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ARCTIC AND WESTERN PLANTS IN
CONTINENTAL ACADIA.

SPECIAL CAUSES WHICH HAVE OPERATED UPON THE DISTRIBUTION OF PLANTS IN ACADIA.

[Read before the Natural History Society of New Brunswick, 13th April, 1869.]

(Abridged from the Canadian Naturalist.)

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BESIDE two agents, Winds and Migratory Birds, which have had a world-wide influence in spreading vegetation from one region to another, there is a third, which, from the important part it has played in modifying the flora of Acadia, deserves special attention. This is the floating ice, and drift-wood of the Polar Current, and of the St. John River.

Traces of the influence of this current on the climate of this region, long anterior to the time when the present assemblage of plants first covered it, may still be detected. To form any conception of the vegetation which covered Acadia in those early times, we must fall back upon the researches of Geology. As regards its modern botanical aspect, the history of Acadia begins with the Postpleiocene epoch. The clay beds of this period, which cover wide areas in Southern New Brunswick, have yielded no determinable remains of plants, except sea-weeds, and these are of common occurrence in connection with fine clays near the coast. Thus we are left to infer the character of the vegetation from the climatic conditions indicated by the presence of Arctic and sub-Arctic animals in the Acadian seas of the Postpleiocene epoch, and to the known flora of this period in Canada. At Green's Creek, on the

Ottawa River, the deposits of this age contain concretions which have gathered around organic remains, such as sea-shells, fishes and bones of the seal. Many of them also contain the remains of land-plants. Dr. Dawson, to whom these relics were submitted for examination, detected the following species of plants: the Norway Cinquefoil (*Potentilla Norvegica*), the Mountain Cinquefoil (*P. tridentata*), the Balm of Gilead (*Populus balsamifera*), the Bear Berry (*Arctostaphylos Uva-ursi*), the White Clover (*Trifolium repens*), the Round-Leaved Sun-Dew (*Drosera rotundifolia*), and two kinds of Pondweed (*Potamogeton natans*), and (*P. perfoliatus*). Such a group of plants would find a congenial home in that part of Acadia now occupied by the sub-Alpine type of vegetation. Indeed, with the exception of the Bear Berry, they are all known denizens of the maritime parts of Acadia. It may be perceived, then, that to reproduce the climatic conditions of the Postpleiocene epoch, it is only necessary to submerge the St. Lawrence valley, and the plains east of the Appalachian range, and permit the Arctic waters to circulate over these submerged lands. That such was the state of the southern half of Continental Acadia during a great part of the age in question there can be no doubt, the Southern Hills alone standing above the icy current, which swept by on either side. With such physical conditions universally prevalent in this region, the Arctic and sub-Arctic must have been the predominant type of vegetation. As the plains began to emerge during the later part of the Postpliocene period, which was one of upheaval, no doubt many Boreal forms were added to those already present in the country.

These additions were largely influenced by the constant play of the Arctic current upon our shores. It acted as a circumpolar distributor of species, and to it the wide range of many Arctic and Boreal plants is evidently due. Entering the Polar Sea between Norway and Spitzbergen, it sweeps round the ice-bound shores of the Old World by Russia and Siberia. An insignificant branch escapes into the Pacific by Behring's Straits; but the main body of the current continues its course through the Georgian Archipelago, and passes into the Atlantic again between Greenland and Labrador. The retarded rotation of the earth throws this current, when entering the Polar Sea, upon the coast of the Old World; the accelerated rotation felt by the same moving mass of water on its southward course causes it to cling to the shores of America

from Labrador to Florida, and envelop the eastern part of the British Possessions, which are fully exposed to its chilling influence, with fog and mist. The principal body of the current passes southward around Newfoundland, but a branch goes westward between this Island and Labrador, through the Straits of Belleisle, and courses around the Gulf of St. Lawrence, as has been already stated.

It is the transporting power of this current as a whole, and of this branch, in particular, which has more directly influenced the vegetation of our country.

Three of the largest rivers in the Old World, and an equal number of those in the New, help to freshen the waters of this great oceanic stream. The Spring floods of the great Siberian water-courses sweep down into it vast quantities of drift-wood and *débris* filled with the seeds of plants. Many of these are carried onward in the floe-ice toward the American coast, where they receive accessions from the McKenzie River, and in the course of years work their way through the group of islands between North America and Greenland. The Saskatchewan River also contributes its quota of organic relics to the burden borne on the bosom of the Polar current from the Arctic regions of the three continents. The peculiarity of all these great water-courses is, that their sources are in temperate latitudes, while their embouchures are in Arctic or sub-Arctic regions, and thus the waste of vegetation which they bear downward toward the sea, when they are swollen by melting snows, is cast upon the ice about their mouths. The seeds of plants flourishing in the regions from which these rivers flow might thus very readily be transported in the course of time, upon floe ice and drift-wood, to the north-eastern parts of America.

Accordingly we find little difficulty in tracing back the course of the Boreal and Arctic types north-westward across the Continent of America, toward Asia. Labrador and Newfoundland are bleak, inhospitable countries, whose flora is but imperfectly known; yet of the three score species in the list of Boreal plants, more than one-half have been gathered there. In the St. Lawrence Valley, chiefly in that part of it below the Ottawa River and around Lakes Huron and Superior, more than two-thirds of the list of Boreal species occur; many of these being only known in the far western parts of the Valley about Lakes Superior and Huron, or in the mountain tops of New England and New York. The presence of

these species in Acadia is easily accounted for when it is considered that there is a continuous water communication from the great lakes of the interior to the northern confines of Acadia. But it is more remarkable, if we fail to give due weight to the transporting powers of the Polar Current, that *all* the high Northern forms, with half a dozen exceptions, should be already known as indigenous to the North West Territory, between Red River, the Arctic Sea, and the Rocky Mountains. Moreover, there are three species which, if one may judge from the authorities above quoted, are not known to occur in the interspace between this region and Acadia, or to the N. E. of the latter. These are the *Collomia linearis*, discovered by Mr. Fowler on the Gulf coast; *Vilfa cuspidata*, found by Mr. Goodale on the Upper St. John, and *Oxytropis campestris*, gathered by Professor Bailey on the Main St. John. This list of adventurous emigrants from the North West would be largely increased were we to include species which occur in the intervening country only on the mountain tops of New England and New York.

The second great agent in transporting seeds in this region, to which allusion has been made, is the River St. John. This stream appears to have played an important part in distributing plants throughout Acadia, and a few remarks on its peculiarities may, therefore, not be out of place. It is one of the most considerable of the numerous rivers which take their rise in the Appalachian range, and about one-half of Continental Acadia is included within the limits of its basin. A connection with the sea, as singular as that of the St. John, is to be found in few rivers (if any) of equal size, on the globe.

The outlet of this river at the "Falls" (or, more correctly speaking, Rapids), is a narrow and tortuous channel, bordered by cliffs and obstructed by rocky ledges. Over this barrier, as is well known, there is a flux and reflux of the tide twice a day; but as the tidal wave must rise fifteen feet or more before it can overcome this impediment, its influence on the river above is comparatively trifling, the water within the barrier not rising more than two and a half feet, while at high tide the level of the water in the harbor is about thirteen feet above that of the river at its summer level.

It is not so generally known, however, that during the spring floods the quantity of water poured into the River Saint John, through its various tributaries, is such as to exclude any influx

from the sea. At this season of the year the contracted entrance to the river, which at other seasons excludes the rushing tides of the Bay of Fundy (preventing the formation of mud flats, a striking feature in the estuaries of rivers further up the Bay), also impedes the discharge of the spring floods.

These pent up waters are then compelled to spread themselves over the lowlands of the valley of the river, and such affluents as the Kennebecasis, Nerepis, Washademoak, Belleisle, Grand Lake and the Oromocto. Two extensive, though irregularly shaped, lakes are thus formed,—the lower one extending, in the form of an oxbow, down the valley of the Kennebecasis, around Grand Bay, and up the “Long Reach” and Belleisle Bay; the upper one embracing a large area, beginning at the lower end of Long Island, and extending upwards over the low lands lying around the Washademoak River, Grand Maquapit, and French Lakes, and all the interval lands between Gagetown and the Oromocto—submerging also the lands on each side of this river for many miles up. The area of these lake-like expansions of the St. John River, which lie partly among the southern hills, and partly to the northward of them, cannot fall far short of six hundred square miles.

During the summer and autumn these extensive sheets of water, which ramify through the southern part of the Province at the opening of navigation on the river, have shrunk to very limited proportions, being represented chiefly by the waters of Grand Lake on the one hand, and those of Grand and Kennebecasis Bay on the other.

As the excess of water in the southern tributaries, namely, the Kennebecasis, Nerepis and Belleisle Rivers, has, to a great extent, been discharged before the “freshet” of the main river rises, the great rush of water from the upper affluents of the St. John causes a reflux into the above mentioned rivers, which second overflow is known on the Kennebecasis as the “back freshet.” This large body of cold water, which does not subside before the first week in June, undoubtedly retards very much the development of vegetation on the lower part of the St. John River. About two weeks after the ice in this part of the river has been discharged into the Bay, that from the upper part (above the Grand Falls) makes its appearance in the harbor, and is distinguished not only by the great quantity of drift-wood and freshet *débris* which accompany it, but also by its clearness and solidity (hence called the “black ice.”)

It frequently happens that this second run of ice does not pass the Falls, but southerly winds hold it in the still waters above until it becomes liquefied by the increasing heat of spring. When this happens, the *débris* and vegetable matter, brought down from the head waters of the Saint John, are scattered over the shores of Kennebecasis Bay and the "Long Reach," and the seeds of species once peculiar to the upper part have by this means been distributed along the lower part of the river.

These annual freshets and their concomitants have undoubtedly effected much in the distribution of species over areas in Central and Southern New Brunswick, which they could only have reached otherwise by slow degrees. It is in this way that I would account for the abundance of many species below the freshet mark on Kennebecasis Bay, which have not been met with on the surrounding hills, but are common in the interior of the Province. Moreover, there are several species, which are noted by Mr. Goodale as being very abundant on the Upper St. John (above Grand Falls), which are also met with on the shores of the Kennebecasis, such as *Nabalus racemosus*, a plant decidedly north-western in its range, the Primrose, *Primula farinosa*, tinting with its beds of beautiful pale rose-colored flowers the gravelly beaches of the Kennebecasis. To these we may add the Northern Green Orchis (*Platanthera hyperborea*), and the wild Chive (*Allium schænoprasum*), the latter being frequently met with on rocky and gravelly shores; also *Aster graminifolius*, *Anemone Pennsylvanica*, a showy plant with large white flowers, *Nasturtium palustre*, var. *hispidum*, *Parnassia palustris*, the White Silver Maple (*Acer dasycarpum*), the Dwarf Cherry (*Prunus pumila*), the Black Alder (*Ilex verticillata*), one of the Loosestrifes (*Lysimachia ciliata*), the Bracted Bindweed (*Calystegia sepium*), more commonly called Convolvulus, whose delicate white flowers, tinged with pink, present a beautiful contrast to the labyrinth of foliage with which they are entwined; also the Water Persicaria (*Polygonum amphibium*), the Canadian Wood Nettle (*Laportea Canadensis*), *Sparganium racemosum*, and the Canadian Lily (*Lilium Canadense*). Another plant, the "Sweet Coltsfoot," *Nardosmia palmata*, if not introduced by birds, probably immigrated at a much earlier period, as it grows far above the present level of the river.

While many North-Western and Western species have, by the spring floods of the river, or other means, been thrust into the

group of species which characterize the coastal zone, others have been held at bay on the St. John River by the cool temperature and damp atmosphere, which prevail near its mouth during the summer months.

From the observations presented in the foregoing pages, the following conclusions may be drawn: 1st. One of the most peculiar features in the flora of the region to which these remarks relate, is the arrangement of several of the types mentioned, in zones around a central tract, due to the refrigerating influence of cold waters in the adjacent sea. 2nd. That although there are highlands of considerable elevation in Acadia, they do not appear to exercise a very marked influence on the vegetation, except in so far as they act as a barrier to the oceanic winds. 3rd. That on account of its semi-insular position, and its full exposure to the chilling effect of the Arctic current, the maritime parts of this country have become the home of northern species not found within the limits of New England, and of many others which grow only on mountain tops, or cold, sheltered places, in that part of the United States. 4th. That although the sea-coast of Acadia is thus inhospitable, the interior has a summer climate so warm as to encourage the growth of a group of plants, which the damps and chill winds of the same season exclude from New England; such species being either entirely absent from that region, or found only sparingly in its warmer western and southern parts.

Judging from what is known of the flora of our country, as compared with that of the Upper Provinces, we may look upon the narrow girdle of sub-Arctic vegetation which borders our shores, as paralleled by that which extends up the St. Lawrence River as far as the Island of Orleans, and reappears on the north shore of Lake Superior. The Boreal type, which is supposed to cover much of the northern part of Acadia, reappears on the St. Lawrence at and above Quebec, and is also met with around the shores of Lake Huron, and in the northern peninsula of Michigan. The group of plants which has been referred to as a Continental type, characterizes the country around Lake Ontario. Hence, we may look upon the central parts of Acadia as represented in climate and productions by that part of Ontario which lies around the eastern and northern shore of the lake of that name, and extends thence to Lake Huron.

There is an assemblage of plants in the S. W. part of Ontario,

which Mr. Drummond designates as the Erie type, and which is said to characterize the region around that most southerly of the great Lakes. Of this type we have, so far as known, no representatives in Acadia. We may assume, therefore, that there is no portion of Continental Acadia possessing a summer as warm and dry as prevails in the more southerly part of Canada, around Lake Erie. But while a comparison of the climate of Acadia with that of the Upper Provinces may thus be instituted, through the indigenous plants which grow in different parts of the Dominion, it is to be borne in mind that such a comparison relates only to the temperature and other climatic conditions of the summer. In the winter, the climate of the maritime Provinces is very much milder; so that, while the valley of the St. Lawrence may be filled with snows to the depth of six feet or more, the southern shores of Nova Scotia may be but sparsely covered, or entirely bare.

Finally, from the known climatic conditions of Insular Acadia, the character of the vegetation, in its different parts, may be roughly predicated. Thus, the fog-wrapt shores along the Atlantic coast are known to support a vegetation similar to that of the southern shores of New Brunswick and Eastern Maine. Further, the Boreal type probably extends along the northern shore of Nova Scotia into the Island of Cape Breton, and may be expected to mingle to some extent with the sub-Arctic type along the Atlantic coast. The Boreal type may be looked for in force on Prince Edward Island, fringed, as in New Brunswick, by sub-Arctic forms near the shores. In the central and north-western parts of Nova Scotia, a partial recurrence of the Continental type may be looked for; but owing to their moister summers, and greater proximity to the sea, it is probably more largely mingled with New England forms than in the valley of the St. John.

A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

CHAPTER XI.

IT was a sad and spiritless cavalcade that threaded its difficult way along the tortuous bridle-path leading inland. Even the face of the callous Frenchman wore a sombre, half-daunted look; and he peered furtively around in the pale moonlight, as if ghostly avengers were on his track, and the voice of the dead were still ringing in his ears.

As for Calvert, it is no shame to his manhood to tell how often the hand dashed away the dimming tear that blurred for him the sight of the track along which he led the sobbing maiden's animal.

After coasting along the upland for about three miles, they at last debouched on the turnpike road; and here Calvert leaped on his beast, the maiden's arm clasping him as she rode behind *en croupe*. Her brother being likewise accommodated with one of the men's horses, the party broke into a smart trot down the incline, rattled across the bridge, and after brief delay at the park gates, clattered up the broad drive towards Ansdell Hall.

A goodly mansion it shewed, towering over the billowy mass of foliage, with its noble portico, its balconied tiers of windows—here swelling out into roomy bays, there long and lanceolate; oval dormers and peaked gables, and ornate chimney-stacks aloft to break the monotony of the French roof. Broad wings flanked it on either hand, and a conservatory whose crystal walls and roof glistened like a glacier. The sweeping terraces, with their carved open-work balustrade of stone, formed a richly-fretted base line.

This being the fair centre-piece of the picture, the surrounding accessories were well fitted to bring out the effect. The trailing shadows and ghostly shimmer of the moonbeams played over open lawn and bosky glades, and startled deer bounding away noiselessly into the dense shades of the plantation around.

A burst of involuntary admiration on the part of the strangers greeted the view; and Calvert's heart swelled within him as his fair companion said, enthusiastically:

"Why, what a charming abode you have, Calvert! One could be very happy here."

The watch-dog's bay, glancing lights in the windows, the hurrying footsteps of the servants, and the clang of opening doors heralded their arrival. A few rapid directions from Delaval, and the troopers' nags clamped noisily round to the courtyard; then he turned, and was about to do the honors of the house to the brother and sister. But to his disgust—for he had promised himself no small solace in playing lord of the manor to his prisoner guests—he found he was anticipated by his young kinsman, who, with the fair Madeline on his arm, and her brother by his side, swept by, taking not the smallest notice of the chagrined Frenchman.

Leading the way across the octagonal hall, the young heir bade fling open the folding doors of a roomy parlor, where a fire of sea-coal, lit in consideration of the damp evening air, threw around a comfortable glow. Summoning the housekeeper, the youth ordered the best chambers to be prepared forthwith for his guests. Marvelling not a little, the old lady led Madeline to her apartment, whilst Calvert himself escorted his friend Harvey to his room. Having repaired in some measure the disorder of his toilet, the youth excused himself, and hastened with anxious solicitude to visit his suffering parent.

The shaded lights and curtains close drawn, with the occasional moaning of the patient, told he was worse, even without the cautioning glance and uplifted fore-finger of Marie, who, it seemed, had constituted herself chief nurse. Comfortably disposed in an easy-chair drawn up to the warm blaze that leaped up from the polished bars of the grate, a hand-screen shading her face, that young lady seemed quite an adept in the art of uniting the useful with the agreeable.

To Calvert's surprise, all remembrance of the provocation he had offered when last they parted, seemed to be banished from his cousin's mind. At least, if remembered at all, it was only with that angelic forbearance and that forgiving smile which are woman's favorite weapons of defence, and notably of *offence*. I say the last advisedly; for of all feminine artillery, forgiveness without forgetfulness is the most dreaded and abhorred by man.

In presence of that smile the poor youth trembled, felt himself overwhelmed with ignominy, consigned at once to the criminal's dock, in a moment enduring tortures of self-reproach enough to have satisfied his bitterest enemy.

Sinking helplessly on the nearest ottoman, he vainly tried to syllable forth a few stammering greetings and inquiries. But, with that air of injured innocence, he felt his cousin simply irresistible and unapproachable; and would gladly have sunk into the earth to hide his shame and remorse.

It was with a sensation of intense relief he heard footsteps approaching; and as the opening door disclosed Delaval, he welcomed the presence of the man, of all others, he detested the most. And when, with an icy and malignant regard, the brother passed him by to speak to his sister, it was a positive joy to him to welcome this honest evidence of hate. Like an exhilarating tonic, he felt his manhood rise within him, for now he had a man to cope with; and the fight was plain and above-board.

Leaving the brother and sister to communicate as they pleased concerning the new arrivals, Calvert stole to the other side of the bed, and softly lifted the curtain. The sound of the door softly opening and closing again, together with that of retiring footsteps, told him he was alone with his father.

The thin, silvered hair was straggling over the pillow; the stern, marked features wore the drawn look of pain. They seemed strangely sharpened, as if, in the past few hours, years of suffering had been lived through. The lips kept nervously twitching, and muttering through the grizzled moustache; and the hand, flung out over the coverlid, clutched and worked as if seeking to grasp some object it could not reach. Some vision of horror was evidently darkening on his brain; for now the face was distorted and convulsed by a living agony. Now again a sudden expression of rapture swept over it. The arm was lifted as by a spasmodic impulse, and words struggled to the working lips—

“No, no, Angélique! Not the boy! not the boy!”

Then the eyes quietly opened, and seemed to range round with a puzzled look, as if seeking vainly to fix his whereabouts.

At sight of his son's anxious face, a reassured smile played over the Colonel's countenance.

“Why, where have you been, lad? I've been looking for you all the evening. Marie told me you had gone off, no one knew whither. I was just dreaming that you and I had got into trouble again. And, do you know, I saw your mother just now? You've got her eyes, and you've got her smile, boy. I know you would

never play me false; and she came to-night to tell me so. Ah! it's well to have an angel for a mother! Dear Angélique!"

And the fingers of his disengaged hand stole upwards to his neck, and began toying with a small chain of gold Calvert had never before observed.

"You never saw her, Calvert, and wouldn't know her."

"No, father: I never knew a mother's love," said the boy, softly.

"No more you did, poor child!" said his father, deeply affected.

"Well; draw out this locket. Saving my own, no mortal eye has ever looked upon it since she placed it there. But I would like you to know your mother."

Reverently fingering the relic of the dead, the youth touched the spring. The father—who was as anxiously scanning his son's face, as the latter was eagerly bending over the image of her so dear to them both—started at the expression of amazement, almost of terror, that swept over the speaking countenance of the boy.

"What is it, Calvert? Surely you have never seen it before?"

"No, father. I do remember now a portrait like it in the old picture-gallery at my grandfather's, that he used to keep covered with a veil. Old Nannette lifted the veil one day, and bade me kneel to the angel. But I have never seen any one like it till to day—"

"—Till to-night, you mean, my son."

"No, father: I saw the counterpart of that face to-day, and she who bears it is with us now in the house."

"My boy, are you crazed? What mean you? Who is it? Bring her here:" said his father, with wild, incoherent utterance.

"They are strangers, father, that I met in the ruins of the old castle."

"Why, what brought you there?"

"I thought I had a clue to the villain who —"

"What! Is that what took you off in such haste?"

"Yes. I saw through the window a suspicious character lurking about the grounds, and chased him for a mile or so; but my mare got mired, and I lost him. I thought he went that way, and followed him up; and when I rode into the old courtyard, I saw the face there that I am looking at now. She was perched up in an empty niche in the old chapel, and her brother was sketching her."

"Incredible! I must see her. I will rise immediately." And the sick man made an effort to struggle up in bed.

"Oh, father! you are very ill; too ill, I fear, to risk rising:" said his son, anxiously.

"Well, well! perhaps I am," returned he, wearily sinking back. "But if there be such another face on earth, I cannot rest till I see it. Ask her, Would she mind coming to see a weak, disabled old man? But first, call my valet."

Calvert sounded the bell; communicated his father's orders, and went off to deliver the message with which he had been entrusted.

First tapping at the brother's chamber, in a few words he explained to him the circumstances; and together they went to summon Madeline.

She was not alone. It was Marie's face met them at the door,—a face dark, inscrutable in its expression, that told of far more behind than she cared to reveal.

She made no reply to the brother's question, but as she swept by Calvert in the dim corridor, the gleam of the eyes, and the serpent hiss in his ear—

"So! you have found a new face, traitor!"—long dwelt in his memory.

When the brother and sister reappeared, the latter, wondering, and even dismayed, suffered herself to be led unresistingly by the youth's guiding hand.

Standing in bright relief against the tenebrous back-ground of the open doorway, with the blaze of the chandelier full upon her,—that was an adorable vision, a dream of beauty that burst on the eye of the expectant Colonel! The fresh, blonde tints, varying from the alabaster of the brow to the delicate rose that excitement had lent the cheeks, here burning on the lips that parted like threads of vermilion, and there softly toned off into the creamy whites and pearly greys of the swelling throat! This was the delicious bit of clay, tempered by heavenly fingers, and framed in a glorious setting of sunny hair which floated round her like an *aureole*, and relieved by a diaphanous drapery of batiste and lawn, bringing out the subtle undulations of her lithe, girlish form,—this was the figure that now stood forth to the eyes of the entranced onlooker, as the incarnation of his rapt visionings on his long-diwed couch.

Had he beheld the fair girl thus,—the lip humid, the violet eyes

on flame, the cheek in flower, Canova would never have dreamed that meaner model, that type less complete which he has embodied in his still incomparable Psyche!

“Ah! the same; and yet not the same!” said the lone man, and the words dropped softly, as in a reverie. “Thus must have looked my Angélique in her girlish timidity, ere she ripened into the fulness of womanly charm that it still warms my heart to recall. Bring her hither, my son, and present me.”

On Calvert’s leading forward and introducing the blushing girl, it was with the courtly grace of the Old School, and with a fatherly tenderness new to his wondering son, he first lifted her fingers to his quivering lip, and then softly rested his hand on her bowed head and wealth of flaxen curls, and his lips moved in a silent benediction.

“Forgive a sick man’s fancy, but the blessing can never harm you of one who sees in you more than he had ever thought to behold again, till the pearly gates unfolding would show him his lost treasure, who, once a saint on earth, is now an angel in heaven.”

With kindly courtesy he acknowledged the respectful greeting of Harvey,—detained the maiden by his side, and listened with marked pleasure to the sweet tones of her voice, as she mingled in the lively conversation that the American adroitly started to ward off any unpleasant revelations as to the cause of their abrupt appearance at the Hall.

The dinner bell sounding, put an end to the interview; and with a smile on his face, the lord of the mansion turned on his pillow to dream anew of his glorified Angélique.

CHAPTER XII.

THAT was an evil face, and a bitter, had any one chanced to observe it, that peered in furtively from the shadows of the corridor into the Colonel’s chamber, as the scene we have described was in progress.

It was the Frenchman’s.

As he moved off warily, and turned into his sister’s apartment, his countenance, instead of its usual jaunty air of assurance, wore a look of such genuine alarm, that Marie instantly divined some new complication, adverse to their interests.

He did not long leave her in doubt, but burst forth—

"See you, Marie, if what I suspect be true, then our case is desperate indeed. And to think I should have been so infatuated as to bring them here!"

"Of whom do you speak, and what is it you fear?" said Marie.

"Of whom do I speak?" echoed he, "Of these strangers. What do I fear? If it should indeed turn out that the girl is— But no! it cannot be. It is only one of those chance puzzles which sometimes arise to confound the calculations of the most practised players in the game of life!"

"Your words sound like an enigma, *mon cher!* But that there is some terrible secret behind, your troubled look assures me. You are not one to start at your shadow. Can you not trust me, Adolphe?" and she wreathed her arms around him and looked pleadingly into his eyes.

