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EARL BEACONSFIELD.

New Dominion Monthly.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

MONOGRAPH OF THE ESQUIMAUX TCHIGLIT OF THE MACKENZIE AND OF THE ANDERSON.*

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

TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

IV.

ASIATIC ORIGIN OF THE ESQUIMAUX PROVED BY THEIR OWN TESTIMONY.

The Esquimaux have no idea that other varieties of man can exist on

Uavarnern-mun, pamané, krikerta-mi kikidjiar ork mallcerok-innéortoar ork. Illamingnun akkiangnin kridjigilorklutik. Arkridjigilinur-ublucic ork, katcharklutik imming-nun. Nuk-kareit gork, arvklartorork, aypa Tchiglinork-luné, aypa Tchubluarootinorkluné.

The Innok tradition disdains to speak of the Redskins. Having called the attention of my narrator Arviuna to this, he replied, "Oh! they are not worth speaking about. They, also, were born in the west, on Beaver Is-

earth, except the white, the red and themselves. The following is the tradition which gives an account of this distinction, and at the same time describes the origin of mankind. I give the condensed version as I received it, and a faithful translation.

To the west, on a great sea, on a large island, the beaver then created two men. From the opposite bank upon this shore they both came to hunt heath-cocks. These heath-cocks they snatched from each other's hands; they fought with one another to get them. Now, then, the two brothers (in consequence of their quarrel) separated. The one was the father of Men (the Esquimaux); the other was the father of the Blowers (the Cetaceæ), from whom they supposed the Europeans to have been derived, because they came among them by sea.

land, from the eggs of our lice. This is the reason we call them Itkreleit. They are contemptible, but the Krablunet and the Innoit are brothers."

Our Esquimaux, then, consider a large island in the Indian Ocean, to the west of America, as their original country. There is no need to recur to their traditions to be convinced of this fact; they have told me distinctly that they

* Monographie des Esquimaux Tchiglit, du Mackenzie et de l'Anderson, par le Rev. P. E. Petitot, Missionnaire Oblat de Marie Immaculée, officier d'Académie, etc.

came from the West, at a period which it is impossible for them to state precisely, and as a proof they asked if I knew *Okrayéuktuark*, or "the man who does not speak." Having asked explanations regarding this being, whom they represented as living in the West-South-West, their former country, they began to imitate, with the most skillful mimicry, the characteristics of the ourang-outang, or some large quadruman, walking on hands and feet, standing up again, assisting themselves with a staff, grimacing and skipping, as if, but a few minutes before, they had seen the animal they were depicting, and which I could easily recognize. This single fact, together with the tradition just given, and the oral testimony of the Tchiglit, seems to me decisive as to the Western* origin of the Innoït, if we had no other proofs.

In several Greenland traditions collected by a learned Dane, M. H. Rink, translated into English by Dr. Robert Brown, and summarized by the learned Abbé Marillot, mention is made of a mysterious country to the west, beyond the Glacial Sea, and which several inhabitants of Greenland visited. This native land (for they can have preserved only the memory of the birth-place of their nation) they call *Akilinéék*, but they are ignorant of its situation, so that the translator of the legends can give us no information on that point.

I may, perhaps, have the pleasure of throwing at least a partial light on this question. I have said that the seventh western tribe, known to the Esquimaux of the Mackenzie, are called *Akiliner-méut*—that is, inhabitants of *Akilinerk*. By this name they seemed to me to designate the country included between Cape Lisbon and Icy Cape, a coast

close to Behring Strait, known by the name of New Georgia. Here, then, is the *Akilinerk* of the Greenlanders, unless there are several, which is not likely, on account of the name itself. As a matter of fact, this word is evidently composed of one of the adverbs *ako* or *akugu*, at the beginning, at first, firstly; of the suffix *nerk*, which, added to a verb or an adverb, is equivalent to the phrase *that which is*, and forms a substantive; and finally of the affix *li* or *ri*, which added to a word makes of it a substantive noun. *Akilinerk* would then mean: "That which is the beginning, or land of the beginning, land of the at first,—first land." By a play upon words, to be met with in all languages, the word debt in Esquimaux is *Akiliktark*, so that by applying the causative suffix *nerk* to either of these two words, the country *Akilinerk* may be called "land of the beginning," or "place of debt," indifferently.

Let us remember that there was a quarrel and a separation as the leading point of the most recent history of the Innoït. Then, since the Greenlanders have preserved the remembrance of *Akilinerk*, it is because the last halting place, if not the birth-place of their fathers, was Behring Strait, with the shores included between that passage and the Icy Cape.

But our Tchiglit of the Mackenzie carry the retrospect much further back. *Akilinerk* is a point relatively near them—it is the place from which the last hordes of their nation were to scatter, when, on reaching the American continent, they found the neighborhood of the landing places (*Akilinerk*) occupied by the first emigrants. But whence had they come? According to the Tchiglit, it must have been from Naterovik. Naterovik is to the Tchiglit what *Akilinerk* is to the Greenlanders and Nuna-tagmun to the Central Esquimaux. I have, in fact, seen in a recent work on Arctic Exploration, published in England, that the Esquimaux of the Islands

* Whenever West and East are mentioned in these pages, they must be understood as referring to their relation to the American Continent. West, when spoken of in connection with the Esquimaux, is what in Europe is called the extreme East, and East is Western Europe. The note is scarcely needed.

in the Polar Sea spoke to the Europeans of Nunatagmun as a kind of land of Cocaigne from which they received European productions; they place it also in the west.

Here again we find this Nunatagmun, but this time precisely pointed out by our Tchiglit. It is the landing place on Behring Strait. We are now acquainted, then, with Akilinerk and Nunatagmun, of whose position the eastern Esquimaux are ignorant. Where is Natèrovik? That the Tchiglit could not tell. All they know is that it is far to the west, but not so far as the great ocean island, from which the two brothers spoken of in their tradition set out.

It is singular that in all the Redskin traditions, the primitive legend of the two brothers is to be found, although differently narrated. Read the narratives of travels in Oceanica, you will see them there again, alive on earth, at the very beginning. The history of the first pair is written in indelible characters in the memory of all nations. The two brothers are well-known throughout all North America, Natèrovik is the Eldorado of our Tchiglit, as Akilinerk is that of the Greenlanders. You will never find this nation turn its eyes toward the east, that is, to Europe; even after death, with his head placed towards the east, the Tchiglit faces the west, the cradle whence came his fathers.

It is from Natevorik that the Esquimaux of the Mackenzie derive both the use of tobacco and the shape of their pipes; the most stylish cut of their boots, and the strange custom of piercing the cheeks to introduce the labrets or *tutait*, the shape of the tonsure and the women's enormous chignons, &c., &c. Cape Bathurst cleared, you find in the east neither encrusted pipes, nor finely folded boots, nor well rounded tonsure, nor *putu* in the cheeks, nor *tuglit* on the women's heads.

Where do these large blue beads

come from? You ask an Esquimaux. *Natervalimnin* (from Naterovik) will be the answer. Where was that iron kettle bought? *Natervalinè* (at Naterovik). Still Naterovik. There the days are long, the sun shows his nose, as the Innoit express it, the country is warm, European articles abound; from thence came the large glass beads of the Russians, the white shells of the *Dentalium* and *Arenicola*, the flat and broad plugs of Cavendish tobacco, the long and old blades of sixteen inches, the refuse of the marine arsenals.

The name of *Naterovik* seems to suit the old Russian fort Michaelowski, the Innok tribe nearest that post to the north, being designated by our Tchiglit *Apkwam-mèut* or Sedentaries. This is the geographical position assigned to the Sedentary American Tchukatchis, whose most northern limit, according to Captain Beechey, is Point Barrow.

The Natervalinet would, therefore, be the *Kuskutchewaks*, or American Tchuktchis of Van Baër and the *Puktormut*, the Aleutians, or Tchuktchis of the Gulf of Anadyr. Whatever they are, it is always towards this western point that their aspirations converge, and on which their ideal of happiness is fixed. Well! I say it would be to misconceive our own nature to refuse to recognize in these retrospective longings of the Esquimaux an evident indication of a mourned for past and an absent native land. Yet Behring Strait was certainly not the birth place of this nation, but only the place of its diffusion. The legend of the large island in the open sea towards the West-South-West is proof of this.

Now that we have followed the Esquimaux from Akilinerk to Nunatagmun and from Nunatagmun to Naterovik by means of the finger posts supplied by their recollections, it remains to be discovered on the western side of Alaska and in the Aleutian islands, where the *Kuskutchewaks*, or American Tchuktchis, the Tchukatchis,

the Aleuts, and other tribes of the Esquimaux race, place the native land of their fathers. We are confident before hand, from all we have already learned from the mouth of the Indians and Esquimaux in America, that if an honest investigator should take up this question, his evidence could only confirm what we have here stated.

V.

ASIATIC ORIGIN OF THE ESQUIMAUX
PROVED BY THE SIMILARITY
OF CUSTOMS.

I have not exhausted the question of origin, but I do not press further considerations resting only on the oral testimony of our Tchiglit.

Those which I deduce from the customs, manners, traditions and beliefs of this people, equally concur in proving the immigration of the Esquimaux into America from the west, that is by way of the Pacific and Behring Strait. These will form the subject of two chapters. Whether the Esquimaux emigrated from Upper Asia, from the Middle Kingdom or from Malaysia, is for the future to decide; but certainly they did not come from the Arctic regions, for all their aspirations are directed to the West-South-West.

In my opinion, if I may be allowed to express any, the Innoit have always been pre-eminently a nautical people, and must have emigrated from Asia by the Aleutian Archipelago. I am led to believe so for these reasons: They always avoid the woods; they never penetrate to the interior, and are satisfied with a narrow zone on the arid steppes of the sea shores. It was by following the line of coast, and not by crossing the continent, that they emigrated from Behring Strait to the Mackenzie, from the Mackenzie to Hudson's Bay, and from thence into Labrador as far as the Strait of Belle Isle; whilst others following the Arctic Islands and the

arms of the Frozen Sea reached Greenland on one side and the Siberian shores on the other.* Even in our days, the Tchiglit winter on the mouths of the Peel and Mackenzie, they never ascend the river beyond Point Separation; at most they occasionally go as far as the natural ramparts of the strait (67° 20'). Along the rivers Anderson, MacFarlane and LaRoncière, they do not go beyond 69° North latitude. Those of the Copper Mine do not risk themselves beyond Blood Fall. The Esquimaux of Repulse Bay only ascend Great Back River as far as Lake Franklin. The Agguit of Churchill are the bravest. They venture as far as Cariboo Lake by Seal River; but they have long been taught to rely on the sincerity of the British.

I have travelled in summer and winter in company with the Esquimaux, but I never could persuade them to camp in the fir woods, which would have ensured a comfortable night, pure air and the advantage of warming ourselves at a good fire. No, they must pitch their conical tents on the sand of the barren shore in summer, and in winter lose their time building on the ice one of these huts of hardened snow, already described, in which we had to be satisfied with our natural warmth and with air loaded with impurities. They have acted in this way from the time of their arrival in this dreadful country; they will probably act in the same way till their complete extinction.

The generality of their costumes, the shape of their utensils, and of their arms, seem to approximate them sometimes to the Polynesians and the Malays, sometimes to the Hindoos and ancient Egyptians. Thus their dances differ entirely from those of their neigh-

*In fact the Ostiaks, whose manners, costume and customs recall those of the Innoit, call themselves *Tchutchis*, a name almost identical with those of the *Tchuktchis* and *Tchukatchis*, who are of the Esquimaux race.

bors, the Dènè Dindjié, whilst imitating the mimetic and rhythmic steps of the Tahitians and Tongoos described by travellers. In place of turning round like the Redskins, the troop of musicians and singers make a circle about the dancers, who are few in number, and who leap, gesticulate and attitudinize, affecting a deportment sometimes martial and terrible, sometimes graceful, or comic, or even burlesque.

During summer, as well as in their subterranean houses, they go naked or nearly so, and have no more feeling of shame in this condition than the Japanese or Chinese. Generally among the other Redskins, nudity is a sign of mourning and affliction, as among the ancient Egyptians. Our Esquimaux salute and kiss each other by rubbing noses—nose to nose. This usage which has been discovered also in Greenland and among the Islands of the Polar Sea also belongs to the Hares and the Loucheux. Everyone is aware that it is customary in New Zealand, in the Philippine Islands, and was also usual in Egypt.*

Our Tchiglit mark approval by wrinkling the nose, or by wagging the head up and down. Their hoes (*tchiklark*) and small axes (*tukinayork*) are identical in shape with the hoes and axes of the ancient Egyptians, found in the museum of the Louvre, and of which a description may be found by consulting the English work, "The Ancient Egyptians." The heads of their arrows and harpoons of flint, bone, ivory and jade, present the same shape as those bequeathed to us by antiquity. Their long oars are composed of a pole, at the end of which is fixed a wooden blade. The same model is found among the boatmen of the Ganges and the Nile.

They file their teeth to the level of the gums, like certain Malay tribes mentioned by Sir Edward Beechey in

his work, entitled, "Voyage to Samarang." Like the Bornese or Idaans, they make use of harpoons to the handles of which are attached blown bladders. They are in the habit of ornamenting the sails of their boats; they sew on them bands of many colored stuffs in stripes placed alongside of each other, decorate them with fringes, etc. This usage is found to exist on the Nile. Their sails, instead of being hung on yards, are stretched between two oblique masts. The fishing nets of our Innoït are always mounted and fixed on two small poles, which serve to stretch them: a Hindoo and Egyptian usage.

Our Esquimaux pierce the division of the nose and wear ornaments in it, like these same nations. In America the same usage exists among the Dindjié or Loucheux, the Hares, the Sauteux or Chippewas, the Patagians.

Instead of piercing the lobe of the ear, they split the cartilage for earrings. They have, like the Tchukatches or Apkwamméut, the custom of piercing the cheeks toward the wicks of the mouth, to introduce into them circular ornaments, like double buttons. These jewels or labrets are of white stone (*tchimmirk*), or of ivory, and ornamented with half of a large blue glass bead (*tutark*).

They are as skilful thieves as the Egyptians, the Malays, the Chinese, and other Westerns, especially the women and children. They consider it no shame to be convicted of pilfering or robbery, but they blush for their awkwardness if they are taken in *flagrante delicto* of theft, and before having accomplished it. On this point their code is Lacedemonian.

Several articles of their clothing resemble those discovered in the ruins of Assyria by Botta and Layard, especially a sort of short coat, round in front, but which descends to the heels behind in a sort of caudal ap-

* Chroniques Franciscaines du R. P. Gaspard de Saint Augustin.

pendix. The Assyrian priests wear something analogous.

In their scenes of magic they swing an instrument as we do the censer.

Another instrument of juggling consists of a ball fixed on a staff, round which they roll a thong. This reminds us of the gilded and revolving spindle of the Chaldeans, wrapped about with a leather thong: "*quos rotantes demones invocabant*," says an ancient writer.

A sign of great astonishment consists in striking the thigh after the fashion of the Easterns. *Plaude super femur tuum* is said in Ezekiel xxi., 12.*

The Tchiglit women wear on the top of the head an enormous chignon and two large rolls of hair surrounded by blue beads (*tuglit*) on each side of the cheeks. Chignons and rolls are composed of their husband's hair; as they increase with age, they soon reach an enormous volume, requiring a hood of colossal proportions. The head of an Esquimaux woman dressed in her *natcark* and flanked by her *tuglit* resembles that of the Sphynx. The men wear the tonsure. We see, by the narrative of a modern English traveller (Capt. T. H. Lewis), that several half savage tribes of India wear false hair and false chignons. Among these are the Chukmas, the Kumis, the Uris, the Khyenges, and the Kyugthas. The Assyrians also shave the head. The Egyptians went further: they wore false hair and false beards. The Tchiglit derived from the Tchukatchis the use of tobacco, which they mix with grated willow. The shape of their pipes, which they take from the Esquimaux of Behring Strait, is almost identical with the Chinese. It consists of a circular plate, pierced with a very small hole, and supported by a sort of hollow foot stalk, forming the communication with a wooden stem formed of two pieces, joined by a strip of leather, or by metal rings.

The bowl of this pipe (*kwinerk*) is itself of forged metal, decorated with copper inlaid. They use this instrument, the invention and use of which have been the fruit of their genius, in the following way:

They pull from their reindeer blouse a pinch of the hair, which they push into the bowl by means of a pin. On this small plug, the purpose of which is to lessen the diameter of the stem, which is too wide, they put another pinch of pulverized tobacco, mixed with willow gratings. Then they light the pipe, swallowing the smoke to the last puff. This operation produces a half intoxication and nervous agitation; they then throw themselves in the cold water which they drink in great gulps, after having got rid of the smoke from their stomach. The effect of this narcotic is to render them prostrate, breathless, eager to seek for pure air. I have seen them tottering, lying down half drunk, clutching at everything with a trembling hand. I have seen children and young girls fainting outright after having swallowed the contents of a single pipe in the morning fasting.

It is singular to find an identical fashion among a people living at the Antipodes to our Esquimaux, although on the American continent. The Patagonians, a modern traveller tells us, smoke in pipes which they call *Kwitrah*, tobacco mixed with dried dung; like our Esquimaux, they swallow the smoke which produces the same kind of intoxication; then they drink a few draughts of water, continuing agitated with convulsive motions, breathless and gasping. Their women and children also indulge in this detestable habit.

It does not appear to me that the Esquimaux observe any of those Dènè-Dindjié customs which so much resemble those of the ancient Israelites; but they zealously apply themselves to the occult practices of chamanism

*"Smite, therefore, upon thy thigh."

or fetichism quite as much as the Tartars, the nomadic tribes of Northern Asia, the Algonquins and other Red-skin tribes.

Like all these savages, differing in country, language and type, they have sorcerers or priests named *Anrêkoït* (singular *Anregok*), and dark practices which take place in the privacy of the *Kéchim* or house for meetings. These customs, which exist also among the Crees, the Sauteux, the Assiniboines and the Western Blackfeet of the Saskatchewan, the Tchiglit derive from the Western Tchukatchis.

Finally, they are great lovers of vapor baths, as are all the savages I have just named, as well as the generality of the tribes of Upper Asia and men of Northern Europe, such as the Cossacks, the Russians, and the Lapps. This practice which is also found in the Ottoman Empire, into which it was brought by the Turks, appears to me to have constituted one of the customs of the Scythian or Turanian nations.

ASIATIC ORIGIN OF THE ESQUIMAUX PROVED BY THEIR THEOGONY AND THEIR TRADITIONS.

The Esquimaux are not more destitute of traditions and of a theogony than other nations of the Universe, in whatever region and under whatever sky they may be found. It cannot be said that their ideas regarding the nature of man, that of spirits, the knowledge of God, and of an evil spirit, the existence of another life, and the immortality of the soul, are more imperfect or grosser than those conceived by Pagan antiquity. They are, perhaps, superior to theirs. To be convinced of this, the reader may consult the work of the learned Dane, M. H. Ring, translated by Dr. Robert Brown. I acknowledge that a certain acquaintance with Indian legends is necessary to make a proper use of all this information. Assuredly the Esquimaux who possess a

full knowledge of these beliefs, added to faith in them, cannot, when questioned respecting them, give so clear an account of their creed as to enable them, with the aplomb of a young Christian possessing his catechism, to give an analysis of their faith, by combining the substance of the different national traditions.

This analysis of their belief, and this comparison of its parts, no savage is capable of performing, and I doubt whether it could be done by the great proportion of our rural population. We must not, therefore, be so exacting as to demand it of the Esquimaux. It is for us to dissect these traditions, to disentangle the truth from the midst of this collection of idle tales and monstrosities, of extravagances and puerilities, the tinsel with which they have been overlaid by fables. The task is easy for every man who is destitute of anti-religious prejudices, conversant with the genius of the Indians, who does not fear to maintain the truth when it presents itself to him, and who holds no compromise with error.

