirty years ago is to-day as fresh and fragrant as the flowers of May. Col. Thorpe, in a late number of *Harper*, says: "Had Lewis Gaylord Clark fallen prematurely, and twenty-four years ago been suddenly missed

from the busy, active walks of life, his loss would have been lamented as that of a great celebrity. Possessed of a childlike simplicity, and confidence in his fellow-men, that well nigh disqualified him from fighting successfully the stern battles of life, when once the demand for his peculiar labour ceased, his occupation was gone—the times had changed, but he could not change.”

THE corner of Fulton and Nassau-streets, now “*The Sun*” Office corner, was once the celebrated “SHAKSPEARE Tavern,” kept by Hodgkinson a retired actor, a gentleman and a wit. Here congregated all the eccentrics of the time, and among them many whose equals at this day would scarcely be found visiting a tavern. But not so *then*. George Frederick Cooke, J. W. Jarvis, Micah Hawkins, and a host of others, equally well known, were the nightly inmates of this omnium of eccentrics. Indeed, “Hodgkinson’s” was the “*Exchange*” for fun and humor. Old-style New-Yorkers were moderate in their libations; but still, the single pot of ale, or its equivalent, was the necessary accompaniment of an evening’s gossip.

One little table, in a sly corner, seemed by common consent to be sacred for a special use every evening from eight to nine o’clock: and if a stranger should by accident seat himself alongside this table, some of the guests would inform him that he had better take another seat, and leave those for “*The Bird-Fanciers*,” or he might “spoil the quarrel.” Many a night have I gone to this room at a few minutes before eight o’clock, to see “the quarrel” aforesaid.

Just as the clock struck eight, in would come Jemmy Bessonet, at the Fulton-street door, and at about the same time John Lentner would enter by the Nassau-street door. If either should arrive one minute before the other, he would look vacantly around the room until his companion arrived. This had occurred every night for twenty years. Jemmy Bessonet was a dealer in birds, bird-cages and wooden ware, in Nassau-street, three doors above Maiden-lane, and was celebrated for his Mino, a talking-bird of superior quality. John Lentner manufactured fishing-tackle and sold birds in Fair, now Fulton-street, near “Golden Hill,” and was celebrated for his untiring friendship for Jemmy Bessonet, and for an excess of patience, which constituted him a good fisherman.

“How d’ye do, Johnny?”

“How d’ye do, Jemmy?”

“What are you going to try a little of?”

“Well, I don’t know; what are *you* going to try a little of?”

And to the unpractised eye they really seemed in doubt; but in fact, neither of them had ever drank any thing but a single mug of ale in an evening in all his life.

“Well,” says Johnny, “I guess I’ll try a mug of beer: Abram, bring me a mug of beer.”

“Bring *me* a mug of beer, too, Abram,” echoes Jemmy, to the old mulatto bar-keeper. Down went the two mugs on the table, dripping with both froth and coldness, for Abram always gave full measure. I name this as a peculiarity of the olden time.

Johnny and Jemmy now seized the handles of their separate mugs; and while their faces looked like a conglomerate of palates, with mouths peculiarly shaped to receive the potent liquor, a slight nod, but full of complimentary “good health,” announced that a portion from each mug was about to be swallowed: then their visages relaxed, and the usual conversation commenced:

“Well, Jemmy, how is your Mino?”

“Oh, beautiful: he is a great bird, that Mino. If any body comes in, he calls out, ‘Jemmy! shop! coming!’ You see I used to say, ‘Coming,’ and now Mino says it too. Alderman Bracket said t’other day that they was a-goin’ to indict my bird for raisin’ an alarm of fire; that Tommy Franklin, the Chief Engineer, heard him do it. He calls out when the ingines are comin’, ‘Hurrah, Nine! hurrah, Three!’ he knows them all apart. The only thing that bothers me with that bird, is his always saying, when any body asks the price of any thing, ‘Two-and-six:’ You know, Johnny, I used to sell them wooden bowls at two-and-six, but now I ask three shillin’s; but Mino sticks to the old price.”

“Well, Jemmy, that *is* a great bird: I always said it, and always will. I wish your English mocking-bird was as good as your Mino.”

“Why? What’s the matter with my English mocking-bird? Did you ever see a better bird?—did you ever see a better-throated bird: I call him a *perfect* bird.”

“*Do* you, though? Well now, Jemmy, I don’t want to hurt your feelings; but that bird has got a good many faults, and he can’t help it; the stuff ain’t in him. I look at him elus: he has

three faulty feathers on the left side of his neck, and the fourth tail-feather has a bad quill; it's chalky; it hasn't oil enough in it to keep it supple; just you look at his tail of a cold, damp day: he folds in every feather but that: he can't do nothin' with it."

"Now, look o' here, Johnny, you're always abusing that bird. I say he's as good a throated bird as you ever saw. Did you ever hear him mew like a cat? Can a bad-throated bird do *that*? Did you ever see him coming down on the lower perch? *That's* the time to see if his tail-feathers are perfect. Why, he '*fans*' beautiful. Now here, Johnny, don't let us quarrel about that bird; your mind is set about that bird, and there is no use tryin' to get you right. How is your new canary?"

"Well, he's first-rate, all except one note. You know the note that comes out of that bird-organ of mine when the handle gets just up by the hinge? Well, that note bothers him a little, but I think he'll get it after a while. He's the best-coloured bird I ever knew; and every other way he's good, except that hinge-note."