Returning her caress mechanically, Delaval at length replied in a guarded whisper:—

"Marie! I have brought you here, and you have well played your *rôle*. But has it never struck you, you—the *false*, that one day you may be confronted by the *true*?"

"Ah!" and now her blanched cheek and starting eye shewed she comprehended him. "That is it then! And you think it possible."

"Possible! yes. All things are possible. Even for the dead to rise. And a dead face now haunts me!"

"Not her's, Adolphe?"

"No, not her's:—at least, if she be,—*that* guilt does not lie so directly at my door. But another's—one who died this night:—not by my hand, though; not by my hand! That is something."

"Who was it?" cried his sister.

"Oh, a worm; a mere worm; that troublesome Bralligan!" was the reply. "He crossed my path; he knew too much; I had to crush him. But not *so!* O God, not *so!* I see the rocks run red with his blood! That face of agony; that dying yell; they freeze my soul with horror!" and he hid his face in the neck of the girl.

Marie clasped him fondly, and covered his cheek with kisses, saying:

"My poor Adolphe! Thou art too soft-hearted; thou hast the nerves of a silly child. What was a life like his? Was it not needful to find a scape-goat? Had the bullet struck true,—the

goal were even now reached, and we might be happy. Reassure thyself, *mon beau*. It is necessary. One does not make an omelette without breaking eggs. This girl, then, is a new obstacle; thou art assured of it?"

"Not yet; but the bare suspicion unmans me."

"Yes, I see it all," continued the girl: "Thou art brave against men, but a woman's face daunts thee. It shall not *me*, however. This shall be my affair. Leave it with me."

"No Marie! Not *thou* too," said Delaval; "at least not *yet*; we must know more."

"Well, go. Convince thyself. Are there not papers—letters to be found in their baggage? Go and search. I, on my side, will watch and wile out the truth of her story."

"And then, should it be so, Marie ——?"

"Ah! then—see!" and she seized an alabaster vase from the mantel, and with one clasp it lay shivered like an egg-shell in her gripe.

"That hand is small, but it is determined!" said she, in a sharp, roughly-aspirated whisper.

In pursuance of the hint just thrown out by his sister, Delaval resolved to start forthwith on his quest for the proofs of Madeline's identity. On her side, Marie invented a plea accounting for his absence at the dinner-table.

Before he set off for the hotel, the Frenchman ordered a man to follow him with the spring-cart.

Six good miles had to be gone over; yet half an hour had barely elapsed before he leaped from his saddle at his destination, and gave his smoking beast into the charge of an hostler.

Few words served to convey to the landlord his errand. The Harveys had been induced to stay over night at the hall; might, indeed, prolong their visit for a few days, and were, therefore, in want of a few necessaries which his man was coming over to fetch. He, himself, was tired and hungry. Would his host toss him up something hot? and meanwhile, would he join him in a bottle of wine? and to prevent disturbance they might as well go up to his friend's room.

Charmed at his new guest's complaisance, the canny Scot who managed the concern hastened to give the necessary directions, and then showed the way to the apartment in question.

Unlocking the door, and bustling round to turn on the lights and draw the curtains, the host kept up a running conversation:

"This is the parlour, an' yon is Maister Hervey's room; an' here's the Missie's dressin'-room, an' her bedroom's ayent it. A fine suite o' rooms, Sir!—bien an' snug as ye may weel see! Here, lassie," said he, stepping out into the lobby; "bring ben a shovelfu' o' coal; the nicht's cauld."

"I suppose the Harveys have been with you all summer?" said Delaval, cutting short the stream of his host's professional loquacity.

"'Deed, no Sir! It's only the week afore last they cam. Fine, free-handed folks they are, though. They think less o' a *dollar*, as they ca' it, than ye wad o' a saxpence."

"Then they are Americans, I presume," said Delaval, suggestively.

"Ye may weel say that, Sir," replied Boniface. "They're aye *guessin'* whar ither folk are *jalousing!* But here ye are, Sir! What'll ye tak?" and he broke off to fill the glasses.

"Here's t'ye, Sir! An' it's a braw drap liquor to soudher the acquaintance in," said the host, holding his glass admiringly between his eye and the light, ere tossing it off.

"May the acquaintance be both pleasurable and profitable!" responded the Frenchman.

"Gin it's but profitable, it'll be pleasant aneuch, I'se warrant it," said the Scotchman, jocosely.

"It lies with yourself to make it both, Mr. McWhirter; that is, if you know on which side your bread is buttered," said Delaval.

"Aye! Say ye sae, Sir? Weel, try me," and his eyes sparkled with cupidity.

"You have heard of the Colonel's accident?"

"Weel, I did hear wind o' his gettin' a shot, or a tumble, or maybe baith. Is there onything in't?"

"It is true enough. Two inches closer, and he would have been a dead man."

"Gudesakes! Folks no sure o' their lives amang thae wild Irishry. It'll be anither Fenian job, I rackon."

"There is little doubt about that," said Delaval. "The affair has so far been traced up to them. The very man who fired the shot is known. But such as he are only the hands. Where is the

head? Fenianism would be nothing without foreign countenance and support."

"Aye; they say they muster strang ower the watter," assented the Scot, indifferently.

"Yes; and they are sending their agents here, rousing up sedition, and inciting the people to acts of outrage."

"Terrible!" said Sandy, with a yawn.

"Look here, McWhirter. Has it never struck you what might be the true errand of this American, Harvey, here?"

"Deed, Maister Deilawful, I winna say but I've had my ain thochts at times," said McWhirter with reviving interest. "It does look queer to hae folk stravagin' the kintra a' day, an' maist feck o' the nicht forbye."

"Well, that *does* look suspicious," said his visitor.

"And then, come to think o' it; we had nae sic gangins-on hereawa afore they cam; an' it's an auld word, 'There's aye water whaur the stirkie drowns.' Gude sen' it mayna be my turn neist. Wha kens? Ye see, at orra times I carry on a bit o' the factorin' business for that glaiket Englisher o' a laird, Sir Jute Cotton, ye ken. An' I winna say but what I've had to come down sharp on the nail wi' some o' them afore they wad pay their bit lawin. I wadna misdoubt but they're awin' me a grutch for that."

"Well, you had best be beforehand with them, by helping to shut up their leader. Harvey, I must tell you, has this evening been taken into custody on suspicion of being concerned in seditious proceedings. Now, in a word, you know the government reward for such information as may lead to a conviction?"

The entrance of the waiter here interrupted the colloquy. Delaval sauntered back and forth through the apartments, noting with sharp glance every detail. When they were again alone he resumed:

"Well, what do you think? Can you procure such evidence as may convict, or failing that, can you *invent* it?" and he emphasized the last word by placing ten sovereigns on the table.

The host eyed the gold with avidity, but shook his head, saying:

"It's a risky business, Deilawful. I maun think ower it awee, or maybe I'll rin my neck intil a tether."

"Take your own time to it, my man," said his tempter. "But think how it will sound at headquarters should it appear that you

have been sheltering a known conspirator. You know there are penalties for aiders and abettors of treason."

"Aweel! Mak it as ye wad hae it!" said the daunted Scot. "I'll do onything in reason."

"Oh! it's a very simple matter. Only to sign your name to this information purporting to be delivered on oath before you as magistrate by certain credible witnesses, and further certified by concomitant circumstances that have arisen within your own knowledge. Here, in this *escritoire*, I dare say we will find pen and ink. Where is your duplicate key?"

"It's here, Sir!" said Sandy, with a hang-dog look. "I suppose a' richt, gin he *be* ane o' thae rin-the-rout Fenians!"

The signature was appended; the money pocketed by the one, and the document secured by the other.

"And now," said the Frenchman, "there can be no objection, I fancy, to my overhauling the private papers, memoranda, and so forth of a suspected person. Where does he keep them mostly?"

"Yon's his desk, and Miss has her's in her trunk. Try them," and the Scot held out a bunch of keys, two of which were found to fit.

Rummaging through the secret drawers, and scanning the contents of the letters and other private documents, Delaval finally selected a few, and slipped them into his pocket-book.

Then starting up he seized the grumpy, angular Scot, and twirled him round the room in a fantastic waltz!

"Aha! old cock!" cried he. "*Ca ira!* as sang my brigands of ancestors some eighty years ago. I have got the end of the thread now!"

Then, fetching up before his host's wife, who had come to pack up some necessaries, he airily saluted that astonished dame, and, having whispered a few final directions to his accomplice, took his departure in high glee.

CHAPTER XIII.

DELAVAL turned his steps towards the chasm, into which Barney had fallen, partly, it may be, haunted by the thought that he was his murderer, but also with the view of meeting another party, as his impatience indicated. He was about to retrace his steps when the sound of crackling twigs, and an approaching tread, arrested him.

"Ah! here comes the *coquin* at last!" he grumbled, as he saw a muffled figure draw near, and stepped forward to accost it.

"*Ma foi!* more of them!" he ejaculated, and at the word he sank to the earth; for some ten paces behind he descried another approaching like the shadow of the first.

"Another still! and yet another!—five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten of them! Is that all?" he soliloquized as he saw the string of grey, muffled figures, gliding along like ghosts in the waning moonlight.

"What are they? Who are they? One can but see;" murmured he. "I trust, *Messieurs* the ghosts, you will not refuse me the honour of forming the eleventh in your august procession."

For three furlongs or so he tracked them by the sound; but as they emerged on the open glade before the Castle, he was constrained to halt.

Stooping on hands and knees, he crawled forward like a panther.

He had painfully covered half the distance, when—at the moment he expected to see them leaping the crevice between them and the gate-way—to his astonishment they one by one seemed to topple over and fall into the abyss, with hands uplifted, and stifled cry,—in every particular like the poor unfortunate he had that evening hunted to his death!

A vertigo seized him. The old terror came strong upon him. And as he started from his recumbent posture, and with a few bounds stood on the brink of the black gorge, an insane impulse prompted him to cast himself headlong after his victim. It was only by a supreme effort of will and reason, he flung himself backward, instead of forward.

Lying there panting, he waited till the throbbing of his heart sounded less painfully loud; then,—wiping the clammy moisture from his brow, he sat up, and asked himself—What did it all mean?

Was it merely an optical illusion? Were they mortal figures he had seen? And if so, had they really sunk into the yawning earth?

Crawling forward again, he peered curiously downward:—felt with his hands as far as he could reach.

Nothing!—absolutely nothing; but the cold, smooth crags;—and the horror of darkness between;—and the white face of a

corpse, staring upward with glazed eyes;—and the manacled hands plucking at him;—and the surging waters yawning like a hell, gurgling and sobbing, sobbing and moaning—“Blood for blood! Blood for blood!”

Again the shiver ran through all his veins, and the man of blood recoiled, white with terror.

Long he sat:—till at last, cursing himself for his folly, he rallied his courage so far as to leap the chasm, and pass on, under the gate-way, and into the Castle.

He paused every other instant, his heart beating at the muffled echoes of his stealthy footfall, and dreading a foe in every shadow.

At last he gained a position whence he could command a view of the Central Court, and the ruined Chapel.

No stir, no movement, not the least sign of living being.

He peered round and round, high and low, with a searching, lynx-like stare:—nothing!

Not satisfied with this first inspection, he drew a small, but perfect night-glass from his pocket;—adjusted it;—and bit by bit went over his whole survey:—nothing still!

His superstitious terrors were rising again. By a powerful effort he recalled his truant attention; again leant forward, and this time applied his ear to the ground.

He could hear the shivering boom of the billow breaking far beneath on the rock foundations: he could hear the sighing of the night-wind through the chinks of the fractured walls. The occasional rustle of a leaf startled him like a living presence. But that was all:—nothing more!

But stay! Is there not something besides? What is that sound?—A distant hum, as of bees swarming! Is not this what he hears in the intervals between the dash of the waves?

Whence does it proceed? It cannot be heard an inch from the ground; but glueing his ear to the stone, he can plainly detect it.

Evidently the sound originates in the bowels of the earth.

There *are* dwellers underground then; troglodytes,—earthmen!

But who are these underground dwellers? And how had they gained their retreat?

Quite at fault he passed outside the ruins on their seaward front, and looked gloomily away from the bare, bald rocks beneath him, inaccessible by mortal feet—far off to where the moon was sinking, broad and red, behind the sea-line. Unconsciously his

eye dwelt upon the last waning shred of her gleaming disc till all had disappeared, and the darkness was complete.

But no! The moon had disappeared; yet her path remained a trailing glory over the waters still! The darkness should have been complete; yet whence came that gleam that swept out over the crests of the billows? Yes. Evidently that light swept *outwards* not *inwards*. It came, not from the point where the vanished moon had sunk beneath the horizon; it came from some hidden source underneath his feet. What new mystery was here?

“Aha! *Mordieu!* I have it!” cried Delaval aloud, and triumphing in some sudden inspiration, he instantly commenced the descent. Somewhere down the face of that scarpd rock he was sure of finding the secret of that strange gleam.

Awfully perilous he felt the undertaking to be. Still, he was resolved to go through with it. First came the incline; then the incline became a steep; the steep became a wall; the wall hollowed inwards into a vaulted dome. Descent seemed impossible. To attempt it was madness. Yet he never hesitated.

Carefully he crawled backwards and downwards, feeling his way at every step. The incline was passed; it had changed into the steep.

With his poniard in one hand, and his stout pocket-knife in the other, he began to let himself down, bit by bit, never loosening the one till he had firmly bedded the other in some crevice within his reach.

Thus little by little, and inches at a time, did he ease himself down over the steep, and down the wall-like face of the precipice, until at last he arrived at a spot where his feet could find no further hold. What now? He had come to the hollow.

All at once it flashed across him how, from the other side of the Bay, he had once noted, at about his present distance from the summit, a cavity; that cavity, which is named in the parlance of the country, “The Dog’s Eye.”

How to manage his descent from the beetling eyebrow into the hollow of the eye?

Clinging tightly to his firmly fixed jack-knife with the one hand, with the other he unloosed his waist-belt. Then thrusting his poniard through the clasp, he struck it into a crack of the rock as far down as he could reach. Cautiously drawing himself upwards

a little, he hammered with his boot heel till the weapon was firmly secured up to the guard.

Then with his toe he drew up the loose end, and tied on to it, first his neck-scarf, and next his handkerchief:—the combined length giving him some six feet clear of line. Coiling the slack round his arm in case of slipping, and carefully removing his knife,—with his foot balanced on his last support, he let himself down gently—gently, till the knife's point found a new entrance:—then shifting his weight to this new support, he continued to slide down till the poniard hilt was within easy grasp.

Another effort and the knife was withdrawn and transferred to his teeth. Now he was hanging at arm's length free.

Would the poniard hold? He must risk it.

Slowly and delicately, hand under hand he lowered himself down his frail line, until arrived at the end, he could dimly see the floor of the cavity—still some six feet or more beneath him,—and still trending inwards. Throwing his life upon the next cast he commenced swaying back and forth with an oscillating movement, and timing his swing—finally took the leap!

Just enough, and no more, to give him a hold, as he lay doubled over the rounded edge. And just in time too, for the poniard came rattling down after him, bringing with it a flake of the rock it had been bedded in. That last effort had loosened it, and the end of the line was still in his grasp. Painfully he drew himself inwards from the perilous verge, and lay extended to gather breath.

(To be continued.)

TWO THOUSAND MILES ON AN ICE-FLOE;

OR, THE VOYAGE OF THE POLARIS PARTY.

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

AT daylight, on the morning of April 30th, 1873, a steamer named the *Tigress*, one of the Newfoundland sealing fleet, was ploughing her way in pursuit of seals, amid the ice-laden sea, forty miles from land, off the southern coast of Labrador, in lat. 53° 35' N. The morning was hazy, but about five o'clock the fog-curtain rose, the sun shone out disclosing the glittering ice-

masses far and wide. Presently those on board fancied that they saw a small flag fluttering on the top of a hummock, at the distance of a quarter of a mile. The ship was put about and bore down upon it, under the impression that it might be a piece of floating wreck. As the *Tigress* neared the object, the Stars and Stripes were made out; then human voices were heard uttering feeble cheers, and guns were fired. On coming close to the floe on which the flag was fluttering, a strange sight was disclosed. On it were seen nineteen human beings, ten of them white men and nine Esquimaux. Of the latter two were men, two were women, one of whom carried a baby eight months old in her arms, and five were children. They had a boat with them on the ice, on the stern of which was painted the name "Polaris." The party presented a most forlorn appearance, and had evidently been long exposed to the weather, though not one of them appeared to be sick or disabled. Before leaving the ice, they gave three hearty cheers, such as men utter who have been delivered from impending death.

When taken on board, the tale they told was marvellous beyond anything invented by the wildest romancer, illustrating once more the old saying that "truth is stranger than fiction." The purport of their wonderful story was that they were part of the crew of the S. S. *Polaris* of the United States Arctic expedition; that when in lat. $77^{\circ} 35'$ N. they were accidentally separated from their ship by the sudden breaking up of an ice-floe to which she was moored, on October 15th, 1872, and that ever since they had been drifting on the ice, till now, rescued by the *Tigress* off the coast of Labrador, six months and a half afterwards, on April 30th, 1873. Thus they had drifted on the ice over twenty-four degrees of latitude, or one thousand four hundred and forty miles in a direct line; but allowing for the sinuosities of their course, caused by varying winds, they must have voyaged on their cheerless ice-raft more than two thousand miles. Their supply of food, when they started, was not more than sufficient for one month's consumption, and they had lived chiefly on seals and the flesh of a Polar bear. They had no shelter, but the snow huts which in Esquimaux fashion they built on the ice, and, in addition to the clothes they wore, they had only a few skins to protect them from the fierce cold. They had passed the gloomy Arctic night in the snow-huts without seeing the sun for eighty-five days. Again and

again the floe on which they drifted was broken up, and they had been compelled to make their way to another floating mass amid fearful perils. More than once they had almost perished with hunger, and experienced wonderful deliverances when at the last extremity. But under the sheltering hand of Providence they had been preserved through perils, hardships, cold and famine, and not one of them had even sickened. The poor little Esquimaux baby, even though but two months old when their voyage began, sheltered carefully in the loving arms of a mother, took no harm, and seemed as lively as any of the party. Truly, it is a marvellous tale of human endurance and courage,—unparalleled even in the records of Arctic adventures. When full materials for the construction of the narrative are furnished, and the story comes to be fitly told, it will be one of the most thrilling ever penned. Meantime, a slight outline of it, as I gathered it from the lips of several individuals of the party, may be interesting to the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY.

It adds not a little to the romance of the story to find that one of the party taken from the ice was the Esquimaux, Hans Christian, who figures so largely in the charming narratives of Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes. Hans is quite a historical character, though the poor fellow does not look by any means heroic now. He is no longer young, and the hardships through which he has passed have told heavily on him. He seems broken down and exhausted. Little did I ever expect to see the celebrated Hans in the flesh. When I told him that I had read about him many years ago in books, and that he was a well-known character in America and England, he did not seem to be at all elevated in consequence. He answered with a nod and a brief “ugh, ugh.” The honour and glory of figuring in history do not seem to be of much consequence to the imagination of Hans. His narrative powers are of the most limited description, as he speaks only broken English, and finds it difficult to understand ordinary speech. Were he the only historian of the ice-voyage, its story would be summed up in a few brief sentences. As I looked upon the honest face of Hans, I could not but think of the time, of which Dr. Kane tells, when he was a youth of nineteen or twenty, and, smitten by the youthful charms of a plump Esquimaux damsel, he, for a time, deserted his commander, and, with the fair maiden on one side and a handsome supply of walrus and seal flesh on the other,

mounted his sledge and set off on his Arctic honeymoon. He was an active hunter then, though now stiff and worn,—so expert that he could spear a bird on the wing. I thought, too, of his invaluable services to Kane and his party; how he catered for their table; how he was the man who discovered in the snow the track of the sledge, thus enabling Kane to save the lives of eight of his men when in the last extremity from cold and exhaustion; and how, too, he, with Morton, made the celebrated sledge journey on the ice, when, as they thought, they saw the open polar sea; and how, at the last, he saved the lives of all by bringing a supply of fresh walrus meat from Etah Bay. Honour to thee, brave, faithful Hans Christian,—thou hast done a noble stroke of work in thy lifetime, and rendered true service to the cause of science and civilization, though all unconscious of it! The President of the United States may feel honoured in shaking thy hard hand—for thy heart is true and warm, though thy skin is dark! America should honour thee for the service thou hast given to one of the noblest and best of her sons—the heroic Kane, and provide for thee, so that thy old age may be tranquil and free from care!

Mrs. Hans looks plump and comfortable. She cherishes her baby with the most affectionate care, and Hans seems to be a most devoted husband. They have four children, the eldest apparently about fifteen or sixteen.

In order to understand the ice-voyage of the rescued party, we must follow the *Polaris* for a little on her adventurous voyage in search of the North Pole. In 1871 the American Navy Department gave the wooden gunboat *Periwinkle*, three hundred and eighty-seven tons, which was re-christened the *Polaris*, for an Arctic exploring expedition up Smith's Sound, to be commanded by Captain C. F. Hall. Congress appropriated \$50,000 for the expenses, but no naval officer accompanied the expedition. Dr. Bessels, a naturalist and doctor of medicine, who was in the German expedition of 1869, was placed in charge of the scientific department, and Captain Buddington, a New London whaling Captain, was appointed ice-master. Captain Hall sailed from New York in the end of June, 1871, and touched at St. John's, Newfoundland, where he remained a few days. He sailed again for Greenland on July 24th; reached Disco, where he remained till August 17th; touched at Upernavick, and on August 24th sailed from Tessinsack for Smith's Sound.

The most wonderful good fortune attended the outset of his voyage. The season proved to be extremely favourable—the openest known for many years. Captain Hall had the rare good fortune to cross Melville Bay and reach the North Water with very few impediments from the ice. On entering Smith's Sound he found open water, and met with but few ice-packs, and these of no great extent. The same good fortune attended him as he steamed rapidly up Kennedy Channel, and passed Cape Constitution, from which Morton and Hans saw what they concluded was an open Polar sea. But instead of finding this open sea, Captain Hall, after crossing the mouth of a Bay which he named afterwards "Polaris Bay," found himself in a narrow channel, about forty-five miles in length, and which he named Robeson's Channel, after the Secretary of the American Navy. On September 1st he found himself in lat. $82^{\circ} 16'$, the highest reached by any expedition or any individual. The land on the Greenland side now trended eastward, and from the appearance of a water-sky in this direction, Hall concluded that another bay or sound opened here. On the American side Grinnel Land, as far as eighty-three degrees, could be plainly distinguished.

What a wonderful position for a man to find himself in, after such a rapid run, and having encountered so few impediments—within four hundred and sixty miles of the Pole! What a glorious opportunity for winning the laurel crown!—for being

"The first that ever burst
Into that lonely sea."

Unfortunately, instead of pushing on, and daring everything, taking fortune at the flow, Captain Hall paused, perhaps startled by his very success, perhaps dreading to take his ship farther so late in the season, made fast to an ice-floe, began to drift south, and the golden opportunity of reaching the pole, which may not recur in the present century, was lost. Ice was met with, but it was far from being an impenetrable pack when Hall stopped. How much farther he might have advanced it is impossible to say.

His discoveries, however, are of high value. He has made it certain that Greenland does not terminate, even at $82^{\circ} 16'$ in the southern shore of an open Polar sea, but stretches away towards the pole, and may be prolonged right over it; but at present, it is only certain that the land extends to the northern extremity of Robeson's Channel, and that there another indentation of the

coast occurs, on the Greenland side; while on the American side, land is visible as far as 83° , or four hundred and twenty miles from the Pole. The water which Morton, of Kane's expedition, took to be an open Polar Sea, in 1854, and which Dr. Hayes confidently pronounced to be the same, when, in 1861, he reached lat. $81^{\circ} 35'$ on a dog-sledge, on the American side, is now proved to be Polaris Bay, and is about eighty-seven miles from north to south, and about sixty miles from east to west. This bay narrows at its northern extremity into Robeson's Channel, which is twenty-five miles in width and forty-five in length.

Thus Hall's expedition has made solid and valuable additions to our knowledge of the geography of those mysterious regions which have baffled so many explorers. The question of an open Polar Sea is not absolutely settled by his discoveries, but its existence is rendered much less probable, and the proofs adduced by Kane and Hayes in support of the theory, are swept away. Most persons will regard Hall's discoveries as favouring the hypothesis of Dr. Petermann, the eminent German geographer. His opinion is that Greenland is prolonged over the Pole, and joins the land seen by the American whalers who ran up Behring's Straits, in the summer of 1867, and which land they supposed to be inhabited. That there are really inhabitants in these extreme northern regions, seems not improbable from the fact that, only a few years ago, some natives came down from the East coast to Pamiadluk, the most southern of the Danish settlements on the west coast of Greenland, declaring that it was two years since they had left their homes in the far north.

For three days the *Polaris* drifted south, and Captain Hall then found himself at the southern point of Robeson's Channel, which he named Cape Luptun. Here the ice slackened; steam was got up, and steering eastward in Polaris Bay he reached, at its head, a harbour which he named "Thank-God Harbour," and in which he determined to winter. He cast anchor near a huge iceberg which was aground, and which he called "Providence Iceberg." On September 5th, he landed a portion of his stores, and proceeded to erect the wooden observatory he had on board, in which the scientific corps were to take observations. On the 12th a musk-ox was shot. These animals were found to be quite plentiful around Polaris Bay; and before the darkness set in, twenty-five of them were killed. They are about the size of a small cow, and

are remarkable for the great length of their hair and the musky odour which they emit,—hence their name. In post and tertiary times the musk-ox is known to have extended over the greater part of Europe, remains of it occurring abundantly in certain of the bone-caves of France. It may be asked how does a vegetable feeder like the musk-ox, find subsistence during the Arctic winter? Its food is a kind of ground-willow which grows there abundantly, and is extremely nutritious. In addition to this creature, a few birds and a kind of rabbit were observed.

Every preparation having been made for passing the long winter, Captain Hall decided on a sledging expedition with his dogs, along a great valley, at some distance from the coast, which he observed stretching northward, in order to pioneer the way for Spring operations. Accordingly he started in company with Mr. Chester, chief mate, and the two Esquimaux, Hans Christian and Joe. This party only succeeded in penetrating about twenty miles north of their winter quarters, where they discovered a small bay, about five miles wide at its mouth, in lat. 82° , which Hall named "Newman's Bay," after his friend, Rev. Dr. Newman. It is an arm of Polaris Bay. Strange to say, on the shores of this bay, among the ice, a quantity of drift-wood was discovered, some of the larger pieces being six inches in circumference, and showing traces of having been cut. It was much decayed. What kind of wood it was is not known: but there are specimens of it on board the *Polaris*. It is vain to conjecture whence it came. Are we to regard it as a specimen of the vegetation of the region around the Pole?