In summarizing, then, the traditions and beliefs of our Tchiglit, I find in them, first of all the knowledge of God, Anerné-aluk (Great Spirit); a knowledge, vague and imperfect, if you will, but not the less real. What is this God? Where does He dwell? It is useless to ask them. They do not know nor care. Some think it is the sun himself and they call Him the Father of Men. In any case He is so good that He cannot hurt, and they regard the consideration of this question as a matter of indifference. As to the sun himself (*Tchikreynerk*), the Tchiglit worship him and make a thousand protestations and recommendations to him, when he descends below the horizon, to remain there for about three months. His return is hailed and celebrated by dances and other ceremonies.

On the American Continent itself, we find this worship among the Blackfeet

and Sioux tribes, among the Apaches, the Natchez, the Peruvians, the Puelches, and the Patagonians. In Asia and in Africa, it was and is still held, as every one knows, by a great number of nations.

The broad tonsure worn by our Tchiglit is intended, they told me, to allow the sun to warm up their brain and to transmit by this means his beneficent heat to their hearts to make them live. Who of our philosophers ever imagined so transcendent a theory?

Our Esquimaux have preserved a lively remembrance of a celebrated man, benefactor of their nation, who, after having spent his life doing good on earth, rose to heaven, body and soul. This man they call *Pangmuna*.* I do not know if they identify him with the luminary of day, but I would not be astonished if it were so, for among several American or Asiatic nations, who speak of a similar hero or benefactor, his existence is eminently connected with that of the stars. As proof, I may mention the *Napi* or *Natous* of the Blackfeet, the *Manco Coppac* of the Peruvians, the *Etsiéyé* of the Loucheux, and the *Kotsi-dal'é* of the Hares. The two latter, if they no longer at present reside in the sun, it is because, say the traditions, they found it too hot and went to live in the moon, where they can still be seen. Had not *Sakiamouni*, the hero and creator of Buddhism, also relations with the source of light, and was not the God sun considered as a benefactor to humanity in Chaldea, in Egypt, and in the whole of Hindostan?

In the countries where the sun has been the object of any worship whatever, the moon and stars have had also a share of adoration. The male divinity, whom the Prairie Crees acknowledge in the moon under the name of *Mustate awasis*, or the Infant Buffalo, the Blackfeet called *Kokoyé-*

natus, the Dènè *Sa-kké-dènè Eba-ékon*, *Sa-yé-wélay*, *Sa-ekfwi-tènè*, *Sié-zjít-dhidié*, &c. ; both recognise him to be a beneficent being, and his history presents striking resemblances to that of Moses. He is identified also with the *Natous* of the Blackfeet. He is the God who sends snow and herds of reindeer on earth. They pray to him that they may obtain great abundance of food, as *Astarte* and *Phabus* were formerly invoked by the ancients with a similar object. When snow is too deep on the ground and continues falling, the Hares allege they can make it stop by turning towards the moon a lighted brand, which they plant in the ground like a torch.

Among the Hindoos, also, the moon is a male divinity and it had a masculine name in all the Gothic dialects.* This same male divinity we find amongst our Esquimaux, who call him *Tatkrem-innok* (the Man of the Moon). His power and attributes are the same as among the Dènè-Dindjié, and as they were believed to be in all ancient times. The Tchiglit believe, also, in the influence of the stars, and imagine that a man dies every time one of these inflammable gases, which we call shooting stars, appears to be loosened from the Vault of Heaven. The same persuasion exists among the Dènè-Dindjié and, it must be owned, among Europeans who are superstitious, or imbued with the Eastern beliefs.

A God, not perhaps, inferior to, but on the contrary as powerful and dreadful as *Anerné-aluk*, or the Good Spirit, is *Tornrark* (the separated, the cut off). He is really the God of the Tchiglit, and generally of all the Esquimaux, in the same way as the terrible *Shiva*, the demon of Brahminism is most in favor with the followers of Buddha, and that *Serapis*, the dark Osiris, the prince of evil spirits, is esteemed in Egypt. *Tornrark* is respected and

* *Fum pan* or *tatpan*, on high, and *mun*, towards,—that is, the Elevated, he who has ascended to heaven.

* *Science of Language* by Max Muller, page 7.

adored, because he is feared. The Esquimaux love him, because, they say, he shows them all sorts of things in dreams or by the revelations of *Kéchim*. This Manichean belief in a good and bad principle, which is the same in all Redskin nations, is equally spread in Upper Asia and seems to be the basis of chamanism. American fetishism, or nagualism, or, as Sir John Lubbock calls it, *todemism*, forms part of that worship, and has relations to the inferior genii, or *Anerucit*, partakers of the spiritual nature like *Anerné-aluk* and *Tornrark*, but capable of assuming any form. It has relation also to the souls of the dead or *Innulit*.

Here, then, we have the double belief in metempsychosis and incarnations, the basis of religion in Egypt, Hindostan and China, and the worship of the Manes, or ancestors, as well known in the Celestial Empire as throughout Pagan antiquity. Is there anything new under the sun? In fact, dishonesty almost is needed to hinder men from seeing the bonds uniting America to Asia.

What characterizes Esquimaux theology is not that *Tornrark* is the genius of earth, and that he inhabits its inmost recesses like the ancient Pluto; it is not that *Anerné-aluk*, or the Great Spirit, is relegated to a semispherical and frozen heaven; but it is that the paradise of the Innoit, the abode of the Manes or Innulit, is placed in the depths of ocean. There the souls play ball and dance with everlasting *éh yan, yan, hé! yan, yan, éh!* There are found with them there, they say, immortal beings clothed with scales, and with whom they allege they maintain communications even from this life. This is a distinctive trait of an essentially maritime people which, between the place of its origin and the country it now occupies, must have traversed the shores of the sea and the islands of the ocean.

Compare with this belief that of the New Caledonians spoken of by Father

Gagnière, Marist (*Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*), and you will find a perfect identity. The souls of the deceased dwell in the depths of ocean, pass their time gaily in dancing around a May-pole, and in making an orange bound gracefully. Is it not singular to find this game of ball (*ukratark*) in such great favor, not only among the Oceanians and Esquimaux, but among all the Redskins? The Mays, or trees stripped of their branches, are equally to the taste of the Esquimaux, Europeans having found their use general among them.

Greenland traditions speak of a goddess who dwelt in heaven. This female divinity is unknown to the Tchiglit, but we find her among the Loucheux and the Hares, tribes of the Déné-Dindjié family, as well as in the theogony of the Ojibbeway or Sauteux. These last believe in a sorceress named *Wisakutchask*, who presents the most striking resemblance to the old *Arnakuagsak* of the Karalits. Old, ugly, hump-backed, she inhabits the waters of the great Lake Winnipeg, which she disturbs and renders muddy by purifying herself from the filth with which one of her enemies had covered her, and which it takes all the waters of the lake to wash off. It is she, under the name of the old Gibotte, to whom the Sauteux, and even our half-breeds make offerings, in order to obtain favorable winds and the absence of storms. "Blow, oh, old woman!" they cry, whilst throwing a rag, an old shoe, or a piece of a tobacco plug into the water.

The ghosts, or *Eyunné*, of our Dénés whistle like the Innulit of the Esquimaux. Whatever their courage, they have a great dread of the phantoms of their imagination.

In the Esquimaux tradition there is a belief expressed in a single primitive couple. This masculine pair is found among several American and Oceanic nations. It also constitutes the Egyptian tradition, which is so well known

from the translation made by the learned Count de Rougé, one of the successors of Champollion. The Greenlanders, like the Athabaska Montagnais, have more faithfully retained the original tradition. They relate the birth of the first man, who subsequently created the first woman from a clod of earth.

Our Tchiglit have preserved the traditional remembrance of the ante and post diluvian giants, whom they name *Aneyoar-pâluit*, *anubar-paluit*. They represent a certain class of them as having only a single eye. A tradition of the Dènè Beavers of Peace River tells a similar tale.

But a much more remarkable tradition, well calculated to prove the Asiatic origin of our Innoït, is their knowledge, among the ice of the Polar Sea, of the serpent (*kripân*). Of two things, one—either a lively recollection of a warm country, inhabited by great reptiles of the Python genus, as, for instance, Malaysia, or Southern Asia; or the most ancient and wide spread of religious traditions. In either case, this fact remains inexplicable, both by the men who will see in the Esquimaux family an isolated race of native origin, who could have had no relations, even of a traditional kind, with the ancient world, and by the philosophers who, whilst admitting the truth of revelation and the unity of mankind, cannot admit that the Innoït came from Asia. But in presence of such a fact these two conclusions must be admitted, namely: the Asiatic or Oceanic immigration of the Esquimaux, and the knowledge they possessed of divine revelation, either primitive or Mosaic, for among them the idea and the name of the serpent are so intimately connected with the notions and practices of Asiatic *chamanism*, which is their own worship, that it is impossible not to see a remnant of the dread which the old serpent, the seducer of the first pair, has always inspired in man.

In fact does not the name of *kripan* (he who closes, from the verb *kripuloark*, to close with a key, to lock) exactly suit the being who closed the entrance to the abode of happiness against our first parents? This name of serpent, or rather the root of the name, *kri*, or *krip* (for *pan*, or *an* are only suffixes, forming a substantive from the verb *kripayoark*, to creep), serves equally for the root of all the expressions relating to evil and to the demoniac worship of *Torrnark*, the Spirit of Darkness. It presents also a certain identity with the roots *rep*, in reptans, *reption*, and *serp* in serpent; in both languages it is the union of the consonants *r* and *p*, which seems to agree with the idea of the serpent.

Besides the words *kritutuark*, supple as the serpent, *kripioyoark*, winding like the serpent, we have in the Esquimaux dialect of the Mackenzie, *kriyoark*, one suffering from illness, that is, one who has the serpent; **krilayor* (serpentine), jugglery, magic, illusion; *kriuwark* (like the serpent, or who is the serpent), the Demon; talisman, fetich, magical (from *krilayok*, magic); *krilaun*, magic drum † by the help of which the Anrekoït deal with the sick; *krilau-teid joark*, to fight with the magic drum, *krilaluvark*, to make breathings over the sick; *kripoar*, image or representation of the serpent or demon; *kripigiyark* trap, ambush, snare.

It should be remembered that there is not even the smallest serpent in North America beyond 52° North latitude, and that still less could they be looked for on Arctic shores. Now, the Esquimaux traditions, in speaking of the serpent, represent it as of great size. The Dènès speak in the same manner.

*The Dènè Hares say the same of a person ill of fever, or an epileptic, *natévédi yetta nadenk-kwé*, the serpent has entered into him.

†The *krilaun*, like the *elreli* of the Dènès, and the drum of the Lapps, is exactly identical in shape with the Abyssinian and Basque drum, and with the *darabouka* so often seen represented in the hands of the Egyptian dancing girls.

The Innoït have the same sort of knowledge of the earth as that possessed by the Ancients. They imagine it to be an island in the shape of a disc, surrounded by water, on which the firmament, or solid sky, rests. This earth rests on a pivot or stay. The same belief is general among our Dènè-

Avalermi ullumatigut, erkctinanayak. Inoï tupkreluaruk—lupit, titkreylungmarit.

Umiait akéléreklutik ipiutarkratigéit. Malloerit Erret tunartigiyaat ; anorem nunamun tibialungmarit. Innuït panertoit kaleungmata.

Avalerk nunaerlu arkluro. Onarkpalangmun innortokronayark ; ulim kréntarenina.

Innoït kreavakpaluk teakraranata. Nearkronat anadjapaloat mallcerom.

Innoït umiait ipiutarkratigéit krékrem patadjematik. Arkralé ! Innoït itcak atanun inulleroyoa kallummata.

Innom Anodjium pitukctia imma-nun kivitalumayo : " Krenceraotiktciark ! " Orakloartoark. Innum—minintaorknorluné kivitalunmenearmarit. Taymak. Itcuk eytut.

Our Innoït call virtue *nakoyoark*, good, and evil *anyoark* ; but moral evil has no other name but that of crime, *tchuinauoyoark*. The idea of wickedness, malice, is expressed in their language in no other way than by the words suitable to describe libertinism, *tchuinark* ; and this expression, as well as that of *kutchuktu*, still viler, is derived from the root *otchuk*.

The Tchiglit have no other law than the *lex talionis*. The right of reprisal they consider legitimate, and it engenders inveterate hatreds which are transmitted from one family to another. They live, also, in continual fear and distrust of one another. They revenge themselves on men by the dagger and fire-arms, on women by strangulation. But with them, as with the Redskins, revenge is seldom indulged in openly or in the face of day. They cover themselves with a veil of darkness and assassinate their enemy in his sleep, or when he is off his guard. Superstition

Dindjié and among the Algonquins, as it is among the Abyssinians and Arabs.

The Tchiglit have preserved a lively remembrance of the deluge, the cause of which they attribute to a great rain and inundations of the sea. The following is the tradition abridged :

On the terrestrial disc the water having encroached, men were terrified. Human abodes disappeared, the wind having carried them off.

Side by side they bound several barques together. The waves flowed above the Rocky Mountains ; a great wind on the land drove them before it. Men, no doubt, dried themselves in the sun.

Soon the people and the earth disappeared. From a dreadful heat man died ; in the waves they also perished.

Men lamented. Uprooted trees floated at the mercy of the waves.

Men having bound the barques together, shivered with cold. Alas ! men, no doubt, kept curled up under the tent.

Then a man (a juggler), named the son of the Owl, threw his bow into the sea : " Wind ! it is enough, be silent ! " he cried. Then he threw into the water his earrings. It is enough. The end came.

and fear of the resentment of the *Innullit* of the dead seem to be the motive for this cowardice.

Murderers are dealt gently with and respected by all persons unconnected with the dead man ; but near relations must revenge his memory. They thus acquire glory in the eyes of their neighbors, who usually choose the bravest as their chiefs. There are few Tchiglits who have not exercised their *tcaviralciark* to revenge. But death does not always follow. When an Esquimaux has premeditatedly caused the death of one of his enemies without being obliged to do so by the *lex talionis*, he must tattoo himself with two or three blue lines across his face, above the nose, from one cheek bone to the other. He is then called *torkrota*, a murderer (from *torkro*, death). This name, which among us is infamous, is with them equivalent to a title of glory, for it is in some sort equivalent to the name of warrior, and easily entitles him who

wears it to the rank of *Innokpaluk*, or great man. This tattooing of the nose is called *tonnilik*.

It is on the shoulder that our Esquimaux inscribe, by means of another tattooing, their great achievements in whale fishing. They call it *icavark*, and it consists in drawing on the skin as many crosses as the hunter has killed whales. Was this usage not formerly an Eastern custom? "He shall bear the sign of his glory upon his shoulder," whilst applying exactly to the Saviour, might it not have had its *raison d'être* in a practice analogous to that of which we are here speaking, and which would render the sense of the mystical expression perfectly comprehensible to those whom the prophet was addressing?

It is time that I should end this long chapter, devoted to establishing the Western and Asiatic origin of the Esquimaux. I may remark, in closing, that the tribes living on the frozen shores of Siberia, although differing from the Esquimaux as to language, have yet their features, manners, customs, arms, and even their utensils. Nothing more resembles an Esquimaux or a Greenlander than a Koriak, an Ostiak, or a Samoyed. They have dog sleighs, live by hunting and fishing, dress in seal, reindeer and white hare skins, they swallow tobacco smoke, and eat raw flesh like our Esquimaux. If our American and Greenland Innoït do not rear the reindeer it has been domesticated by those of Kamtchatka, as well as by the Samoyeds and the Lapps.*

It does not follow from thence that our Esquimaux came from the mouth of the Kolyma, the Obi or the Lena, since they assert they came from the West-South-West. But is it improbable that the wave of this emigration set out from the China or Japan Seas, and

coasting along the Eastern shores of Asia, became separated at Behring Strait, after a part of the horde had taken possession of the coasts of both continents; and that whilst some took an Eastern direction and reached Greenland the others advanced towards the North-West, constantly following the shores of the Glacial Sea? I not only see nothing impossible in this, but, on the contrary, nothing but what is admissible and highly probable.

However this may be, and whatever the conclusion arrived at, I believe I have proved by the information laid before the reader that the vast nation of the Innoït had originally no other source than our own—the Asiatic Continent. This is, to my view, the capital and fundamental question, the only one I have tried to clear up, for, if we do not go direct to the point, we run great risks, by the force of ingenious hypotheses, of going further and further astray in our conceptions and of directing the question into a false course. At present, the theory of a Preadamite race does not appear to be clearly enough settled, nor sufficiently indubitable in the eyes of materialist philosophers, by whom it has been most warmly sustained and defended, to be capable of sapping the religious and intellectual order of things on that basis, so as to attack on one point the veracity, and thus to set aside the authority of the Holy Scriptures. They believe they have discovered something more convincing, by laying down as a principle the Autochthony or native origin of the Americans, and especially of the Esquimaux. They try to represent the latter as a people so distinct and separate from the rest of mankind by confirmation, usages, language and beliefs, that they are totally destitute of the idea of divinity; that nothing is to be found in their legendary history recalling that Divine Revelation spoken of in the traditions of nations and in the Bible, and which we firmly maintain.

*See Hooper's "Ten Months among the Tents of the Tuskis." The Russians call the Samoyeds by the same name as the Algonquins give to the Exquimaux—Eaters of raw flesh, *Sivog-nezi* (Malte Brun).

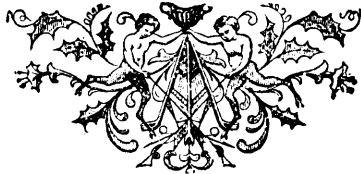
We have seen the contrary ; we have found among the customs, beliefs and legends of the Esquimaux of the Mackenzie, a number of points of resemblance, not only to the customs and beliefs of China, Hindostan, Oceanica and America, but even to those of remote nations in the extreme West, or East as respects Europe, and of which we possess only a faint remembrance. What does that prove, if not a primitive origin, common to all these nations ?

That is all we have desired to establish ; it is the only point to be cleared up ; and we shall feel satisfied if we have succeeded in carrying conviction to the minds of our readers. What matters it to us whether the Innoit are the miserable remnants of a Mongol invasion, or a tribe of Malay origin, that they are the descendants of the Chinese settlers of the *Fou-Sang*,* or a Japanese

colony, that they emigrated to America at the same time as the Dènè-Dindjié and the Algonquins, or after them as the latter maintain ? These investigations may pique our curiosity, or lay hold of our imagination, fascinated with the marvellous ; but they give us no additional information as a help to discover the truth. The sole conclusion which can serve the latter purpose, and increase our faith in the Holy Bible, sustained by arguments drawn from external sources, is the certainty that the Esquimaux have come from Asia, the cradle of the human race, and, consequently, that the adversaries of Revelation cannot, in this people, find against its truth that proof which they have in vain sought for elsewhere and everywhere.

* M. de Guignes, in his *Histoire des Huns*, has proved by his translation of the Chinese

Historian *Li-you-tchéou*, that an immense country called Fou-Sang, situated to the east of the Chinese Empire, was colonized by Buddhists in the year 458 A. D. It is very probable that this country is America.



THE WRECK OF THE "ORIENTAL."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GIRLS' VOYAGE."

To those who have long been wanderers far from their "dearest spot on earth," what a thrill comes with the words, "homeward bound!"

Many a time had I exultantly repeated those words, and always with that answering vibration of spirit, but never with quite so much of it as on the afternoon of my sailing from Savannah in the steamer "Oriental," bound for dear old Boston.

"You need not talk to me of New York steamers this time," was my reply to those who represented the superiority of their accommodations to any that the smaller Boston boats could offer. "I have seen New York harbor often enough, and now in this exile's dream is the shining dome of the State House that crowns the city of my affections." In pursuance of this dream, I found myself on the steamer "Oriental" as she crossed the bar of the Savannah River, where the brown waters meet, yet hardly mingle, with those of ocean's deep blue, and I looked off at the far horizon, gladly repeating, "homeward bound!"

Lord Byron might not agree with me, yet it is my belief that love of Nature and of solitude may be strong in us, without our losing any interest in people who are, to say the least, no less worthy of attention than the rest of the Creator's works; therefore, I turned from my contemplation of the sea to survey those who were to be my companions during a voyage of four days.

"You will not be so likely to meet nice people on that steamer as on the 'San Jacinto,'" was one of the dissuasive remarks made to me a day before my departure.