Here the mugs would be lifted, Johnny's in compliment to himself for his eulogy on his canary, and Jemmy's to wash his throat, to facilitate his anticipated attack on Johnny's bird.

"Look here, Johnny, I used to think that you knew something about birds, but when I hear you talk about that lame canary of yours, it makes me sick. You don't seem to know what ails that bird; you don't know why he can't sing that note. Now, I'll tell you: you see you always use your cuttle-fish bone too sharp; and one side of your bird's bill is so worn off, that he can't clean his seed; and when he sings, the wind slips out that side of his bill, and he can't make a good note. When a bird can't clean his seed, you see he always gets stuffed full of these indigestible shells, and can't get on: besides, his small spur on the left foot ain't good. He has to stand on the big perch; he can't hold on to the small perch; he is too weak in the left foot for that; it won't contract enough to grip it."

"Look here, Jemmy Bessonet!" (and here Johnny would lift his mug and empty it, Jemmy following suit,) "look here, Jemmy, you and I have been here every night for twenty years, and ever since I had that canary you've had a spite ag'in' him, just as you had ag'in' that Java sparrow three years ago; and as soon as we get a-talking, you always begin a-talking ag'in' that bird. He's a

confounded sight better bird than *you* ever owned, or ever will own. That Mino's the only decent bird that ever could live in your shop, with the dirty seed you feed your birds. Now, I never want to talk with you about birds ag'in, for it's all stuff. You don't know nothing about birds: and then you get so spitefully mad about nothing: there's no use talking with you!"

"Well, I don't care for *you*, nor *your* birds," says Jemmy, "and I think we better just stop meetin' here, for you always quarrel about that lame canary o' yours."

"Well, this is the *last* time we'll quarrel, any how."

At this point, each would wheel off for his separate door, and as the doors swung to, the clock invariably struck nine. Then all the inmates of the room would laugh, and the oldest-comers enjoyed "the quarrel" the most.

The next night, as the clock struck eight, in would come the two bird-fanciers again, and again it was:

"How d'ye do, Johnny?" "How d'ye do, Jemmy?" "What are you going to try a little of?" And before they had seemed to decide, Abram, as usual, was drawing the beer."

A CURIOSITY in short-hand writing was shewn at the Vienna Exhibition—namely, the whole of the Illiad of Homer, enclosed in a walnut-shell.

It is said that nearly 900,000,000 of letters, 80,000,000 of post-cards, 100,000,000 of newspaper, and 100,000,000 of book-packets pass through the London Post-office annually.

THE executors of the late Charles Dickens, with the sanction of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester, have just erected to his memory in Rochester Cathedral a handsome brass tablet. The tablet records the date of the birth and death of the deceased, that he is buried in Westminster Abbey, and that the tablet is erected "to connect his memory with the scenes in which his earliest and his latest years were passed, and with the associations of Rochester Cathedral and its neighbourhood, which extended over all his life."

THE OLD PRINTING PRESS.

A SONG to the Press, the Printing Press!
 Of the good old-fashioned kind
 Ere the giant machine, with its pulse of steam,
 Elbows it out of mind.
 In the days of yore
 Our fathers hoar
 By his sturdy limbs have wrought:
 Of iron or oak,
 His teachings spoke
 The language of burning thought.

A song to the Press, the Printing Press!
 As the carriage rolls merrily along
 His stout sides groan, as the bar pulls home,
 Keeping time to the pressman's song:
 And the crisp, wet sheet
 On its errand fleet
 By anxious hands is sped.
 Though oft elsewhere
 It may sorrow bear,
 To the printer's home brings bread!

Then here's to the Press—the old Printing Press!
 Though his days be numbered now,
 A fond heart weaves of the laurel leaves
 A garland to deck his brow.
 Though the giant machine
 With its pulse of steam
 Has doomed his form to decay,
 His stout old frame
 From our hearts shall claim
 Remembrance for many a day. *The Printer.*

THREE ladies meeting, one said, "I love my love with a G., for he is a Gustice; another, "I love my love with an F., for he is a Fysician; and the third, "I love my love with a K., because he is a Kemist." This reminds us of the "Educationalist" who lectured on "The three great R's"—Reading, Riting, and Rithmetic.

A MEETING has been held in Boston to take into consideration a memorial to the late Prof. Agassiz. Addresses were made by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Robert C. Winthrop, Geo. B. Loring, O. W. Holmes, and others. It was proposed to make the Zoological Museum at Cambridge a memorial monument. A committee was appointed to receive subscriptions, and before the close of the meeting \$65,000 had been subscribed.

THE loss by abrasion of gold coin received at the mint in Philadelphia since January 1, 1874 is \$11,981.

THE following amusing blunder appeared recently in a London Correspondent's letter:—"Sir George Rose, whose death is announced to-day, is one of the oldest of *living* barristers, and one of the few now *living* who have been 'King's Counsel.'" This bull was published in an English paper, and of course called forth one or two sarcastic comments.

PHOTOGRAPHY has been applied to a novel purpose in connection with journalism in Paris. With each number of a newspaper entitled *Paris Theatre* is issued a first-class photograph, the portrait being usually that of an actor or actress. The ordinary price of a similar photograph, which is of excellent quality and printed by the Woodbury process, would be about two shillings; while the price of the newspaper and portrait together is only twenty centimes—two-pence.