After an absence of a fortnight, Dr. Hall and his party returned to the ship. He was immediately seized with illness, and died in about ten days of apoplexy, on November 8th, 1871. His death was a source of great grief to his men, who were much attached to him, and a most serious loss to the expedition. He was buried ashore in Polaris Bay. Thus the enthusiastic Arctic explorer, who for years had fondly dreamed of reaching the Pole, died with his hopes unrealized; but now sleeps nearer the unknown region than any of the heroic band who have fallen as martyrs in their efforts to penetrate those dreary regions.

The winter quarters of the *Polaris* were in lat. $81^{\circ} 38' N.$, much farther north than any white men had ever wintered before; yet the discomforts were not greater than those of Kane's party,

in Rensselaer Harbour, three degrees farther south. The lowest degree of cold experienced was 58° below zero, and that but for a short time. The sun was absent 135 days. On November 21st a heavy gale of wind broke up the ice around the ship, and caused her to drift close to the iceberg, so that its foot got underneath the keel, giving her a heavy list, and at high water, causing her to lie almost on her beam ends. In this position she continued during the winter. The most careful arrangements were made for the comfort of the men, and amusements of various kinds were kept up. The health of all on board continued perfect.

On March 27th, Dr. Bessels and Mr. Bryan of the scientific corps, with two Esquimaux, undertook a sledge journey south, to survey the coast between the winter quarters of the *Polaris* and Cape Constitution, the point reached by Morton, of Kane's expedition, and from which he saw, as he believed, the open Polar Sea. After an absence of a fortnight, Dr. Bessels returned, having surveyed a portion of the coast, but not having been able to reach Cape Constitution. No northern journeys on sledges were attempted in the spring, which, considering the means at disposal, seems surprising. The expedition had lost its mainspring in losing Captain Hall. Captain Buddington was now commander.

On June 8th an attempt was made to penetrate farther north by boats. Two boats were fitted out for this excursion—one commanded by Captain Tyson, sailing-master, and the other by Mr. Chester. They were unable to reach farther north than Newman's Bay, owing to the ice barriers; and after waiting for a month there for the chance of open water, orders came from Captain Buddington to return to the ship, which was reported to be leaking, to some extent. The season was evidently too early for making way north, in boats.

It would seem that Captain Buddington now became uneasy regarding the condition of the ship, and decided on returning home. On August 12th the ice was sufficiently open to permit of the *Polaris* leaving her winter quarters. She got safe through Kennedy Channel, to lat. $80^{\circ} 2'$, when she was caught fast in the ice, and drifted south, till October 15th, 1872. On that day, during a heavy gale and snow-drift, the pressure of the ice around the ship was very great, threatening her destruction. It was decided, in all haste, to remove the stores to the ice. The Esquimaux women and children were placed on the ice for safety. Ten

of the crew, with two Esquimaux men were on the ice receiving the stores and hauling them back from the ship. When thus employed, the portion of the floe to which the *Polaris* was moored suddenly broke off, and in the darkness the ship was driven away by the wind to the northward. She had fourteen men on board. Next day those on the ice saw the *Polaris* under steam, apparently approaching to take them off. Their signals, they thought, could not fail to be seen on board. Suddenly, however, whether owing to the movements of the ice, or some other cause, she passed in between a small island, supposed to be Northumberland Island, at the entrance of Whale Sound, and the main land, and the unfortunates on the ice saw her no more. The floe on which they were began to drift off rapidly; all efforts to reach the shore in the boat failed, and their long and terrible ice-voyage was begun.

On examination, the portion of the stores on the floe along with them was found to consist of eleven bags of bread, fourteen cases of pemmican (forty-five pounds in each); ten dozen cans of preserved meats, and a few hams. There were also nine musk-ox hides, one bear skin and a few seal skins, plenty of ammunition and six or eight rifles. The quantity of food on the ice was about equal to the sustenance of the nineteen persons for a month. Captain Tyson, who now took charge of the party, at once put them on short allowance. A meal for nine men consisted of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bread, and $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. pemmican mixed with water. This was served out twice a day. The Esquimaux shared in the same proportion. Fortunately they had two boats on the ice, the *Polaris* being left without boats. Eleven dogs were with them, and these they shot, as they could not spare food for them.

The first movement of the floe on which they were, was to the south-west, a heavy north-east wind blowing, and in a short time they found themselves thirty or forty miles south of where their ship was last seen. Owing to a heavy sea which was running, their floe broke up, and they were separated from one of their boats, six bags of bread, and some articles of clothing, which, however, they subsequently recovered. After drifting eight days they found themselves within a few miles of the Greenland coast. They made two attempts to reach land but failed; stormy weather set in, and they drifted fast towards the south. When they had passed the Cary Islands all hope of getting to land was abandoned; and, with the aid of the Esquimaux, they built three snow-huts on

the ice. During the month of November they caught four or five seals, and about the same number respectively in January and February. Their sufferings from cold and hunger were very great. It was a bright day in their dreary calendar when a seal was taken, as they had then a feast, and obtained a supply of light and fuel with which to warm their scanty allowance of food. Their cooking consisted in warming their meat slightly over a lamp. Much of the seals was eaten raw, the skin, entrails and every part but the gall being used. One boat was cut up to supply fuel for cooking purposes, but by the first of January this source of supply was exhausted. It is touching to find the forlorn band making some effort to observe Christmas Day. Their last piece of ham was reserved for that day; two biscuits were served out to each, and thus, amid those fearful ice-solitudes, in the gloom of an Arctic night, they enjoyed their scanty Christmas cheer, thinking, no doubt, with many a longing, of the friends far away, who were gathered that day around their cheerful hearths, and breathing a more earnest prayer than usual that God would continue to guard them from danger, and restore them to their homes. When New Year's Day came they found their scanty stores could afford no festive indulgences, and that they must be content with the ordinary fare.

We can fancy what must have been the forlorn condition of these poor castaways, during the gloom of the long Arctic night. Even with every comfort on board ship, and surrounded by cheerful influences of all kinds, with books and amusements to while away the time, the Arctic night is felt to be terribly oppressive. But what must it have been to this forlorn band, shut in a wretched snow-hut, cold, half-starving, without light except what a feeble lamp could furnish, and with nothing to break the terrible monotony of the weary hours! For eighty-five days they were without the sun; but at length, on January 19th, 1872, they were gladdened by a sight of the returning orb of day. It was like a glimpse of opening heaven to the eyes of the heart-sick group on the ice-floe. On the whole, however, they managed to preserve their cheerfulness to a wonderful degree, and never lost hope of ultimate deliverance. At times, too, the voice of Hannah, one of the Esquimaux women, cheered them, as she sang the songs of her native land. It is touching to find that the well-being of the baby was a constant source of interest and affectionate inquiry;

and when daylight returned, a look at its little dusky face, as it nestled in Mrs. Hans' bosom, was often asked for, and never failed to awaken smiles and tender words. The services of the two Esquimaux men were invaluable. They watched the ice-holes and speared the seals, when white men were unequal to such an achievement. They killed the Polar bear and shot the snow birds.

Thus the weary hours dragged along. During the latter part of February, the little birds called dovekeys were shot in considerable numbers, and two of them were served out to each person twice a day. March 2nd was a happy day in their calendar. On that day they shot a large square-flipper seal which served them for food for twelve days. On March 12th, during a dark stormy night, the ice began to crack around them, and at length the floe broke up with a tremendous noise, leaving them barely enough ice to walk round their snow-huts. During the remainder of March they suffered little from hunger, seals being abundant; but on April 1st the sea began to wash over their snow-huts. They were then compelled to take to their boat, and abandon the friendly floe that had carried them so far. They succeeded in reaching another, which on April 5th also broke up; and all day they were scrambling from pan to pan, drenched to the skin, cold, and miserable, the weather being very boisterous. During these movements, they had to throw away most of their fresh provisions, and now found themselves in slob ice, where no seals were to be met with. On the 21st they found that their whole stock of provisions consisted of ten biscuits; and death by hunger was staring them in the face. On the afternoon of that day, just as they were deliberating about serving out the last of their stock of biscuit, one of the Esquimaux who had mounted a hummock, signalled that all were to lie down and play seal. A Polar bear was in sight, though it was much farther south than these animals are usually found. It was an anxious moment, as they watched the movements of the bear till he came within range. Their lives depended on the shot. The rifles of the two Esquimaux rang out at the same moment, and the bear dropped dead. That night they had an abundant and luxurious supper, and their sufferings from hunger were now at an end.

Lanes of open water were now seen, and Captain Tyson took advantage of them to work to the west as far as possible, hoping to reach the coast of Labrador, where temporary relief might be

obtained. On the afternoon of the 28th, to their unspeakable joy, they saw the smoke of a steamer at a distance, but soon lost sight of her. This was one of the Newfoundland sealing fleet, out on her second trip. On the next day they saw her again, but failed to attract the attention of those on board, notwithstanding every effort made by firing guns and hoisting signals. Towards evening she disappeared, and the hearts of the poor cast-aways sank within them. Were they doomed to perish so near human aid, after all their wonderful escapes! Next morning at 5 o'clock as the fog cleared away,—O joy for ever!—they saw a large steamer within a quarter of a mile of them. She proved to be the *Tigress*, Captain Bartlett, of St. Johns, out on a sealing voyage. In a short time they were on board, and received the utmost kindness and attention. A few days after, the *Tigress* reached St. Johns.

The whole party were looking wonderfully well, notwithstanding their privations and hardships. They had been six months and a-half on the ice. Few of them, in all that time, had been able to change any portion of their clothing, and not one of them had been able to enjoy the luxury of a wash, the little water they were able to obtain by melting the ice, being all required for drinking and cooking purposes. We can fancy the pleasurable sensations of these poor voyagers, when once more they tasted a warm, well-cooked meal, got a thorough wash, and lay down to sleep in a clean bed.

There is no reason at present to be apprehensive regarding the safety of the *Polaris*. In all probability she was frozen in and wintered in Whale Sound, as she was last seen in harbour at Northumberland Island, at the entrance of the Sound. Fourteen men were left on board, and although only two of them are seamen, the crew are quite equal to the working of the ship, under ordinary circumstances. She had ample stores on board, and being so far south when last seen, there is the strongest probability of her being released from the ice before July.

It is to be feared that some of the most important records of the voyage are lost, especially the meteorological and part of the astronomical, as they were on the ice, in a box, when the *Polaris* was driven away, but not on that portion of the floe on which the castaways were. It is possible they may have been recovered afterwards, as no doubt those on board the *Polaris* would make strenuous efforts to save such precious documents.

In only one instance has there been anything similar to this wonderful voyage of two thousand miles on an ice-raft. On October 22nd, 1869, the crew of the *Hansa*, of the second German North Polar Expedition, were compelled to abandon their vessel which was crushed by the ice in lat. $70^{\circ} 49' N.$, long. $10^{\circ} 51' W.$ They built on the floe a house with the patent fuel they had on board, and in this snug shelter, they drifted to the southern point of Greenland, where they took to their boats, and on June 14th, 1870, reached the Moravian Mission Station of Friedriksthal, in lat. $60^{\circ} N.$, just on the western side of Cape Farewell. They thus drifted over ten degrees of latitude, but their sextants showed that the total distance traversed was 1,150 miles. The *Polaris* party passed over twenty-four degrees of latitude, and must have drifted, on their cheerless raft, 2,000 miles. Then the *Hansa* party had a snug house on the ice and ample stores. The others had not enough provisions at starting to sustain them for a month, and had to subsist in the manner I have described. The dangers they encountered too were far more terrible than those which the *Hansa* party passed through, who were only in one instance driven from their floe.

PHILIP BLAIR;

OR,

School Days in the Dominion.

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

CHAPTER VI.

THE result of the council of war held the evening of our hero's arrival home, was, as I have intimated, that he should exercise his ingenuity and receive its fitting reward in a boarding-school known as the Groves, situate about sixty miles down the river, provided he could be accommodated; the reputation of said school being so high, as usually to necessitate an application some time beforehand to secure admission.

Pursuant to this decision, sundry missives were despatched and received, the result being that Master Philip Blair was to be received at the Groves school for one term or more, in considera-

tion of the sum of — per term of five months, for board and tuition.

It was some time before his mother could quite reconcile herself to the idea of her son's departure from home, and more than once was inclined to rescind the order and allow him to remain a little longer, but her brother's argument overcame her scruples, and the boy's outfit was pushed forward as rapidly as circumstances would admit.

He enjoyed the notion of going away amazingly, because, as he expressed it, "a fellow is more of a man when he has to look out for himself, you know." Usually he receives the congratulations of his fellows on the subject with becoming gravity. On such occasions some rash youngster, envying Phil his prospects for fun, would inform another, confidentially, that "the first chance he'd do something," and with divers wise shakes of the head, "guess they'd have to send him away too."

On the day previous to the memorable first of September, the day fixed for his departure from home, behold Phil, important and excited, trying vainly to do several things at once—in the endeavor, interfering with his elders, much to their discomfort, but at the same time earnestly assuring them that "he was helping," of course.

At length the long, long day, as Philip thought—all too short in his mother's mind, drew to a close, and everything that a too fond parent could provide for her boy's comfort was ready to pack. The trunks and different articles were all in the sitting-room waiting for Mrs. Blair's deft fingers to arrange them, when Phil, accompanied by Reggy, who had been trotting patiently after his brother, came in. No one there but themselves. Instantly he decided that with the little fellow's assistance he would have one of those trunks packed in less than no time; to think, was to act, and smiling, as he thought of the agreeable surprise he was preparing for his mother, went to work with such vigor that in almost less time than it takes to tell it, had one trunk full—I won't say packed, and he and his brother sitting on the lid, cheerfully endeavoring to shut it.

"Let us sit down with a bump," said Reggy, who had been looking on in silent wonderment at his brother's marvellous celerity.

They did so; something crackles.

"Do it again, both together," said Reg, rather pleased than otherwise at the progress they were making, his opinion on packing evidently coinciding with Phil's; to wit, that good packing consisted in getting the things in tight.

They did it again, this time the cover came down but the hinges creaked warningly.

"There," said Phil with a sigh of relief as he stood up, "I guess that is pretty well fixed, I wont lock it, cos she," meaning his mother, "might want to see if its jest right."

He was contemplating his handiwork from the lounge where he had thrown himself after their efforts; Reg was still seated on the trunk contentedly, kicking his heels, when Mrs. Blair came in to complete her work.

"Why, what have you been doing," she exclaimed hastily, observing the disappearance of the clothing.

"Oh," replied Phil in a tone of intense satisfaction, "we've got our trunk all packed, ain't we Reg?" and he smiled calmly, inwardly conscious of having done something, at last, worthy of commendation.

"I should think we have," replied Reg, "spullen-did; and tight; why we almost busted the cover gettin' it down. Did'n't it crack though, Gorry."

"Get up at once," she said sharply to Reg. He did so; looking surprised, not understanding why his mother should be cross.

Phil's faith in his abilities as a packer began to vanish; an idea that perhaps it wasn't all right forced itself upon his unwilling mind as his mother raised the cover, and lifting out the various articles discovered hats and handkerchiefs, coats and collars, socks and scarves "all put in," as he happily expressed it; this was bad enough, but as she reached the bottom, and found a pair of boots resting serenely on the bosom of a clean shirt, the soles and heels finely lithographed on the smooth surface, her annoyance culminated.

"It does seem almost useless to try to have your clothes nice," she said helplessly; "do go away, go now!" as Phil hesitated, "you are the most tiresome boy."

"Well, I guess we had a good lot in," he rejoined, looking exceedingly injured at his mother's lack of appreciation of his efforts; "if——"

"That is sufficient," interrupted his mother, "Off with you, and don't look so disconsolate: we'll make it right."

Finally, everything was arranged for an early start the next morning, and he went to bed to toss restlessly about, thinking of the rows, cricket matches, boat races, and a thousand other things that boys are supposed to do at boarding school; however, he fell asleep and dreamt that he was throwing the school-master out of the window for trying to lick him.

The next morning he was out of bed and to the window in time to see the sun's broad red disk rising from his bed in the eastern horizon with a glow of burnished gold.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, "I say Reg; it's gorgeous."

"Wha-a-at's gor-augh-geous Phil?" inquired the youngster, yawning terrifically and looking startled.

"Why the weather to be sure. Don't you see the sun? Won't it be great going down the river?" and he capered about the room, giving vent to his exuberant spirits by sundry howls that would have been creditable to an Indian, with an extraordinary development of the larynx.

Reg watched him with great grave eyes silently, until Phil had sobered sufficiently to think of the troublesome but necessary operation of dressing, and then said in sorrowful accents, "I wish I could go too."

"Perhaps Uncle Horace will take you," said Phil, looking out the window and making desperate efforts to get into a pair of trousers.

"Do you think he will?" asked Reggy eagerly looking at his brother. "Stop; what are you doing?" he added hastily "you'll bust 'em; them's my trousers. Guess you're lunny."

Phil thus warned, discovered that in his excitement he had got hold of the wrong article, laughingly he rectified his error and left the room to obtain the moral support of his mother—when he should try and persuade his uncle—to take Reggy; slamming the door with a bang that shook the house he went careering through the hall with a hop, skip and jump, at the same time roaring out a couplet from a song.

"I say mother!" he sung out as he came to her chamber door, "are you up?"

"No," she replied sharply, disturbed by the outrageous clatter,

"what are you doing up at this hour? go to bed again, and don't make such a noise or you will disturb the neighbors."

"Doing up so early? Why don't you always tell me I should be up with the sun?" He smiled as he said this; the last holiday some time previous was the only time he had been up so early during the summer.

"What do you want?"

"Buz wants to go down the river with us, and I was thinking perhaps uncle would take him, what do you think?"

"Well, don't disturb me now, and I will tell you at breakfast." He had to be satisfied with this, and travelled off to inform Reg of the result of his mission.

At the breakfast table it was decided that if his uncle was agreeable, Reggy should accompany him, which arrangement sent the little fellow in a perfect fever of delight.

"Don't think too much about it, Reg," said his grandmother, "perhaps Uncle Horace won't let you go, after all."

The youngster's face lengthened so at this suggestion as to cause a general laugh around the table. "O I'll coax him," he replied hopefully, after thinking a moment, "you will too; won't you, mother?"

"We will see when he comes."

Mr. Morel soon after came in, to see that all the arrangements were complete.

"The carriage will be here in about an hour," he said, looking at his watch; "you might all come down to the pier; it is such a lovely morning; I will send a barouche and you can take a drive after the steamer leaves; there will be plenty of room for all. Phil can ride on the box with the driver."

"Yes," said Phil, "that's all right, and won't I get Cabbie to let me trot the donkeys." He added in an under tone to his brother, "Don't you wish you was me, Buz?"

"Stop one moment Horace," said Mrs. Blair, observing the disconsolate expression on Reggy's face as her brother was leaving without anything having been said about the youngster.

"Well, what is the trouble now?"

"Reggy is very anxious to go down the river with you, do you think you could take him?"

"I hardly know what to say," rejoined Mr. Morel, rather taken

aback, he had fully intended calling on his way home to see a lady friend, and this proposition threatened to interfere seriously.

"Do Uncle," said the little fellow, looking up pleadingly.

"I suppose we must," his Uncle replied, taking the little upturned anxious face between his hands, "that is, if your mother can spare you for a few days."

"I thought you were coming back in the next boat," said Mrs. Blair, looking surprised.

"No, I am going to call at Mentour coming back," he replied, with a little conscious flush as he saw his sister smile.

"Oh!" she said significantly, "he had better remain at home, then."

"No! no! mother, I won't be any bother; Will I uncle?" and the eager questioning face looked from one to the other imploringly.

"Why Reg," said his grandmother, "when I was a girl I was not allowed to beg so hard."

He looked puzzled a moment, then his face brightened, and he replied in an earnest tone: "Yes, of course, but don't you see that you were a girl, and there is a great deal of difference in bringing up boys and girls." This was said in such a matter-of-fact way that all were compelled to laugh.

"Get him ready Alice," said Mr. Morel, as he turned to go out. "He deserves to go after that."

"I am going Phil," he shouted, springing from the table in a perfect whirlwind of delight. "Oh!" he exclaimed, as he sprawled headlong over the dog, who had been patiently waiting for a stray mouthful, and no doubt wondering in his canine mind how it was that no heed was paid to his wants, as was customary.

"I am going," he said again in a bewildered sort of way, as he picked himself up, and looked doubtfully at Rags, who had retreated behind Mrs. Blair's chair, and was staring at them all in undisguised astonishment, as if he hardly understood the necessity for such rough usage.

"Why Phil's up stairs, you little goose," said Lottie with a smile.

"Is he?" and he bolted for the door, followed by the dog, who was evidently determined to see what all the trouble was about.

"It's all right, Phil," he exclaimed again, as he reached the foot of the stairs; Rags emphatically endorsed this by a decided

yelp, and the pair continued making this assertion at regular intervals as they mounted the stairs in a tremendous hurry.

There was quite a family party assembled on the pier to see our travellers off; the huge river boat swayed with the current, tugging at her moorings as if chafing to be released, and the rush of steam, as it roared from the escape, seemed like the angry growl of some great monster caged.

Busy porters were hurrying to and fro with their loads in the bright sunshine that streamed down. The ship's officers shouting orders. Bewildered passengers plainly not of the guild of travellers, anxiously looking for a missing trunk now safely on the boat, or a friend that was not; passengers who were not bewildered, old stagers, gazing calmly on the bustling crowds, having discovered by long experience that there was no necessity for fussing.

The first bell soon rang, the only observable result being an increased bustle among the already hurrying crowd. Again the clang of the warning bell broke on the air, and amid the universal partings Mr. Morel and his charges bid good-bye to their friends.

"You must try and do as well as you can Philip," said his mother with a great sob as she gave him her parting kiss; it would be very sad for me to hear that you were in disgrace, and she looked after him with hungry eyes, as after bidding farewell to the rest he hurried on board with an "I'll try Mother," spoken steadily enough, but the lips quivered; he did not wish her, nor any one else, to see the little tear her parting called up.

"Tell them not to spoil him, Horace," said the Old Lady.

Mr. Morel gave the required promise, smiling as he remembered her peculiar failing.

The stately craft moved from her berth into the stream, followed by words of parting and the waving handkerchiefs seemed like white hopes for her safety as she steamed on down the river, the very ideal of power.

They were now fairly under way, and as they glided rapidly on past the low-lying shore, or bluff rock, past houses, past the great oaks that here and there dotted the fields and served for landmarks so familiar; they seemed now like huge sentinels, watching his going: these were all left behind on his way to his new home, and Philip felt, boy as he was, that he was entering another phase of his existence, and mentally made a series of extraordinary resolutions for his future guidance; extraordinary,

because if he succeeded in fulfilling them he would have ceased to be himself, or—thoughtless. The time had sped rapidly away and he was still engrossed with his own thoughts; there had been some serious breaks; the machinery to be examined; questions to be asked about different places they passed; explanations to be made to his brother on matters wherein he was as wise as the little fellow, but gravely made, nevertheless, with an air of intense wisdom that in itself was edifying, if the explanations were not. He was still thinking over his resolutions, debating in his mind whether he would write them out, frame and hang them up in his room, like the good boy he read about in the last story; when his Uncle called him to come forward to the bow of the vessel as she was entering a broad reach, where the river widened to almost the dignity of a lake.

“There is the school, Phil,” he said, pointing to an island that seemed to rest on the waters of the river in its widest part. It was fully two miles distant, but a group of buildings showed through the trees, one very much larger than the rest being the schoolhouse proper, and, as they rapidly neared, a few boys could be seen walking about.

“Well, what do you think of it?” as Phil eyed the place in grave silence. “What do you say, little man?” turning to Reg, but the youngster waited to hear Phil’s opinion.

“O, it’s jolly,” he finally condescended to reply.

“Jolly,” said Reg, bringing his lips together with a snap that seemed to say, “We’ve said it and it must be so,” the word when said resembling the explosion of a fire-cracker.

Just then the steamer took a broad sheer toward the shore, and in a few minutes they glided gently up to the one wharf of a large village, almost a town, situated on the river bank nearly opposite the island that MR. MOREL HAD POINTED OUT AS THE SCHOOL.

CHAPTER VII.

At this point some dozen passengers, besides themselves, and a small quantity of freight were landed; among the former, Philip noticed two boys, apparently his own age, standing on the wharf near a gentleman who was giving orders about some luggage that was near them.

“Perhaps those fellows are going to the school, too,” he thought,

looking wistfully at them. "I wonder if they have been there before? I'd like to know and see what they think of it!" While he was thus meditating, his brother called his attention to a large and handsome boat that was rapidly approaching the wharf, pulled by two men in working clothes; a boy, who appeared to be about fifteen, held the tiller ropes, which he handled with the ease of one experienced.

"That's one of the school boats, Jerry," said the larger of the two boys, in a tone that Phil could plainly hear, and from the manner in which it was spoken, he at once shrewdly guessed the speaker had been there before.

"See that fellow in the stern?" he continued, with a rapid, furtive, side glance to note if Phil was listening, and for whose benefit it was said, quite as much as for his companion, "that's Monkey."

"What a name," rejoined Jerry simply, laboring under the impression that the object of their conversation had inherited his peculiar title in the ordinary manner.

"Hoh! you're nov," with a little snort, expressive of mild contempt, "that ain't his right name, you know; they just call him that, he is such a comical nut; right name is Charley Ferris; he is the best fellow to steer in the school, and bully at cricket. I guess that's a new chap," he went on, changing his voice to a whisper that could be heard twice as far as the tone he had been previously using, and raising his hand in the direction of Phil, who heard him distinctly, and resolved to have a talk on school matters.

"Are you fellows going to school?" he said, walking towards them.

"Yes," they replied together. "You?"

"Yes."

"Have you been there before?"

"He has," answered the one known as Jerry, nodding towards his companion. "I haven't though; my first term. What's your name?"

"Phil Blair. What's yours?"