"Who are nice people?" was my mental query, as these words were recalled. "Are they only those who dress in the latest elegance of style, and use perfect English; whose hands are white, and whose manners (and boots, if belonging to the masculine gender) are highly polished?"

I had but one acquaintance on the "Oriental," and she was decidedly "nice," if not to be pronounced so by a standard like the above. She was a stewardess, Barbara McLean by name, whose kindness I had proved on a trip to the South many months before, and since then had kept an affectionate remembrance of her.

When I saw her honest face beaming with pleasure at meeting me again on the Savannah wharf, it was an agreeable surprise to learn that she was going to Boston as passenger on the "Oriental," as the steamer to which she belonged was laid aside for repairs. So there was one friendly soul among the vessel's company I knew, and, looking around me, I espied another face that seemed familiar, though it was not clear to me where I had seen it before.

The face was that of a plainly-dressed young woman, and there was something in it that arrested my attention. Her hands were not of the delicate type, and gave the idea that their owner had done a good deal of work in her life, faithful, useful work, if her character were portrayed aright by the calm gray eyes, the decided, yet loving, lines of mouth and chin.

Whatever reason there may have been for her attractive power over me, I was drawn by it to a seat beside her

on the cabin skylight, and we were soon conversing, as fellow voyagers are wont to do, upon the weather and our prospects for a quick passage. I found out why her face had seemed familiar to me, and recalled the time and place of our previous meeting, as she casually mentioned a name which I held in deepest veneration. It was that of a devoted servant of the Lord Jesus, whose wealth and talents were entirely consecrated to His service, whose whole heart was set upon following Him, and helping others to do so, while her home in a Southern city was like the "Palace Beautiful," where many a pilgrim found a blessing for both soul and body.

The girl by my side, Polly Henderson, was a member of that favored household, serving in the capacity of house-keeper's assistant, and with several Irish and colored servants she was on her way to a seaside cottage in New England, to make ready there for the coming of her mistress and the family.

As we went on talking together, I could trace in my companion the influence of that beloved mistress, and when she said, "Then you know my dear Mrs. Clyde?" I replied earnestly, "It has been one of the privileges of my life to know her."

Polly held out her hand impulsively, saying, "You and I have a strong bond of sympathy if the same friend has helped us Heavenward."

I took the hand with an answering smile, and we recognized each other as fellow pilgrims to the Eternal Home.

Before proceeding with the account of this last trip of the "Oriental," it would be well to mention others in the vessel's company, for, being all united in a common trouble and a common deliverance (they were both uncommon, as well), we were drawn closely to one another before separating.

There were a middle-aged bride and groom, stout, good-natured, and quite

Hibernian in appearance and accent; an elderly missionary from Australia, whose fund of entertaining stories appeared to be without limit; a young artist, a fair-haired Swedish girl, probably destined for a Boston employment office, and a lady who, for the first three days, could hardly raise her head from the sofa that a devoted husband had placed on deck for her, yet proved very pleasant when sea-sickness abated. The agent of the steamer was on board with his little son. There was also a respectable mulatto woman, far gone in consumption, who was confined to her berth nearly all the time. These, with a few others, composed the passenger list of the "Oriental," and perfect harmony prevailed on board, without general sociability, for the first part of the voyage, the sea being just provoking enough to take from many of us the desire to say aught but "stewardess, do bring me a lemon, and a saucer of cracked ice!"

The missionary was not among that class, however. He was ready with tales both comical and thrilling for all who felt disposed to listen to him, and proved a real benefactor in beguiling the hours that are so long when one is "homeward bound." Beside listening to him, Polly Henderson and I improved our knowledge of each other, and every day added to my interest in her. She was not exactly a confiding person, but in some way it came to pass that I found out a little secret of hers. It was not only to arrange Mrs. Clyde's cottage for her reception that the northward trip had been undertaken. There was an humble cottage under a rocky bluff, where a brave young fisherman wanted Polly for his own house-keeper, and from its windows she was to watch for him on stormy nights, like, "Mabel, with her face against the pane." "But Polly," I said, half remonstrating with her (as if that would do any good), "how can you, a Georgian girl, brought up where flowers bloom all the year,

endure the northern winters on a bleak sea-coast, and all the anxiety and watching that fishermen's wives have to undergo? Think what it will be to hear the waves roaring, and the wind wailing outside in the darkness, when you don't know where your husband's boat is, and may have to wait all through the dreary night before it comes in!" These suggestions were not encouraging, and they gave evidence of a want of tact in the person who made them, perhaps; but Polly Henderson was undaunted by the doleful picture I had drawn for her benefit, and very cheerfully came her answer, as her hand tightened its clasp of a pocket Testament which she often had with her on deck: "At such times, I shall know where to look for comfort and strength. Jesus will be as near Dan on the water as He was to the fishermen of Galilee, when He awoke from sleep to rebuke the winds and waves. And Dan knows that now," she added, with a glad light in her eyes. I wanted to hear more, and looked as if I did, so Polly continued:

"It was little, I'm afraid, that he ever thought or cared whether he had the Saviour's presence with him or not, until two summers ago, when he came to Mrs. Clyde's Bible class at the cottage. She always has one on Sunday afternoons for her servants, and they are asked to bring their friends. The gardener invited Dan, and he came, more than half from curiosity as to what the lady would have to say. You know how real the Bible seems when Mrs. Clyde explains it, and the lesson that day about Jesus coming to Simon and Andrew by the sea-shore, and the great draught of fishes was to Dan like something quite new, and after the class he asked her to show him other places in the Bible, where the Lord's dealings with fishermen were mentioned. She gave him a little Testament (like this one of mine), having marked the chapters that he was to read, and told him that she would talk

with him about them on the next Sunday afternoon. He came to her full of interest and astonishment at what he had read, and then she asked him if he would not like to have that Saviour for his friend. He replied that it would be a great thing, indeed, for him, but how was a poor fellow who had not much learning, and had never done anything very good in his life, to get such a friend? Then Mrs. Clyde told him that in the Bible there were two things that God had joined together, and man must not separate; they were *believing* and *having*.

" 'He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life.' 'He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.'

"To come to Him upon His own invitation, she told Dan, is to have what He offers: Pardon, peace, and life, and neither merit nor unworthiness of our own have any part in this matter. We must simply come to Him in the spirit of these words:

'Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee
O, Lamb of God, I come!'

"Dan told me afterwards, when we had become better acquainted, that God's own blessed truth shone out on him like a lighthouse when the fog rolls up, and he cried, 'Is *that* religion? I thought it was so puzzling. Is *that* really religion?'

"Mrs. Clyde looked at him with one of her beaming smiles, and answered, 'That is the first part; coming to Him in the way He has appointed, sure of being accepted, because He says so; and the rest of it is—"Follow on to know the Lord," and "If ye love me, keep My commandments."'

" 'I'll do it,' said Dan, — 'I will follow on to know Him, for the little I know already makes me sure His word is not to be doubted, and He never re-

fused to help teach those who came to Him, nor turned a deaf ear on them. How plainly I see that "believing" is "having." "And from that day," Polly continued, "Dan has been following, and a happier man than he, it would be hard to find. Just as soon as he had found the Lord himself, he set out to bring others to Him, as the fishermen did whom Jesus first called. He is in earnest about all that he undertakes to do, and his straightforward, manly ways, gave me a real respect for him, though as to learning, I have had more advantages, thanks to Mrs. Clyde, than he. But I can help him with what I have gained, and he will help me in many other ways, so I know we shall be happy together, for we both have one purpose in life, and that is to serve our Master faithfully and to follow on to know Him better."

Polly was silent, and then with a flush on her cheeks, she exclaimed, "How I have been talking! I had no idea of saying so much, but you don't seem like a stranger, Miss Wallace." "I hope not, Polly," I replied, and thanked her warmly for what she had told me, leaving unexpressed, however, the depth of interest awakened by her simple story, and with a glow of heart I thought of the noble woman, her friend and mine, who had been such a blessing to those two young lives.

Our steamer's progress was delayed by head winds, and Saturday night, the time set for our arrival in Boston, found us anchored in the neighborhood of Martha's Vineyard on account of a thick fog. This delay was tantalizing, but a few of us gathered around the cabin to divert our minds by a game of "Crambo," and the poetical effusions, weak though they were, provoked much merriment and served to make us forget that we were not where we fain would be. On Saturday morning the voyage was resumed, yet not in clear weather, for the fog-bell sounded at intervals while religious services were conducted

in the saloon, and our missionary friend gave us there an earnest discourse upon one of those comforting Psalms which speak of the Lord as the ever-present defender of His people—their stronghold in the time of trouble.

As the afternoon was waning the yellow sand-banks of Cape Cod were outlined against a fair, blue sky, and as the steamer rounded that promontory, I went forward to the bows with a desire to be as near my home as possible, and looking toward it, yearned for wings.

Westward there were threatening clouds, but it seemed not worth while to regard them, when there was a more cheering prospect above Cape Cod, and going on deck after supper I was surprised to see that the fog had again enveloped us.

"Mint's Lighthouse is just visible through the mist!" some one said. Recalling a visit there, years before, when all of a merry yachting party were drawn up by a pulley to the door, forty feet above the waves, each one tied securely into an arm chair, I surveyed the lofty tower, showing dimly through the mist as a familiar acquaintance, but it was a damp and chilly evening to remain on deck, so I sought shelter in a covered passage-way where several of the frailer sex had ensconced themselves.

Suddenly a commotion arose on deck. All the men seemed to rush forward, as if to avert some catastrophe. "What is the matter?" was asked anxiously by those in the passage-way. A tearing, crashing sound beneath us was the answer; a shock that told plainly what the matter was—the steamer was on the rocks!

One moment's pause, the vessel shuddering from stem to stern, and then a backward, downward motion. Cries arose,—“Oh! we are shipwrecked, we are going down!” But the "Oriental," having run upon Harding's Ledge, settled down, slightly on one side, in a

crevice of rocks, and remained immovable, save as the ocean swell lifted her a little, from time to time, and let her fall again with a grinding noise upon the destroying ledge.

Oh, how gray and cold the water looked as it washed against the sides of the helpless vessel! How gloomily the evening shade, and the fog closed us in! Only fifteen miles from home, but to be almost saved makes it no less dreadful to be altogether lost, whether as regards the body or the soul. I did not quite expect to be drowned, for there were the boats, but for women to escape from the deck of a steamer into little tossing boats; and go three miles through the darkness to Nantucket-shore, there to land in the surf, seemed an undertaking that could not be thought of without sinking of heart, so I sat still, without the strength to move, and heard Polly's calm voice soothing one of Mrs. Clyde's servants, a young Irish girl, and reminding her how the Lord Jesus came to His disciples on the water, "drawing nigh unto the ship," when they were in fear and danger. Suddenly the loved, cheerful voice of the missionary interrupted her, "Good news!" he shouted. "There is a large fishing schooner close at hand. Her captain sees us, and is coming to the rescue. Could anything be more providential!"

This was truly a cause for thanksgiving, not only that we might all be transported to Boston, in that friendly schooner, but our baggage also, and my energies revived enough to carry me down to my stateroom to collect some of my scattered property. The water had been pouring in rapidly through a hole under the engine room, and small streams had made their way into the saloon, where they meandered over the carpet, unnoticed by me, I am glad to state, for the sight would not have added to my composure. My good Barbara, the stewardess, lent the aid of her strong arms in carrying my

valise, shawl-strap, etc., upstairs, and there we females waited with various degrees of composure.

It was not a time to see much fun in anything, yet a glimmer of it came to me as I looked at Barbara, dressed in her very best, her "go-to-meeting clothes," grasping handbags and parcels, and steadying herself against the door of the upper cabin whenever that dismal crunching of the steamer on the rocks disturbed her equilibrium, and trying so hard to look resigned and cheerful despite adverse circumstances! A wan smile flitted across my pallid face, and then I heard a remark that chased away all sense of fun from me.

"The ladder will be bobbing up and down all the time, you must remember," said the first mate (this was to Polly Henderson), "Won't you be the first to go down on it, and set a good example to the other women? I know you are a brave one."

That ladder! it was worthy of a nightmare dream after eating wedding cake, and to those who were to venture on it terrifying to behold. The heavy swell near Harding's Ledge made the schooner rise and fall like a cork, and when she fell the ladder was not long enough to reach from her deck to that of the steamer, consequently it had to be held up at arm's length by men on the smaller vessel every few seconds, until she rose with the wave.

There are trials in life, which, as some old lady has observed, "must be undergone with fortitude and resignation," and this ladder was one of them.

Polly's first adventure was to have her foot caught between one of the rounds and the edge of the steamer, and her ankle had a narrow escape from dislocation then and there, but she reached the schooner deck, and how the rest of us envied her! My turn came the last but one, and as I climbed over the side to reach that bobbing ladder, I received the injunction, "Be

sure to keep *going down*, and *looking up*, whatever the ladder does," which I faithfully obeyed, conscious of a yawning chasm into which I might fall, if I did not, and of ten men ready with a "life-line" to fish me out of it. But a startling moment came when I did not feel anything more to put my foot on, and cried out helplessly, "I can't find another round! what shall I do?" (I suppose that was one of the times when the ladder was high in the air, and I had reached the end of it.) "Catch right hold of me," called out a sailor, and leaving my hold of the ladder, I placed a hand on his shoulder and was swung lightly to the deck. A shout of welcome greeted me from the other saved ones who were huddled together on the hatchway, and protected from the rain by blankets flung down from the state-rooms, and there we watched while the baggage was lowered. Polly's anxiety concerning a box of valuable china that belonged to her mistress seemed to disturb her mind more than her own danger had had the power to do, and how a fine pair of horses were to be transported to land was another troublesome question. We learned afterwards that one of them broke his leg, and had to be shot, but the other swam ashore.

The darkness of night settled down upon us only when we were ready to leave the "Oriental" to her fate. The captain and several of the men remained on board until near morning, when they were taken off by a steam-tug. The vessel rolled over on her side during the night, which must have been inconvenient for those who remained behind, though it is not likely that the poor captain regarded any discomfort beyond that of mental distress.

Fifteen miles to sail through the blackest kind of a night and an intricate course among islands, of which the bearing was but slightly known by the young captain of the fishing vessel, led him to consider his undertaking a

serious one. He did his best to cheer the rescued passengers by a jovial demeanor, and stowed us away from the rain in a small, close cabin, where we sat for hours on wooden benches and trusted that, having been so far protected, we should reach Boston without further mishap, while the captain darted down every little while to study his chart, and with a joke for our amusement darted upon deck again. To some gentlemen there he remarked, "It would be a pity to give you all *two* shipwrecks in one night; I'm inclined to think we had better come to anchor." There were two gentlemen, however, who had known the harbor from their boyhood, and encouraged him to keep on, while they helped him to avoid the dangers.

Meantime, we made ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances would permit, and that is not saying a great deal. Seated partly on a narrow wooden bench, and partly on the roof of somebody's squirrel cage, with apprehensions that I might at any time alarm the inhabitants by breaking through, I passed the hours of that night, and a plate of hot biscuits, yellow with saleratus, which the cook brought down with kindest intentions, afforded me some solace, though at first sight they were not inviting.

Our shipwreck occurred at a very convenient time, just after a hearty supper had given us strength to bear the fatigue of the evening, and one of the girls who eat at the second table informed me that her mouth was full of baked beans at the moment when the steamer ran on the ledge! But if we had no reason to be hungry, after so much exposure to dampness, many of us were glad of hot tea, and Barbara, with her wonted cheerfulness and activity, went to and from the galley for supplies of that beverage until the cook's astonishment at her found words in the question, "Who in the world is the lady that goes flying around here, as

much at home as if this 'ere schooner was her nat'ral element?"

When told that she was a stewardess, and consequently well used to a life on the "ocean wave," he seemed to think her peculiar proceedings were well accounted for.

Towards midnight, when the captain made one of his excursions below, he found a very drowsy set of passengers who were feeling a reaction from previous excitement, and besides being weary were somewhat stupefied from the want of fresh air.

"Where's that old gentleman who was so bright and hearty?" he cried, "You want him down here to stir you all up. What has he done with himself?"

The person referred to was the missionary who, having done all that one man could for the benefit of his companions in adversity, was taking a peaceful nap in one of the sailors' bunks.

"Fetch him out!" ordered the captain, unheeding a murmured opinion that it was too bad to disturb the good old man. "A missionary, is he? Well, bring him along, Jack," he said to the steward, "and tell him to come down here on a mission to these people. They need him to keep their spirits up." His portly form and benign face soon appeared among us, and with serenity quite unruffled by his abrupt awakening, he wished his fellow-passengers a good morning (for it was then one o'clock), and made the pleasant announcement that the schooner had sailed by the last dangerous island and was drawing near the city.

"Shall we not unite now in giving thanks to God for His merciful protection?" he asked, and there was a general assent. The fervent tones of prayer reached the ears of those on deck who had borne the burden of that night's anxieties and cares, and one of them remarked afterwards that he had never said "Amen" more heartily in all his life.

"Sing something!" then shouted

the captain down the passage-way, "Sing a hymn,"—and "Jesus, lover of my Soul" rang out from many voices, strong and clear, with a thrill of thanksgiving. "That's splendid!" I heard the captain say when the melody floated up to him; and as we sang the lines—

"Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last,"

the schooner touched at the wharf, and our voyage was safely ended.

It was a strange arrival. So different from the bright picture drawn by my imagination of a sunlit harbor, and the gleaming State House dome, and loved faces looking out from the pier to greet the swiftly moving steamer!

By a lantern's dim rays we crossed the wet, deserted wharf to the office of the Steamer Company, which was kept open through the night on account of the expected "Oriental," and thence, as hacks were summoned, we went our various ways; some to the hotels, where a few hours' sleep might be gained before appearing at home breakfast-tables; some to the depôts, to wait for trains that would bear them from the city.

Barbara's last act of friendliness toward me was a hearty embrace, as she pinned my shawl closely around me, hoping I should be no worse for the night's experiences, then some kind people hurried me into a hack, and we drove away before I had said farewell to Polly, who was bound for the Eastern Depôt with the charges committed to her. Thus were hastily scattered the passengers of the "Oriental," never all to meet in this world again, but through life, I trust, to carry with them a grateful remembrance of the night when God had proved their "very present help in time of trouble."

And the steamer, what became of her, do you ask me? For five weeks her masts and funnel were visible above the hidden ledge that had proved her destruction, and then a storm laid them low, and there was left no trace of the wreck of the "Oriental."

LIFE IN GLENSHIE.

BEING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ELIZABETH RAY, SCHOOL-TEACHER.

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

CHAPTER XX.

"Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair.
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."

—BURNS.

After school one day I went up, as I often did, to Squire McPherson's. There were great attractions for me in the Squire's home. There was not only the racy Highland welcome common to every house in Glenshie, but intelligence and refinement peculiar to themselves. It was pleasant to me to go up the hill, when wearied in my work, to the white house that stood so near the road that it seemed on it, as if it had stepped out to welcome you. A little while of their companionship was restful to me. I must confess, however, that my chief errand this particular evening was to see the ill-tongued wife that I had heard so much about.

Avoiding the front door, which would have involved knocking, and bringing from the basement kitchen Merran, of the tawny locks, the dark browed and dark-eyed maid of all work at the Squire's. I entered the garden by a little side gate, and came round to the glass door that led from the garden direct into the family sitting-room, where I found Mrs. McPherson and her work basket. I was not long seated when the lady asked if I had heard of the last outrage committed by that bad creature, Donald Monroe! I assented, and asked if she knew where his wife was?

"His wife is here,—escaped for her life. His finger marks are on her

throat yet, quite black. I have kept her here—she always comes to us in her trouble. I have given her the spinning to do; she may as well be earning a little for herself as not."

"I have heard about her since the fray, until I have a positive curiosity to see her," I said.

"Well, come into the back-room with me; I have to talk to her about the blanket yarn. I am going to have all my white rolls spun for blankets this year."

"What a quantity you will have!" I exclaimed. "But you hospitable Highlanders need an almost unlimited supply of these things. Your house, for instance, has powers of expansion that would do credit to an Eastern caravansery. How many guests were here at sacrament time besides your own family?"

"We had fourteen, and yet we did not have all the dear friends whom we expected and were prepared to welcome."

The Squire's wife said this with all the dignity of Solomon's perfect house-keeper in her smile. I have not yet got over my astonishment at the capabilities of these Canadian house-keepers. Mrs. McPherson, for instance, knows almost to a thread how much cloth a given weight of wool ought to make. The soft fine dresses of brilliant scarlet and black plaid, for the children's winter wear, which might be worn by the children of a duchess, are all home-manufactured and home-dyed. Why, the heavy crimson hanging in the best parlor, which I thought was rep

of the best quality is all home manufacture, only pressed at the mill. All these admiring thoughts were in my mind as I followed Mrs. McPherson into the spinning room, which was a kind of domestic council chamber.

I found Mrs. Monroe in the back room, sitting at the little wheel that flew round with a cheery hum, obeying a practised hand. She was a tidy looking woman, white haired, but fair-faced and comely for her years. The face was sad, and yet too young to match well with the snowy hair. She wore a large crowned cap, so white and fine, with so many frilly borders, that it made her head look like an overgrown blossom of the Guelder rose. She had on a tartan dress of homespun, a white neckerchief and a checkered apron.

"This is our new teacher come to see you, Mrs. Monroe," said the Squire's wife in the Gaelic tongue, by way of introduction. She smiled and shook hands with me in Highland fashion. When her face lit up with a smile, one could well believe she had once been handsome with the glad beauty of the Highland hills. There was beauty yet in the small, dainty mouth and chin that dimpled with her smile like a girl's. There was nothing in her face, unless her real nature was hidden behind, to justify the description given of her temper; it spoke rather of impotent struggles with a fate from which there was no escape but into the grave. I had ample time to form my opinion while the council of two settled the questions connected with home manufacture. Any conversation I had with her was carried on through Mrs. McPherson, as she did not speak English; yet I felt, as I have often done with bright children, that her power of understanding our language was far in advance of her ability to speak it. I noticed her color as Mrs. McPherson gave me her version of the character and usual behavior of Donald, and the attack on his wife which

so nearly ended fatally. She put up her hand and drew her kerchief higher as if to hide the discolored mark made by his iron fingers.

Mrs. McPherson was quite a partisan of Mrs. Monroe's, and I could perceive that it was not entirely for her own sake. Squire McPherson was the acknowledged leader of those who professed religion; foremost in every good word and work as became "a man and a leader of men." Donald Monroe was the leader of the publicans and sinners, clever, witty, unscrupulous, too fond of fun, with too keen a sense of the ridiculous to be fettered or hampered by the Golden Rule. So the two Donalds,—Donald Squire McPherson and Donald Monroe, poet and fiddler, stood to one another in the relationship of Highland chiefs at deadly feuds. Society in Glenshie was entirely wanting in those finely shaded lines that, in more refined society, make the boundary line hard to find between those who have set their faces Zionward, and those who care for none of these things. The border between professors and non-professors was broadly marked. Donald McPherson could not be, as he was, stern-browed and uncompromising in denouncing evil, without giving mortal offence to Donald Monroe, whose followers in Glenshie were largely in the majority. Donald, therefore, had ridiculed the Squire in songs, which had enough truth in them to make the lies effective. They were immensely popular with his followers, and swept like a bush-fire through the Highland settlements, echoing from bee to bee, from frolic to frolic,—becoming, as people say, a great success. The Squire did not resent these things as his wife did. They were very laughable, but no one, not even the sinners, believed them; and if they had, by Nature and grace he was so placed that he could say, "None of these things move me."

"While we were chatting in the sitting-room, to which we had returned,

the Squire himself came in with his pleasant face, soft step and easy manner. He looks unlike a leader of men, but those who know Donald McPherson, know that the material is there that could lead a forlorn hope.

"So you are talking about my friend, Donald?" said the Squire to me with his accustomed smile.

"Yes, a little," I answered, "but I wonder a great deal that Mrs. Monroe gets so little pity; yet it is not common for a Highlander to beat his wife."

"No, and when he does, he does not knock her down for love like an Irishman; for we have the habit of being in earnest. Besides, Donald's wife has a most provoking tongue, lassie, and bitter words bring bitter blows."

"Was he kind to his first wife?"

"Donald is too selfish, too fond of his ease, his fiddle and the tavern, to be a good husband to any woman," said Mrs. McPherson, with warmth. "His first wife, the wife of his youth, as he calls her, was too blindly fond of him, too proud of his talents, too much his devoted slave, to find fault with anything her lord chose to do; whatever he did pleased her. Like Callum, the piper's wife, her hardest thought was a blessing, "God bless you, Donald," her hardest word. She took as her rightful share all the burden of life; he took all the leisure; so in the struggle to bear all, and do all for his sake, she wore out and died. Then he courted Mary Cameron, the beauty of the place, a petted home darling; wooed her with sweet songs and fine speeches, and carried her off in triumph from younger and fonder wooers. She, silly one, thought she was entering on a life that would be sweetened all through with the honey of his words, and lighted up with love glances. He expected his first wife's loving care and submissive duty revised and improved in this younger one. They were both, of course, disappointed. She had a little girl baby, and she thought her husband

did not love her as he did his first wife's boys. To do Donald justice this was not so; he cared for no baby until it was old enough to amuse him. When they were coming to this country, seasickness pressed heavily on the little one. There were many kilted emigrants, all neighbors, who came out on the same ship with Donald—his companions and admirers; so Donald looked after his own amusement and took no special notice of the child. The mother, after a fruitless effort, ceased trying to make him notice, but nursed her bitter thoughts and her baby apart. When they got to fresh water the child did not rally; so the mother had no eyes for the strange sights and sounds that met them at Quebec. On the boat between Quebec and Montreal, Donald was less by her side than ever. As they steamed up the broad river there was ever changing scenery, strange and beautiful, to delight the eyes of the bard. The magnificent boat itself was, to his unaccustomed eyes, a floating palace of wonders. There were semi-sailor looking raftsmen returning from Quebec, with the hard-earned money that goes so easily, crowding round a pedlar of jewelry, purchasing sham rings, brooches, and other shining trumpery for sister or sweetheart at home; there were squaws, whose pretty baskets and nick-nacks, embroidered with beads, found ready sale, and the bar, that disgrace to steamboat companies, was not Donald's least attraction of all that was to be seen on board the big boat.

When they arrived at the limit of steamboat travelling, they got their luggage drawn for them and walked the remaining few miles. Donald, with swinging step, walked on with the company—the life of it—provoking the laugh he seldom shared. His wife followed wearily, with a bursting heart, carrying the dying child in her arms. There was a tempest of fierce wrath surging within her. Her life had been

all disappointment, her pride and his careless selfishness had for years been digging a gulf between them, and now she thought it would never be bridged more. Some of the women lingered behind with Mrs. Monroe, but could not prevail on her to share the burden of the child with anyone. On she plodded wearily, holding to her breast the only thing she had to love, feeling that it was fast slipping away from her, and she so powerless to prevent it. Before they reached their destination she saw the change come, and sat down on a bank on the roadside. The women, her companions, sat down beside her, as silent as Job's friends before they began to sympathize, and for the same reason, 'They saw her grief was very great.' Donald and some of his friends found them so, when they turned back impatiently enough, to see what kept them lingering behind, instead of stepping out like Highland women. To do Donald justice, he was sorry and ashamed both. When he went to touch the dead child, all the pent-up torrent of rage, jealousy and grief was let loose, and he bowed before the storm, making allowance for her bereaved rage that once. Since then she has never forgotten nor forgiven; and if ever he shows tokens of affection, which he never does except he has been drinking, all the old trouble breaks out again, to end as it has done now, in almost murder."

So we talked of Mrs. Monroe, her troubles and her faults, and she spun her thread and was quiet—the calm after the storm. In my frequent calls at the Squire's, I found myself often attracted to the room where Mrs. Monroe sat and spun. I had a secret pity and sympathy for this grey-haired Rachael, who sorrowed for her child with such fierce Highland love. Whether she felt my pity or not, she seemed to like me. I ventured to address her in a little bad Gaelic when no one else was by; she repaid me with

some not much better English; so on the strength of committing assault on the two languages we got to be quite good friends; so much so, that she often gave me some sound advice.

"Och, Miss Ray," she would say, "don't make the bad merrage. The man's very sweet first—plenty sweet worts for you; it's *mo gradh—mo run—a bhean—mo ghaol—O thusa a's aillidh am measc bhan!* (which, when freely translated is, my darling—my love—fair one much beloved—O thou fairest among women) but when you get man you have strong master—not care any how much breck your hert; have little chile to wither up in your arms." With the help of gestures she would get thus far in her exhortation, then she would be obliged to fall back to the Gaelic, and I would lose her entirely in the tender depths of her native tongue—the language, as Squire McPherson impressed on me, of love or war, triumph or worship. I made many endeavors to gather up as much of this beautiful, unknown language as would assure Mrs. Monroe that no poet or fiddler need attempt to win my heart with his false songs, but I always failed. My attempts pleased Mrs. Monroe very much; she understood enough to know that her advice made some impression on me. When she advised black-browed Merran, the damsel got angry and shook her tawny locks, and said, scornfully, to me, "As if I had a tongue could clip like her's, or any other man was such a scamp as Donald." Poor Merran! the singular union of fair hair and skin with dark eyes and eye-brows seemed prophetic. She eventually drifted down to Montreal, and when in service there married a negro coachman.

In the meantime the spinning went on and the Squire's wool, thanks to Mrs. Monroe, was in the hands of the weaver, while Donald Monroe's wool, a great pack of long white rolls, was still trussed up in its woollen covering, se-

cured against possible opening without leave by manifold pinning with sharp, spiky thorns. Out of this bundle was to have come, by the skill of his wife's fingers, a couple of new plaids of the clan tartan, and a web of cloth that in texture, color and finish was to throw all previous webs in the shade. No prospect of these now, while his wife spun at the Squire's instead of at her own fireside. She had no right to be there; the Squire had no right to harbor her, and make life from home so pleasant to her. It did not occur to him that it was his fault in any degree that his wife spun the Squire's wool instead of her own. He thought only of her implacable temper and sharp tongue, and the scandal, unpardonable in a Highland woman, which her escape had caused, of having her domestic sorrows spread on every fence, judged at every fireside. He relieved his feelings by composing a new song on the Squire, which became immediately popular, and was sung and whistled, and went circling round Glenshie as if sent round by the fiery cross. I knew it by the ringing tune, but never acquired such proficiency in the language as to be able to appreciate Donald's works. I was the great exception, for at the time I speak of, which was long ago, before the Dominion of Canada had become a thought, you might have travelled in Glenshie a day's journey and heard no language but Gaelic. It was the house language even at the Squire's. Very frequently there was a sermon in the school-house when the young preacher was able. Gradually, since he came to the place, an earnest, listening spirit seemed to be spreading in Glenshie. Alongside of this an angry, gainsaying, doubting spirit seemed to have taken possession of some; while the rollicking sinners, of whom Donald Monroe was type and leader, kept laughingly aloof and cared for none of these things. Indeed the question that troubled Donald most at this time was, that his wool was lying in

rolls while the wool of his enemy was in the hands of the weaver. This great grievance worked on his mind, until he determined to make an effort to get his wife to come home. One evening he went down to the Squire's and asked for his wife. She refused to see him, and this filled "to the highest top sparkle" his cup of bitter animosity against the Squire, who, he believed, was influencing her to stay and work there just to vex him. The Squire happened to come in just then, and the two men stood confronting one another—the Squire, who rather admired the bard, with cordial, kindly face; the poet in a white heat of passionate wrath.

"You are always preaching and praying, black Donald McPherson," he said, "and comparing yourself to David. You were never so like him as now when you have got my Bathsheba." With this Parthian arrow, Donald closed the door after him and stalked away, a grim smile dawning on his angry face. Mrs. McPherson did like a joke in a quiet way, so when the table was set for dinner, and the Squire waiting, Mrs. Monroe having not yet come, she would say to her eldest daughter, "Call now Bathsheba."

The unconscious Bathsheba lived on in her shelter, and her face began to look mild and peaceful, as if she were thoroughly enjoying her quiet life.

CHAPTER XXI.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn wildly sad.

—LONGFELLOW.

This strange young minister, who came among us as if he had dropped from the clouds, had come out from Scotland with his Bible in his hand to proclaim Christ in Canada, and to prove God if he would bless the message he carried or not. God had, they said, owned and blessed him wherever

his feet had stood. He got into the habit of coming into the school whenever he happened to be passing. Whenever he came, he took the Bible lesson into his own hands and made it a lesson never to be forgotten. Christ was not a speculative fact to this young man, but a friend without whose company he could not go anywhere. He lived as seeing Him who is invisible. He spent long hours in secret communion with God, looking forward to a season of private prayer as a lover to tryst. This was the report of him given by those Christian people who had the honor of his acquaintance, who had journeyed with him, or entertained him as a guest. They described him also as a man unworldly, uncalculating in a singular degree; as one who had as a little child accepted the simplicity of the Gospel. Hearing and believing all this, no wonder that his visits to the school were looked forward to with great gladness by me. Every Bible narrative, lit up by his acquaintance with the Lord Jesus, he rendered to us with the force of a personal recollection. His words had a vividness of coloring, a reality in them that went home to the heart. The children learned to look forward to his coming with as much eagerness as I did. We had our Bible lesson in the history of Job one day and I expected him to come, but he did not, to our great disappointment, and we had to go on without him. Next day at noon I was walking among the alders by the little river and I heard a subdued murmur near. I went over softly, saying to myself, "What mischief are they up to now?" Judge of my astonishment, a little cluster of children were gathered in an open space among the alders, holding a prayer-meeting! Alice Morrison was praying aloud. The dear, dear lambie had wants, and was asking God for supplies. I heard her say,

"O, Lord, make a fence about me, about every one of us, as you did

about Job, that the devil cannot get over to tempt us to do wrong. We want to say no more bad words, to think no more bad thoughts. We want to be like Jesus."

I slipped away quietly, for I felt that the place where they knelt was holy ground. At the next Bible lesson I asked Alice Morrison if she would like to suffer all the trials Job had to endure.

"It would not matter," she said, "if I was fenced in."

"How do you know he was fenced in? What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Satan complained of it," she answered. "He said, 'Hast thou not made an hedge about him?' He must have been trying to get over, and could not. I would like to be like Job, fenced in."

"God grant you your wish," I said, to myself, "and not to you only, but to me also."

In the meantime the harvest was being gathered in, many bees with much fiddling, dancing and drinking, being used as helps in the harvest labors. It is not at all uncommon to see people neglect work until they have to make a bee to catch up again. In spite of harvest hurries, there was a good attendance at every sermon. The boy-preacher, who was not very well, not having quite recovered from a sickness caught while ministering to the poor sick people in the emigrant sheds at Quebec, was still in the vicinity, preaching when he felt able, and wherever people would come to hear him, in the church, the school-house, a barn, or a grassy hillside. The young people of my acquaintance were all, as well as myself, among his regular hearers. Mrs. Morrison in her own peculiar way, protested against what she called our incessant church-going. She declared we would become as solemn as a set of sanctified owls. Her mission seemed to be to turn

everything into ridicule. All who attended the meetings were sham saints, who would be caught tripping some day. We were lineal descendants of Praise God Barebones,—would soon be snuffing texts through our noses with the genuine nasal holy tone. She took particular pains to draw me into argument on questions of historical fact connected with Bible narrative. I did not know what to say to her very often, for her arguments had been provided for her by Rousseau and Voltaire, of whom I knew nothing but their names. Her arguments, though clear, did not trouble me, for I had the remembrance of my father's life as an unanswerable argument to me. And God had seemed near to me all my life. The foundations of faith which she attacked stood firm, for I knew that my heart's cry after God had not been sent out into empty space, but to a living, loving All-Father.

How many different threads mingled to make the thread of my life. There was the secret hunger after assurance,—assurance of friendship with God, and being safely enfolded in His reconciled love and care. I wanted this to be a personal matter, a secret of the Lord between Him and me. Then there were my school duties, that were so responsible that I was getting quite staid and thoughtful under their influence. And the children, whom I loved, brought me into sympathy with their homes, where there was always some joy, or sorrow, or anxiety in which I was interested. I felt as if God was binding my life in among these families, and I was glad for this. I was thankful to feel that my sympathy was of value, even to Mrs. Monroe as she spun, and thought over her life sorrow. I would have fitted ill into the life of a hermit you see. I had not heard from Walter for some time and a thread of my life always twined about him. I knew very well that if his new

life went on and flourished he would grow unfit for his life at Mr. Ramsay's. Its bustle and driving were pleasant to him after his first flight from the home cage, but now he had a different estimate of life, and could not, I thought, conscientiously devote every waking moment to trade and money getting. If it is true that "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment," surely it is not right to live a life of exclusive scramble and scratch after dollars and dimes. And I was anxious to know whether he would slip back again into conformity with the life around him, or crave for a life more full of noble purposes and helpful deeds. Those who are determined to be hastily rich have to close their hearts against everything else and go over everything and through everything to the desired end. I was not, therefore, very much surprised when Walter came to me in the school one day to tell me he had left Mr. Ramsay's employ.

"I could not stay any longer," he said. "Every waking moment was claimed for business. I needed some time to myself since I found the Lord. We could not pull together as we should do. He wants his portion in this life; he wants it to be a large one; he wants it in a hurry, and he does not care how many lives he uses up to increase his gain. He was sorry to lose me, and we parted friends. I could help him once, I cannot now; I must have time to go apart awhile and examine the title deeds to my inheritance," and Walter turned his blithe, handsome face to me with a beaming smile. "Don't you think I did right, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, of course; I thought you had dreadfully long hours there. But, Walter, darling, what will you do?"

"One step at a time, Dame Durden. Don't fret for me. Our father's God reigns; all will come right. I am going over to Badenoch to see after a

vacant school. I can teach, I guess, till something better turns up."

"Nothing better will ever turn up for you," I said, firing up; "something different may. Teaching is as lofty work as preaching, if only one can do it for eternity, as work that will never need to be ripped out."

"You say you have no assurance, Elizabeth," said Walter, hastily; "I think you are a better Christian than I am."

"I like you to think well of me, Walter,—it makes me happy," I said; "but it does not matter, after all, what you think about me, but what God thinks."

"That's true," said Walter; "but, to change the subject, I am going over to Morrison's with you to-night. I hope they'll let me stay till morning."

"Of course they will. They are just as kind as ever they can be."

When we came into the lane we saw Mr. Morrison and the boys in the corn-field breaking off the ears. Walter jumped over the fence and ran to help them, and I went home. Next day Walter helped them to draw in the corn. At the house Mrs. Morrison and Mary were in a great bustle of cooking. The amount they accomplished—pumpkin pies, custard pies, and cake of every rustic description, flesh and fowl, cooked both ways, both roasted and boiled, like the potatoes at Ballyporeen—was enough to provision a small army. When evening closed in the barn-floor was piled up with corn in a great heap, and all the neighbors were gathered to free the ears from their envelope of husks. I went to the barn-door to have a peep at the huskers, was informed on by Mrs. Morrison, and captured and seated among them before I knew what I was about. Once I was in I was glad to be there. It was very pleasant to watch them and learn to help. The ears flew from the hands of the huskers to the growing heap with astonishing rapidity. Some

were clearing away the husks that threatened to bury the workers. Mr. Morrison kept watch that none but hard ears were thrown into the heap. Soft ears he carried away in an Indian-made basket to store in some other place as feed for his pigs. Jokes flew from lip to lip as the corn flew from hand to heap, tales were told, and songs were sung; and what was most astonishing to me, Walter was the life of the assembly. He sang "Paddy Carey," "The Wedding of Ballyporeen," "I'll hang my harp on a willow tree," and "Love's Young Dream," as if there was not such a thing as a struggling soul in the universe. I wondered at this. There was a keen lookout kept for red ears, which entitled the fortunate finder to kiss the lass he selected. Mrs. Morrison's curly-haired relative was convicted of keeping a red ear in his pocket and producing it as a new one occasionally.