"Jerry Strickland, and this is my cousin, Ted Crawford." So the acquaintance was made.

"Have you been here much before?" evidently meaning had he

been here many terms, Phil inquired, turning to Crawford, who understood him, as he replied, "three terms."

"What's it like?" eagerly. "Is there much fun? Does Mr. Chauncy lick you much? Is he your teacher?"

"Mr. Chauncy isn't anybody's teacher," replied Crawford, replying to the last question in a tone that implied sincere pity for such profound ignorance as that displayed by his questioner. "He just looks after things; there are two teachers that attend to the classes; he licks us though, but not much; he is a bully old fellow; won't let the masters touch the boys; always does it himself," meaning the thrashing.

"Is that little chap going too?" he queried, surveying Reggy, who, during the conversation, had been gravely drinking it in with wide open eyes.

The little fellow drew back shyly, and stationed himself behind his brother.

"It's pretty rough for such a little beggar."

Reg looked grieved, he did not like the notion of being called a beggar.

"No, he just came down with us; he is going back with my Uncle."

Here the conversation was interrupted by Mr. Morel calling his Nephew.

"Stay by the trunks," he said as Phil came over, "I must see about getting to the school; get a boat I suppose; what boys were those, have you seen them before?"

"No, Sir, but I heard one of them say something about the school; so I thought I'd ask him whether he had been there: there is a big boat coming over, he said was the school boat,—perhaps it's coming for us; the fellow with the straw hat knows," he added, as Mr. Morel started to inquire.

"What did that boy call me a little beggar for?" said Reggy indignantly, "do I look like one?" he had been brooding over this, and nearly bursting to think that any boy would dare to say such a thing; "if I were you and any fellow said that, I'd lick him;" and he looked fixedly at Phil to see the effect of this assertion.

But his brother laughed long and furiously at Reg's conception of the term as applied to him.

"What are you laughing at? I'm your brother, and if I am a beggar you're one too I guess."

"He didn't mean that at all," explained Phil, "didn't mean anything, it's only a word they have."

"Well, what did he say it for?" returned the youngster, only half satisfied.

"Well my man," said Mr. Morel, laying his hand on Crawford's shoulder, "as my nephew informs me, you have been here before, can you tell me how we will manage to get to school?"

"Yes, Sir," returned the boy, "that boat," pointing to the one before mentioned, "come's here on purpose nearly every day for those going over; it belongs to the school."

"I suppose I must get some one to put the trunks on board then."

"O there is no need to do that, the men rowing have all that to see to, if you just tell them what's to go."

"Thank you," said Mr. Morel, pleased at the bright intelligent face and his desire to furnish all the information in his power, "what is your name?"

"Ted Crawford. I live in the other Province. This is my cousin, Jerry Strickland. New fellow."

"Like my nephew," said Mr. Morel smiling.

"Yes sir."

Ted volunteered this additional information, as his questioner had quite won his confidence by his kind manner.

"Here's the boat now," he exclaimed, as it came into the wharf.

"Hullo, Monkey," he shouted to the steersman, anxious to show his familiarity with the school. "Many fellows back yet?"

"Well, Scrub," returned the other quietly, "what are you making such a row about. Come in the ——— steamer?"

"Yes."

"Steady!" to the oarsmen, "that will do; fend off. Any new boys?"

"Yes, my cousin and another fellow."

"Is that all there is to go."

"All that came in the steamer. There may be some in the train from below, but I guess there is a load; there is that chap, his uncle and brother, my Dad, Jerry and me, and trunks. How is that for cargo."

"I thought you said there were only two new fellows?"

"So there are; his brother isn't going to school."

"I suppose there is heaps of luggage; duffers always have such rafts of it."

By this time the boat was moored, and the youthful commander bounded up the steps, the very personification of health; the short, crisp, black curls escaping from beneath his cap, brown eyes, and a lithe, muscular figure, he looked every inch an ideal school boy. Stepping past the boys, he bowed easily, and addressed Mr. Morel: "Are you going over to the island?"

"Yes, with these boys; there is a quantity of luggage also, but I believe you expected that from your remarks," he replied mischievously.

The boy coloured slightly and smiled when he discovered he had been overheard. "It's the truth, though," he said, looking up frankly. "You see I notice, because I nearly always come over for passengers."

"We must see about getting it aboard."

"I will attend to that if you will show me what is to go. Here William, you and Tom get these trunks into the boat," as Mr. Morel pointed them out. "I say Ted, which are your's and your cousin's?"

"Over there."

"All right, put this lot in too," he added, laying his hand on the trunks, and addressing the men.

"Any big fellows here yet, Charley?"

"Yes, Terrence and Wylie, thought Qurllest would be here to-day; where's your Gov'nor?"

"Went to the village, soon be back, here he is now!"

"Just get all the people into the boat—that's a good fellow; I'll cut up for the letters, be back in a jiff."

He soon returned with the letters and papers for the school that had come in the mail, and finding the party all seated, the boat started; a short row over the quiet waters, during which the boys improved their acquaintanceship, and they reached the Island wharf, where they were met by the Principal, Mr. Chauncy, who after introducing himself took the gentlemen for a tour of inspection.

"I say Buz," said Phil as his uncle and brother were leaving for home, "just tell Cloudy he ought'er be here."

"Take care of yourself Phil; here is a tip, don't let the boys

bully you, and don't forget your mother; good-by" said his Uncle.

"Thank you Uncle," Phil replied, pocketing the coin; "bet I won't, good-by; good-by Buz," and Phil was left to take care of himself.

(To be continued.)

POLLYGOLLY.

THIS pen was held suspended over a shining sheet of blank paper that seemed thirsting to receive my thoughts. I was ready to dash off with lightning speed a profound and brilliant essay on the ORIGIN OF EVIL, a subject which I proposed to make as clear as mud to all philosophical inquirers like-minded with myself. Alas! My pen was arrested in mid-career, like one of Saturn's thunderbolts when the upstart Jupiter took to business on his own account. There sounds the swift step of my dear wife on the floor. I know the meaning of that step; she is in trouble, as sure as my name is David Jones. "What is the matter, Jane?" said I, with solemn utterance, concealing all my anxiety, and the wild scattering of my fine ideas.

"Matter!" said she, "The papers declare that the servant girls in Belgium, or Spain, or Brazil, are all joining the International Society; that they are about to revolutionize the world; that they are no longer to take any orders from their mistresses, but issue orders and make us their slaves. Will it be so with us? You, dear Jones, know everything. Tell me what you think, really and truly. Pollygolly stared at me like a wild cat when I told her she must come in to-night before eleven o'clock. Is she an Internationalist?"

With serene face and beaming eye I responded: "The origin of evil is a problem which has never yet been solved. Adam and Eve tried it, and the result was quite disheartening and disgusting. Their eldest boy, Cain, tried it with most damaging effect. And so it has been down to the days of Kant and Comte. Happily for the future, David Jones was born in the good town of Stoneville, in the year 1820, and in due time David studied Mind and Matter, and found out the old secret. Thy husband, Mrs. Jones, is

immortal; his fame shall reach the ends of the earth and the limits of time. Happy for thee the day of thy marriage with David Jones!"

My dear wife was at that moment seized with an inordinate fit of laughter. Tears coursed down her cheeks, but whether they were tears of joy or of anxiety, or a mingling of both, one could hardly tell. She was apparently overcome with the prospect of sharing my immortal renown. But instead of saying so, she quickly suppressed her laughter, and with a gentle smile laid her hand on my arm and said in her own winning way: "Yes—Dear Jones—darling husband, I know that confounded pudding-sauce has gone to your head. It is all Pollygolly's fault; she is the origin of evil. The bread is sour; the pudding is singed; the beef is burnt; the tea is bitter. What *shall* we do?"

This catalogue of practical ills, and this eloquent appeal, recalled my mind fully to terrene themes. The ORIGIN OF EVIL is indeed an urgent question; and the man who, having gained the key to the secret, delays to reveal all for the good of mankind, is much to blame. But it is said that a man is what his wife makes him, and I, Jones, am no more than a man. I'll leave my great Essay till my wife goes to the seaside in July and August. Then, thou exalted muse of divine Philosophy, expect the ardent and undivided devotions of David Jones! Till then, let an anxious world wag on as it has done for some thousands of years. It cannot take much harm by waiting a little longer. Jane bids me talk of the Servant Question, and I must please her thus far, for it is the problem of the hour, more irrepressible than any in the range of morals and economics.

My wife, Jane Jones, had sent away her housemaid last week—for utter inefficiency. She was the twenty-second successor of Betsy Fitzfilly who struck for an advance in wages six months ago. I am a man of small means and can only keep two maid servants; and it now appears that I cannot keep any, because they will not stay, or they are not worth keeping. Our cook, who is just departing, with a thunderstorm in her face and an earthquake in her footsteps, seasoned our soup two days ago with "wormwood," and made ginger tea for herself of mustard. She has made other blunders that might endanger life, only that Jane is cautious. Worst of all, she was too wise and accomplished to receive any instruction. And so I, David Jones, fully approved of the act of my

wife in telling Pollygolly that she must leave us at the end of this month.

Mrs. Jones was pleased to ask me my views on the Servant Question in general. I addressed her to the following effect; and she, being a good judge, said that I spoke words of wisdom that should be printed. Between ourselves, she is a woman that deserves a good husband and a crown of gold. She does not encourage my explorations in search of the ORIGIN OF EVIL, but she always tries to lessen the practical evil she finds in the world.

Pollygolly came to us fresh from Burnsbrae—was obedient and industrious, and willing to learn. She was dressed very quietly and modestly, and she took good care of the wages we gave her.

In a few weeks she found associates, caught their ideas, got a beau, became fond of finery, wasted her wages in tawdry dress, tried to appear the fine lady. She dressed much "finer" than dear Jane,—and much more fashionably. She rejoices in high heeled boots, in a violent Grecian Bend, and in the Scotch Terrier style of hair dress. She devotes to her dress the thought which should be given to her duties. It is now quite impossible that she can ever make a good servant.

As she belonged to the same Church with ourselves, we invited her to sit in our pew, and we never kept her home from a religious service. I thought that, under these circumstances, I should speak to her—remonstrate with her, ask her the reason for her conduct, and explain to her the prospect before her. She took it kindly, but assured me she could not help herself. "One must be like one's neighbours. They dresses fine, and I must dress fine. They goes out o'nights, and I must go out. They spends their money, and so must I. I would like to send something home to my poor old mother; but I have not a cent to spare. That bonnet cost me a month's wages. I must go to Boston or New York. Jessie Maclean was not half as smart as me, but off she goes, and now she's married to Billy Sinclair, and they keeps house themselves. Anyhows, we'll get good wages in the States, and they'll never call us "Servants" there, but "Helps." And if we are "helps" to them they are "helps" to us."

I told her how often I had found out of girls going away from the Provinces to the deepest poverty and distress—to beggary and ruin—in Boston and other American cities. A considerable proportion of the poor things rush off to ruin with awful speed.

Those who do well save but little money, and are no better off at the end of five years than if they had staid in Halifax or St. John. My reasoning and appeals were lost on poor Pollygolly. Some of her companions were going away, and she must go too.

I told Jane how often mistresses are more to blame for bad servants than the servants themselves are blame-worthy for their badness. The ladies do not know household duties, and do not teach their servants. One good result of the present scarcity of household servants will be that our wives and daughters must study and practise housekeeping. They must understand about the washing and cooking, the sewing and the sweeping. They must be at home in the kitchen as well as in the drawing room—in the pantry as well as in the library. Americans and Provincials must, like well trained English-women, learn the whole art and science of housekeeping. They will thus be able to add immensely to the comfort of the family, and to save an unknown amount of money.

Jane had been reading John Ruskin, and she flattered me by saying that these were his sentiments exactly. She referred again to the "Internationale," which led me to say:

There is some connection after all between the Internationalists, the Communists, and the Servant Girls. It is the same grand social upheaval that manifests itself in different ways, according to circumstances, in a burning palace of the Louvre, in Pétroleuse exploits in the streets of Paris, and in the burning of your roast beef under the eye of Pollygolly. Her heart was stirred with a longing for change, for improvement in her social condition, and this led to her neglect of duty. There are wild, wide movements of humanity—instinctive, irrational, and so far unaccountable—in which all have a share more or less directly. There are upheavals and revolutions, more or less swift and strong, in constant progress. We are now in the heart of one of these vast currents; but we cannot well tell whither we are drifting. The birds of passage flock from land to land over raging seas, in obedience to a general instinct. Man (including our Pollygolly) is also very largely a creature of circumstance—a slave of instinct. You see the movement in your kitchen, Mrs. Jones: well,—look abroad and you will see it in English factories, Welsh mines, Scotch shipyards, New York Crispin societies, and in Trades Unions, International Societies, and also in the great upheavals in Church and State, in the old and new world. Jane here kindly

enquired about my head, and I consoled her by the assurance that it was quite well. I proceeded to show her that—

If we suffer, others suffer with us. Others have been and still are in a much worse condition than we. (This is a style of consolation that never fails to take due effect with Jane, and her sisters of womankind in general.) If the worst come to the worst we'll do all the work ourselves, and live quite as happily as if we had fifty servants to devour our substance :

— “ From the King
To the beggar, by gradations, all are servants;
And you must grant, the slavery is less
To study to please one than many.”

I was going on to quote the views of all the poets and philosophers, when Jane said that my own wisdom was quite enough for her. “ We have been slaves to our servants long enough ; let us now try to serve ourselves, as you say. And I know my cousin Maggie, poor child, will be glad to come and make her home with us and be as useful as possible. In case of need we'll send for your orphan niece too, and both these children will be like our own children, and we'll toil together. And then, may be you will not write that Essay on the “ Origin of Evil ? ”

I shook my head ominously : “ The subject is fresh, brand new, inviting as summer lawns and woods. I hear the call ; I must obey. David Jones is a Prophet ; Mrs. David Jones shall share the immortal renown of her husband.”

The prospect of a fate so brilliant affected Mrs. Jones's nerves again, but her smile was only a gleam of dawn. She instantly reverted to the Pollygolly question. Said she : “ How was it with our forefathers ? They had no troubles like ours ? Surely servants, faithful, good and obedient, were abundant in those days, before there was any raving about “ Women's Rights,” or “ Communism,” or the “ Equality of Man.”

Fortunately, a book was under my hand, printed in the year of grace 1725 — before my great-grandfather was born. It was filled with grievous complaints about servants. I opened it and read a few extracts to show Jane that our forefathers were not exempt from trials like our own :

“ Women servants are now so scarce, that from thirty to forty shillings a year, their wages are increased of late to six, seven, nay eight pounds per annum, and upwards, so that an ordinary

tradesmen cannot well keep one; but his wife, who might be useful in his shop or business, must do the drudgery of household affairs; and all this because our servant wenches are so puffed up with pride now-a-days that they never think they can go fine enough. It is a hard matter to know the mistress from the maid by their dress. Nay, very often the maid shall be much the finer of the two." "Nothing but silks and satins will go down with our kitchen wenches, to support which intolerable pride they have insensibly raised their wages to such a height as was never known in any age, or nation, but this."—(See Defoe's *Everybody's Business Nobody's Business*.)

Defoe describes the mode in which girls fresh from the country are treated by older "wenches:" "The girl has been scarce a day in her service but a committee of servant wenches are appointed to examine her, who advise her to raise her wages or give warning." * * * "Her leathern shoes are now changed into laced ones, with high heels. She must have a hoop too as well as her mistress; and her poor, scanty linsey-woolsey petticoat is changed into a good silk one. Plain country Joan is turned into a fine London Madam, can drink tea, take snuff, and carry herself as high as the best." (Then comes a glimpse into the morality of servants in those days. It would shock Mrs. Jones to hear it read, though sooth to tell she is no prude.)

"Our Sessions' papers of late are crowded with instances of servant maids robbing their places. This can only be attributed to their devilish pride, for their whole inquiry now-a-days is how little they shall do and how much they shall have." (Defoe then traces in very plain English the career of many—how fine dress leads them to folly, wickedness, poverty, misery, and early death. We see the same process in scores of instances in our cities every year; but it is not worse with us than it was in Defoe's day. I hope not quite so bad.)

"Those who are not thus vicious are thievish. The most pernicious are those who beggar you inchmeal. If a maid is a downright thief she strips you at once, and you know your loss; but these retail pilferers waste you insensibly, and though you hardly miss it, yet your substance shall decay to such a degree that you must have very good bottom, indeed, not to feel the ill effects of such moths in your family.

"Tea, sugar, butter, wine, &c., are reckoned no thefts. If they

do not directly take your silver, your linen, they are honest. There are those that are sent to market for a joint of meat, take up two on their master's account, and leave one by the way,—for some of these maids are mighty charitable, and can make a shift to maintain a small family with what they can purloin from their masters and mistresses.” (Here Jane could not help reminding me how John McGraw, the coachman, stole our butter and sugar one winter, for the benefit of the small family of which he was the eldest member,—how Vincent, our next coachman, stole our potatoes, coals, wood, &c., for the benefit of his daughter's family, who live not far from us,—how Flora stole linens, and Betsy stole spoons, and so forth, and so forth.)

“If a master or mistress inquire after anything missing they must be sure to place their words in due form, or madam huffs and flings about at a strange rate: What, would you make a thief of her? Who would live with such mistrustful folks? Thus you are obliged to hold your tongue and sit down generally by your loss, for fear of offending your maid, forsooth!

“Again, if your maid maintain one or more persons from your table, whether they are her poor relations, servants out of place, or friends of her ladyship, you must not complain of your expense, or ask what has become of such a thing, or such a thing. You must hold your tongue for peace sake, or madam will say you grudge her victuals, and expose you to the last degree over the whole neighbourhood. * * * * *

“Thus have these wenches by their continual cabals united themselves into a formidable body, and got the whip-hand of their betters. They make their own terms with us; and two servants will scarce undertake the work which one might perform with ease, notwithstanding that they have raised their wages to a most exorbitant pitch.”

Defoe tells the following story, which amused Jane immensely: “My family is composed of myself and sister, and a man and maid servant. We were without the latter when a young wench came looking for the place. The man was gone out and my sister was upstairs; so I opened the door myself, and this person presented herself to my view dressed completely, more like a visitor than ‘servant maid.’ She, not knowing me, asked for my sister. ‘Pray, madam,’ said I, ‘be pleased to walk into the parlour, she shall wait on you presently.’ Accordingly I handed madam in,

who took it very cordially. After some apology I left her alone for a minute or two, while I, stupid wretch! ran up to my sister, and told her that there was a gentlewoman below come to visit her. 'Dear brother,' said she, 'don't leave her alone; go down and entertain her while I dress myself.' Accordingly down I went and talked of indifferent affairs; meanwhile my sister dressed herself all over again, not being willing to be seen in an undress. At last she came down dressed as clean as her visitor. But how great was my surprise when I found my fine lady a common servant wench! My sister asked her what wages she expected? She modestly asked but eight pounds a year. (Enormous wages for those days.) The next question was what work she could do to deserve such wages? She replied, she could clean a house or prepare an ordinary family dinner. 'But cannot you wash or get up linen?' She answered, No: and she would not stop in a house where they did not send out their washing and hire a charwoman to do the scrubbing. She desired to see the house and having carefully surveyed it, said the work was too hard for her, and she would not undertake it. 'Young woman,' said my sister, 'I want a house maid, and you are a chamber maid.' 'No,' she replied, 'I am not needlewoman enough for that.' 'And you ask such wages,' said my sister. 'Yes, and I will not bate a farthing.' 'Then get you gone for a lazy impudent baggage; said I, 'You want to be a boarder and not a servant. Have you a fortune or an estate that you dress at that rate?' 'No sir,' she said, 'but I hope I may wear what I work for without offence.' 'What, you work!' interrupted my sister, 'Why, you do not seem willing to undertake any work. You will not wash nor scour; you cannot cooke; you are no needlewoman; and our little house of two rooms on a floor is too much for you. For God's sake what can you do?' 'Madam,' replied she, 'I know my business and do not fear a service. If you wash at home you should have a laundry-maid; if you give entertainments you must keep a cookmaid; if you have any needlework you should have a chambermaid.'" So ended the colloquy.

Mrs. Jones was quite satisfied by these quotations that though we have fallen on evil times and evil Biddies, the like have been experienced before. Pollygolly has had predecessors enough, and she will, no doubt, have successors till the end of time. Becoming

exhausted with the theme, though the theme was far from being exhausted, I quote for Jane's benefit the following sensible lines :

"Expect not more from servants than is just ;
Reward them well if they observe their trust ;
Nor with them cruelty nor pride invade,
Since God and Nature them our brother's made."

Pollygolly will leave us to-morrow, I hope, and then the co-operative system, the patriarchal system, camp life, tent life, or any other honest style of life God pleases to give us ! Nothing shall come amiss. David Jones and his wife Jane shall never be the slaves of servants nor the victims of circumstances !

TEN YEARS.

A PARLOR DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Dramatis Personæ.

WILLIAM, lover of	RITA (daughter of Lubin.)
DOBBIO, lover of	LIZA.
LUBIN,	DAME LUBIN, his wife.
CAPTAIN,	MADGE, the Gipsy.
SQUIRE,	ZULEIKA, a Moores.

Villagers, Sailors, Moors, &c.

ACT I, Scene I. *In front of Lubin's cottage. A rustic fete. William and Rita "spooning." Ditto Dobbio and Liza. After dance, Lubin calls the young men. All draw near.*

LUBIN. Gather around me, neighbors. Here is a splendid chance for the young men of drown-trodden England, trampled as they are under foot by a bloated aristocracy who batten on the turnpike tolls and have repeatedly refused to abolish rent,—nay, who steadily decline to grant to the industrious mechanic a seat in the house of lords. Well, well, the days of such tyrannies are nearly over. I have here a new magna charta [*unrolls about six feet of a scroll*] sent me by Messrs. Bamboozle and Foozle, the lawyers, (who kindly charged me no more than six-and-eight-pence for it,) the prospectus of "THE GRAND FREEBORN BRITON'S EL DORADO LAND SCHEME from which, with your permission, I will read a few extracts :

"The lands of this Beneficent Institution are situate along the shores of the delightful river Gambia, which

fertilizes with its lukewarm waters the most productive region of the globe. The soil is a rich black mud, sixty feet in depth, beneath which it is surmised will be found an exhaustless deposit of gold dust. Society in the district is good. Besides the aborigines, who are affable in their manners and exceedingly attentive to strangers, there are several independent tribes of monkeys far advanced in the scale of civilisation. Their manners, it may be mentioned, are essentially Parisian. In no part of the world are the creatures of the chase so abundant and varied; deer may be found in the woods, and lions and tigers in the farmer's stackyard. In short the emigrant who avails himself of Messrs. Bamboozle and Foozle's terms will realise all the delights of Rasselas's happy valley."

There! young men, what do you think of that for a chance to make your fortunes?

ALL. Charming! delightful!

LUBIN. So it is. I have thought the matter over with that gravity and wisdom which age and a constant perusal of the county paper always brings, and have determined to found a new home on the Gambia. A new home,—who'll follow?

WILLIAM.

I.

GOBBIO.

And I.

L. Good. Be ready by to-morrow's noon. It is my destiny to lead you, like Moses, to the promised land, and when we have had our first harvest home we will freight a ship with cocoa nuts and gold dust, and return for our wives and sweethearts to dance around the Maypole under the shadow of our own banana trees.
[Exit.]

Quartette.

RITA. Ah! do not go.

LIZA.

It is not fair.

R.

'Tis just like men.

L.

They do not care!

BOTH. Think, think again and answer "no!"

WILLIAM and GOBBIO. Think, think the joys to sail the seas,
And 'neath the tall banana trees,
To track the tigers to their lair,
And bring their spoils to deck your feasts —

LIZA.

(Odious beasts!)

WM. and GOBBIO. Tempt us not to break our trust,
 Honor calls and Lubin leads,
 We must seek the golden meads——
 We must, we must!

RITA and LIZA. Cruel, cruel, do not go.

SCENE II.

Scene, the same. Enter William, in travelling equipment, with rifle, etc.

WILLIAM (solus.) After all, this is England, and this is mine own native village. How happy have I been in these humble scenes. What ecstasy, when a boy, to trespass on the squire's demesne, when his keepers were at feast or market, and bring home a dozen of spotted trout weighing in the aggregate at least a pound. Here is the copse in which I found the nest of hornets that so terrified my sainted aunt. There the mill-race into which I fell, and but for Nero—poor fellow—would have been converted into meal. On yonder dune is the very knoll where Dame Durdin's cat (a tabby, I remember) met her untimely end. Here is farmer Wiggin's orchard,—ah me! There his hind's chimney which we stopped up. Everything reminds me of the happy innocence of childhood. [Whimpers.]

Enter RITA.

William.

WILLIAM.

Dearest Rita.

R. (*Sadly*)

And must you go?

W. My barque is rocking on the narrow seas,
 And, what is more,—my traps are all on board.

R. My heart will break! I know you will be sick
 With none to wait on you but sailor men;
 Think of your precious health, and do not smoke,
 But eat blancmange and eggs and milk and things.

W. I will, I will. And when the angry waves
 Fierce bellow, and the blasphemous skipper calls
 To the small sea-boy on the mast, O then
 My love, my love, I will remember thee?

R.

And you'll return?

W.

As sure as yon sun shines, and as a gift
 Will bring to Rita, mine own bride the—the—moon-
 stone.

R.

Thanks.

W.

Meantime accept this thimble.

R.

And you this huswife.

W. I will, and ever wear it next my heart.

[*They walk apart.*]

Enter DOBBIO, *ridiculously stout, in stage sailor rig.* [*Sings.*]

“A girl there loved a sailor lad,

lad! lad!

And when she had robbed him of all he had,

Forsook him quite,—which was very bad,

bad! bad!”

LIZA. What! singing and so soon to part from me?

D. Liza! [*kisses her repeatedly.*]

“A girl there loved a sailor lad.”

That girl was you Liza and that sailor lad was me. [*Thumping himself on the breast.*] But you will never forget me, Liza, your own true blue-jacket sailor boy?

L. What folly! You are no sailor lad, but an honest farmer's boy. Your heart is sound, I know, but your head, my dear, is soft, very soft.

D. No, no, Liza. My head is hard, hard as the nether millstone, and my heart is soft, [*grinning at her,*] and as sweet as honeycomb.