Soon the great heap was husked, sorted and carried to the crib to Mr. Morrison's satisfaction, and they all trooped in to supper. The table was loaded abundantly with the results of Mrs. Morrison and Mary's skill, and the huskers did ample justice to the supper. After supper the room was hastily cleared, Mr. Morrison produced a fiddle, and dancing commenced. Mrs. Morrison produced a dirty pack of cards and started a number to play in another room, and brewed whiskey punch, which she served to all comers. I wandered about from one room to another. I had never before in my life seen dancing, and it seemed a little foolish. I had never seen cards played, and it horrified me. "Is it not awful?" I said to Walter, in a whisper.

"What? playing with that old pack of cards?—They are dreadfully dirty, but where's the harm? they are not gambling."

Mrs. Morrison noticed me standing in the door-way watching the card-players and quoted,

"All night long wi crabbed leuks
They pore ower Satan's picture-buiks."

"You are horrifying Miss Ray. See how solemnly she is watching you turning over the leaves of your father's prayer-book, good children of his that you are," she said to the players.

My mind was in a sore condition, and Mrs. Morrison exasperated me, so I wandered away from her to look at the dancers. My first look at dancing was disappointing. There was none of the supple movements, floating grace, fairy elegance I had read about. The broad-shouldered, heavy-footed young men danced as they worked, with a heavy heartiness that shook the house. The girls set to their partners with an earnest gravity that did not convey any great sense of enjoyment to me. They reeled, they turned, they crossed, they cleekit as earnestly as if they were to gain their living by it; as if they were more intent on seeing who would keep the floor the longest than in finding pleasure. And there were some disappointments, and cross purposes too, as there are everywhere. Pretty flaxen-haired Erika McLennan, who would have liked to dance and flirt with Angus McTavish, saw him sitting in a corner in earnest talk with his cousin, Mary Morrison, and she did not like it a bit.

"What can he see in that cross-eyed thing?" she asked of me. Big John McLeod, who would have laid his big body under pretty Erika's feet, could not win one kind look from the sunny, blue eyes that every now and then looked slyly after Angus. In spite of Mrs. Morrison's endeavors, the fun seemed to drag a little, or else the thoughts of my mind prevented me from entering into the enjoyment. I grew tired of watching them, having no part in the merriment, so I turned away and wandered down the little walk under the hop-bower with "What doest thou here, Elijah?" ringing in my heart. I wanted to reason with myself as to why I felt cross and out of tune with

the enjoyment within. I concluded I was unreasonable because I was at war with myself more than usual. I was leaning over the little gate all alone, when Erika McLennan danced along and caught my arm.

"Come here Miss Ray! come quick!" She hurried me to the door of the dancing-room to see Walter dancing a jig with Mrs. Morrison. It was too ridiculous. With all her weight and height she danced lightly and with more spirit and enjoyment than any girl there. When did Walter learn to dance? He had never seen dancing any more than myself at home, and there he was footing it as gaily as the best of them! "Aren't we a handsome young couple?" said Mrs. Morrison to me when she was cut out by little Erika. Mr. Morrison came to ask me to dance; he was a little drunk and a little too affectionate, but Mary interfered and I slipped away.

After all the rustic dances, eight reels, six nations, strathspeys, Irish jigs, and Scotch reels, had been danced, they arranged what they called a rabbit dance, which was a Canadian entertainment. Mrs. Morrison, whose blood was up, whirled me into it by strength of arms; it was no use to protest, or draw back, or plead inability. The dancers of the rabbit dance stood arranged in two lines. All sang together a French song, which they did not understand, that expressed the chase after the rabbit. The couple at the head of the line took hands and danced up and down the middle, then cast off, and the dance became a chase, the time quickening, as the hunt became exciting till the rabbit was caught. When every rabbit was caught in turn and the dance was ended, Mrs. Morrison pointed triumphantly to the clock. She had slyly stopped it more than an hour before. Watches were hauled up and examined; it was after twelve o'clock!

"This is what your new piety is

worth," she said. "Not one of you would join in the dance with the ungodly till Sunday morning came. Miss Ray especially only began to dance when she could have the luxury of breaking the Sabbath also. Let this be a warning to you all, not to think yourselves so much better than other people. You see you must either bring down your theory, or bring up your practice alongside of it."

"Theory and practice have nothing to do with the matter," said Walter, laughing to cover a little vexation; "none of us had second sight to see you stopping the clock. Besides, you

do not think that dancing is any harm."

"That's not the question," she answered; "if you are the children of God, and we are the children of the devil, you have no business seeking your amusements among us. People don't look for the living among the dead, do they?"

The assembly broke up as if they had been to meeting after this attack. I think that was Walter's last dance, though he reasoned, "I don't see the harm of it in itself. But that terrible woman has made my duty clear, and I thank her."

THE FOUR WINDS.

THE EAST WIND.

There came a wind up out of the sea,
 Out of its living and teeming breast,
 Where the great whales sport in their uncouth glee,
 And the flying-fish skims o'er the waters' crest.
 All day long had the sunbeams played
 Hide-and-seek with the clouds of the sky,
 And the waves had leapt up from light to shade,
 And from shade to light alternately.
 The wind sprang up from the foaming crest
 Of a wave as it broke in the joy of day;
 The life of the ocean was in his breast,
 And his wings were wet with the ocean's spray:
 His breath was fresh with the sea-flowers' scent,
 And his eyes were clear with the blue sea-light,
 And over the waters awhile he bent,
 Ere he rose like a giant to take his flight.

The earth lay heavy and bleak and cold
 Under a cloudy and sullen sky;
 Dead leaves and grasses covered the wold,

And the maple tossed skeleton arms on high,
 Skeleton arms and fingers bare,
 That clutched at a robin's deserted nest.
 No bird-notes thrilled through the death-struck air,
 And the babbling streamlets were all at rest.
 Over the head of each sleeping flood,
 Cold in the clasp of its icy tomb,
 Like funeral plumes, the great pines stood
 Silent, and solemn, and full of gloom.
 There was not a sound to disturb a sleep
 That seemed like the awful sleep of death,
 Till the East wind rose up out of the deep
 And the pines on the high peaks felt his breath.

Up from the breast of the tossing deep
 With a rush and a swirl came the living breeze,
 Over the face of the barren steep,
 Over the heads of the wak'ning trees.
 There was thunder of waters upon the shore ;
 There was crashing of falling rock and stone ;
 In the tops of the pine-trees a long, low roar,
 And the chains of the hill-streams were broken and gone.
 Down to the valleys they flowed apace,
 Down to the valleys the East wind swept,
 The wide plains shook with the sound of their race,
 And into the air the dead leaves leapt ;—
 Into the air, as the curlews wheel,
 When they scent the coming storm from afar ;
 Swash on the brooks, like a covey of teal,
 When the hawk in the heavens hangs poised like a star.

Deep in the heart of the woods the crow
 Heard the tumult and joyous shout,
 Branches were tossing above and below
 As he spread his broad wings and sallied out ;
 Branches were tossing, and tree-tops were bending,
 As the bird went shooting out into the air,
 Now curving on high, now sharply descending,
 Speeding he knew not, and cared not, where.
 Branches were tossing and rending and crashing
 As the strong wind rushed through the trees of the wood,
 But the current of life in their pulses was flashing
 And the heart of the maples grew sweet with new blood ;
 Whilst underneath, at their very feet,
 The frost-heaps began to heave and toss,
 Till there came a stealthy tremor and beat,
 And the violets glanced from under the moss.

The robins, hid in the Southern glade,
 Scented the salt sea-breeze of spring
 ' Let us go ' said they, ' to the nest we made

Mid the sweet-voiced maple's covering.
 Dear are the Southern woods, and dear
 Is the tender grace of the Southern flowers ;
 But the home that we love lies far from here,
 Vacant and sad through the winter hours !'
 And the swallows paused in their arrowy flight,
 As they saw, far off in the Northern sky,
 The dun clouds scattered to left and right
 At the sound of the East wind's clarion-cry.
 "Farewell," said they, "to the Southern domes,
 Farewell to the flow'ry Southern sod,
 For a voice cries out 'Come back to your homes
 That cling to the walls of the houses of God.'"

Out of the depths of the heaving sea
 Yearly there cometh up life to the earth ;
 Out of the depths of Eternity
 Every moment is added a birth.
 When the days are dark, and the ground is bare,
 When the desolate land is a wild-beasts' den,
 From the rolling sea comes the brooding air,
 From the womb of Eternity spring up men.
 Out of the depths of God's fathomless love,
 Out of His hidden Eternal mind,
 So, too, there come the winds that move
 Ears to the deaf, and eyes to the blind ;
 Though the heart be frozen, the soul be dead,
 And the foul fiends play in and out of the brain,
 The Spirit of God shall raise up the head,
 And the sere, dry skeleton live again.

So be it, oh Lord, in Thy mercy: so be it, oh Lord, in Thy truth ;
 Come Thou to the souls that are dying, and breathe in them vigor and youth ;
 Oh Wind of the Star of the East ! Oh Breath of the Heavenly Tide !
 Come up from the womb of the morning, and scatter our winter aside.

J. J. PROCTER.

JOHN LAW.

In these days of successful money ventures, made remarkable by the sudden eminence of Commodore Vanderbilt, Jim Fisk, jr., and Baron Grant, to say nothing of smaller and more local notabilities of our own, who for a lesser or greater time, with magnificence grander or smaller, may have played their parts and strutted their strut upon our more modest stage, it may perhaps not be uninteresting to cast a glance at the most successful financial adventurer perhaps the world ever knew.

John Law was born in Edinburgh in April, 1671. His mother was a Campbell, and descended from the famous house of Argyle; his father belonged to an ancient family in Fife, and had gained a considerable fortune in the exercise of his business of goldsmith and banker, two callings in those days not unfrequently co-associated. The father invested his fortune in the purchase of the estate of Lauriston in the parish of Cramond, which in due time was inherited by his eldest son John. Deprived, by the early death of his father, of the care and control which his excitable and erratic character rendered more than usually necessary, John Law seems to have availed himself but little of the advantages which his comfortable circumstances should have secured him in the way of education; and though he early gave marks of the keenness of intellect and aptitude for figures, which distinguished him through life, there was nothing which can be said to have foreshadowed the eminence to which he was destined later to attain.

No sooner had he reached his twentieth year than he hastened to London to enjoy the pleasures of life and waste his health and wealth in the vices and

indulgences which in those days, even more than now, marked the mode of living of the *jeunesse dorée* of the great metropolis. He at once showed great aptitude for all games of hazard, calculating the chances with marvellous quickness and exactness, and by that means made money not unfairly by his gambling. Even his winnings, however, on the board of green cloth, were not sufficient to meet the calls upon his purse by his other extravagances, and he was at one time on the eve of selling his estate; fortunately for him, his mother discovered his straits, and by relieving him of his embarrassments saved his property. His good looks, good manners and good address, and his fondness for gambling of all kinds, then a most fashionable vice, secured him an extensive circle of acquaintance among the leading young noblemen of London. His career of dissipation there, however, was not destined to be long-lived. On the 9th of April, 1694, the London public was startled by the rumor that Beau Wilson, one of the best known men about town, had had an altercation with John Law, been run through at the first pass and killed. The cause which led to the difference between these two has never been ascertained, though an anonymous work, published while Law was in exile, entitled, "The Unknown Lady's Paquet of Letters," professed to solve the mystery. According to the author or authoress, Beau Wilson was the *protégé* of the Duchess of Orkney, the King's mistress, who furnished him with all his money, the source of which was then, and ever has been since, an unsolved puzzle. The Duchess it would seem, after some time, tired of her friend and became fearful of discovery.

One night, so the narrator says, her informant, who had been a favorite with the Duchess, received orders from her mistress to introduce into her apartment a stranger. The stranger proved to be Law,—so the informant ascertained by eavesdropping, and to him the Duchess said :—“ Take this, and your work done, depend upon another thousand and my favor forever.” A few days after Wilson was killed. There may or may not be any truth in the story, and the quarter from which it came is evidently spiteful and vindictive. However, there is no record of Law having even contradicted a rumor which certainly was most hurtful to his reputation.

Beau Wilson succeeded in one of the ends beaux are supposed to have in view, and astonished London beyond all doubt. One fine day he set up as a gentleman of fashion, and soon became known as the best-dressed man, the man with the handsomest house, most sumptuous table, most expensive equipage, best hacks and hunters in the town. His hospitality was generous and his expenditure lavish, yet he had no known means of subsistence. Who he was, was no mystery; he was Edward Wilson, the fifth son of Thomas Wilson, Esq., of Keythorpe, Leicestershire, an impoverished gentleman. It was further known that he had redeemed his father's estate, and portioned off his sisters. He did not live by gambling, for he never played except for the smallest stakes; neither did he drink nor misbehave. His secret he always refused to impart to his friends, saying when they recommended saving and economy, that he could always have as much money as he wanted as long as he lived. After his death, only a few pounds were found, and no clue to the mystery. It was proved at the trial that Law, Wilson and a Captain Wightman had met at the “ Fountain Inn,” after which Captain Wightman and Wilson drove to Bloomsbury

Square. On alighting from their coach they saw Law. Wilson immediately drew his sword, then Law did the same. They passed once, and Wilson fell wounded in the stomach, and died almost immediately without saying a word. The jury evidently did not consider the duel a fair one, and brought in a verdict of murder. The King granted a reprieve, and Law succeeded in making his escape. A reward of fifty pounds was offered for his apprehension, in which he is described as “ a very tall, black, lean man, well-shaped, above six feet high, large pock-holes in his face, big, high nose, speaks broad and loud.” He had, however, made good his way to the continent, where he was safe, and when he returned to England more than a quarter of a century later, the King granted him a pardon which he pleaded at the bar of the King's Bench, being attended on that occasion by the Duke of Argyle, the Earl of May, and several other friends.

Law travelled over the continent for some time with no fixed purpose, and finally settled himself in Amsterdam, where he became a clerk of the President, and gave himself up wholly to the study of the Dutch system of banking. About 1700 he returned to Scotland, and immediately commenced busying himself earnestly with the reconstruction of the financial system of his native country. The result of his studies and experience had been to impress him with the conviction that all that was required to make a country rich was money. The mistake at the bottom of his system, which no one at the time pointed out, but which the progress since made in the study of political economy has to-day made elementary, is that he confounded capital with currency. He thought currency alone sufficed, forgetting that currency is but a means of exchange. This mistake, one that he never realized throughout his life, led him into all his trouble some few years later, and well-nigh

ruined the wealthiest country in the world. Law, to-day, would be called an extreme inflationist. He firmly believed that the more you extended paper-money, the more rich and prosperous the country, as a matter of course, must become; forgetting that currency can only represent capital, and that an unnaturally inflated currency must necessarily become a debased currency, and carry with it all sorts of obstructions and impediments to healthy trade and commerce. Soon after his arrival in Scotland he proposed a scheme for the formation of a national bank, which, however, did not succeed. The subject was again revived, and in 1705 he published a well digested pamphlet entitled, "Considerations upon Hard Money," which proved him to have studied with great care and assiduity a subject at that time but little known or thought of. This new plan was doomed to meet with the fate of his previous one. The Scotch were too canny to be experimented upon; they had no objections to the chestnuts, but were anxious to see them first drawn out of the fire by some other paw. Thereupon Law again left Great Britain, either driven away by disgust at the failure of an object he had much at heart, or, more likely, in consequence of a hint that he had drawn too much attention upon himself by the prominent part he had taken, and that it would be well to leave before Wilson's friends, who still felt very sore at his death, and wielded some influence, should take steps for his re-arrest.

To the continent, therefore, the young Scotchman once more turned his steps, hoping that he might perhaps some day succeed in inducing some one of the numerous states of Europe impoverished by the incessant wars of "*le grand monarque*" to give a trial to his wonderful system. In the meanwhile he turned his aptitude for calculations and figures to a profitable account by travelling with a faro-bank.

After a short stay at Brussels, he found his way to Paris, and established his bank in the house of Madame Duclos, who had succeeded with diminished honors to the pedestal just vacated by the celebrated Ninon de L'Enclos. He evidently understood his business thoroughly, and never began playing without at least a hundred thousand francs. So expensive was the style in which his game was conducted that his counters were of gold, some of them worth eighteen Louis. In such company and leading such a life, it is almost needless to add that he at once became an intimate friend of Philippe, Duke of Orleans, afterwards regent, a man of almost his own age, and through him became more or less well acquainted with the fast set of which the young Duke was at that time the leader. The French finances were then in the chronic state of chaos which marked the glorious reign of Louis XIV., and Chamillart, at that time in charge, was at his wits' end. Law proposed his wonderful system—it was rejected, because, he said, no one could understand it, and because the King hated him in consequence of his religion. The more natural reason perhaps is that, whatever the regent some years later might think, Louis the Great did not consider the runner of a faro-bank in a brothel a proper man to make a Minister of State. This view is somewhat strengthened by the fact that soon after M. d'Argenson, the Intendant of Police, sent Law word to leave Paris within twenty-four hours. The faro-bank, sixteen-louis-counters and all other paraphernalia had therefore to be packed in haste, and the unfortunate, misunderstood and persecuted financier, had to find his way to other and more genial climes. Italy seems then to have been the great rendezvous of gamblers, as Germany became in later days, and in Genoa and Venice, Law made lengthened stays—reaping, it was said, immense profits.

But he never lost sight of his main object, and every time an opportunity offered in the course of his travels, tried to establish his system, as he called it. His services were successively tendered to the Duke of Savoy and the Emperor of Germany, but without success, and he seemed doomed never to get the opportunity he so much wished for, when Louis XIV. died, and his friend Philippe of Orleans became regent.

The French finances, which were before known to be very much involved after the King's death, proved to be in inextricable confusion. Demorest had succeeded Chamillart, and had made things a hundred times worse by a system of borrowing, and pledging the revenue in advance to meet the loan. The consequence was that the Duc de Noailles, whom the regent placed at the head of the finances, found himself with his whole revenue anticipated, one hundred and forty-eight millions of current expenses to supply, and seven hundred and ten millions of royal stocks falling due. These figures of course mean francs; but the outlook was sufficiently desperate. The army was in arrear of pay and ready to revolt, commerce was ruined, and whole tracts of country depopulated. Such was the legacy which the triumphs of *le grand monarque* left France. Repudiation was strongly and openly spoken of; but to such a proposal the Duke of Orleans, to his credit be it said, never would listen. He had recourse, it is true, to some very arbitrary measures, such for instance as ordering the payment of the revenue into the treasury although pledged, which was a repudiation as to means and time of payment, and moreover had recourse to the then universal expedient of embarrassed governments, of raising by law the value of the coinage—this old, thread bare, dishonest means of avoiding monetary obligations by forcing the creditor to accept less than the value

of his debt, which a strong party are now advocating in the United States—a system which robs the creditor, lowers the debtor, and brings disgrace upon the country, besides shaking the whole national credit and causing tenfold more harm and loss than the actual unjust evasion brings relief. As a natural consequence also of the distress of the times, the unfortunate usurers, who had made fortunes out of the necessities of the State, were seized upon and made to disgorge. That was one of the risks they had in those days to run. A few centuries earlier, all the Jews would have been pounced upon in the name of Christianity and for the sake of the faith, and their riches confiscated to the State.

Law deemed the time favorable to return to France, and after realizing his gains, which were said to amount to two millions, came and established himself in Paris. This fact is worth remembering. Well-informed and careful historians, such as Schlosser, do not hesitate to describe Law as a "scheming Scotchman, who was speculating at the cost of the French, for he himself had nothing to lose." John Law brought to France two millions of francs, which he invested in real estate; he left France with eight hundred pounds in gold and a diamond ring worth from five to six thousand pounds, and he left in France real estate of the value of nearly eight millions of francs, which was most illegally and unjustly confiscated, and of which he never received one farthing. So that when the account comes to be struck between France and the scheming Scotchman, France got the better of him to the tune of the difference between two millions of francs and eight hundred pounds and a diamond ring. Law pressed upon the regent the advantages to be derived from a trial of his system, and the regent himself believing that nothing could make matters worse than they then were, having more-

over great confidence in the tact and sagacity of the man, consented. Even Schlosser admits that Law was generally recognized to be "a man of great experience in money affairs and in trade." The regent's approval having been obtained, on the second of May, 1716, seven months after the death of Louis XIV., an edict issued establishing Law's bank, with a capital of six millions, divided into twelve hundred shares of five thousand francs each.

The bank which he then established was very much the same institution we are so familiar with nowadays; it issued notes redeemable on demand in coin, received deposits, discounted paper, struck a balance every six months, and was managed by officers appointed by the shareholders by vote at the bi-yearly meetings. The bank proved a wonderful success, and was managed with marked skill. There was no limit to the issue of its notes except the amount of bullion it held to meet them. It was a favorite saying of Law, that a banker who had no money to meet his note deserved to be hanged, and as there never had been a moment's hesitation in paying in gold any bill presented, the confidence of the public in the solvency of the institution had in a very short time become confirmed, while the facilities and security which paper offered in lieu of metal for transportation, and the advantages for remitting afforded by the establishment of branch-houses at Lyons, Rochelle, Tours, Amiens and Orleans, made bank-notes in many cases far preferable to gold. Another cause which added much to the popularity of the paper of the bank was that it had been made payable with great wisdom, in coin of the value it bore the day of the issue of the charter, so that no further edicts debasing the coin could affect the value of the notes. This was no small advantage considering, what must seem almost incredible to us to-day, that in four years, from 1716 to 1720, the value of money was

changed no less than fifty times. In April, 1717, the bank having proved a success, and confidence being quite established in it, an edict issued allowing all the framers of the revenue and their subordinates to receive notes in payment of duties, and authorizing the officers of the treasury to give receipts for their value in specie. So strongly did this confirm the bank in public esteem, that with a capital of only six millions, it issued fifty or sixty millions of notes, without confidence in it being in the least shaken. Every day saw the demand for notes increase and the gold and silver deposits augment. The good results to the country became very perceptibly felt. Confidence was restored abroad, and once more commerce began to revive, the taxes were paid more easily and regularly, and while the *billets d'état*, issued to pay for the extravagance of Louis XIV., were at a discount of seventy-eight and a half per cent., Law's bank-notes reached fifteen premium.

So far nothing could be better than the course adopted by Law, and as Mr. Thiers says in his essay on the subject:—"If Law had devoted himself entirely to this institution, he would be considered one of the benefactors of our country, and the originator of a magnificent system of credit." Law, however, did not confine himself to his bank, which was in truth only one part of his system. To the bank he added the collection and disbursement of the revenue, the management of the royal mint, with the profits accruing therefrom, and finally an immense mercantile company, holding the monopoly of the Eastern and Western trade. The idea was gigantic, the result proportionately disastrous. In August, 1717, fifteen months after the first establishment of the bank, an edict issued forming the West Indian Company. To this company, for a nominal tribute of a gold crown of thirty marcs at the beginning of every new reign, was

granted sovereignty over Louisiana, which then comprised all the territory through which flows the Mississippi, and the exclusive right to the fur trade of Canada. The capital of the new company was one hundred millions of francs, divided into two hundred thousand shares of five hundred francs each. A clause was inserted in the charter allowing subscribers to pay one quarter of the subscription price in money and three quarters in State notes, which were then at a discount of seventy or eighty per cent. The company it was calculated did not require more than a fourth of its capital in cash, and the State paid four per cent. interest on the State notes. The arrangement was one favoring subscribers, by enabling them to pay their subscriptions easily and relieving the State of an immense burden, which hampered and obstructed public credit. The bank bought some of the shares, which at first were not in much demand and could be had below par, and invested its six millions in the Western Company. Meanwhile Law had made enemies, as all successful men are fated to do. The Duc de Noailles gave the first sign of hostility by taking umbrage at the favor shown by the regent to the stranger and resigning. He was succeeded by M. d'Argenson, who some years before, as Intendant of Police, had put a stop to the faro-bank at Madame Duclos, and notified Law to leave Paris within twenty-four hours. D'Argenson himself before long became jealous also, and sought by allying himself to the brothers Paris, three well-known financiers of high standing, to hurt Law and damage the standing of the company. The bank no one sought to injure, it stood higher than ever. The result of the union of D'Argenson with the Paris brothers was the formation of another company known at the *anti-system*. The Parliament also was induced to take part against the Scotchman, and in August, 1717, it repeale

the decree allowing the receiving of bank notes by tax-officers. This opposition, however, was neither very long nor very formidable. The regent summoned the members to the royal presence, having brought the infant king from Vincennes to Paris, and the Parliament, forced to come on foot to the Louvre, submitted to his will. For some months matters remained *in statu quo*, the bank flourishing and the company holding its own, though its shares had not reached par.

On the 4th of December, 1718, two years and a half after its creation, an edict issued converting the bank into a royal bank, and naming Law one of the directors. The original capital was repaid to the shareholders in specie. Never was a greater mistake made. Law himself saw it was an error, but he could not resist the regent, and was forced to acquiesce in a course the wisdom of which he seriously doubted. From that day his interest was more in the company than the bank, and as director of the royal bank he took steps which he never would have taken had the institution remained as it first was, Law's bank. In fact, it may not be too much to say that when the time came when a choice had to be made between saving the bank by cutting it adrift from the company, or risking the bank in an almost forlorn hope to save the company, the decision come to, and which proved so disastrous to the bank, was not a little influenced by the fact that the bank was the Royal Bank, the company Law's Company.

Having been freed of the responsibility of the bank, whose standing was so high that it was found necessary to increase its issue of notes to one hundred and ten millions, Law was at leisure to turn more of his attention to the affairs of the company. Emigrants were despatched to the colony with much notoriety and fuss. Reports of wonderful promise were industriously

spread far and wide. The religious cry was raised to stimulate the pious and move the bigoted. Beautifully executed engravings representing Indians trooping round the missionary fathers, and on their knees begging with tears in their eyes for the favor of baptism, were hung in the shops and exposed in the public places. Nor, when it became necessary, was the hand of the law withheld from those who ventured to question the statements it was to the interest of the regent and his friends to spread. On occasion, it was found force could be added to suasion. One old soldier, among others, named Cadillac, who had spent some time in Louisiana and knew the country, having ventured to assert that these reports and pictures were humbug, was sent to the Bastille there to study the advantages of prudence and silence. For the first time too, in the world's history, was an effort made to "bull" stock. Law openly contracted for a large amount to be delivered at a distant date at a price far in advance of the market price, and deposited a heavy sum as premium. Aided by these means, new in those days, usual enough now, the stock began steadily to advance. The bank also was found to be all the firmer for having successfully weathered a run made upon it by a combination of brokers, with the Prince of Conti at their head, who, having collected a very large quantity of notes suddenly demanded specie. The attempt failed, and resulted only in bringing discredit upon its authors.

In May, 1719, the charter of the West Indian Company was amended and enlarged, so as to include the two companies of the East Indies and China, chartered in 1664 and 1713, and the name changed to the Indian Company. This company now had the right of French trade in America, Africa and Asia. The issue of new stock, to liquidate the debts of the absorbed companies, was allowed under

easy terms—on condition, however, that every subscriber wishing to purchase new stock should first hold four shares for one of old stock. The venture seemed to be a favorite one with the public, and the stock went up almost immediately to fifty premium. Then came the final stroke of Law's policy or system. He had already secured the mint for the company, he now wished to secure the collection of the revenue, and for that purpose, as a return, offered to advance the State the fifteen or sixteen hundred millions, due partly in perpetual annuities and partly in State notes. For that purpose he proposed to issue additional stock, calculating with justice that the whole amount paid out to the creditors of the State would be reinvested in the stock of the company, the only investment that offered for so large a capital suddenly set loose. There was not, however, as much care taken as would have been advisable to manipulate so enormous a sum. In consequence those especially suffered who had to realize their annuities or State notes, before purchasing stock, as the delays incident to the transaction of so much business made the granting of the necessary certificates a lengthy operation. Meanwhile the speculators seized upon all the stock offered, forcing those who desired to purchase afterwards to pay a heavy advance. The issue of the new shares commenced the 13th of September, 1719, and in the month of December the shares had reached from thirty-six to forty times their first price. The fall was correspondingly fearful; in October, 1720, shares, which in the previous November had sold for eighteen thousand francs, were worth only two hundred, a loss of ninety per cent. The Wall Street of Paris in those days was *la rue Quincampoix*, situated between St. Denis and St. Martin streets. It has since disappeared, in the course of the changes which policy and chance have imposed upon Paris

At the best of times, it was but an unassuming little street in appearance but at one time a very important one in reality. In the beginning of the autumn of 1719, *la rue Quincampoix* may be safely said to have been the most influential and frequented spot in France. Men came there at day-break, took their breakfasts and dinners there, and, when the fever of speculation had somewhat subsided for the day, sat down to their cards there. For one species of gambling is sure to promote another. The streets leading to the little thoroughfare were blocked from daylight to dark. All the houses on either side of it were converted into offices for stock-jobbers, and the prices realized for rent may be guessed at by the fact that when the fever was at its height a hump-backed man cleared one hundred and fifty thousand livres in a few days, by letting his back as a writing-desk to the brokers. A cobbler converted his stall into an office by placing in it a couple of stools and a desk, and in return received two hundred francs a day. The street was crowded with persons of all ranks and ages, noblemen elbowed their way with day-laborers, master and servant struggled side by side, the greatest dignitaries of the Church and State were found intent upon the all-absorbing quest for gold, even women of the highest rank were to be found on the street gambling with the others. The fluctuations were immense, and the rise, because for three months it may be said to have risen steadily, enabled very large fortunes to be accumulated with wonderful rapidity. The terms of payment spreading over several months, and in numerous instalments, the first of which only was called for, seemed calculated for the very purpose of enabling speculators with limited capital to control large quantities of stock. Money was lent by the hour, and at exorbitant interest. One broker is mentioned who received an order to

sell some shares; for two days he was nowhere to be found. It was supposed that he had appropriated the money and run away; but at the end of that time he turned up and paid what he owed. In those two days, with the money received from the sale of the shares, he had made a fortune for himself. It was not unusual to hear of a million being made in one day, and servants became suddenly as rich as their masters. The story is told of Law's coachman, who, having made a fortune, asked for his discharge. Law said that he had no objection, on condition that he found a substitute; the following day the man made his appearance with two other coachmen, whom he said he could recommend as experienced drivers, and desired his master to take his choice as he intended to retain the services of the other for himself. Shares then were quoted at thirty times their original price.

It is needless to say that the most popular man in Paris was John Law. His progress was greeted with cheers wherever he went, and his house literally besieged by the first of the land. A duchess openly kissed his hand before a crowd of people, and he met from everybody with flattery and adulation enough to have turned almost any man's head. One lady, in despair at not being able to approach him, resorted to the extreme expedient of getting her carriage upset at his door in order to secure an audience—she was, as she deserved to be, successful, and doubtless secured some of the much-prized stock. Meanwhile, the regent, anxious to heap still further honors on the head of his friend, offered him the portfolio of Minister of Finance, on condition that he should become a Roman Catholic—a Protestant minister within thirty-five years of the *dragonnades* was of course not to be thought of. Law's scruples were not insurmountable, and l'Abbé de Teucin was commissioned to convert him. In a short time the conversion

was declared complete, and, at Melun, a small but olden town, twenty-eight miles from Paris, Law renounced the errors of Protestantism and was received into the bosom of the Church. Whether or not the Abbé turned to advantage the opportunities afforded him by his intercourse with the distinguished catechumen, and in exchange for his pious teachings received valuable hints to be turned to advantage in more worldly matters, we know not. One thing is certain, Law was converted and became Comptroller-General of Finances, *vice* M. d'Argenson, removed. It is to Law's credit that he did not allow himself even then to be unduly exalted by the adulation he received, but continued simple and unostentatious in his style and habits; though his influence was such, even beyond the limits of France, that he obtained the recall of the British Ambassador, the Earl of Stair, who had given him offence.

Law was appointed to the management of the finances on the 5th January, 1720, just as the tide of fortune was beginning to turn. With the opening of the new year, many of the successful stock-jobbers, who had realized large fortunes, and knew better than anyone how precarious was the investment they held, determined to sell their shares and purchase real estate. The demand for property became so great that land was driven up to four or five times its legitimate value, and stocks naturally felt a corresponding depression. Moreover, the extravagance of those who had made money suddenly had an injurious effect upon the prices not only of all luxuries, but even of the necessities of life—an effect to which the vast paper circulation afforded by the bank lent a strongly marked assistance. The poor naturally began to complain, and the stockholders, alarmed, only made matters worse by hastening to try and work off their stock. Moreover, the calls were falling due, and those who held more stock than their

means justified found themselves unable to meet their payments, and were in consequence obliged to sacrifice a portion of their shares in order to save the balance, because the neglect to meet a call carried with it the loss of the share and the forfeiture of the sums already paid. From the moment he came to power almost every measure Law took seems to have been a mistake, if we except an excellent pamphlet entitled "Letter to a Creditor" which he published, and the effect of which was for a time not only to stop the decline of the shares, but even to revive the market. His first edict was one establishing by law the value of the bank-note at five per cent. over the specie in which it was redeemable, a most arbitrary proceeding; the next to prohibit the exchange of specie between towns; others followed prohibiting payments in specie except in small sums, forbidding the holding of gold or silver in quantities over five hundred francs, interdicting the purchase or display of jewels or precious stones, and finally rendering penal the manufacture of articles in precious metal. This last was directed against a practice coming into vogue of manufacturing pieces of furniture of silver and gold as one means of securing bullion in a transportable form. These vexatious regulations were made still more onerous by advantages held out to informers, which resulted in a universal and widespread system of spying. If anything these measures only tended to make matters worse. Instead of detaching the bank from the company and letting the latter sink, Law knit them more closely together, and the consequence was that the bank-notes met with the same fate as the shares, and in spite of every effort to prevent them, sank very rapidly in public esteem. On the 17th July, 1720, a rush was made to secure coin for ten-franc notes, the only denomination of bank-notes which was still redeemable in specie. In the tumult and

crush, three people were suffocated. More was not required to cause a riot. The mob seized the bodies and started for Law's residence; but Law in the meanwhile had received warning and fled to the Palais Royal to seek protection from the regent. To the Palais Royal the mob therefore directed their steps. There they were met by the Chief of Police, who with a few words appeased them and sent them away. Law's life was no longer safe. A gentleman mistaken for him was pulled from his carriage, his carriage torn to pieces, and himself put in great danger, before the mistake was discovered. From July to November Law remained in the Palais Royal. Then, the system having completely failed, an order having issued to convert the bank-notes into annuities, and a general *visa* of the affairs of the company commenced, he felt he could remain no longer. His passports were furnished him by the regent the moment he asked for them, and in the carriage of Madame de Prie, the mistress of the Duke of Bourbon, who had been made rich by the system, with eight hundred louis and a diamond ring worth a few thousand pounds, John Law fled from France and in safety reached Brussels. For some months he travelled through Europe. Then he paid a visit to England, where he received the King's pardon for the murder of Wilson. After a short stay he returned to the continent and settled permanently in Venice, where he died in 1729. He left behind him only a few

pictures and his ring, which he was in the habit of pledging when pressed for money. He supported himself during the latter portion of his life, as he had done during the early, by gambling. The whole of his vast estate in France was confiscated without any very apparent justice. The Duc de Bourbon and the Prince de Conti, and the hundreds of other noblemen who had made immense fortunes out of the "system," were allowed unquestioned to retain their spoils. All that Law asked was a beggarly yearly allowance of thirty thousand francs, about one and a-half per cent. of the fortune he had brought with him. His request was admired on account of its moderation, but never granted.

Such was the career of John Law. For four years he was beyond question the most influential financier in the world. He made immense fortunes for all his friends, and finally died only one step removed from want. The following genealogy of the "system" was posted on the walls of the streets of Paris:—

Beelzebub begat Law—Law begat Mississippi—Mississippi begat the System—the System begat Paper—Paper begat the Bank—the Bank begat Bank notes—Bank notes begat Shares—Shares begat Stock-brokerage—Stock-brokerage begat the Register—the Register begat the Account—the Account begat the general Schedule—the Schedule begat Zero—from whom all power of reproduction was taken away.

THE NEW HOME.

BY "CORINNE."

The old home was broken up. Father, mother, sisters, and brother were all gone; and Annie Phurnbert was alone in the world. Alone in the world? with so many millions of beings breathing the same air, holding the same hopes and aspirations, moved by the same fears and sorrows? It seemed a strange thing to say, and when she had said it she thought with a new spring of hope in her heart that there must be some place for her in such a big world, and some one for her to love. She knew that there were relatives away in England, but they were too far away in all respects to be much use to her. Her father, an officer in the army, had come out to the provinces when she was a little girl, and she remembered very little of her native land, or the relatives—none of them very near,—that they had left behind. It was little wonder that she felt sad and lonely. Five years ago, when they came to Halifax, they had been an unbroken family; since then, first her eldest sister, and then her young brother had been cut off by a fever which had swept through the house. After that, with a fatality that is not infrequent, death, having made a breach in the family, continued his dread visits until the mother and the only remaining sister, and last of all the indulgent, loving father, were gone, and only Annie remained.

Captain Phurnbert had made the best provision his means allowed for her, but it was small, and she found that she must do something for herself. Fortunately her education had been thorough and sound, and she had no fear but that she would do well as a teacher,

either in a school or family. Her heart inclined strongly to the latter, for she was a loving domestic little creature, and she thought it would seem more homelike so. She had heard of a place that it seemed likely she might get. Mrs. Corbett, an officer's widow, wanted to get private instruction for her two young daughters, and Annie roused herself from her sad thoughts and went to see if she and the place would suit each other. She was away for some time, and when she came back the old servant, who had been with the family for many years, met her anxiously and asked how she had succeeded.

"It's all settled nicely, Emma," she said, as she threw off her black shawl and bonnet, and sat down by the fire, "Mrs. Corbett seems very pleasant. I think she thought me rather too young and inexperienced, but I hope I shall disappoint her in that respect; and it is better than to have her think too well of me, and so disappoint her that way."

Annie said nothing of the difference that her young looks made in the salary, for she thought within herself, "Emma would feel indignant at my going out for so little, but it doesn't really matter; I am not wholly dependant on it fortunately, and if I am found to be worth more after awhile, I dare say Mrs. Corbett will give it. I must try and do my very best, and I think they will be very kind to me."

Mrs. Corbett had two grown-up children, Belle and Robert. Belle was a little older than Annie, and appeared to be a nice girl. Annie had been slightly acquainted with her for a year or two, and looked forward with some

pleasure to her company. Robert was in some office, Annie scarcely knew what, only that it was something in the shipping way, and was not much at home. The two little girls were pleasant and teachable, and Annie was as comfortable as she could have reasonably expected to be in what is always a more or less trying situation. Mrs. Corbett was rather too fond of finding fault, and had an unpleasant way of reminding Annie that she was only a governess, but at the same time she was kind to her, and sometimes took her more into her confidence than she did her own daughter. She respected her for her thoroughness and decision of character, and was too just and sensible to try to keep her down in any social way, but she had always a jealous fear that people would find out that Annie's family connections were superior to her own, and would show her more favor than they did Belle and Robert. Sometimes this fear partially overcame her natural sense of justice and kindness, and Annie's position would have been painful but for Belle who, though rather weak and easily influenced, was very affectionate, and felt a great deal of pity for the orphan girl. When Annie had been with the Corbetts a little over a year, Robert one day brought home Mr. Charles Warrenne, an Englishman, living somewhere in New Brunswick. His father had been acquainted with Mrs. Corbett years ago in England, and the young people of both families had met several times and renewed the bond of friendship between them, but this was the first time Mr. Charles had visited the house, and Mrs. Corbett's importance and half-confidences made Annie's position peculiarly trying during the few days of his visit. She did her best, however, to keep her temper and attend to her duties; to be on hand when she was wanted, and out of the way when she was not wanted; and the visitor being a man of discernment and taste went home with his thoughts

full of the good, patient little creature. Annie was bound to acknowledge that his visit had been a pleasant thing to her in spite of all she had to bear, and as Mrs. Corbett's manner did not improve after he left she felt very dull and almost unhappy. It was worse as the spring came on, and she found that she was expected to give a great deal of help in the sewing, of which there seemed to be an unusual quantity. Annie was not a delicate girl, but the spring months were very trying to her health, and she found it very hard to have to spend so much time in the house and at work, when she wanted to be out in the air and resting. Belle took pity on her sometimes, and insisted on her going out, and Annie was thankful to her for her thoughtfulness, which if rare was perhaps the more appreciated on that account.