L. But must you really go?

D. Certainly,

“My boat is on the shore and my ba-a-arque——”

L. Bother! But time hastes, and the hour of noon peals from the tower of yon grey church, where you and I, boy and girl, have so oft gone hand-in-hand,—I culling for you the violets from the mossy bank, you calling me your little wife, and we, alternately, taking bites from the apples or gingerbread you produced from your pocket,—affection's offering. Ah! happy days. Golden hours. Never again to return when you have gone to Gambia and places, for there *I know* you will forget your Liza and be wedding with an aboriginal,—or a monkey perhaps. It is too shocking. [*Weeps.*]

D. [*vehemently.*] Perish the thought! I will never forsake thee for a wilderness of monkeys,—[*reflecting*—] and yet I must, for my passage is paid. Yet, ere I go, Liza, pledge me your true love; break with me this crooked sixpence (it is all the money I have.)

[*Sings*] “One half to me, one half to thee-e-e” [*breaks down and whimpers*], and so on.

L. Dobbio.

D. Anon?

L. You know you've often praised my skill in housewifery, and at merry Christmas time have said the plum-pudding tasted richer and plummier because I made it, and have kissed me under the mistletoe for it. When you go to foreign parts, poor boy, you will get no puddings there,—but, see, I have made a rare old English one such as I know you like, juicy, bursting with fruit. Accept it, Dobbio, in remembrance of me.

D. I will, and ever wear it next my heart.

Enter Lubin, Dame Lubin, and villagers.

[*Chorus.*] Farewell! good speed! thus England's bravest blood,
Goes forth to battle upon land and flood,
With England's freedom, England's flag unfurled,
To plant new Englands over half the world.

[*A trumpet sounds.*]

LUBIN. Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle horn——

[*Trumpet call repeated. Tableau.*]

SCENE III.

A calm at sea. Mariners about decks in various attitudes. Captain nodding over a chart which he holds on his knees. Around the mast an arms' rack. Taken by the Moors. Time, sunset.

WILLIAM [*Solus. Leans against the mast, looking out.*]

How gloriously beautiful the scene!

The mighty orb of daylight, like the ember
Of some great globe on fire, rests on the line
Where ocean ought to meet the sky, but where
Long bars of flame are banked up, of all colors
Produced or dreamed of in the dread alembic
Of him who would distil the magic rose,—
Gold rayons from the Lord of the house of life,
Verd tapestry from the house of the Lord of death,
Leaden from Saturn, and Argentine,
Sapphire and emerald and violet,

All with a prevalence of the great red Dragon,
The masterpiece of color and the mystery.

Now, as might hap were a creation dying,
The light fades out of the flushed face of heaven
And the grey shadow of decay sets in,

Even as o'er a human countenance
 Steals the dun reflex of Azrael's wing
 So the dim obscure creeping sayeth plain,
 "Another day may come, but this is done."

Enter DOBBIO.

My Captain!

CAPTAIN.

Hillo.

D.

How far is it called to Gambia?

C.

A month mayhap—if these dead calms hold on.

D.

O dear! [*sinks down in a corner.*]

A SAILOR [*sings to the banjo.*]

Olé on the banjo, olé on the banjo,
 White men are coming up the bay,
 To our fields they will go and do just so,
 Olé, olé, olé.

Old King Coal was a kind old soul,—
 They have taken him away,
 And tied him tight to a ten-foot pole,
 Olé, olé, olé.

The Priest was hid in the tall rice canes,
 They have taken him away,
 And bound him hands and feet with chains.
 Olé, olé, olé.

The belle of maidens was called Babèe,
 They have taken her away,
 And sent her over the white man's sea,
 Olé, olé, olé.

All the olla pod will soon be gone,
 They will take them all away,
 And of good niggers there will be none,
 Olé, olé, olé.

CAP. A reminiscence of the slave trade, I presume. Well, we are now off the Barbary coast and must keep a look out for the Moors, else we may be made slaves ourselves. Although there may be no need for it, I hope my passengers can fight, if need be?

DOBBIO [*sits up, rolls up his cuffs, spits on his hands and spars vacantly.*]

LUBIN. We are freeborn Englishmen, Captain, and know how to defend our lives and liberties. That good quality has, at least, been left us despite the admixture of Norman blood and Norman instincts in down-trodden —

WILLIAM [*interrupting him.*] Do not talk of fighting, Captain. Can anything be more peaceful than this motionless sea, this breezeless air, those watching stars, and that low, streak-like haze on the horizon that marks the sleeping land. The ship seems to me a perfect ark of rest. [*A pause.*] A sleepy kind of life it is at sea.

[*They lounge and rest about languidly.*]

THE (*unseen*) LOOK-OUT. Hillo! ahoy! Pirates on the quarter. [*All is activity. They spring to the arms. The Moors rush in.*]

WILLIAM. To me, El Dorados! [*fights.*]

DOBBIO. To me the rest of you! Blockheads of pirates, come on.

Dobbio to the rescue! Strike for England and Gambia! [*lays about him.*]

[*General engagement, during which the curtain falls.*]

TEN YEARS elapse, sometime during which Act II. is supposed to be represented.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

Old Madge's Cottage on the moor. Time, night. Rita leading Liza. The front draws aside disclosing the interior.

RITA. Art afraid kind Liza? It is very dismal. See those clouds what strange shapes they take, and not a star in the sky. Pray Heaven we commit no sin in thus seeking to learn the destiny of those we love. [*They enter.*]

MADGE. Now who be ye who in the witch's den

Would seek to tamper with the dread unknown?

R. Two unhappy maidens.

M. What would you know?

LIZA. Both our lovers have gone away to Gambia, or somewhere, and we will pay you well if you will tell us if the monkies have got them, or what? [*Puts her apron to her eyes.*]

M. I might have known; some foolish lovequest. Nought else could have tempted you hither on such a night. Hark how suddenly the storm has come up. [*Noise of rain, etc.*] And yet mine art can show what you seek. Have you the courage?

R. Yes.

L. And the money too. [*Gives her money. Madge draws a circle on the ground. Enters it and points with a wand to the wall, which is prepared for the reception of figures from a magic lantern. As she describes, the figures appear on the wall.*]

M. What dost thou wish to see?

R. What dost thou see?

M. I see a city——walled,—beautiful with steeples and every one of them with a vane like a new moon.——Trees are growing in the streets——people pass to and fro——many ships are floating by a wall;——the city is built upon the sea.

L. That cannot be Gambia.

R. (*excitedly*) Go on.

M. The scene is changed. It is a courtyard shut in by high walls and arches——people are toiling at different tasks——I see an old man.

R. My father.

M. His beard is grey—he appears worn; he rests upon his load—a young man comes and consoles him;—now a soldier roughly shakes the old man; another young man, stout and ill-favored, stands behind the soldier and makes believe to knock him down——

L. Dobbio! I know it is Dobbio!

M. Again the scene changes. It is a garden. The first young man walks up and down among tall flowers—to him comes a lady in rich garments; they talk lovingly and caress; the ill-favored young man is on watch by the wall; he takes a packet from his breast and eats it.

L. [*indignantly.*] Kisses it you mean.

M. The scene grows dim—shadows gather over the vision.—It is gone.

R. And is that all you can tell us?

M. All that is vouchsafed to me.

L. Not a word about monkeys and Gambias and things, and we paid her so well! It is shameful. But I, for one, don't believe a word of it. O Dobbio, Dobbio! Where, where can he be? How hungry he must have been when he ate the plum-pudding I gave him for a keepsake, poor dear.

[*Wings of cottage close. Curtain falls.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

At sea, homeward bound. Lubin reclining meditatively. William walking thoughtfully up and down. All are bronzed and in Moorish costume; Dobbio has added to his apparel a sailor's jacket and naval cap with a gold band.

LUBIN. Once more for England! oft do they who roam,
To seek for freedom at the bounds of earth,
Returning, find it nowhere but at home,
And bless the happy land that gave them birth.

WILLIAM. A few days more and we shall see the white cliffs.
How say'st thou now, old friend, to a bloated aristocracy and a
down-trodden people?

L. Blind, blind,—I was more blind than envious. But thus it
is. An excess of liberty generates more restlessness and insubor-
dination than the veriest tyranny would produce.

W. Even so. Our experience of what slavery really is, will
but make us more thankful to enjoy the blessings of freedom.

L. And yet my mind disquiets me. Great changes must have
occurred in these many years.

W. No need for disquiet there. Britain is a fast-anchored
isle. Changes there may be and doubtless are; but all in a direc-
tion tending to increase the happiness and welfare of the people.

L. I do not mean that. I mean in our family relations.
—my wife, my child, your affianced.

W. Ah! [*Walks about gloomily.*]

L. If all is well when we reach our village, what
with the wealth the benevolent young Mooress enabled us to put
on board, and the sale of this ship, we shall have enough to glad-
den the declining days of my old dame, and you, wedded to my
Rita, I shall be proud to call my son. But has nothing been
heard of the Emir's fair daughter to whom we are indebted for
our lives and liberties?

W.

Nothing.

L. 'Tis well. May she be happy among her kindred and be
the ornament of some prince's zenana. [*Lies down fatigued.*
Enter Dobbio on tiptoe stealthily (although there is no occasion
for stealthiness) and beckons sepulchrally to William.]

Well?

W.

'St—'st— [*approaches*

D.

as if to whisper in William's ear, but spake loudly] a stowaway.

W.

A what?

D. A stowaway.

W. That is unfortunate. I do not see what we can do with the poor fellow. It is too late to put him ashore. Some Moor I suppose.

D. Yes, a Moor.

W. Bring him hither.

[*Dobbio exit: and returns with Zuleika.*]

ZULEIKA. Selim, my lord!

WM. The saints preserve me,—Zuleika!

Z. Dear Selim, she. [*falling at his feet,—he raises her.*]

WM. My own Zuleika! But how came you here? Did I not leave you watching from your lattice when, with my aged friend, I rowed under cover of night to the ship awaiting in the bay? Have you wings my beautiful Peri? How came you?

Z. I owe my happiness to Dobbio Bey.

WM. To Dobbio? [*looking at Dobbio, who is making deprecating gestures.*]

Z. To him. May his shadow increase. He concealed a boat beneath the garden wall, for he knew that I loved my Selim and pined to leave my father's halls; and he, the dear kind friend, took me in his arms, kissed me tenderly, and, hiding me in his boat-cloak, brought me to the ship where, he assured me, my Selim awaited me with ecstasy, and burned with impatience to reach his own country, that he might make me the chief of his wives and the queen of his harem.

WM. Upon my soul! Is this true Dobbio?

Z. My lord, it is true.

WM. And you?

Z. I hastened to kiss my lord's feet.

WM. Welcome to your Selim's arms, my own Zuleika, (*aside*)—although I havn't the slightest idea what to do with her. (*Aloud*) Dobbio!

D. Lord William-Selim?

WM. Is this your stowaway?

D. This is the Moor.

WM. Then, sir, what do you think of yourself?

D. I think I would have been an ungrateful Moslem if I had suffered the poor girl to be abandoned to the wrath of her kindred when they discovered our flight. I think I

would rather be a circumcised dog of a Moor than a Christian who could see he had won her heart, and, seeing it, would not give her the small recompense of a life-long devotion. I don't think of anything else that occurs to me at present.

WM. You are right, Dobbio. Forgive me, you are the nobler animal * * * [*reflectively.*] But Rita? [*Places his arm around Zuleika and walks up and down.*]

Do. [*sings.*] "A girl there loved a sailor lad ——."

Pshaw! there is something the matter with my organ. An old beast of a Mahommedan once told me that treachery to a confiding woman is forbidden by the Koran. But then the Koran is no guide for Christians. I must consult Liza about it when I get home.

SCENE II.

Home again. Lubin (not recognized) sitting on a bank meditating.

LUBIN (*solus*). I tremble, and know not whether it is with joy or apprehension. What a strange feeling comes over one on returning from a long absence. And this has been long,—so long. A sensation almost of pain. So many changes may have occurred,—changes in me,—changes in them. Well, well, my suspense will soon be over. There before me is my own cottage, only more deeply embowered than when I called it home. I see the roses have climbed over the eaves. Towser ought to have recognized me before this,—but I suppose Towser is dead. Poor fellow, he was a good dog. My wife I think must be well, for the smoke curls merrily from the chimneys, and there are geraniums in the windows of Rita's chamber. What a strange life has been mine. A captive for ten years,—the best part of a man's life,—and would have been captive yet but for the Mooress and William. William is a good boy and shall have my Rita. The Mooress had better be sent home to her own country by the first steamer. I can't imagine how she got on board.

Enter RITA (handsomely dressed). Poor old man, you seem weary and worn,—a foreigner, too, and doubtless poor. Let me offer you assistance.

L. An Englishman, lady, and not poor, but returning home after many sore trials and hardships on the coast of Africa.

R. Of Africa! Alas, the country! My poor father fell a victim to that horrible climate,—nay, we know not, perhaps he was lost at sea. It is many years since we saw him last.

[Enter dame Lubin.]

L. Was it long ago?

R. Ten years to-day.

L. (*wildly.*) Your name, lady? Tell me, I beseech you, who are you?

R. I am the wife of Squire Hubert of the Hall.

L. [*sinks back despondingly.*] Ah! it is not she.

DAME LUBIN [*approaches, gazes at him earnestly and exclaims*] Rita, it is my husband, your father, my Lubin. [*They embrace.*]

L. Heaven, I thank thee, my cup of happiness is full.

SCENE III.

Enter Dobbio as an organ-grinder, with a monkey.

Enter LIZA. Dear, dear, what dreadful noise is that? Ha! a foreigner,—with a monkey too? He must be from the Gambia. O if he only knew!

DOBBIO. Womanny give penny povero man.

L. Can you not speak like a Christian?

D. No.

L. Why?

D. Mahommedan. Moor.

L. A Mahommedan moor. How very shocking [*Dobbio nods.*] When you were in foreign lands did you meet a young man [*Dobbio nods*], a foolish, good fellow, called Dobbio, whom I love very dearly, and [*weeps*] whom I have not heard of for long, long years.

D. Ya. Have Dobbio seen;—great lord, nine wives, all black; twenty-eleven picaninnies, all black and tan.

L. [*screams*] Black and tan! the monster.

D. Ya. Says no come back because loves Liza no more. Love him other wives and picaninnies better.

L. [*aside joyfully*] Ah! he knows my name. Now I look at him, I see it is himself. O the wretch! But if it should be true? Picaninnies—black and tan. Horrible! [*aloud*] Well, I am Liza, and when you see him again tell him I am married and have five sweet little cherubs of my own, as beautiful as angels, and not one of them black, nor tan neither. Hem!

D. Married? Liza!

L. Tell him what I have told you; I am married and have six little cherubs—

D. Five.

L. Six. I am sure it is six, and not one of ——

D. But Liza!

L. — Of the whole seven, is black and tan.

D. (*Dashes his hat on the ground and is going.*)

L. Where are you going, Mr. Mahommedan Moor?

D. Back to Gambia, where wives can be bought by the dozen, either black or tan.

L. Dobbio, dear Dobbio (*runs to him.*)

D. Liza, dear Liza. Are you really married?

L. Surely no, but have waited for you. And have *you* been faithful? and kept the pledge we exchanged in all true love? (*meaning the broken sixpence, but Dobbio mistakes and thinks she means the pudding.*) Yes, I have ever worn it next my heart, or (*hesitating*) I would have done so but circumstances over which I had no control ——

L. (*reproachfully*) Yes!

D. Yes. Once when we were shipwrecked and had had no food of any description for forty days, except boots, I was compelled ——

L. (*perceiving his mistake*) Shipwrecked? O you Mahommedan Moor! You mean when you were set to watch by a garden wall ——

D. (*starting violently*) Ha!

L. —— While William strolled about with a lady ——

D. Ah!

L. You found the time hang heavy on your hands, and, like a Gambia tiger, you drew my keepsake from your pocket and devoured it.

D. Zooks! I left my sweetheart an angel and come back to find her a witch.

L. Not a witch, dear Dobbio, but a good, true, and faithful wife, who has waited, and waited, and prayed Heaven to send you home again, or to bless you with its choicest blessing if you stayed in those hateful foreign parts.

D. Dear Liza, take that, and that (*kisses her*) and the last kiss I gave to mortal woman was to a beautiful Moorish princess.

L. Black and tan?

D. No more of that. No, to the princess Zuleika.

L. Ah! Dobbio, don't tell me about her. Yes do. Who is she?

D. The lady of the Lord Selim.

L. And who is *he*?

D. Why, William.

L. And are you a lord too?

D. Do *I* look like a lord? No, no, Liza, I am nothing but your own faithful Moor—husband that is to be, I mean—that you love so much. For you do love me, you know.

“A girl there loved a sai-a—”

L. Please don't. I see you are the same old dear, but singing is not your forte.

D. No, my organ is a little out of tune. I think some of the pipes got injured on the passage.

SCENE IV.

Terrace at the Hall. Enter Zuleika and William, hand in hand.

WILLIAM (*soliloquizes.*) So this is the Hall. I remember the worthy squire,—an Englishman, as much of the past as his own top-boots and buckskins. They tell me his wife is a benevolent lady. She will not refuse my request. With her Zuleika will receive honorable protection till we decide what is to be done. Poor Zuleika.

Enter RITA (William throws himself at her feet, and Zuleika, seeing him kneel, kneels too.) Whom have we here? Are you foreigners? Rise my good man, and you, too, young woman, for such I surmise you to be from your appearance.

W. (*Rises astonished, and clasps his hands.*) Rita! dearest Rita! have you forgotten your William? Ah, if you knew the weary hours —

Enter SQUIRE HUBERT (who slaps him resoundingly on the back.) Dang it, Bill! come back from foreign parts? eh? And courting my wife, you dog? ho! ho! well, I don't mind.

WM. Your wife? This lady your wife?

SQUIRE. Did you take her for my mother? Ho! ho! Dame, he takes you for my mother.

R. (*affectedly.*) Ah, William, I think, who was lost at sea. Am I right? And who is this singular young creature? Not your sister?

WM. Lady, I have no sister and no one to love.

R. Dear me. How very odd. Did you not once love *me* when you were quite a little boy? I have a sort of impression that I

lost a lover somewhere,—who was drowned, or something dreadful. Could it possibly have been you? But then it could not have been me. I was a girl in frocks.

WM. (*sullenly*). I think there was something of the kind, but it was so very long ago one cannot remember.

R. You never thought of me, then, when you were away in those dreadful places?

WM. Never.

R. Indeed how could you. Husband, how would you like to go to foreign parts?

SQUIRE. No, dang it, I've no fancy for Pagans that shave their polls and ride in baggy —

R. Hubert!

SQUIRE. Yes my dear.

R. But who *is* this young person? A charming creature, and in feminine apparel would be really quite presentable.

SQUIRE. Put her into petticoats, man. In this country young women don't wear trousers. But enough when the old ones wear the —

R. Hubert!

SQUIRE. Yes my dear.

WM. This lady is the Moorish princess Zuleika, my beloved wife.

R. [*courtesies*] Charmed I am sure.

[*Enter Lubin, Dame Lubin, Dobbio, Liza and villagers.*]

DOBBIO. And this is the English princess Liza, *my* faithful wife.

LUBIN. And here with *my* faithful wife and darling child, wife of the worthy squire —

SQUIRE. He means you, dame.

LUBIN. — let us return thanks to all our kind friends who have interested themselves in our fortunes.

WILLIAM. [*advancing with Zuleika to the footlights*] And learn from our experience that true love is faithful to the end, and (with some trifling exceptions) suffers no change even in the somewhat lengthened period of

TEN YEARS.

[*Curtain falls. The end.*]

HUNTER DUVAR.

MAGNETIC INFLUENCES IN IRON SHIPS AND COMPASSES.

IN a recent issue of a Halifax newspaper various theories are advanced in explanation of the cause of the steamship *Atlantic's* deviation from her proper course when running for Halifax, and thereby stranding.

The subject of magnetism, its influence, and *modus operandi* in every department of nature having long been my favorite study, I take the liberty of giving an opinion of these theories referred to, from my own observation of facts.

The first theory attributes the deviation to defective compasses. We find that the more simple the construction of a compass the better, and what are generally considered defects arise from local influences from what are called *unknown* causes.

The theory of the earthquakes we do not pretend to understand, when the calculation transfers the effects of an earthquake at San Salvador on 4th March to the steamer *Atlantic*, and stranding her near Halifax, Nova Scotia, on April 1st.

The third theory, "That the ship's course to the northward, while the adjustment of her compasses were for eastward and westward courses, causing a deviation in her compasses not accounted for by the officers, and not sufficiently provided against in the adjustment," we believe *might be a cause* influencing the *Atlantic's* compasses by which the ship might be carried so far westward. The adjustment of compasses on board iron ships by *fixed* magnets for eastward and westward courses, would cause a deviation in her compasses when her head is north or south not likely sufficiently accounted for in their calculations, nor probably provided against, and would cause the error attributed to a supposed current.

The adjustment of compasses in iron ships with fixed magnet to counteract the magnetic influences of the ship upon her compasses, we believe to be not only a defective arrangement, but is a deception also, for the following reasons.

Magnetic attraction and repulsion of the compass needle being a *natural* force from a natural cause, cannot be obviated by any artificial means, without detracting from the true use of the compass.

The artificial magnets used for adjusting, is a piece of steel, magnetized, that retains the same force permanently without diminution by any change of its position. It is placed in a ship near the compass as a fixture, therefore its magnetic influence upon the compass must more or less change the compass with every change of the ship's position. This magnet is supposed to counteract the *varying* natural magnetic influence of the iron ship and of her "et ceteras" of iron, such as fixed projections and detached pieces of iron, and of cargo, that influence the compass, which is in a position to vary by any magnetic influence.

The compass, ship, etc.,—all except this fixed magnet—drawing that influence from the magnetism of the earth, which is the greatest magnet, they must be subject to an unobserved varying, and hence defective influence upon the compass that will destroy the otherwise invariable certainty of its use.

The earth's natural influence upon the compass being the mariner's guide, any counteracting influence must necessarily cause its variation from its natural and true direction, therefore must be defective and dangerous.

The only remedy for those local attractions is to *know the cause* of their influence, and how they act upon the compass; when that is ascertained their dangers may be provided against and obviated.

The difficulty in navigating iron ships will appear to arise from the variety of magnetic surroundings on shipboard, contending or interfering with the proper or the natural action of the earth upon the compasses.

We will first notice the nature and action of each of those influences separately, and state how their influence acts upon each other.

The compass is a piece of magnetized steel poised upon a point and covered by a card so marked as to show the direction to which the needle points. It must—to be of service—be in a position to move by the operation of the earth's influence alone, and is thus when not otherwise influenced found to be parallel with the magnetism of the earth, pointing north and south.

The magnet used by authority for "adjusting" the compass is supposed to counteract all other magnetic influences of the iron in the ship that may act upon the compass, it has the same fixed force and nature as that of the compass needle, but is much larger, hence stronger, and is secured in a fixed position not to be influ-

enced—perceptibly—by the earth. Its magnetic power also is stationary so as not to be moved or influenced by any other magnetic force, but its influence on the compass must vary with every change of the ship's position. All other magnetic influences in and about the ship are affected by the earth's magnetism and liable to be, or are, changed or varied by the changing movements of the ship, and its change of course or position.

The Law of Magnetism by which similar poles of magnetized bodies repel each other and opposite poles attract, the greater body influencing the less, is still at work.

That all moveable bodies, such as the iron ship, are continually changing their magnetic force, by changing their position, may be proved by a simple experiment.

Take a piece, or bar, of soft iron and (without either striking it with a hammer or allowing it to stand for a length of time in one position)—as directed by our scientists—place it horizontally near a compass needle, and little if any influence upon the needle will be observed, now raise the distant end of the bar to a vertical or perpendicular position *over* the needle—still keeping the same end in its position near the needle—the south point of the needle will be immediately attracted towards the bar, now depress the same end to a vertical position *under* the needle and the north point will be immediately attracted towards the bar. Those varied and different actions of attraction by the bar will result when at the like distance, or space, between the bar and the needle.

(“The inverse ratio of the square of the distance, commonly called ‘the law of gravity,’ does not seem to apply in such cases, or agree with the true law of attraction.”) The attracting and repelling force will be observed to be in proportion to the length of the bar, and according to its vertical or horizontal *position*, the measured space, or distance, between the bar and the needle continuing the same.

Towards the equator the influence of earth (as with all other magnets) or of iron upon the needle gradually diminishes. South of the equator the influence with its effects has a reversed action, and a gradual increase of power towards the south pole. South of the equator of the earth, as of the middle of a magnet—the vertical position under the needle attracting the south, and the same end with position over attracting the north pole of the needle. This influence and action is the same with any bar of “soft” iron,

how much greater then must it be with iron ships, and the various iron bodies of which they are composed.

The defect and deception with regard to the fixed magnet is this. The compass is free to be acted upon by all magnetic influences, while the fixed magnet is supposed to counteract all other influences, except that of the compass, all receiving their influence from the earth except the magnet, although they are continuously changing with the changes of positions of the substances acting upon the compasses. Yet when the fixed magnet is placed sufficiently near the compass to influence it at all, it cannot in all positions of the ship have the like influence upon the compass. Thus, a magnet placed fore and aft upon the deck of the *Atlantic*, with its north point towards the prow of the ship and adjusted for east and west courses, should, when the ship steers north have the magnetic influence parallel with the needle of the compass, and its north point will have the same direction with the north point of the magnet. But the compass needle being free to motion and subject to all influences, and being the least or smaller magnet, its north point must be repelled by the north pole of the fixed magnet, the greater, or rather the latter, would show its influence according to its position with the compass. This would be quite sufficient to alter the course westward, apart from the supposed current.

But it may be said this influence has been noticed and provided for in the adjustment, and the officers are acquainted with and make due allowance for it. If so, can they, with *fixed* magnets, provide against that changeable influence shown to be in all iron, hence also in the ship and other iron bodies on board? That must, of necessity, exhibit that force continuously changing by every change of position, as seen in the experiment with the bar of iron, but proportionally, with greater force in the larger body of the iron ship.

Those considerations evidently prove to any thinking mind not only the correctness of that theory referred to, but the "scientific" fallacy of making use of fixed magnets to correct or counteract such a conditionally fluctuating and universal force, instead of seeking to be *acquainted with the nature* of that influence and its action.