One day, in the early part of the summer, she took the two little girls and went out for a long walk. When they were returning, and were not far from home, Annie heard a quick step behind them, and one of the children looking round, exclaimed, "Why, it's Mr. Warrenne!"

Annie started, and turned to meet his dark eyes fixed with a look of interest and enquiry on her. He looked pleased at meeting her, but was concerned to see her looking so pale and thin, and she felt more touched than she would have liked to own by his kindly manner. He walked home with them, and went in to see the ladies, but declined Mrs. Corbett's invitation to stay with them while he was in the city.

A few days after this Mrs. Corbett came into the school-room where Annie was sitting alone, correcting some of her pupils' exercises; and sitting down drew out her work, and seemed to have settled herself for a chat. Annie put away her paper and pencil, and took up some flouncing that she was hemming for one of Belle's summer dresses.

"That's right, Annie; get on with

that as fast as you can," said Mrs. Corbett, "for there's no knowing how soon Belle may want her dresses."

"I suppose you know," she went on after a little pause, "that we have been acquainted with the Warrennes for many years. They are old, very old, friends of ours, and we have a great respect for them.

Annie felt ashamed of the little pang of jealous regret that this information caused her, and assented as pleasantly as possible.

"I had not seen any of them for some years before last winter, but Robert has visited them, and Charles met Belle when she was staying with some friends in St. John, so I was not at all unprepared for his visit. I don't think Belle was, either."

This time Annie could smile and feel no pang. Mrs. Corbett had gone quite too far, and if she were trying to deceive Annie she failed in the attempt, but Annie gave her credit for sincerity and believed that she was deceiving herself. She felt that there was some deceit in the matter, for she had seen Charles each day since he came, and there was something in his looks and manner that told her a little secret.

"He is a most noble young man," Mrs. Corbett went on, keeping her eyes fixed on her elaborate sewing, "but unfortunately people don't understand him. He has such a kind respectful manner towards young ladies that they are often ready to take his attentions for more than they really mean, especially if they have a pretty good opinion of themselves."

Annie smiled no longer. This was becoming serious. Of course Mrs. Corbett meant something, and for half a moment Annie *doubted*. Truly, there was nothing but his manner to make her think that Charles cared particularly for her, and she might have mistaken it, but the doubts all cleared away with a moment's reflection. She had read of two hearts being severed by some

such words as these she had just heard, but she would not be so easily persuaded to suspect him to whom she had given her fresh guileless heart unasked. It was too late now, she told herself, to be on her guard. Having trusted him so long, she might as well go on trusting him until—until she could do so no longer. In the midst of these thoughts she wondered how she should tell Mrs. Corbett that Mr. Warrenne had asked her to walk with him this afternoon, without seeming to be very obtuse or very insulting. Before she could decide, she heard a ring at the door, and feeling sure that it was Charles, she rose, and saying quietly, "Mr. Warrenne asked me to walk with him this afternoon, Mrs. Corbett, and, as it is near the hour he appointed, I think that must be he at the door," left the room.

Mrs. Corbett was too utterly astounded to say a word, and Annie was nearly ready before she recovered herself sufficiently to be able to go down and see the gentleman. He turned towards the door eagerly when it opened, and she must have been very stupid if she had not seen that he was disappointed, but he rose and spoke to her with that "kind, respectful manner" that she had spoken of.

"I asked Miss Phurnbert to let me have the pleasure of showing her a view that she tells me she has not yet seen, Mrs. Corbett," he said, in that frank pleasant way of his that was so irresistible, and Annie's entrance the next moment left no time for Mrs. Corbett to say a word, so they departed leaving her in no enviable state of mind.

Annie could not enjoy the first part of her walk very much for thinking of her. She fancied that she must have appeared disrespectful or bold, but she had not meant to. Mrs. Corbett had never interfered with her comings and goings after her day's duties were over, excepting in busy times like the past

two months. Indeed, it had been agreed between them at the first that she should have so much freedom. Charles saw that something was wrong, and exerted himself to the utmost to make the walk pleasant to her. They left the city behind them after a while, and by-and-by coming to a pleasant shaded road commanding a beautiful view they sat down to rest and enjoy it. After a little pause, during which their eyes were busy feasting on the beauty of the snowlit scene, Charles said suddenly, "Is it pleasant for you at Mrs. Corbett's, Miss Annie?"

"Oh, yes," she said, a little hesitatingly. "They have been kind; but, of course, it's not like home."

"What is home?" he asked, with a smile.

"Home is where our loved ones are," she answered, with a sweet gravity that showed she could bear to speak of those she loved, even though they were no longer inhabitants of earth.

"Where are your loved ones, Miss Annie?" asked Charles presently, in the same grave tone which she had used.

"Most of them are in heaven," she said, turning to him with a tender look in her soft eyes.

"It must make heaven seem nearer and more real to have dear friends there."

"Oh, yes. I think no one can think of it with so much pleasure who has not one treasure laid up there."

"And yet," said Charles, thoughtfully, looking away over the sparkling water, "ought not Christ to be more than all? He is there, and is precious to all true believers."

"Yes, but there are the old familiar faces and voices," said Annie, with a great throb of gladness at her heart at hearing him talk in this strain. "When I was away at school, and going home for the holidays, the more there were at home to welcome me, the happier I felt,

though father and mother were there all the time."

There was a long silence after that until they rose to go home. Then suddenly, without a word of preparation, Charles drew the girl towards him and said, "They are not all in heaven, are they, Annie? Is there one on earth? Could I make a home for you, no matter what kind of a place it might be? It would be the happiest thing in the world to me to be able to make you happy. Could I, do you think?"

"You do," whispered Annie. "I should be happy anywhere in the world with you."

Annie was surprised to find Mrs. Corbett take all that had happened very quietly. In fact she did not know what to say. She felt so ashamed of the part she had played in the affair that she would gladly have got rid of Annie then and there, but she felt that she could not send her away, nor quarrel with her, for she had much more reason to quarrel with herself. She was so distant in her manner that there was no chance for Annie to tell her or any of them of her engagement. In her last interview with Charles before he left Halifax, he said, "I wish I could take you home with me now, but we live in such a little place, all of us together, and I don't want to take you there. There is a new house building, big enough for all of us, and when it is finished—" His eyes and the clasp of his hand said the rest, and they parted to look forward to, and prepare for, next spring.

Poor Annie needed something to look forward to, for her position became more and more painful as time went on. Mrs. Corbett was frigid in her manner; Belle was kind and petulant by turns; Robert took no notice of her at all; and even the children treated her in a different way to what they had before. They all chose to ignore the fact of her engagement, and it was very trying to her affectionate

nature to be treated so. At first it seemed strange to her that Belle should be kinder to her than all the rest, but at last she came to the conclusion that she had not cared for Charles particularly, but had been persuaded by her mother and brother to look upon him with favor, and to take his visits to herself. As the months passed on matters grew worse and worse, and Annie longed for the time that would set her free. She had informed Mrs. Corbett of her desire to leave in the spring, and from the manner in which the information was received, she supposed that she was to be borne with as a necessary evil until that time. She bore with all that came with the utmost gentleness and meekness until Robert changed his manner from silent disdain to open insolence. Then her spirit rose, and feeling that she was not called upon to bear any longer what Charles would not have let her bear for a single day if he knew it, she left her situation and went to a boarding-house kept by a widow lady with whom she was slightly acquainted. Charles was very much surprised a day or two after, by receiving her weekly letter two days earlier than usual, in which she told him all about it.

"I am so sorry to have to worry you about it, dear Charles," she said, "when I know you have so much else to think about, but I had to tell you not to address your letters to Mrs. Corbett's any longer. I think I shall be very comfortable here. Mrs. Beatty is glad to have me, and she thinks I can assist in a school near here for a few months."

When Charles told his people at the tea-table, when he got home, of what had happened, they all cried at once, "Oh, go and bring her home to us, Charles. Don't wait for the new house. Poor little thing! she would be happier here with us, even in this house, than there with strangers."

And Charles was only too glad to obey; so on the day that Annie expected his letter, and was just setting

out for the post-office to get it, she met him at the door. The poor, little, patient soul was so overcome at the sight of him that she burst into tears, and he, seeing that the parlor was empty, drew her in there and shut the door.

"Don't cry, my darling," he whispered soothingly, kissing her sweet, paleface; "I'm come to fetch you home. We are not going to wait for the new house now; they all want you at home."

"Oh, Charles!" she said, clinging to his neck, "how good you are, how good every one is to me!"

"Except the Corbetts," he said, smoothing her soft hair back from her brow, and looking down at her fondly. "Why, my little Annie, how thin you are! You should not have stayed there so long if I had known this. You ought to have told me before."

"Never mind now," she said brushing away her tears and giving him one of her bright looks; "I'm well and happy, and I don't mind anything now you are come."

"Well, I'm not going to leave you any more. At least not for long. I must leave you now for about an hour, and when I come back will you be ready to go out with me for a little while?"

"Yes," she said, not in the least suspecting what he meant.

He came back within the hour, and finding her ready, they started at once.

"Say good-by to it," said Charles as they left the house.

"Why, where are we going?"

"You will see in a few minutes," he said, smiling and squeezing her hand, and though she trembled a little, and her cheek flushed, she made no demur, but went gladly where he led her. There was afternoon service at the church she attended that day, and it was just commencing when they went in and joined the few worshippers that were there. It was quieting and comforting to Annie to join in that service

just then, when she was feeling how alone in the world she had been. It seemed to bring the Universal Father nearer to her. They sat still in the retired corner pew until every one was gone but the minister, and then Charles quietly led Annie to the altar, and the solemn words were pronounced that made them one. Then he took her to his hotel, and leaving her comfortably established in the parlor, went to Mrs. Beatty's to explain. When he came back he was glad to find her in sole possession of the parlor, and he held her in his arms with a possessive clasp that made her feel safe, and rested, and glad. "My little wife!" he whispered, and she felt that it was the dearest title in the world.

They spent a few days in Halifax, doing some shopping, Annie helping Charles cleverly to execute the few commissions he had undertaken for his mother and sisters, and then started for home. It was not then the short journey that the railway now makes it, and Charles had plenty of time to tell Annie a good deal about her new sisters and brother.

"Miriam is older than you are," he said, "and she has had a great deal of trouble in an unfortunate engagement, so she will want a great deal of love and sympathy, and some forbearance from you. I won't tell you more about her trouble, for I hope she will tell you herself; it would do her good. Ellie is a bright, lively, little body, perpetually getting into trouble with Miriam over her lessons and music, and Tom is just nobody at present; that is, he is just at that stage when the less notice you take of him the better he likes it."

Annie acted on this hint when at the last stage they found Tom waiting for them with the sleigh, and greeted him as if she had known him all her life, by laying her hand on his shoulder and saying, "Well, Tom, here we are." He liked that, and was glad that Charles prevented his saying anything, by

lifting Annie at once into the sleigh and tucking the robes about her. It was a cold afternoon, and they had a long drive, but Annie felt very comfortable wrapped in the beautiful furs that Charles had bought for her, and skimming along over the hard-frozen snow that "scrunched" and cracked under the runners. They were very near their journey's end, and Charles had just said, as they began to mount a little hill, "In a few minutes more we shall be home," when a heavily-laden sled came in sight over the brow of the hill, and they had to turn out of the road and wait for it to pass. In doing so one of the runners sank down in the deep snow, and before they knew where they were they found themselves upset. No one was hurt, and they struggled to their feet laughing merrily at their disaster. As soon as the sled had passed, Charles went to the horses' heads, to lead them back to the road, and in doing so he found that some part of the harness was broken by the overturning of the sleigh, and would take some time to put in order.

"So you must run home without me, little wife," he said; "run now, before you get cold, and Tom, you go with Annie and show her the way."

They started off, walking briskly up the hill, and then running until they were in sight of the house; then Tom said, unceremoniously, "That's the house,—go in at the little gate," and darted off to help Charles, leaving poor Annie to introduce herself to her new relatives. She was spared any embarrassment, however, for one of them had seen Tom's abrupt departure, and they were all waiting at the door to welcome her, and ask eagerly what had happened.

"Nothing is the matter," she said, breathlessly, as Mrs. Warrenne kissed her, looking at her anxiously all the while, "but we upset, and there was something wrong with the harness, and Charles had to stay and put it right,

and he wouldn't let me stop in the cold."

"I must go and see if I can help," said Mr. Warrenne, when he had given her a hasty welcome, and so she was left to her new mother and the two girls; and how they took possession of her! bearing her off up to her bedroom, with its blazing wood-fire, to take off her things, and then down again, and out to the bright kitchen where supper was preparing, and everything looked so cosy and pleasant, before she well knew where she was. Then in a few minutes the men came in, and after receiving and returning his mother's and sisters' warm greeting, Charles took Annie up in his strong arms, and carried her back upstairs with him. Putting her down in one of the big rocking-chairs before the fire he asked her how she liked it.

"Oh, it's the loveliest place I was ever in!" she cried, with happy tears in her eyes, "and you're the dearest husband, and oh! I'm so happy I don't know what to do."

He saw that she was overwrought, and judging that nothing would calm her as quickly as a few words with the Friend who had given them to each other, they knelt down hand-in-hand, and asked for a blessing on their coming home. Not to themselves only, but to everyone; and Annie's heart truly echoed the prayer, and she asked to be taught how to be useful to those she had come amongst. Then they went down to their merry, chatty supper, to the pleasant evening talk round the fire, to the family prayers, and so their coming home was accomplished.

Annie's prayer for usefulness was answered very soon. She began with Tom, and found a better way to treat him than to take no notice of him. She drew him out, and encouraged him to talk of his wishes and tastes, and showed him what he was capable of. She had some books that had belonged

to her own brother, some that Tom had never seen, and she brought them out, and not only lent them to him, but read them with him, and they soon became excellent friends. And meanwhile she thought she saw a way of helping Miriam and Ellie at the same time. Miriam was Ellie's teacher, for though there was a school in the district, it was both too far away and of too mixed a character to be a good one for Ellie, and Miriam had been very well taught in most essential things; but for all that she was not at all a good teacher. Like many people who are thorough in all they know or do, she expected too much of her pupil, and had no patience with slowness or forgetfulness. And poor Ellie's troubles did not end with her lessons. There was no servant kept in the house; indeed there was none to be had up there in the woods, so the women folk did all the house-work themselves. Miriam was a splendid house-keeper; nothing that passed through her hands was ever slighted. She could go on day after day, performing all her self-imposed duties, disdaining all desire for change, and hating any interference, and she expected that Ellie would do the same with the few light easy tasks assigned to her. She seemed to Annie to be an embodiment of the law, and her grand Hebrew name, and full, rich, dark style of beauty helped out the fancy. Mrs. Warrenne was much the same as Miriam in expecting at the same time, too much and too little of Ellie; but she was more apt to relent and forgive any shortcomings, and often, to Miriam's great annoyance, overlooked real neglect and indolence without sufficiently enquiring into the matter. Poor Ellie hated the light easy tasks, and would sooner have washed and scrubbed sometimes, if she had worn the skin off her fingers to do it, than have been kept perpetually at the dusting, setting tables, and wiping dishes. It takes an outsider sometimes to see these things, and it was a

blessing for all of them that Annie came among them, a clear-headed, thoughtful Christian woman. The existing state of things in the house only troubled her until she saw a way out of it.

"Miriam," she said one afternoon when the two were enjoying a cosy chat over their sewing up in Annie's room, "I haven't enough to do. You won't let me have much of the housework, and I've been used to teaching so long that I miss it. I like teaching so much. Will you let me have Ellie? Do you think she would like it?"

"Like it! I should think she would, and as for me, it would seem like—oh, I don't know what, almost *too* good. I *detest* it, and I know I'm not a good teacher. I've been thinking of asking you to take her for music, for I don't know enough about it myself to teach her much further, but I didn't know whether you would like it."

"I should like to take her altogether if you don't object. I'll begin to-morrow."

Ellie was delighted from the first with the change. She and her teacher were on the best possible terms with each other, and there was a great deal of laughing to be heard in the sitting-room during lesson hours.

"You haven't a bit of dignity, Annie," said Ellie, looking up from her history lesson, which she had seated herself on the floor with her back against Annie's knees, to learn. "Miriam used to make me sit up straight on a chair, and I couldn't convince her that I could learn better down on the floor or up on the arm of the sofa. I like the floor best for history, when I can brace my back up tight against something."

"Well, take care that you learn it then, or else perhaps I shall take the hint and make you sit up straight if you don't behave well."

"I wish these old French verbs could be set to music," she said another time, pounding on her book with both fists.

"I should like to throw the book in the fire; may I, Annie?"

"No, I object," said Annie, taking it from her hand. "Let me see, couldn't we set them to music? It is easier to learn words by singing them. Suppose we try."

Mrs. Warrenne and Miriam hearing the laughing and singing, wondered what could be going on, and thought it rather a ridiculous idea when they heard of it, but Ellie complained no longer of her French verbs.

"Annie," she said one day when lessons were over, "I wish you'd show me how to do that pretty cardboard work. I should like to make a bookmark for pa by his birthday."

"Yes, I will with pleasure," said Annie, "if you will please Miriam by keeping your music in better order, and dusting the parlor better."

"I would, to please you, Annie, but I don't care about pleasing Miriam," said Ellie blushing at the rebuke. Then, half-frightened and very much ashamed of her outspoken bluntness, she added, "Oh, I'll do it without being bribed. I won't neglect it so again."

Through the long winter there was very little chance of going to church. There were many stormy Sundays, and on those days the law, represented by their mother, was very trying to Tom and Ellie. Annie soon found that Ellie was in the habit of stealing away to while away the long hours with some book forbidden for Sunday reading. How Tom spent the time she was afraid to enquire too closely, and this state of things distressed her. Sunday was such a blessed day to her. For one thing Charles was at home all day, and after family prayers were over in the morning, if they could not go to church, she had him all to herself for an hour or two, while Miriam and Mrs. Warrenne did up the work that had to be done, and Mr. Warrenne examined Tom and Ellie in their catechism and Bible history. Then they all assembled

in the parlor for an hour, and Mr. Warrenne or Charles read to them. After this they were all thrown upon their own resources, and the children found it a very long and tedious day unless they could find some secret enjoyment or occupation. Annie was determined to do something to improve matters, so, armed with a book of sacred poems, another called "Steps to the Bible Mine," a little book calculated to draw out a child's knowledge of Bible subjects, and a beautifully illustrated "Pilgrim's Progress," she made an attack upon them, got them into an animated conversation, and kept them interested until she thought that, "Father must have finished his nap, and should they go down into the parlor and sing some hymns?" Tom didn't care about that. Hymn tunes were so dull, and he didn't know many either; but Annie persuaded him, and they went down. Annie had been a Sunday-school teacher, and knew a number of the sort of hymns children, and especially boys, like to sing. She taught them to Tom and Ellie, and they learned them very quickly. Then she set one of Mr. Warrenne's favorites, "Away with our sorrow and fear," to a spirited tune, and all the family joined in singing it. Miriam had a very good voice, but it wanted training, and Charles could sing well, so Annie hunted up some grand old hymns and anthems, and practised with them for Sunday evenings.

Then, to keep all this from losing its charm, she used a little of her own small private income which Charles wished her to save or spend according to her fancy, in such a manner as she thought would do the most good to them all. She replenished her stock of music, and then there was a beautiful magazine that she knew she and "father" would enjoy together, another that would just suit Charles and Miriam, and another young enough for Ellie and Tom, and yet not beneath "mother's" reading

and enjoying. It was money well invested, for it let in a constant flow of new ideas, or old ones in a new and attractive dress, and gave them all something to talk about.