Those facts also show a grand "scientific" deception in the theory that "All bodies are attracted or gravitate with a force

according to the inverse ratio of the square of the distance," and not of *like* substances being magnetically attracted according to their condition and position.

In the case of the *Atlantic* disaster, assuming the calculations of reckoning by the Captain and officers to be correct, will not the principles of magnetism here referred to as operating upon the compass needle of an iron ship, when changing her course, sufficiently account for westwardly deviation not properly accounted for by the usual coast currents of the ocean or otherwise.

R.

Halifax, N. S., April 26, 1873.

LOVE IN THE KURD MOUNTAINS.

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

SEVERAL leagues north of the Lake Van on one of the ways leading from Tauris to Erzeroum, one meets with a little plain watered by a stream and shadowed by old oaks. Some European travellers, coming from Persia, arrived one day in this solitary plain during the autumn of 1860, and halted there at midday. One was an English officer, of the Royal Engineers, named Meredith Gordon Stewart. He was bringing to England his cousin, Miss Lucy Blandemere, under the protection of an elderly lady named Mrs. Morton. An Ottoman functionary of the Armenian nation accompanied them, besides a considerable number of servants of various countries.

Lucy Blandemere was entering on her twenty-second year. While very young she had lost her mother. Her father, a Colonel in the East Indian army, seldom was seen in England. Young Lucy had grown up in the family of her uncle, a nobleman, in Westmorland, who left her almost her own mistress. Happily, Mrs. Morton, a distant relative, had been found to become the willing governess of the child and to superintend her education. In 1859 Lucy was a beautiful person, grand, fair; sensible and haughty by turns, with a dreamy imagination and a determined spirit. She loved the old music, accounts of foreign voyages, and the poems of Moore. Her father, an Adjutant-General, had been

charged with a political and military mission in Persia, and resided at Tauris. She had gone with Mrs. Morton to pass some months with him. The country displeased her at first. It was not the Orient of books. But she consoled herself soon for the disappointment, by discovering, in place of the conventional beauties which they described, other beauties more vivid, more satisfying, which she had not anticipated. Lieutenant Stewart, son of the great lord with whom Lucy had passed her infancy, had preceded her to Tauris, whither he had gone as aide-de-camp to General Blandemere. He could not separate himself from his beautiful relation. She neither encouraged nor repulsed him. It did not enter into the views of Miss Blandemere to declare herself at once. Meanwhile, as the Lieutenant had been recalled to England at the same time that Lucy was necessitated to return, she consented to make the journey in company with her cousin.

No untoward incident marked their first movements. Till the caravan came to the Turco-Persian frontier the weather was uniformly beautiful.

The day on which we find them on the afore-mentioned little plain the voyagers were just finishing their breakfast. Mrs. Morton prepared for her daily nap. The Lieutenant had taken from his baggage, a fowling-piece which some one had given him a little before his departure from Tauris, and, in company with the Turkish Armenian, called Tikraïne-Effendi, had gone out to try the range of the rifle. Whilst the old lady was buried in her cushions, Miss Blandemere seated herself at the opening of the great tent. She saw a high pole in the distance surmounted by a plank as a target. The Armenian fired first, and missed. The Lieutenant was alike unfortunate. Either his ordinary skill was at fault, or the target was too far off, for he could not put a single ball in the plank, and he was mortified with his unsuccessful attempts.

Turning her eye to the opposite side of the plain, Lucy saw a small group of voyagers who stopped by the side of the way. One of them wore the fez and riding-coat of Constantinople. The others were poorly clad as peasants. They regarded curiously, and with a little irony, the unsuccessful efforts of the officer. At an order of the master, one of the peasants went to the horses which fed in the distance, and detaching from a saddle a long gun inlaid with mother of pearl, brought it to him. The master opened the powder pan, cleaned it with his nail, and renewed the priming,

waiting till Stewart and Tikraïne suspended their fusillade. Then kneeling on the road he made a little heap of stones on which he rested his piece; then stretching on the ground he aimed, and fired. At the first shot he struck the mark though placed at an enormous distance.

Such address was wonderful. The travellers turned to look at the shooter. Without moving he introduced with his ramrod a rag into the barrel of his gun, and cleaned it cautiously, charged anew, and shot again. The second ball struck as the first.

"These balls of the Turk must have been made by the Devil," said Stewart to the Effendi, at the same time throwing his gun on the grass.

"That man has not the 'air of a Turk,'" answered Tikraïne. "Despite his dress, he is a mountaineer and a Kurd."

"Kurd or Turk he is a clever fellow, and I go to compliment him," answered the Lieutenant; who as a true sportsman mingled admiration and esteem for such merit.

He had no time to felicitate his rival, who immediately resumed his journey. He vaulted lightly into his saddle, followed by his companions. A bend in the road caused him to pass the tent where Lucy sat spectatress of the scene. She now saw him near. He was twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, spare, nervous, with an eagle nose and piercing eyes. Those eyes of the bird of prey which at the distance of a league can distinguish one stone from another in the torrent's bed. He carried no arms, a strange thing in that country, where the most peaceful never leave the town but with the sabre at the side, and his Turkish vestments were of a rude simplicity. But his horse, of pure Arab blood, appeared swift, vigorous, full of ardour. The men who composed his escort were armed with guns, and large poniards like the Roman sword. He did not perceive Lucy till within two steps of her; but the sight produced on him an effect as strange as unexpected. His look, when he fixed his eyes upon her, expressed surprise and enthusiastic admiration. The prophet of the legend, for whom God opened for a moment the iron wall which engirdles paradise was not more dazzled by the view of the wonderful heaven than was that Kurd in contemplating the radiant beauty of the stranger. The impression was as rapid as vivid. The cavalier could not restrain a violent movement which frightened his horse and made him bound. With quick and vigorous hand he brought

him to his regular pace. Passing before Miss Blandemere, the Kurd saluted her. She could not remain insensible to that mute admiration. Oftentimes she had been told that she was beautiful, and she esteemed as flatteries what she heard of herself in the salons of Europe; but the language which the eyes of this man spoke, demi-barbarian as he was, could not but be sincere, and in no respect resembled a vulgar compliment. She returned the salutation. He looked at her once more, then galloping off with his troop he was soon lost to view.

During the three following days the caravan continued its route. The mountains became more and more bare, and the nights more cold. Even at midday the sun seemed to have lost his heat. Autumn advanced. One morning the grass was covered with a white frost. The winds, coming from the eternal snows on the summits of Tauris, blew upon the plain, despoiling the trees of their last leaves, while the crows wheeled in the whirling blasts of heaven.

The travellers could only lie in their tents. The evening of the fourth day it was necessary to seek an asylum in the house of a poor village. The only abode of any size was that of an Armenian Priest of the place. They were sent thither by the *Mouktar*. Whilst the strangers warmed themselves before the small fire, the master of the house, a poor creature, clad in a covering of blue cloth, silently smoked his cigarette in a corner. He had spent his life in cultivating the plain, as did his parishioners. He was almost as stupid as they, and, without the round bonnet, entwisted with a black rag, which covered his head, one would have taken him for a peasant. He complained of his misery to Tikraïne, in whom he soon recognized a compatriot. He pretended that the Turks, the Armenian Bishops, and the Kurds were alike in their way of despoiling the village. "The Kurds," said he, "are not our worst enemies. Those around belong to the tribe of Abdurrahmanli. Their chief, Selim Agha, attacks only rich travellers like you."

The conclusion of this discourse was not reassuring. Tikraïne interrogated the Priest, and learned that the Agha of Abdurrahmanli often despoiled caravans to avenge his people of the Governor of Van, who troubled them a long time. Otherwise he is not a bad man, added the priest, but if the government is not strong enough to conquer him it should not quarrel with him, Selim

Agha is brave and resolute. The Chief of Mekkio, at the frontier of Persia, had taken from him, last spring, a troupe, with the shepherd, under the pretext that the sheep had fattened on the pasturages of the Khadarli which appertained to the Persian Kurds. The Agha said nothing at first, but about five days ago he departed dressed as a Turk, with a troop of four or five men only, fell suddenly on the people of Mekkio, broke many of their heads, and delivered his shepherd. He passed yesterday in this village returning with him.

Tikraïne discovered soon that the Chief of the Abdurrahmanli was, without doubt, the adroit marksman whom they had encountered four days ago. He imparted his observations to Stewart. Bah! said the Lieutenant, if they attack us we will defend ourselves. These Kurds are good marksmen, but they take a good half hour between each shot.

As to Miss Blandemere, the prospect which alarmed so much the Armenian did not affright her. The remembrance of the Kurdish cavalier was oftentimes present with her, and she was by no means averse to seeing him again. Besides he was not a vulgar brigand, and she had reason to think he would not do much harm to the caravan in which she travelled. She passed the night tranquilly, while her cousin was more unquiet than he wished to confess, not on his own account, but that of the women he had under his protection. Next day, before departing, he demanded of the *Moukhtar* an escort of soldiers. He knew what value to place on the valour of these official protectors, but the size of the caravan would be too great for the Kurdish tribe to dare to bar the way.

For two days nothing occurred to justify the fears of Tikraïne-Effendi. The travellers encountered frequently long files of mules carrying merchandize in charge of their drivers, who seemed to travel in security. To the right and left were numerous groups of villages, inhabited by a miserable population, one half Armenian, the other Turkish. The poverty seemed inexplicable in the midst of a country of fertile pasturage and rich wheat lands. Tikraïne felt keenly the contrast. It was the first time he had travelled through Armenia, his paternal country. Born and brought up at Constantinople, he had come by the Caucasus to Tauris, where he made part of the International Commission, in which General Blandemere represented England. My unhappy country, said he, has been the battleground of the East since the commencement of

history. It serves to-day as a camp for five or six races,—enemies to each other, and, to crown the misfortune, our compatriots live but to quarrel among themselves. At the same time you see that, all miserable as we are, we live, while the others pass away. Who knows but a better future is for us.

His interloquitur heard with a distracted ear. He had præoccupations of another kind. In quitting Tauris he calculated on the chances of the voyage—on their common life as giving him an opportunity of explaining himself to Miss Blandemere on a subject which he had not yet been able to touch. Meantime, the days were passing. Each hour added to the power of the charm which subdued him, and less than ever dared he speak. In the reception which Lucy gave him there was nothing cold or severe, but she did not appear to suspect the nature of the affection which she inspired. She had a sweet, kindly, communicative manner. Entering into the many incidents of the journey, which evidently pleased her, she loved also to see her friends partake of the pleasure which she experienced. Yet she remained mistress of herself despite the delirium of the vagabond existence which she led, and she did not appear to care for sweets of any other kind. The lieutenant was very unhappy. Full of energy and activity when striving against the difficulties of life, he dreaded uncertainties of another order. He had a settled confidence in the superiority of the institutions and the excellence of the national habits of his country; he dreamed of happiness in the object of his choice, and in the peace of the domestic hearth. A wife, “distinguished and well born as his cousin,” a house filled with beautiful children, the regular advancement which his profession promised, he desired nothing more, and never thought that Miss Blandemere would be opposed to a lot so enviable.

Mrs. Morton felt little of the mental agitation of Stewart. The brave woman had in her youth travelled over the fourth of the globe in the company of her husband, charged with the commissariat of the army, and had seen many things without being much affected by them. Her husband one day, having adventured far from his books with the Colonel who pursued the Maoris, had been killed, and they say, eaten by savages. Mrs. Morton had returned to England, attached herself to Lucy, then a little girl, and had never quitted her. The thought of going to Persia did not affright her. The return voyage found her as placid as possi-

ble. Seated on a mule, she contemplated with her eyes the country which the caravan traversed; sent forth at times a strong, admiring exclamation, ate with a good appetite, and slept soundly at each station. The Turks, who passed, stopped a moment before the great red lady with the calm eyes, habited always in light clothing, and regarded her with consideration. During the intervals of the journey she wrought at a marvellous piece of tapestry commenced at Tauris, and, inspired by the remembrance of the Persian stuffs, covered with birds and brilliant flowers.

II.

WHEN they approached Khinis they found the ground covered with snow. The winter had already burst over those high plateaux which, for six months, experience the cold of Siberia. It was necessary to hasten lest they should encounter a bad time in the mountains between Erzeroum and Trebizonde. The daily march was lengthened. They set out in the morning before the dawn, rested an hour at midday, and then marched till nightfall. The cold became very keen. A white carpet covered the plains, the mountains, and the frozen waters. Long stalactites were suspended from the cascades like to the crystal hair of a Naiad surprised by the winter. The vertical rocks, black in the midst of that immense whiteness, presented the appearance of funeral monuments. The crows perched on their summit, flapped their wings, and pursued with their hoarse cries those who feared not to trouble with their presence the silent mysteries of an Armenian winter.

The travellers, contracting the contagion of the sadness of surrounding nature, conversation became rare, and in the caravan one scarcely heard anything save the noise of the sword scabbard striking at equal times against the stirrup. Miss Blandemere alone preserved her serene and haughty gayety. She was charming under her Astrakan bonnet, with her hair falling in long curls upon the black fur of her pelisse. She rallied Tikraïne-Effendi about the discreet enthusiasm with which his country inspired him. You are no patriot said she to him. Why don't all you other Armenians come and establish yourselves in the subterranean huts of these villages in the middle of your national snows. One should have courage with his opinions.

About three in the afternoon the snow fell more thickly. They were traversing gorges, absolute desert,—the stopping place yet

far off. The horses advanced with difficulty. The travellers felt the cold under their thick furs. At four o'clock the west wind rose. It swirled between the rocky walls which bounded the way, raising the snow and blowing it into impalpable particles. Like frozen needle points they beat into the nose, eyes, ears, and stopped breathing, sight and hearing. The Lieutenant marched a little in advance of the two women. Tikraïne, advancing, said to him in a low voice: "I think that we are in danger. This is the commencement of a snow tempest. I have never seen one, but I have heard of them, and it is said to be terrible."

"What is the nature of the danger?"

"At first the animals refuse to advance, and the men blinded by the whirling snow cannot see two steps before them. All trace of the way having disappeared they are forced to remain where they are and wait by the grace of God the conclusion of the tempest."

"How long does it ordinarily last?"

"That varies. Sometimes two hours, sometimes two days," said the Armenian, becoming suddenly grave and affrighted with his own words. "They say that the simoom of Arabia is nothing in comparison."

At the same time the Lieutenant saw that the chief of the muleteers had stopped to confer with his men. Stewart, who had learned the Persian at Taurus, as well as his cousin, demanded what he did. "Why," said the muleteer, "Do you not see the *tipi*?" at the same time shaking off the snow which covered his beard and thick eye-lashes.

"What must we do?"

"We have no choice. Neither men nor brutes can make ten steps now, and in half an hour not that. If the storm continues we are in great danger.

Stewart went to tell the women that it was necessary to stop a little. Mrs. Morton, who had no consciousness of danger, descended from her mule with all the grace in the world, but Lucy had read some descriptions of these terrible storms. She comprehended the truth and turned pale. Stewart was sadly affected. To the sentiment of love was added that of responsibility.

The travellers in a caravan are as the company in a ship, and experience has traced the line of conduct which each should follow in these mountain tempests, as it determines the duty of

sailors in storms at sea. The chief of the muleteers having become the veritable captain of the troop ordered to throw off the baggage, and put all under cover. A large carpet was stretched on the earth at the foot of a rock. Then all the travellers huddled together in a group, and drew over them a covering as a vault. They formed thus a sort of living mound, which the snow was not slow to cover. One of the muleteers, with care, kept open above a passage for the air to those below. They tell that companies surprised by the *tipi* have survived twenty, thirty, forty hours in this imprisonment. If the tempest lasts longer, cold and hunger do their work. In the following spring, the first passengers who cross the country after the thaw find the dead bodies untouched, in the situation in which they met death. There is no hope which can hold out against the fatality of such a situation. The most impatient know that the strife is impossible, and resign themselves. Those who have seen death in that form pretend that it is even sweet. The cold benumbs before killing them, and they perceive not their end. A profound, invincible sleep spares the dying the horrors of agony.

At nightfall the tempest was more violent than ever. Lucy was seated between her cousin and Mrs. Morton, who had at last comprehended that the caravan was in serious danger, and was weeping, not for what would happen to herself, an aged woman, but to the youthful daughter of her adoption, cut short in the spring of life. Stewart thought that, if it was necessary to die, it would be sweet to do so near her he loved the dearest in all the world. Lucy, to whom the terrors of such a situation could only raise the serenity of her soul, repeated her prayers in a low voice; as to the Armenian and the Persian muleteers, they took their own part. Orientals behold their last hour approach without tears or complaint.

The travellers did not suffer greatly from cold as yet. The heat of their bodies, combined in a small space, kept around them a temperature higher than that without. But the snow still fell, and might so fall for days or a week. The time would come when it would accumulate in such heavy mass that there would no longer be access to the upper air. The hours passed, long as ages, and hunger began to make itself felt.

Both Europeans and natives were silent. They heard only the blasts of the wind and the dead sound of the masses of snow falling

from the tops of the rocks into the valley. A muleteer rose in silence and stretched himself to his full height to free the opening above their prison of snow; but instead of seating himself, he remained a few minutes observing what passed without. "What do you see?" demanded the *Katerdji-bachi*.

"Give me your pistol," said the man, "a bear roves about us." He fired in the darkness.

No one had previously thought of this new danger. The perspective appeared too horrible to poor Lucy. Her firmness of soul permitted her to resign herself to a covering under the white shroud of snow, but the idea of that yellow brute eating her, which now perhaps opened with his paws the roof of snow, and was choosing a victim among the unfortunate travellers, was too much for her to bear. Little by little she grew weak, and finally lost all consciousness.

When feeling returned, she found herself in the open night, carried under the arm of some one whom she did not know. The snow still fell and the wind lashed her face. Those after caresses of the tempest no doubt re-animated her. She suffered now, but perceived herself invaded by a sort of stupor which prevented her from speaking, or enquiring about the situation. After some minutes she perceived herself laid on the earth, many persons round her conversed with a low voice. She opened her eyes and saw Mrs. Morton, who cast herself into her arms. "I thought you dead, my dear," said the old lady, covering her with kisses. Stewart, Tikraïne, and the people of the caravan were there also. Also men in the costume of the country stood before a great fire. In looking round, she saw sculptured vaults, arcades and columns. The place where all were assembled was a half-ruined church.

"How came we here?" said she to her cousin.

Stewart told her that the muleteer had fired on the bear, and missed it,—two things equally fortunate, for if the ferocious brute had been wounded it would have besieged the cave of snow which served for the retreat of the travellers, instead of flying as it did at the sound of the pistol. Then, also, the report had brought to them a saviour. "See," said the Lieutenant, going to seek a man who held himself apart before the fire. Miss Blandemere recognized Selim-Agha.

He approached softly. Mrs. Morton ran toward him and threw herself on his neck, crying that he had saved her life. The Kurd

stopped, astonished at the demonstrations of gratitude, and the discourse in a language which he did not understand. "The ladies wish to thank you for the service which you have done us. It is God who has conducted you in our way," said Stewart—in Persian.

"Every one has his destiny written on his front," said the Agha. "I ought to thank my star for having brought me here more than you your's for my having met with you," added he, his black eyes fixed on Lucy.

The young lady, also, wished to go to express her gratitude to the Agha, but despite the aid of her cousin she could not walk. "The lady's feet have been frozen while I carried her," said Selim. "You must rub them with snow." Mrs. Morton hastened to bare the feet of her young friend which were white, inert and cold as marble. They brought snow and the dame commenced rubbing. It is not thus they should rub a frozen foot, said the Kurd to Stewart, and he made a movement as about to show the old English woman the proper way, but immediately arrested himself—struck by a sudden thought. He comprehended that the assistance of a man, entirely unknown, would be, despite the gravity of the situation, an unpleasant circumstance for the stranger lady. "Come here Aicha," said he, turning to the group before the fire. A boy of about twelve years of age responded to the call. Selim-Agha spoke to him a few words in the Kurdish language, and the boy kneeling down by Lucy took up the business, so badly commenced by the widow. After some minutes the feet of the young lady became red, and the blood began to circulate. She was not permitted to approach the fire. Having taken some food, a bed was made between two columns, and the two women went to seek, behind the barrier provided, a repose, very necessary after such emotions.

The Lieutenant then asked the Agha how he found them so *apropos* in the way. "I was surprised, like you, by the storm; but I knew of this church, and took refuge here. As you see, it is only about a hundred steps from the place where you halted, a fact which the clouds of snow prevented you from discovering. I found on my arrival the peasants before us. They had stopped in the church also, with their ass laden with wood which they were taking to sell in the market of Khinis. Thus we have a fire. Just as we were going to sleep, one of my men, placed as a senti-

nel, heard the report of a pistol. Thinking that this was the appeal of some unfortunate traveller we went out to discover him. That is all. To-morrow, if the storm abates, I go to my village of Abdurrahmanli. I will bring back from it whatever is necessary for your journey. But before your departure for Erzeroum, I hope you will pass some time with me. Poor as we are you will find in my house what will enable you to rest from your fatigue." Stewart and Tikraïne accepted the offer with thanks. When they rose in the morning they found that the Kurd had departed.

A ray of the sun penetrating the church, aroused Lucy. She made a rapid toilette, and went to seat herself beside her companions at a breakfast, as frugal as the supper of the evening. It consisted of preserved meat, in a little curdled milk, and pressed apricots dried in the sun. Mrs. Morton brought out the box containing the famous tapestry, which some one had found under the snow with the other baggage, and began quietly to work. Tikraïne took the Lieutenant and Lucy to have a look at the church. "It is an illustrious monument, contemporaneous with St. Gregory, the illuminator," said he. The Turks call it Samardjie-Kilisse, because of an ivy leaf which runs round the sculptures of the facade. Miss Blandemere hardly thought of admiring the cupolas, the arcades, and figures of saints, which adorned the church. She thought of the events of the night, of the death so near, of the unexpected saviour, who at the risk of his life in the snow had snatched her from the most terrible danger. He is a brigand, they say, "but the ideas of the East are not ours," and the ancestors of Lucy could boast of many like brigands in the history of their family. The Blandemeres of the middle ages pillaging the ships stranded near their Chateaux were, no doubt, less scrupulous than the chivalrous bandit of the Kurdish mountain. The feudal Normans had not the fine elegant nature and elevated sentiments of which Abdurrahmanli had given proof. How could she show her gratitude for such a service to such a man. Miss Blandemere was very much embarrassed. Towards the middle of the day she carried her seat to the porch of the church. Heaven had resumed its serenity. The sun shone on the perfidious snow, so calm now, which last evening swept from earth to heaven its impalpable waves. Miss Blandemere was happy to revisit the light. In escaping a great peril one feels that calm intoxication of conva-

lescence which renews the sweetness of life. Casting her look over the plain, she saw in the distance a troop of cavaliers coming from the mountains on the north side. They advanced as quick as the thick coat of snow on the earth permitted. Selim-Agha rode at their head, but Lucy did not at first recognize him. He had left off the Turkish vestments, which served to disguise him on his expedition to Mekkió, and he now appeared in the brilliant war costume of his nation. A white turban, narrow and high as a tiara, replaced the Constantinopolitan *fez*. His blue vest shone with silver embroidery, and at his kilt, like that of the Scotch Highlander, hung a complicated arsenal of little instruments of graven silver, with which the Kurds charge their fire-arms. Two long pistols were stuck in the Cashmere scarf which encircled his waist; one of the ancient sabres, with almost straight blade, now become so rare, was suspended at his side by a narrow band of red silk with golden tassels. Agile as a stag, his Turkish horse scarcely sunk in the snow. The Kurd had a beauty truly noble and intelligent; his movements discovered a nervous and easy vigour—the vigour of these tame panthers, upon which the Grecian Mythology shows us the companions of the Indian Baccus mounted. Behind him marched a company of thirty Kurds, equipped almost in the same manner, and armed with long lances with floating bunches of silk. The glittering light of the beautiful winter day was reflected from the polished steel of sword and lance, and became decomposed into little rainbows in the snow dust raised by the prancing of the horses. It was a charming sight.

The preparations were soon made to depart, and they were soon on the way to Abdurahmanli. The roads were filled with people as on other such occasions. The *Katerdgis*, whom the tempest had kept the day before in the villages, recommenced their journey, and the Europeans encountered them seated on their bales, chanting the complaint for the cruelties of the beautiful Derico. "I love Armenia," said Lucy to the Effendi, "despite its snow and long winters, but it will remain always poor."

"Do not think that. It is rich, only its riches remain hid. The wheat which lies there under the snow will cover, in spring, the plains with a harvest sufficient to nourish half of Europe. As roads are wanting the grain cannot be exported, and sometimes it

rots in the barns. For the Armenians this is the best pledge for its future prosperity."

By their side Selim-Agha journeyed in silence. "What makes you sad?" said Lucy. Selim answered by a grave smile, which was customary with him. Miss Blandemere pursued her enquiry; interrogated the Agha concerning his family, about his past and present life. He departed a little from his reserve, and described to her, with simple eloquence, the pleasures and dangers of his nomadic life, the long leisure of the winter in the close houses, the journeys in pursuit of cattle during the beautiful season when the tribe planted their tents successively on the mountains of the immense plateau of Tauris. Then he told of the strife with rival clans, of the razzias, the skirmishes by the borders of torrents and precipices. At times, in the midst of his recital, he would fix his eyes on Lucy, forget his story in contemplating her, and then ride on, plunged in silent reverie. Lucy was no coquette, but she could not observe without a secret pleasure the emotion of Selim. "It is not to sport with fire," thought she. "In three days we will be far from each other." After one of these intervals of Selim, she asked of him what he was thinking of. "Have you any chagrins?" said she.

"Perhaps," was the response.

"Then I see that these belong to all climates. Happily, it is possible to get rid of them after that information."

The Kurd looked at her with a melancholy smile. Their companions were a little behind. He bent towards Miss Blandemere—and in her ear pronounced these words of an old Persian Anthology.

"Feridoun, thy thoughts are sad as the funeral wail."

"My sister, the blond locks of the stranger are rays of the sun—
Rays which have entered my heart, and they burn me."

"Feridoun, the girls of our country, are the cure for thy ills."

"My sister, I shall forget the ills which I suffer,
Only under the funereal cypress beyond the gate of the city."

Miss Blandemere reddened. It is my fault, thought she. My questions have been imprudent, and I should have foreseen the response. Stewart and the Armenian having rejoined them, Selim put his horse to the galop, and withdrew from Lucy. She did not wish him to do so. The avowal which she had involuntarily provoked was made with a tone of resigned sadness, which prevented

it from being audacious. During the rest of the journey the Kurd held himself aloof from Miss Blandemere, but that did not hinder her from dreaming of the strange metaphors of that poetic Persian, for whom "the blond tresses of the stranger are rays of the sun."

Tormented by the uncertainty and the pre-occupation of his love, the Lieutenant had not beheld without chagrin the long conversation of his cousin with the Agha. Not that he saw in Selim a rival. He would have been jealous at times of the last Cornet of his Company, but he could not of a Kurd. Approaching Miss Blandemere, he said, with a constrained air, "Selim-Agha has been telling you something very interesting?"

"Very interesting," Lucy replied drily. The question had annoyed her.

The conversation ceased till they arrived in sight of Abdurrahmanli.

(To be continued.)

HOW COUSIN GEORGE FELL IN LOVE.

CHAPTER III.

NOW I must tell you, in all sincerity, who my Cousin was in love with, because I hurried so in my narration that I skipped over the events of a week, as if they were of no consequence at all, and I can assure you that they were the most momentous that ever disturbed the peaceful annals of our hamlet.

The widow arrived at the Judge's, and as Amoret had said, they gave a party in her honor. To this entertainment I was invited, of course, and Auntie Fan was taken with a most pestilent influenza, and also as a matter of course I had to stay at home and nurse her. My Cousin called to escort me to Brownriggs, and was grieved beyond measure that I was not going. He squeezed my fingers at parting, and said that he would not enjoy himself a bit, because I would not be there. I believed him implicitly, and then—what if he did give me a cousinly kiss, it's nobody's business but mine. Ah! he had not seen the widow then. The widow had taken the place by storm, and the young girls trembled and the old maids grew deadly pale. For who could see and not

love her, with her town grace and her fair youthful face? Away went all the disengaged, and, shocking to relate, all the engaged young men, to worship at her shrine, and the fair Rivermouthians were left lamenting. This last sad fact I had learned by report, and alas! also by experience, and now I was curious to behold this wonderful personage, and judge for myself of her fascinating powers. It was to the fatal charms of the Judge's visitor that my Cousin had fallen a victim. I dare say you had thought as much long ago. I determined to attend the party next day, given for the sad and bereaved lady, no matter how much influenza Auntie Fan should be pleased to take. Having made up my mind to be present, I next wondered what dress I should wear, the toilets in my simple wardrobe being neither numerous nor handsome. After a lengthened survey of their flimsy scantiness and well-washed fadiness, I came to the conclusion that *a new dress* was indispensable to me as a partaker in the coming festivities. I asked my father for some money, he gave me *four dollars*,—a nice sum that to deck a person out for a party; but I thought it munificent, accepted it joyfully, quickly put on my sun-hat, and took the road to the village store. There was no difficulty, generally speaking, in making selections from the goods from this, our only shop, for every season in the year the proprietors sent to town for two large bales of material, and if you did not like the blue, you must perforce take a suit of the rifle-green, so that, although our skins did differ, we were clothed in blue and green the same.

Being a brunette, with a very brown and red complexion and jet black hair, I was tired of wearing these terrible blues and greens in winter, and fady lilacs and brilliant pinks in summer, and I recollected with pleasure the information that Amoret had communicated to me a few days ago, namely, that Mr. Baize had a piece of white Swiss muslin,—lovely white Swiss,—at a shilling a yard! Cheap and coarse you would deem it, yet so delighted and anxious was I to have a dress of it, that I could scarce keep from running to the store. "White, snowy white, with knots of scarlet ribbon, just like a novel!" I exclaimed, rapturously, giving a skip that startled a little calf grazing by the roadside, and made it skip too with sheer fright. It was a brown calf with very long ears, and it belonged to George. I used to take an interest in it, because I thought that one day it would belong to me too; *now*, so changed were my feelings, that I picked up a stone and threw it at it. I

am ashamed to say that I hit it and hurt it too; the poor, dumb creature shook its head and gazed at me sadly. If its lips had language they would have said, "*Et tu Brute,*" also have added, "Belle Barnaby are you not ashamed of yourself? Why strike me on the defenceless head?" I was really sorry that I had been so cross, and I went on to the store in more subdued spirits. Imagine how deeply disappointed I was when Mr. Baize informed me that every yard of the muslin was sold or bespoken. I sighed deeply; you may be sure, and all his compliments and entreaties would not make me purchase twelve yards of rose-pink muslin, with grass green fern leaves four inches long carelessly printed on its highly-glossed surface.

"You won't have it Miss Barnaby. Why now, the Doctor's housekeeper bought a dress of this just half an hour ago, and little Miss Smith the dressmaker is going to have an upper skirt and waist of it, and I am sure that you and she have the same fine, dark complexion, if I might say so, Miss Belle. I really think that it would be more becoming than white." Here he paused and smoothed out its painfully gorgeous folds, and regarded me with a winning smile.

"Oh! no Mr. Baize," I said fretfully, "I won't have a dress of that. I set my heart on a white Swiss, and I am so disappointed. Have you a prettier colored piece than that?" I next inquired. The face of the shopman became overcast, and he slowly put away the rejected goods with a fond sigh and a pat, then took down from the dusty shelf a remnant from last year, and very tiresome it was in my sight, for I had two dresses off that same piece, and so had Amoret Croppley, so had the little lame girl, and so had the Doctor's housekeeper. "Oh! Mr. Baize," I exclaimed, wildly, "I've had frocks of that already, and so has everybody in Rivermouth, why the very pattern makes me sick. Oh! for goodness sake find something else."

"Well, well, I never saw you so hard to please before. May I ask why you are so very particular?"

We were a confidential race in Rivermouth, so I told him with readiness, that I was going to attend the party next day, and how I wished to appear well dressed on account of the visitors from the city.

Mr. Baize sort of smiled, and then became thoughtful, then almost melancholy: finally, he went away into the rear of the house

and remained there for some time. I thought that he had given me up in despair, and was meditating flight, when he returned with his arms filled with the lovely Swiss. He laid it in triumph on the counter, and then looked at me with an eye full of exultation and satisfaction. "There, Miss Belle!" he cried in rapture, "There it is, and I can tell you I would not do it for another girl in the place." A fine row I had to make I can tell you before she'd give it up. "Some of the frills were hemmed," she said—but I took it from her. I told her "You'd set your heart on it." "Set her heart on it indeed," says she, "And I'd like to know what I'm to make the half-dozen shrouds out of? I guess the folks has set their hearts on being decently laid-out, and what am I to do?" "Make 'em out of cotton," says I, catching up the muslin, "and here it is Miss, but it's tore in lengths and frills, sure enough," and he gazed dolefully on the pieces. "A fit dress," I thought bitterly, "for me to wear,—a proper dress to bury my lost love in, and in which to lay out my dead hopes."

"Don't fret about it," Mr. Baize, "I will manage to make it up somehow, for I am determined to wear white, and now I want some scarlet ribbon."

I bought the ribbon, and Mr. Baize made a parcel of the shroud lengths, and with this inspiring package under my arm I walked calmly home.

The person whom the shopkeeper robbed of her goods, was his sister, an old maid, who did nearly all the undertaking business in the village.

"What sort of a dress did you buy dear?" said my aunt when I reached home. "White muslin," I answered faintly. "Eh! plain white, well it's simple and pretty enough, but," glancing at my downcast face, "you look tired out Belle, had you a warm walk?" "Yes, aunt, very warm;" and then I went up stairs and planned that frock, and next evening when I was dressed in it did not appear so very countryfied after all. I trimmed it with frills and crimped the frills with a patent flat-iron, that a travelling agent made Auntie buy, and the knots of scarlet ribbon that looped the skirt and decorated the waist, relieved the grey-white of the material. Auntie and Papa, poor prejudiced people, assured me that I looked lovely,—of course I allowed a wide margin for their love-blinded eyes, and even then I thought that I was much improved by a becoming dress, and I somehow thought that

perhaps it might have some effect on George. I dare say plenty of girls thus donning a pretty toilet in anticipation of meeting a recreant beau, may have hoped that it would "bring their lover back to them," and I am sure I wish them more success for the future, and in the past, than I had. "Made out of shrouds! made out of shrouds!" seemed to sound in my ears as I went to Brownriggs, but I did not feel sad, only sort of amused at the droll idea. It was a ghastly fact looking at it in one light, and I know very well that not one girl in a hundred would have touched such a robe; yet I wore it to the party, and as Amoret Croppley told me, I never looked better in my life. Yes, I looked well, but after I reached the Judge's paraffine-lit mansion a presentiment came over me that it did not signify a bit how I looked. I went into the spare bedroom and took off my sun-hat and shawl, and threw them hastily on a chair. I did not linger long in regarding my toilet, but in that short time I comprehended that here the widow reposed and reigned supreme, for even my wild untutored eyes saw tokens of city tastes in various little accessories to the dressing-table. Large jewel-cases, brushes of every kind, a box of the most feathery caps of woe, hair-puffs and wonderfully crooked hair-pins, besides cut-glass bottles filled with washes and delicate perfumes. Innovations on the simplicity of the rustic toilet, but where ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to be wise, and yet might not these things have helped to steal from me the affections of Cousin George? I sighed as I glanced at them, then just for spite smoothed back my hair with an ivory-handled brush—how smooth it made it, just like satin. I began to wish for just such a brush, when Amoret came for me, looking delicate and pretty in a pale blue dress. I wondered greatly where she got it, but did not like to ask. I knew there was no stuff like that in Rivermouth. She put her hand through my arm and with a whispered "You'll see how lovely she is," I was led into the parlour. It was filled, but not uncomfortably, by the friends of the Croppleys. I recognized the pink muslin with the green fern leaves at once, and inside of it about one dozen of the inhabitants; also a half-dozen of last year's pieces, some new, some old; then there was a most astonishing display of stuff with a green ground and purple egg-plums scattered thereon; lastly, four of the white Swiss, but thank fortune trimmed with green and blue ribbon,—not one person in scarlet and white but myself.

This was a small triumph, and re-assured me greatly, so that I was able by Amoret's help to make the circuit of the room and behold with amazed eyes the terrible widow herself. She was standing near the paper-decorated grate, and around her were gathered the best of the Rivermouth beaux, each striving to attract her attention to themselves, and I must say that she was dividing her smiles and pretty speeches and pouts and tosses of the head, and Heaven knows how many more beguiling gestures, fairly among them. Now this kind of behaviour was all very fine, but I thought it neither lady-like nor polite, everyone sat seemingly bored to death, except *the visitors* and most ardent admirers, including my Cousin George; that wretched youth, let me here remark, never withdrew his eyes from her face. Lost! lost to me for ever! I saw that at a glance. This select group laughed and chatted together gaily and heartily, but the rest of the company could only half-hear and take no share in their mirth; yet it was quite loud enough to disconcert them, and quench their feeble attempts to enjoy themselves. The widow had assumed the attitude of one who is mistress of the situation, the queen of the occasion as it were, and I felt my hot country blood rising in my face as I watched her city airs and town snobbishness.

She was as lovely and yet as unlovely a woman as I have ever seen. I do not wish to add to my acquaintances any more specimens of the class. Men, as a rule, think them amiable perfection, let them marry them then and they'll find out their dispositions to a nicety. They have a way, by their oily, studied manner, of making honest-hearted, honest-spoken women seem blunt and bad-tempered, and all quiet and retiring people seem sullen and stupid. The way that she looked at me when I first entered the room is distinctly imprinted on my mind. I could never like her after that, even if I had not disliked her on George's account.

Beyond a doubt, beyond a question she was loveliness itself, yet she owed to dress and manner a part of her charms. She could not wear bright colors, she could not—this recently bereaved one, whose eyes danced with mischief and whose baby lips curved with smiles—leave off her sable garments, could not throw aside her widow's cap, that badge of woe; but as far as such a dress could be modified, the taste of city artistes had lightened and modified it. The cap that rested, no it did not rest, it perched coquettishly and defiantly on her "golden head running over with curls," flossy

and shining as a child's, was the airiest, flimsiest scrap of white crape, and enhanced the beauty, while it hid merely four square inches of her hair. Her face was a lovely baby face, with infantile fairness of skin, with infantile dimples, with baby flushes of bright rose, with bright, eager baby eyes, ready to overflow with tears or smiles. Her beautiful white throat and part of her bust were bare, the square cut neck of her dress being edged with a close-crimped crape border, that was scarce whiter than the throat it shaded. The material of the dress was *gros-grain*, so Amoret told me, the trained skirt swept half across the room when she walked, and the long, hanging sleeves shewed her beautiful arms and dimpled elbows. She wore massive jet jewelry, which enhanced the fairness of her complexion, and her beautifully fitting dress over her beautiful figure made our forms, by comparison, like tree-stumps. Her waist was nearly as small as our necks, but I did not envy that, for it seemed unnatural. The result of my long and curious survey of Mrs. Williams' charms was the disagreeable impression that it was no use being there, and I wished that I were once more at home.

"The evening must be spent in some manner," I thought, sadly, so I looked around the room for a secluded corner in which to hide myself. "Come and be introduced to Mrs. Williams, I know that you will love her dearly!" said romantic Amoret. She still held my arm, and was about to add herself and myself to the group, but I drew back, and hurriedly saying that "I was tired, and never to mind," I walked away and found a vacant seat beside the lame girl, who sewed her mortification work in the corner, as of old.

"How do you do, Miss Belle," she said, with a glad smile, "I am delighted that you have come this evening." "Is she not beautiful! just like an angel!" she indicated the widow with a loving nod. "Yes, without the wings, and with a widow's cap," said I, tartly. "Ah! how can you make fun of her," she cried in horrified accents, and as I looked on her then, I saw that she had transferred her worshipping gaze from the Chickering to the admired guest.

"Well," I thought, "let her gaze, I can't and won't give in to the universal idolatry." "You were ill-natured," says my reader. If I was, how would you like it yourself? I would have felt more amiable if my rival had had a squinting eye, or a crooked nose, or big hands,—some defect to feast my eyes on; but this fearful perfection maddened me. "Your cousin likes her, I think?"

continued the lame girl, inquiringly. "It appears so," I replied. "Have you been introduced yet?" she asked, pausing in her sewing. "No, I don't care to get acquainted with her," I answered. "Oh! I would love to, just to tell her how pretty she is, but Amoret took me nearly close to her and then I got frightened and ran back to my corner and lost the chance," and she actually sighed. "I don't think that you need tell her how pretty she is, she knows it too well already," I said, spitefully. "I don't think it, she seems innocent as an angel," replied she, in a reverent manner. "Well, I don't want to see angels if they are like her," (and I don't believe that they brush their hair with ivory brushes,) I murmured to myself. Out loud, I asked, "Is she musical?" "Oh!" exclaimed the lame girl, clasping her hands, "You should hear her sing. Oh! I shut my eyes and felt as I were floating, you know. I never heard such a voice, there is no one in the choir that can sing like her."

I could not help smiling at the comparison, when I thought of the gallant little band of assorted voices, that met once every week, and shouted themselves into a state of readiness for the Sabbath service, each particular voice on that said Sabbath struggling bravely for the supremacy. "It was not very likely that she sang in their style," I thought to myself, and then I wondered how the people were to amuse themselves that evening. I wondered greatly if we should dance and have merry games, such as we used to on former occasions. The prospect of enjoyment for the larger portion of the company was small. While I wondered, the door of the room opened and a young man came in, the like of whom I had never seen in life, but recognized at a glance as own brother to a young man that I had the picture of in a fashion-book at home. He was tall and slight, with oh! such fine clothes, such a lovely tie, and lavender kid gloves on hands. "What next!" I thought, and my glance left him and wandered towards my countrymen in general, and Cousin George in particular. What guys he made them appear by the contrast, with their colored shirts and white collars and suits of three different kinds of cloth. Here was comfort, if *she* the obnoxious made guys of us, *he* the obnoxious made guys of them.

I now watched the scene with interest, the lavender kids advanced to the exclusive group and saluted it heartily, wringing Cousin George's red hands with his delicate ones, and then—I

fancied perhaps, that the two obnoxious ones exchanged a meaning glance and smile—then he moved away, bowed and spoke to everyone in the room except myself. He looked at me inquiringly, admired the fancy work of my friend, then he walked away and spoke again to the widow, and they both turned and stared at me, and whispered together about me, I knew very well, and there was a triumphant light in her eyes that made me wince. For a short time he returned to us and said in winning and musical accents, “Miss Hacket, please introduce me to your friend, Miss Barnaby!” He knew my name then, and so they had been talking about me beyond a doubt.

CHAPTER IV.

LUCY HACKET, alias the *Lame Girl*, with great trepidation, muttered some kind of an introduction. Such things were not the fashion in Rivermouth, for everyone had been acquainted with everybody else from youth up. “May I have the pleasure of dancing the first set of quadrilles with you, Miss Barnaby,” said the fine young man, in beseeching tones, clasping his lavender kids together in an entreating fashion. I had a suspicion that he was making fun of me, because the village beau always asked me to dance in this style: “I say, Belle, come out on the floor and head this set; hurry, ’cause if you can’t come I’ll get somebody else.” While waiting for me to make up my mind, he would skip and hop about, and snap his fingers for pure delight. This was *our* style; so, when the drooping exquisite with the rolling eyes and dying attitude invited me to take part in a quadrille, a dance that we had never learned, I distrusted him, and staring defiantly in his face, I said, curtly: “I don’t know what you are talking about.” “Ah!” whispered Lucy, “It’s the new dance that they taught us.” “Indeed!” I replied. “Yes,” she whispered again, “Don’t snap him up so, Belle. The girls are all delighted with him. Say you will be most happy,” prompted Lucy, as the exquisite asked me again. I felt in such a bad humor that I had much ado to keep from plucking out some of his well-arranged hair that was bent so temptingly near. However, I merely drew myself up with a dignified air, thanked him, and declined the honor of being his partner, as I was only a country girl and quite ignorant of quadrilles. The exquisite looked slightly mortified I thought, and

went away breathing a theatrical sigh. He was tall and slight and handsome, with glossy hair, long silky moustaches, a very pale face and mournful dark eyes,—a black and white party: you have seen them, I'm sure. Why do city folk always have glossy hair?

The lame girl and I sat in our corner, like little Jack Horner, without being molested in any way, and we saw the first quadrille formed, and danced in most wonderful style to the terrified thumpings of a poor female Rivermouthian, who, when she got through, nearly fell off the piano-stool with fright and exhaustion. I fancied that I again saw meaning glances pass between the obnoxious ones, they were vis-a-vis, and the widow danced with Cousin George, whose blunders in the figures were perfectly awful. The next dance was an eight, and who asked me to be his partner but Cousin George? I consented, not that I thought that I would enjoy it, but my mind was in that restless state that cannot bear inaction; and besides, in *our* style I was thought a good dancer, and I wished to convince the town people that I could dance if I pleased to do so. We went through the eight very well; the pianist was not so terrified, and kept better time. George and I skipped away greatly to our own satisfaction, and when it was over we left the close parlor, and passing through the hall to the outer air, we strolled up and down the field that lay before the house. The rest of the company strolled likewise in groups or in couples, and some walked thoughtfully alone, the latter being injured individuals, whose beaux had slighted them, and who refused consolation at the hands of anybody else. George spoke scarcely a word to me, for he had seen me refuse the introduction to his inamorata, and he was vexed with me, but too bashful and preoccupied to ask an explanation. We had not walked far when he palmed me off on some one else, and left with a hurried step to look for Mrs. Williams, I knew well. I was not surprised, for I fully expected it. With a sigh for the fickleness of the sex in general, and George in particular, I continued my ramble with Harry Thompkins, the party to whom I had been consigned, as it were. Harry thought it his duty to entertain me, which he did by reciting all his family troubles,—how Sally was down with the fever, and Polly, who lived a hundred miles away, had broken her arm and had to come home, that he would have to start that very night to fetch her, and that the young mare was lame with a nail in her foot, and mighty frisky to drive at night besides. I listened to the story of all his

woes with wonderful patience, and then, as we had been absent some time, I proposed that we should return to the house.

The day had been warm and sultry, and after the sun had set, wreaths of white fog wrapped the hill-tops around, and came floating down, settling in banks, and blown in clouds over the fields and meadows around. We heeded it not at first, and chatted away, too young to dread rheumatism or neuralgia; but as it grew thicker and thicker, I dreaded its influence on my white Swiss, so I turned Harry Thompkins' steps in a homeward direction. 'Twas on this account that I had proposed the return trip, and not to see Cousin George, as I daresay many of you think. We could not see to any distance, but as we neared the house, above the subdued chirp, chirp, of the crickets, we heard voices talking together, and they were the voices of the "obnoxious two." I could dimly discern their figures, and their voices I knew by the town twang, and although I did not wish it, I became a listener to their conversation: "What a fool that girl Barnaby made of herself in that country dance! What skipping and hopping! She'd prove a treasure to some third class theatre," softly lisped the widow. "Now, you are jealous," laughed the other, "because she danced with her cousin, Mr. Morse. Talking of skipping, the male cousin outshone the girl by far; the fellow leapt about like a moose:" and then they both laughed uproariously. "They're talking about you, Belle," said Harry Thompkins, "Go and stop them." "Hush!" I said, "Let us hear it all." Of course, these remarks were in a whisper, and spoken while the city folk were deafened with their own laughter. "It will be the death of me," merrily sighed the lady. "I could never have believed that such animals existed. It was certainly lucky that we travelled in this direction. Ah! as a class, or a community, or a collection, or ——" "a menagerie," said the gentleman; and again they laughed. "They are rich," continued she, "especially this last new attempt of a fool, this Barnaby girl." I could stand no more. I had heard enough; and you agree with me, I think. I left the agitated Thompkins, and hastily strode towards the widow, my hands clenched to keep down some of my wrath. They saw the white dress and moved away, but I soon overtook them, unclenched my hands, and caught the lady by the arm. I could scarcely think or speak for a moment, so overwhelmed was I with a sense of her treachery and my own wrongs. The grasp on her arm must have grown painful, for she

gave a slight scream, and cried "Hands off, you savage!" But I still held her. "Mrs. Williams," I said, "You and this other witty person have amused yourselves in abusing the people whose hospitality you are enjoying. We are strange animals; and I am a fool, that would do well in a third class theatre. You have had your say, and I will now have mine. That we are simple, I grant you; but there is only one person in Rivermouth that is playing the fool, and that is yourself; and I'll do you the credit to say, that I believe you could act it in a first class theatre. A newly-made widow you are, with the crocodile tears for the dear departed scarce dried in your wicked, faithless eyes, you amuse us as much as we amuse you. My Cousin George," I cried, turning savagely to the lavender kids, "was a manly, honest-hearted young man till he met with her; and now, his only fault is liking her too well. As for you, if we are fit to be put in a menagerie, you are not: nobody puts puppies in a menagerie, sir, especially mongrel curs."

"Thank you for the information," said the gentleman. "She's mad!" cried the lady. "For pity's sake, Ralph, make her let go my arm." "He need not," I answered, taking away my hand. "Good-bye, gay widow, you will not be troubled by the last attempt of a fool any more, be your sojourn among the animals long or short," and I bowed mockingly and walked off to the house. Harry Thompkins, thinking there was going to be a great row, had, with true heroism, fled the scene long since, after pulling off my sash ends, in a feeble attempt to take me with him. The lady never made me an answer. She could not have been half so ready-witted as I thought her, or she could easily have replied to my angry, incoherent speech. I think, however, she did feel slightly ashamed of being overheard talking of us all in this way, after every one in the place had been so kind to her. I ran into the spare room to get my hat and shawl, and I could not help dropping the ivory brushes behind the bed and setting the box of airy caps afloat on the basin of water. Having accomplished these feats I left, and was passing through the hall on my way out, when I met Amoret, with a plate of cake in her hand. "Oh, Belle, where are you going? We are just getting supper, and afterwards Mrs. Williams is going to sing." "Let her sing," I said, stolidly. "Oh, do stay," pleaded Amoret. I looked earnestly in her face—"Amoret, she is a treacherous woman, and if I stay I'll thrash her." The girl stared in round-eyed wonder. "Thrash her! Why, whom

do you mean?" "The widow," I replied, and fled, leaving my friend lost in amazement. As I hurried away from the place, a burst of melody came through the open windows,—a sound so sweet, so thrilling, that I stayed one moment in my flight to listen, fascinated in spite of myself by the syren's voice: then I cried wildly "Witch's spells! witch's spells!" and putting my fingers in my ears, fled on again over the fields through the clover, and over the turnip field, often falling and stumbling, picking myself up again, and going on and on like a crazy thing, till I arrived breathless and spent, at home. Not a stir, not a sound in the house: Aunt and Father and the cat all asleep, and a paraffine lamp, with bleary eye, screwed down and smelling horribly of the oil within. I crept up to bed, like a kicked dog, but that night I did not sleep much: I made plans, however, and the very next day I put some of them into execution.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"OCEAN TO OCEAN."

"OCEAN to Ocean," a Diary written during the Sandford Fleming Expedition, from Halifax, on the Atlantic, to Vancouver's Island, on the Pacific, by the Rev. G. M. Grant, Secretary to the Expedition, is a most fascinating and instructive volume. As a book of travel alone, though we had no special interest in the country, it is enchanting. The eye of the Antient Mariner is upon those who commence to read, and they must hear the tale to the end. We have heard of one of the greatest of metaphysicians commencing a biography, lengthy and elaborate, and being so fascinated that he went through the whole at a sitting; and, lest any one might suppose that none but a metaphysician could be guilty of such a folly, it is important to know that his man-servant had been previously entrapped by the book, and carried to the land of dreams, so that his master failed to arouse him to a sense of life and duty by repeated ringing of the bell. Such is the book before us. That the interest is kept up through the hundred days during which the Expedition was on its way, is a proof of the capacity and versatility of the writer. But it is more than a mere book of travel.

The subject matter gives an interest to the work—were the details never so dry and formal—written neither with genius nor fervour, many of us would read it. For is the country about which the book is written not our own? Is it not a part of our own Dominion? In a word, Does the route gone over not traverse every Province that goes to make up one Confederated Canada? No, Prince Edward Island is not once touched; we had almost overlooked that. But the Island had not accepted the situation then; and besides, the Pacific Railway can hardly be made to connect directly with the Island, there being no plan invented yet whereby nine miles of sea may be bridged over. Who will say, however, that none of us will live to see such a project as that accomplished? On either of the grounds referred to, the book would be one of great interest, but when both are combined, when the *form* as well as the *matter* is what we have indicated it to be, it may be inferred what a feast is provided. We present one or two extracts that our readers may judge for themselves, that is, if they have not already perused the interesting volume.

The following extract will show how energetic men can get along in the Province of Manitoba—

“Some of us dined at Grant’s, and the rest with one of his neighbours—McKenzie. Both these men seem to be model settlers. They had done well in Ontario, but the spirit of enterprise had brought them to the new Province. One had come three years ago, and the other only last year; and now one had a hundred and twenty acres under wheat, barley and potatoes, and the other fifty. In five years both will have probably three or four hundred acres under the plough. There is no limit to the amount they may break up except the limit imposed by the lack of capital or their own moderation. This prairie land is the place for steam ploughs, reaping, mowing, and threshing machines. With such machinery one family can do the work of a dozen men. It is no wonder that these settlers speak enthusiastically of the country. The great difficulties a farmer encounters elsewhere are non-existent here. To begin with, he does not need to buy land, for a hundred and sixty acres are given away gratuitously by the Government to every *bonâ fide* settler; and one third of the quantity is a farm large enough for any one who would devote himself to a specialty, such as the raising of beets, potatoes, or wheat. He does not need to use manure, for, so worthless is it considered, that the Legislature has had to pass a law prohibiting people from throwing it into the rivers. He has not to buy guano, nor to make compost heaps. The land, if it has any fault, is naturally too rich. Hay is so

abundant that when threshing the grain at one end of the yard, they burn the straw at the other end to get rid of it. He does not need to clear the land of trees, stumps, or rocks,—for there are none. Very little fencing is required, for he can enclose all his arable land at once with one fence,—and pasture is common and illimitable. There is a good market all over Manitoba for stock or produce of any kind, and, if a settler is discontented he can sell his stock and implements for their full value to new comers.”

The drawbacks and deterrant circumstances are thus disposed of—

“And what of the Indians, the mosquitoes, and the locusts? Myths, as far as we could learn, with as little foundation as myths generally have. Neither Crees nor Sioux have given those settlers the slightest trouble. The Sioux ask only for protection, and even before Governor Archibald made the Treaty with the Sauteaux and Crees by which they received a hundred and sixty acres of land per family of five, and three dollars per head every year for their rights to the country, they molested no one. ‘Poor whites,’ were they about in equal numbers, would give ten times as much trouble as the poor Indians, though some of the braves still paint ferociously and all carry guns. And the mosquitoes, and the grasshoppers or locusts, no one ever spoke of, probably because the former are no greater nuisance in Manitoba than in Minnesota or Nova Scotia, and the latter have proved a plague only two or three times in half a century. Every country has its own drawbacks. The question must always be, do the advantages more than counterbalance the drawbacks? Thus, in returning home through California we found that the wheat crop, this year, amounted to twenty millions of bushels. The farmers told us that, for the two preceding years, it had been a failure owing to long continued drought, and that, on an average, they could only count on a good crop every second year, but, so enormous was the yield then, that it paid them well to sow wheat. Take, too, the case of the great wheat-raising State of what, as distinguished from the Pacific, may be called the Eastern States. The wheat crop of Minnesota this year amounts to twenty millions of bushels. But, up to 1857, enough wheat was not raised in the State to supply the wants of the few thousands of lumbermen who first settled in Minnesota. Flour had to be sent up the Mississippi from St. Louis, and the impression then was very general that one half of Minnesota consisted of lakes, sandhills, sandy prairies, and wilderness, and that the winters were so long and so cold in the other half that farming could never be carried on profitably; and, doubtless, severe remarks could be made with truth against Minnesota, but it is also the truth that twenty years ago its population was five thousand, and that now it is five hundred thousand. The soil of Min-

nesota is not equal in quality to the soil of Manitoba. Calcareous soils are usually fertile. And Manitoba has not only abundant limestone everywhere, but every other element required to make soil unusually productive. Whereas, when you sail up the Red River into Minnesota, the limestone disappears, and the valley contracts to a narrow trough, only two or three miles wide, beyond which the soil is thin and poor. But, notwithstanding all difficulties, most of the emigrants to Minnesota are prospering. Hundreds of thousands of hardy Welshmen and Scandinavians poured into the new State, secured land under the Homestead Acts or bought it from Railway Companies, lived frugally—chiefly on a bread and milk fare—for the first few years, and they are now well-to-do farmers. Seeing that all the conditions for prosperous settlement are more favourable in Manitoba, is it not easy to foresee a similarly rapid development, if those entrusted with its destinies and with the destinies of our great North-west act with the energy and public spirit of which our neighbours show so shining an example?"

The fertility of the soil is beyond all question, and the excellence of the climate is also an established fact. Of these, Mr. Grant says—

"Speaking generally of Manitoba and our North-west, along the line we travelled, it is impossible to doubt that it is one of the finest pasture countries in the world, and that a great part of it is well adapted for cereals. The climatological conditions are favourable for both stock raising and grain producing. The spring is nearly as early as in Ontario; the summer is more humid and therefore the grains, grasses, and root crops grow better; the autumn bright and cloudless, the very weather for harvesting; and the winter has less snow and fewer snow-storms, and though, in many parts colder, it is healthy and pleasant because of the still dry air, the cloudless sky, and bright sun. The soil is almost everywhere a peaty or sandy loam resting on clay. Its only fault is that it is too rich. Crop after crop is raised without fallow or manure."

We cannot forbear giving Mr. Grant's description of the Rocky Mountains—which are brought to our mind's eye with wonderful vividness—

"For the first three hours the trail continued at some distance east from the valley of the Athabasca, among wooded hills, now ascending, now descending, but on the whole with an upward slope, across creeks where the ground was invariably boggy, over fallen timber, where infinite patience was required on the part of horse and man. Suddenly it opened out on a lakelet, and right in front, a semi-circle of five glorious mountains appeared; a high wooded hill and Roche à Perdrix on our left, Roche à Mayette beyond,

Roche Ronde in front, and a mountain above Lac Brulé on our right. For half a mile down from their summits, no tree, shrub, or plant covered the nakedness of the three that the old trappers had thought worthy of names; and a clothing of vegetation would have marred their massive grandeur. The first three were so near and towered up so bold that their full forms, even to the long shadows on them, were reflected clearly in the lakelet, next to the rushes and spruce of its own shores. Here is scene for a grand picture equal to Hill's much admired painting of the 'Yo Semite Valley.' A little farther on, another lakelet reflected the mountains to the right, showing not only the massive grey and blue of the limestone, but red and green colourings among the shales that separated the strata of limestone. The road now descended rapidly from the summit of the wooded hill that we had so slowly gained, to the valley of the Athabasca. As it wound from point to point among the tall dark green spruces, and over rose bushes and vetches, the soft blue of the mountains gleamed through everywhere, and when the woods parted, the mighty column of Roche à Perdrix towered a mile above our heads, scuds of clouds kissing its snowy summit, and each plication and angle of the different strata up its giant sides boldly and clearly revealed. We were entering the magnificent Jasper portals of the Rocky Mountains by a quiet path winding between groves of trees and rich lawns like an English gentleman's park.

"Crossing a brook divided into half a dozen brooklets by willows, the country opened a little and the base and inner side of Roche à Perdrix were revealed; but, it was still an amphitheatre of mountains that opened out before us, and Roche à Mevette seemed as far off as ever. Soon the Rivière de Violon was heard brawling round the base of Roche à Perdrix and rushing on like a true mountain torrent to the Athabasca. We stopped to drink to the Queen out of its clear ice cold waters, and halted for dinner in a grove on the other side of it, thoroughly excited and awed by the grand forms that had begirt our path for the last three hours. We could now sympathise with the daft enthusiast, who returned home after years of absence, and when asked what he had as an equivalent for so much lost time,—answered only 'I have seen the Rocky Mountains.'"

We would like to give many other beautiful passages—such as that in which the shooting of the rapids is described, but we would rather send our readers, one and all, to the book itself, assuring them of a rich reward of interest and information in its eloquent pages.

THE STORY OF NAISI.

(From Ferguson's "Irish History before the Conquest.")

CONOR, King of Ireland, had educated a beautiful damsel, keeping her secluded from all mankind till she should be of an age to become his wife. Her name, Deirdré, signifying *alarm*, had been bestowed at her birth by the Druid Cathbad, and was prophetic of the long train of conflict and disaster to which her charms gave rise. Notwithstanding the precautions of Conor, she saw and loved Naisi, the son of Usnach. He was sitting in the midst of the plain of Emania, playing on a harp. Sweet was the music of the sons of Usnach—great also was their prowess; they were fleet as hounds in the chase—they slew deer with their speed. As Naisi sat singing on the plain of Emain he perceived a maiden approaching him. She held down her head as she came near him, and would have passed in silence. "Gentle is the damsel who passeth by," said Naisi. Then the maiden, looking up, replied, "Damsels may well be gentle when there are no youths." Then Naisi knew it was Deirdré, and great dread fell upon him. "The king of the province is bethrothed to thee, oh damsel," he said. "I love him not," she replied: "he is an aged man. I would rather love a youth like thee." "Say not so, oh damsel," said Naisi, "the king is a better spouse than the king's servant." "Thou sayest so," said Deirdré, "that thou mayest avoid me." Then plucking a rose from a briar, she flung it towards him, and said, "Now thou art ever disgraced if thou rejectest me." "Depart from me, I beseech thee, damsel," said Naisi. "If thou dost not take me to be thy wife," said Deirdré, "thou art dishonoured before all the men of thy country after what I have done." Then Naisi said no more, and Deirdré took the harp, and sat beside him playing sweetly. But the other sons of Usnach, rushing forth, came running to the spot where Naisi sat, and Deirdré with him. "Alas!" they cried, "what hast thou done, oh brother? Is not this damsel fated to ruin Ulster?" "I am disgraced before the men of Erin for ever," said Naisi, "if I take her not after that which she hath done." "Evil will come of it," said the brothers. "I care not," said Naisi. "I had rather be in misfortune than in dishonour; we will fly with her to another country." So that night they departed, taking with them three times fifty men of might, and three times fifty women, and three times fifty greyhounds, and three times fifty attendants; and Naisi took Deirdré to be his wife.

After wandering through various parts of Ireland, "from Easroe to Ben Edar, and from Dundelgan to Almain," the fugitives at length took shelter in Scotland, where they found an asylum on the banks of Loch Etive. The loss of three warriors of such

repute soon began to be felt by the nobles of Ulster, who found themselves no longer able to make head with their accustomed success against the southern provinces. They therefore urged Conor to abandon his resentment, and recall the fugitives. Conor, with no other intention than that of repossessing himself of Deirdré, feigned compliance. But, to induce Clan Usnach (as the fugitives were called) to trust themselves again in the hands of him whom their leader had so outraged, it was necessary that the message of pardon should be borne by one on whose warranty of safe conduct the most implicit reliance could be placed. After sounding some of his chief nobles who were of sufficient authority to undertake the mission, among the rest Cuchullin, and finding that any attempt to tamper with them would be unavailing, Conor fixes on Fergus, the son of Roy, as a more likely instrument, and commits the embassy to him. But though he does not so much fear the consequences of compromising the safe conduct of Fergus, as of Cuchullin or the others, he yet does not venture openly to enlist him in the meditated treachery, but proceeds by a stratagem which, in these days, may appear somewhat far-fetched, yet probably was not inconsistent with the manners of that time. Fergus was of the order of the Red Branch, and the brethren of the Red Branch were under vow not to refuse hospitality at one another's hands. Conor, therefore, arranged with Barach, one of his minions, and a brother of the order, to intercept Fergus on his return, by the tender of a three days' banquet, well knowing that the Clan Usnach must in that case proceed to Emania without the presence of their protector. Meanwhile Fergus, arriving in the harbour of Loch Etive, where dwelt Clan Usnach in green hunting booths along the shore, "sends forth the loud cry of a mighty man of chase." Then follows a characteristic passage:—"Deirdré and Naisi sat together in their tent, and Conor's polished chessboard between them. And Naisi, hearing the cry, said, 'I hear the call of a man of Erin.' 'That was not the call of a man of Erin,' replied Deirdré, 'but the call of a man of Alba.' Then again Fergus shouted a second time. 'Surely that was the call of a man of Erin,' said Naisi. 'Surely no,' said Deirdré; 'let us play on.' Then again Fergus shouted a third time, and Naisi knew that it was the cry of Fergus, and he said, 'If the son of Roy be in existence, I hear his hunting shout from the loch; go forth, Ardan, my brother, and give our kinsman welcome.' 'Alas!' cried Deirdré, 'I knew the call of Fergus from the first.'" For she has a prophetic dread that foul play is intended them, and this feeling never subsides in her breast from that hour till the catastrophe. Quite different are the feelings of Naisi; he reposes the most unlimited confidence in the safe conduct vouched for by his brother in arms, and, in spite of the remonstrances of Deirdré, embarks with all his retainers for Ireland. Deirdré, on leaving the only secure or happy home she ever expects to enjoy, sings a

pathetic farewell to fair Alba, the mountain, cliff, and dun, and her green sheeling on the shores of Glen-Etive.

Barach meets them on their landing, and detains Fergus, who reluctantly assigns his charge to his two sons, Red Buiné Borb and Illan Finn, to conduct them in safety to their journey's end. Deirdré's fears are more and more excited; she has dreams and visions of disasters. She urges Naisi to go to Dunseverick or to Dundelgan (Dundalk, the residence of Cuchullin), and there await the coming up of Fergus. Naisi is inflexible. It would injure the honour of his companion in arms to admit any apprehension of danger while under his pledge of safe conduct. The omens multiply. Deirdré's sense of danger becomes more and more acute. Still Naisi's reply is, "I fear not; let us proceed." At length they reach Emania, and are assigned the house of the Red Branch for their lodging. Calm, and to all appearance unconscious of any cause for apprehension, Naisi takes his place at the chess-table, and Deirdré, full of tears, sits opposite. Meanwhile the king, knowing that Deirdré was again within his reach, could not rest at the banquet, but sends spies to bring him word "if her beauty yet lived upon her." The first messenger, friendly to Clan Usnach, reports that she is "quite bereft of her own aspect, and is lovely and desirable no longer." This allays Conor's passion for a time; but growing heated with wine, he shortly after sends another messenger, who brings back the intelligence, that not only is Deirdré "the fairest woman on the ridge of the world," but that he himself has been wounded by Naisi, who had resented his gazing in at the window of the Red Branch, by flinging a chessman at his head, and dashing out one of his eyes. This was all that Conor wanted; he starts up in pretended indignation at the violence done his servant, calls his body guard, and attacks the Red Branch. The defence now devolves on the sons of Fergus. Clan Usnach scorn to evince alarm, or interfere in any way with the duties of their protectors. But Deirdré cannot conceal her consciousness that they are betrayed. "Ah me!" she cries, hearing the soldiery of Conor at the gates, "I knew that Fergus was a traitor." "If Fergus hath betrayed you," replied Red Buiné Borb, "yet will not I betray you." And he issues out and slays his "thrice fifty men of might." But when Conor offers him Slieve Fuad for a bribe, he holds back his hand from the slaughter, and goes his way. Then calls Deirdré, "Traitor father, traitor son!" "No," replies Illan Finn, "Though Red Buiné Borb be a traitor, yet will not I be a traitor. While liveth this small straight sword in my hand I will not forsake Clan Usnach!" Then Illan Finn, encountering Fiachra, the son of Conor, armed with Ocean, Flight, and Victory, the royal shield, spear, and sword, they fight "a fair fight, stout and manly, bitter and bloody, savage and hot, and vehement and terrible," until the waves round the blue rim of Ocean roared, for it was the nature of Conor's shield that it

ever resounded as with the noise of stormy waters when he who bore it was in danger. Summoned by which signal, one of King Conor's nobles, coming behind Illan Finn, thrusts him through. "The weakness of death then fell darkly upon Illan, and he threw his arms into the mansion, and called to Naisi to fight manfully, and expired." Clan Usnach at length deign to lay aside their chess-tables, and stand to their arms. Ardan first sallies out, and slays his "three hundred men of might;" then Ainelé, who makes twice that havoc; and last, Naisi himself; and "till the sands of the sea, the dewdrops of the meadows, the leaves of the forest, or the stars of heaven be counted, it is not possible to tell the number of heads, and hands, and lopped limbs of heroes that there lay bare and red from the hands of Naisi and his brothers on that plain." Then Naisi came again into the Red Branch to Deirdré: and she encouraged him, and said, "We will yet escape; fight manfully, and fear not." Then the sons of Usnach made a phalanx of their shields, and spread the links of their joined bucklers round Deirdré, and bounding forth like three eagles, swept down upon the troops of Conor, making great havoc of the people. But when Cathbad, the Druid, saw that the sons of Usnach were bent on the destruction of Conor himself, he had recourse to his arts of magic, and he cast an enchantment over them, so that their arms fell from their hands, and they were taken by the men of Ulster; for the spell was like a sea of thick gums about them, and their limbs were clogged in it, that they could not move. The sons of Usnach were then put to death, and Deirdré, standing over the grave, sang their funeral song.

The lions of the hill are gone,
And I am left alone—alone.
Dig the grave both wide and deep,
For I am sick, and fain would sleep!

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone—alone.
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping,
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping.
Dig the grave, and make it ready,
Lay me on my true-love's body.

Lay their spears and bucklers bright
By the warriors' sides aright;
Many a day the three before me
On their linked bucklers bore me.

Lay upon the low grave floor,
'Neath each head, the blue claymore;
Many a time the noble three
Reddened these blue blades for me.

Lay the collars, as is meet,
Of their greyhounds at their feet;
Many a time for me have they
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

* * * * *

Wo to Emain, roof and wall!
 Wo to Red Branch, hearth and hall!
 Tenfold wo and black dishonour
 To the foul and false Clan Conor!

Dig the grave both wide and deep,
 Sick I am, and fain would sleep.
 Dig the grave and make it ready,
 Lay me on my true-love's body!

So saying she flung herself on the grave and expired.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE wreck of the *City of Washington* following so soon after the tragedy of the *Atlantic*, on the same coast, yet so far out of their proper course, calls very forcibly for enquiry whether there be no means whereby a greater amount of safety may be secured. In the more recent disaster the fault lay in the compasses. No means of correcting them by observations were taken—sun, moon and stars being all invisible, it is said, for several days previous to the disaster. Depending on the compasses no coast was supposed to be near. Why should the lead be thrown at such a distance from the land? Many are the disasters which have happened from trusting implicitly to the magnet, particularly since iron ships came into use. We direct attention to an interesting article on this subject in our present number.

WE are glad to welcome Prince Edward Island in to the Dominion, and the consequent removal of all fiscal barriers. Trade can now flow freely to and from her shores. We are not concerned to notice under what party the union was effected, nor to enquire whether it should have been accomplished under the leadership of a Laird or a Pope. The Island is fertile, and though it may have been purchased at a high figure, it will do the Confederation no harm in the end. The adhesion of Newfoundland to the Dominion may be shortly expected. A railway across that Island will make it gravitate into Confederation as in the case of Prince Edward Island.

THE Pacific Railway developments are the engrossing subject of all circles, but they are in such a condition that it is impossible to pronounce any positive opinion in regard to the degree of guilt attaching to the various parties concerned. As yet we have only had *ex parte* statements, some of them indeed on oath, not, as it would appear, above suspicion on that account. We had hoped that the Government would have been able to shew that their hands were clean, *perhaps* they may yet be able to do so.

THE Winnipeg correspondent of the *Toronto Mail* writes that one noteworthy feature connected with this year's emigration is the very general movement which appears to have commenced among Canadians and English people in the Northwestern States, who are leaving their American homes and taking up their abiding residence in Manitoba and the Northwest, under the shelter of the old flag once more. No doubt national sentiment has something to do with this, but the superior inducements which our Northwest offers have also great weight. Among these are, 1. The superiority of the soil; 2. The superiority of the climate; 3. The absence of the frightful storms in winter which do such damage in Minnesota and Dakota; 4. The almost entire absence of taxation. Already a number of persons from Michigan, Minnesota and Missouri have come in and taken up their claims, and they report that they are but the advance guard of a large emigration which will most surely follow.

OF all the dependencies of the British Empire the most troublesome to the legislature of England is Ireland. It is an easy affair to manage the Canadas, or Australia, or New Zealand. Even India, with her rebellions and horrid massacres, is a quiet place and of easy government as compared with Ireland. Whigs and Tories are alike incompetent to produce a panacea for the ills which have from the time of Strongbow afflicted her. The Penal Laws have been repealed; the Emancipation Bill has been passed; the Tithe System has been abolished; the Tenant Right has been secured; the Episcopal Church has been cut adrift from the State, and the state of the country is as unsatisfactory as ever—not indeed, as regards material wealth, which grows, but as relates to party feeling and spirit, which is still bitter. It has been proposed by Lord John Russell to abolish the office of Lord Lieutenant, while other noble Lords have met this with a counter proposition that the Prince of Wales should assume the Vice-regal seat in the capital of Ireland. We notice, however, with satisfaction, that the last twelfth of July passed over peaceably, contrary to general expectation. And we trust that, without any more special legislation, Ireland may henceforth make that progress in the arts of industry to which the fertility of her soil and the genius of her sons alike entitle her.

THE presence of the Shah of Persia in England during last month was a very noticeable event. He came from Brussels with a brilliant escort, was welcomed at Dover and Charing Cross by enthusiastic multitudes, was received with all royal honours by her Majesty, has been shewn round that he might see whatever was worth seeing, and might himself bless the vision of those who delight in royal personages. What lessons he has learned, how much information he will carry away, what advantage his visit

will be to his own or the English people, we cannot compute. It is said that he has done a large business with BARON DE REUTER, who, by a series of companies, is to give Persia railways, canals, telegraphs, peace, plenty and civilization. The Baron and those under him will be great men in Persia for the next seventy years, as they alone will be permitted to construct any of those works on which the material prosperity of the country is based. With the exception of mines of gold, silver and precious stones, the great contractor is to be allowed to work all government mines, on paying fifteen per cent. of the profits to the state. He may require the owners of private mines to hand them over to him unless they have worked them within five years. If he discovers a mine he is to pay nothing for it but the mere price of the surface. Forests and canals are handed over to him on similar terms. The government guarantees to him six millions sterling to help on his various enterprises, and for twenty-five years he is to receive all customs dues of the kingdom, giving to the Shah a progressive bonus on his present revenue. No other is to set up a bank or credit establishment until the Baron has considered whether he would not like to take the business into his own hands. The Sultan also is to provide the necessary labour of all these works at current prices. At present, Persia is poor, but she is to be made rich by DE REUTER. She would need it by all accounts. Whether it will really pay to make canals and railways in a country where population is poor and scant, is a question for the capitalist with his associates to consider. There are, no doubt, many important works which will pay the contractor and benefit the country. We may therefore congratulate Persia that she is to become to some extent a partaker of the wealth and civilization of the age.

THE Khan of Khiva having been thoroughly beaten in the appeal to arms has been glad to make peace with Russia by paying a large indemnity. Probably we should have less interest in this war save for the ultimate designs which Russia is supposed to have in pursuing it. Great Britain thinks she sees, in every movement of Russia towards Khiva and Persia, a step in the direction of India. England's true policy is, without doubt, to sustain and build up both these powers as a barrier against the possible designs of Russia on the Indian Territories. Anything which tends to weaken these nations cannot be looked on without some anxiety. As far as the capacity for fighting is concerned the Khivans are weak enough. They made no resistance worth notice during the campaign, and even behind the walls of their city the shew of fighting was poor. We hear of five men killed and thirty or forty wounded in the Russian army by the Khivans, whose valour is magnified by the victors as though they were of desperate courage. The present war is concluded, and Khiva will be permitted to have peace till the indemnity is paid, when some cause of quarrel will

be readily found for a new aggression. It is to be hoped, however, that under BARON DE REUTER Persia may have her resources developed so that she may form a barrier against the hordes of Russia in their progress south towards the rich and fertile clime of India, upon which, distant as it is, Russia is supposed to aim as her ultimate goal.

SPAIN is in a most unhappy condition. Taking advantage of the abdication of Amadeus, the Carlists have attempted to secure the sovereignty by force of arms. They seem to have had quite a series of successes, capturing what are called "armies." The latest telegrams indicate that the insurrection is making great progress. The Municipal authorities of Barcelona are said to be pressing into the service all men between twenty and forty years of age, and the news comes that the crews of five men-of-war have revolted, whom the government treat as pirates, while the Cortes denounce the government for such a proclamation. With war in Cuba, and intestine war, Spain seems rapidly going to ruin, unless she meets with some strong saviour. Should the insurgents gain rights as belligerents they may be ultimately successful.

THE return of Sir Samuel Baker from, and his discoveries in, Central Africa we hail with pleasure. He has had a difficult time with the savage hordes through whose territories he journeyed. The traders in slaves and ivory were by no means prejudiced in his favour, as they had an idea that his presence would injure their trade, and spoil their profits,—no doubt a correct surmise. Between the traders and the Negro chiefs a plot was made to murder Baker by poison, which almost did its work, yet failed, when his ambassadors were killed, and war was levied on his small force by a mighty army before which he retreated, till coming to the border land of a friendly chief, he was enabled to turn the retreat into a pursuit. There appears to have been a much more deadly war between Baker and the slave traders and chiefs, than that between Russia and Khiva. Thirty of Baker's soldiers were slain by being fired on from the houses at Lazarita; but in return, the slave party being attacked lost one hundred and fifty, many prisoners being made, and the remainder being entirely dispersed. Baker then set himself to organize the districts in his possession, and the people seem to have settled down under his authority. Safety and quiet reigned everywhere. On his leaving he was cheered as "father" and "master" by the Negroes of Fatiko. A chain of stations has been formed, a route marked out, and "a thousand additional troops were sent to garrison these stations." No wonder they call this wonderful man PASHA. Then there is the wonderful discovery that lake Tanganika and Albert-Nyanza are the same lake—a magnificent inland sea, of not less than seven hundred miles in length—the largest inland lake in the world.