"Little missionary, how does it work?" asked Charles in a low voice, when she joined him in his quiet corner one Sunday evening. "I'm sure if mother is the law," he had found out that little fancy of hers, "you are the missionary bringing the Gospel to these little heathens. I saw the want of something long ago, but I didn't know what to do. You brought a blessing to the house, my little wife. But I have a plan to propose. Will you turn the children over to me sometimes for part of the afternoon, and go and talk to Miriam a little? She goes off out in the kitchen and broods over her wrongs all Sunday afternoon."

"But would she like it?"

"Oh yes, she only wants some one she can talk to."

So the next Sunday afternoon Annie went out into the warm, spotless kitchen, and found Miriam with her Bible open on her lap, not reading, but gazing into the glowing fire. She looked up and welcomed Annie with a smile, but the cloud still rested on her brow.

"Were you reading, Miriam?" asked Annie when they had sat for some time in silence.

"No,—yes, I was, but I couldn't enjoy it and I didn't think it would do me much good."

"Perhaps your heart is not in tune to-day to enjoy the Bible?"

"It never is. My inner life never harmonizes with the Bible, and never can. There will be always a jarring string. Did Charles tell you anything about—"

"He told me there was something that he thought you would rather tell me yourself," said Annie, after waiting awhile to see if Miriam would finish her sentence.

"It isn't much to tell," said Miriam bitterly.

Not much to tell,—only a few words it took to tell how her heart's deep, strong love had been won and then thrown away; but no words could tell of the bitterness left there, nor of the sorrowful heart that went about day after day. Annie could only guess at that by measuring Miriam's poverty by her own wealth, and her tears fell fast as she listened. "And can't you forgive him?" she asked in a trembling voice.

"No, why should I? Oh, if I could only hate *him* instead of myself! Why should I suffer such wrong? I will *not* forgive him," she exclaimed passionately, raising herself to her full grand height and leaning against the chimney-piece.

"Oh, my dear Miriam! don't try to hate him," said Annie, clasping her arms round Miriam's waist. "Your forgiveness may do him no good, but your hatred will do *you* harm."

"But I must love or hate. I can't go between, and you would not wish me to go on loving him now."

"Don't hate him," persisted Annie. "Try to forgive him, and pray for him."

"That would be hypocrisy."

"Oh, no! Ask to be able to forgive him, and that he may see the wrong he has done, and repent, for his own sake. Ask, dear Miriam, for you can do nothing without Christ. Don't let him have the power to wrong you so much as to change your nature, and shut Christ out of your heart."

"Let me go now, Annie. I can't talk any more about it."

Annie released her, and she went towards the door, but turning back to her again, kissed her and said, "Thank you for your sympathy. No one ever talked to me so before."

No, because she had given no one a chance to. Truly, Annie had brought them all closer together since she had been among them than they had ever been before. It needed not a little tact and grace to manage it without

going too far, and Annie possessed the one, and diligently sought the other.

Summer came on after the long, late winter, and the Warrennes were looking forward to getting the new house finished before the fall. Annie was charmed with the woods, and took long, delightful rambles in search of wild flowers and ferns and fruit, sometimes accompanied by one, sometimes another of the family. She went down to the mills, too, very often, and the men got to know her and to talk to her; and after awhile she got to visiting their wives and families, and wherever there was one sick or in trouble, her bright face and ready sympathy brought relief and soothing. She was glad that the new house was so much nearer to the mills; and as the fall drew on she thought that perhaps in the spring some of these kindly, simple workmen's wives would be coming there to enquire for her. But this hope was to be disappointed.

The summer was a short and busy one, and the workmen were frequently called away from the new house to do other work; so when the fall came, though all that had to be done was hurried on as much as possible, it was all so new that they considered it would not be wise to move into it then, and it was shut up for another winter. They were not altogether sorry, for they had grown very fond of the little brown house with its wide, old-fashioned chimneys and sloping ceilings; and Annie was quite content to have her baby open its eyes first on the world in the little home where she had been so happy.

In February he was born, her little son, and there were great rejoicings when it was reported that he was a fine baby, and his mother was very happy and very proud of him. Mrs. Warrenne and Miriam took care of Annie themselves, and they congratulated themselves on having such a satisfactory patient, and one so wise. Mrs. War-

renne said over and over again that she had never seen a young mother so sensible—they were generally so hasty and careless about themselves—and Annie was quite willing to keep still and be taken care of as long as they thought it right. But by-and-bye the light that had dawned slowly in Annie's own mind began to force itself on others. The fatal fever that had carried off her sister and brother and shortened her mother's days, had left a hidden foe in her own constitution, and she felt that this lingering weakness was a messenger from another world. She knew it before anyone else had a suspicion, and during the long nights when her nurse was sleeping calmly beside her, and in the quiet afternoons when Miriam came to sit with her, and she said gently, "I can't talk much to you yet, dear," and closed her eyes, she was fighting out her battle. It was not easy to die just at the beginning of her happy married life. To leave her husband and child and all those who had loved her, and whom she had loved so well; but she prayed day and night for resignation, and *such* peace came to her at last. And then she had to brace herself up for the hard, hard duty of telling Charles. He must hear it from no other lips but hers, and when he came day after day, and looked down at her with eyes so full of love, she thought how *could* she tell him? and when he was gone she turned her face to the pillow, and from the quivering lips burst the cry, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me," but always followed by the submissive "nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done."

One Sunday afternoon Miriam had taken the baby away, and left the husband and wife alone. Charles was kneeling by the bed, softly playing with one of Annie's thin hands, and she watched his movements so intently, that he said, "What are you thinking about, little wife?"

She looked up into his loving face, and then, passing her arm around his neck, drew him near and kissed him.

"What is it?" he asked again in a half whisper, for there was something in her face that took his attention.

"Do you know, my darling husband, that I am going to the new home before you?" she said, with forced calmness.

He was so unprepared for it, his love had so blinded him to the danger, that he did not at first understand her.

"I am called away," she went on, passing her gentle hand over and through his dark hair. "I have known it for some time, and 'for me to die, is gain,' but oh, my husband! my heart bleeds for you."

"To die!" he said, his face growing white even to the lips, and his head dropped forward on the bed.

"Charles, Charles!" cried Annie, trying to unclench his rigid fingers; and that cry recalled him to a sense of his duty. Even in this moment of misery he thought of her, and tried to control himself.

"How do you know, Annie?" he asked, trying to speak calmly.

She told him how the secret had been revealed to her, and in telling it, took away his last hope. He had seen and known that she was very weak, that instead of growing stronger as time passed, she had appeared to stand still; but now, in glancing back over the last week, he saw that she had grown weaker, and when she told him all, and that the doctor had confirmed her opinion, he felt that she must be right, and when Miriam came back with the baby asleep, he went away, and was seen by no one that evening. At tea-time his mother came up and asked Annie if she knew where he was.

"Yes, mother," she said, her face working piteously, "he is in his room. Don't go to him now; he knows it, and—"

"O Annie! my dear child!" s

the mother bending down and laying her face against the pure, sweet one on the pillow.

"Dear mother!" whispered Annie, kissing her.

They all knew it then, and that was a sad Sunday evening. They all sat down to tea, but no one ate much, and after tea Mr. Warrenne sat down in his easy-chair by the fire, and his tears dropped silently. The children stole away and hid themselves. Miriam went about her evening duties in stern self-contained sorrow, while her mother sat by the fire up in the sick-room and clung to the unconscious little one in her arms as if it were all the comfort left to her. But who could tell what passed in the darkened room where the strong man wrestled with his great sorrow? They all stole in to kiss Annie, and wish her good-night one by one; and last of all, Charles came. He could not speak, but only hung over his darling with a face as white as her own, and wrung with pain. From that time he scarcely left her at all, night or day. One afternoon she seemed so bright that he said, "You will get better yet, my little wife."

"Yes," she said, "when I get home. Come, dear husband, and let us talk about that home, like we used to, last summer, about the earthly one."

"I'm going *home*, you know," she said. "Do you remember when you asked me what home was? Let me go, dear; don't let God have to tear me away from you."

"But *can* you leave me to go there?" he asked.

"It's only to go before you, my own Charles. You will all come. It's only going on before, as I might to the new home to prepare for you, and I cannot help thinking that God will give me something to do to prepare for you there."

"But I could go with you to the earthly home. I should not let you go alone. O, Annie! if I could go with you!"

"You would not ask to go if God has some work for you to do here. Dear, you remember the day we came home here? We broke down, and you had to send me on before you. You wouldn't let me stay in the cold, because I couldn't help you, and you could do the work better when you hadn't me to feel anxious about. I think it will be like that, and so God is taking me away."

"He could take care of you here. O, Annie! how can I give you up?"

"Dear husband, try to think that God loves me so well, He wants me there. It will not be long before you will come to me, and I think God has some great work for you to do. You will have Miriam to help and advise you, and she will take care of my baby. She loves him, and though she will be firm and sensible, she will be tender, too, with him, my little Charlie! She says I have taught her how to be tender and forgiving. Oh! I am glad if I have taught anything to anyone."

The father came up to see her a little while later, and he said tenderly, "My daughter, I thought to have gone first, and been there to welcome you all when you came, but God is taking you away from us."

"Because He wants me there and you here, father," she said, brightly. "He has something still for you to do. Dear father, you will forgive me now all the wrong things I have done."

"Dear child, I have nothing to forgive. You have been a most sweet, loving daughter to us from first to last."

"I have not been all that I meant to be," she said, shaking her head, "but I love you all, and you have made me very happy. Father, do you think you and Miriam could sing to me a little, this evening? I have been longing all day for some of our old hymns. So many of them are about home, and I am afraid it would be too trying for Charles."

Mr. Warrenne promised, and after tea they all assembled in her room.

"What shall we sing, daughter?" asked Mr. Warrenne.

"Your favorite, father," and they sang:

"Away with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come.

From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode—
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God."

Annie was glad to hear Charlie's voice join in the last part of the hymn, and when they had finished it she said, "Thank you so much, but I want another. Charles, could you and Miriam sing, 'Joy and gladness shall be found therein?'"

There was a little pause, and then Miriam began the beautiful anthem commencing, "Sing, oh, Heavens! and be joyful, oh, earth!"

Annie lay with her eyes closed, and a happy smile on her face until it was finished, and then in a few minutes the silence was broken again by Ellie's sweet, clear voice singing, "Jesu, lover of my soul." When it was ended Annie called her over, and kissed her, and said, "Thank you, my darling, that was very sweet," and they all thanked her in their hearts; the others seemed to be for Annie, but that one was for all of them.

As Annie's strength declined, her mind wandered a little, and she talked sometimes without knowing it. But her talk was always about home. She seemed to have done with earth, and to be often holding intercourse with those who had gone before.

"Home is where our loved ones are," she said one day. "What is that verse, 'Our rest is in Heaven?'"

Miriam repeated the verse to her, "My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here; Then why should I murmur when trials are near, Be hush'd, my dark spirit,—the worst that can come
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home."

"Yes," she said, "that is it, but it isn't what I want now. There are no trials near me, and my journey is nearly done."

"Is this what you want, dear?" asked Miriam:

"Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadow flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

"Thank you," said Annie, "Yes, my eyes will soon open on that morning."

Many times she imagined herself back in Halifax, spending those first happy bridal days with Charles, but with it all was mingled a consciousness of this second bridal. "Read me again that message from home, Charles," she said.

He knew what home she meant, and read to her, "And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more: neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"I shall soon be among them," said Annie with a look of almost heavenly joy on her face.

A little later she asked for some more singing.

"What shall we sing, dear Annie?" asked Miriam, bending over her on one side, while Charles knelt down on the

other, and gently passed his arms round her.

"Sing 'Forever with the Lord.'"

Miriam and her father sang through the first verse, but Charles watched Annie's face silently, and at the refrain, "Nearer home," he saw her start and open her eyes wide. Then she sprang up in a sitting posture, and holding up one hand, said breathlessly, "Hark! some one called me!"

For a few seconds there was perfect stillness. Then she half-turned, and tried to raise one hand to her husband's face, but it dropped by her side, she fell back, and they knew she was at home.

Annie was gone! Her sweet, thoughtful face, and slight form were to be seen no more among them; but it was only the bodily presence that was missed. Her short life had not been lived in vain, and something of her spirit seemed to have passed into each one of those who had loved her so well. To Charles, it seemed for a time as if darkness covered the face of the earth, and he was tempted to abandon himself to the indulgence of his grief; but her influence had grown into his life so that he could not yield to self in such a manner. Some of her dying words to him were soon found to be prophetic. The long, changeable winter was followed by an unhealthy, tardy spring, and an epidemic broke out in the neighborhood. It spread with alarming rapidity among the work-people, and very soon after it first appeared the mills had to be closed. The one doctor was nearly run off his feet, and there were not enough people in health with sufficient courage to brave the infection and nurse the sick. Then Charles felt that he had his call, and bidding his family good-by, and leaving his child, as Annie had done, to Miriam's loving care, he went to the mills, turned one of the largest rooms into an hospital, and receiving such of the sick as could be brought there, took upon himself the

office of nurse. He was joined before many hours had passed, by the widow of their former minister, who had heard of his movement, and came to help him. The two worked nobly together, and in a few weeks, the family at home had the happiness of hearing that the last patient was discharged, and Charles and his good helper were both safe. Charles wrote to them that he would not return to the old home, as there was still a danger of conveying the infection to those he had been so zealously careful to guard from it, but would press on with what remained to be done at the new house, and get it ready for them to move into in a week or two.

It was a trying moment when they all met again on the threshold of their new home. The unwritten record of those weeks of separation contained much keen suffering. The mother had given up her first-born to brave death; the father, his right hand. Miriam had pressed the doubly-orphaned baby to her lonely heart, and vowed to give her life to it, and one and all had felt for the time that their loss was double; but in God's mercy, here was Charles, safe and well, better, they could see, for his noble self-sacrifice. The thought of Annie had strengthened rather than weakened him, and in some of the distressing scenes he had witnessed, and particularly in the two or three cases which had ended fatally, he had been led to thank God for the beautiful death he had been so lately called to witness.

It was a happy moment too, for Miriam, when her brother took in his arms the baby he had almost dreaded and shunned before. In those weeks he had changed from an unconscious infant to a dimpled smiling little fellow, able to kick and crow lustily, and to entangle his tiny fingers in his father's beard. He was the sunshine of the new home, as Annie had hoped he would be, but was, above all, Miriam's especial darling. All the old bitterness seemed sweetened by the pure healthy

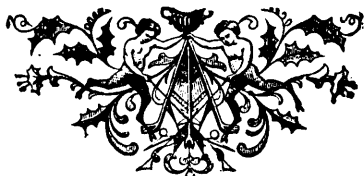
love that had sprung up in her heart towards the child, and the old wounds were healed when she found how necessary she was to the happiness and well-being of one human creature. Mrs. Warrenne freely gave up to her all right to care for him, and Charlie and grandma were only friends and playmates to each other.

Grandpa and grandma have both almost given up any active interest in things below now, and are just quietly awaiting their call to join Annie. Charles and Miriam keep house and business going, and Charlie gives to the latter his mother's share of love.

Ellie is a school-teacher. She chose to be one because she said Annie

taught her how to make learning delightful; and Tom has confided to her that he will never marry until he can find some one as good and as nice as Annie was.

Charles's life is full of work and interest, for his work among the people at the time of the fever has given him a hold upon their affections that he will never lose, and his heart's desire is to improve their condition in all respects—above all, spiritually. He tries to instill the same feelings into Charlie's heart, and he hopes to see the day when Annie's boy will be a minister of the Gospel, and then he will rejoice to feel the time drawing near for him to join his darling in the new home.



THE CARICATURE HISTORY OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.



Mr. Punch is a man of much discrimination. He has the faculty of seeing through the gaudy trappings of a character into the generally unexplored interior and valuing it at just what it is worth. But, like all other men, he cannot claim to be infallible, and often has to revise his opinions. In regard to one, however, he has ever been consistent, although that one has for many years been a study and a puzzle to the British people, and those outside Britain's boundaries. They have laughed when he has tickled, followed when he has led; they used him as their tool—they thought; they tolerated him because of his usefulness, and have ended by either worshipping him as something above the human, or distrusting and hating him as something below it. This man can be none other than Lord Beaconsfield. One writer treating of the "Political Adventures of Lord Beaconsfield," in the *Fortnightly Review*, gives as a reason why the subject of his animadversion, whom he believes never did anything right from a good motive, nor anything wrong except from a bad motive, should be judged from a different standard than other men, the following:—

He appears somehow or other to be outside the sphere of moral judgment. You do not, as a too indulgent critic said of the dramatists of the Restoration, get into a world in which considera-

tions of right and wrong have no place, but you see introduced into the affairs of the ordinary world a creature to whom apparently these considerations do not apply. Like the sorcerer in Mr. Gilbert's play, he moves about, taking part in all that concerns men's business and bosoms, wearing the dress, speaking the language, using the slang, and not exempt from the other vulgarities of ordinary life. Still, you feel that he has come from another world, and that he is to be judged by the law of his domicile, rather than by the rule according to which Englishmen pass moral sentence upon each other. If some day he should cast aside his peer's robes, and the dull vesture of decay which seems to hem him in less closely and more incongruously than it sits upon other men, and if he should appear in a blaze of light as the genius of the Gardens of Joy, or ascend in red fire through a trap-door, the transformation would not appear more strange or theatrical than many incidents of his history.

Mr. Disraeli's life from one point of view seems to justify this generalization, but from another he is a man of one idea, which he has pursued from early life to the present time—the making for himself a position of honor and power, through usefulness to his country if compatible with his intention, but to place himself in the highest position in the kingdom in any event.

What view does Mr. Punch take of this man? is a question of some interest. Before answering it, it may be well briefly to summarize the history of his life up to the time he comes under the ken of the great expositor of character. Benjamin Disraeli was born in 1804, a Jew, by descent, of the purest type; but his father was nominally a Christian. He first attracted the notice of the public in 1826, when he presented *Vivian Grey* to the world. Without waiting to take advantage of the sensation it occasioned, principally on account of its glaring personalities, he took a journey through Albania, Syria, Egypt, Turkey, Greece, and other historic countries. On the plains of

Troy, he tells us, he conceived the idea of an ode called the *Revolutionary Epic*. The first part he published, in the preface saying with an astonishing disingenuousness, "Whatever may be their (the public's) decision I shall bow to it without a murmur; for I am not one who finds consolation for the neglect of my contemporaries in the imaginary plaudits of a more sympathetic posterity. The public will then decide whether this work is to be continued and completed; and if it pass in the negative, I shall without a pang hurl my lyre to limbo." The public decided as he seemed to expect, and "Disraeli the younger," as he loved to call himself, henceforth confined his writings to the sterner and more manly prose. From the East he sent home the manuscript of *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, a prose poem, and *Cotarini Fleming*. The latter, although received at first with no enthusiasm, gradually forced its way into public favor. In 1831 Disraeli ran for member of Parliament for High Wycombe, against Colonel Grey, a son of the then Premier. His political opinions seem to have been unsettled at this time, appearing to consist in a contempt of the Tories and an intense hatred of the Whigs.

At the time of his candidature, Lord Grey is reported to have asked of Disraeli, "Who is he?" The young candidate for honors is reported to have answered in a pamphlet entitled "*Who is He?*" It is unfortunate that this has been completely lost, as it evidently forecasted the future the writer would carve out for himself. At this election he was the rejected candidate. A few months later, owing to the defeat

of Lord Melbourne's administration, Disraeli had another opportunity of contesting High Wycombe, but was again unsuccessful. In 1833 he solicited the suffrages of the people of Marylebone, where he described himself as one who "sought the support of neither of the aristocratic parties," and in reply to the



THE RISING GENERATION IN PARLIAMENT.

PEEL—"Well, my little man, what are you going to do this Session, eh?"

D—LI (*the Juvenile*).—"Why—aw—aw—I've made arrangements—aw—to—smash—aw—everybody."

question, "Upon what do you stand?" gave the celebrated answer, "Upon my head?" A third time he was defeated. In 1835, when Mr. Labouchere, who had been made Minister of the Mint, went to Taunton for re-election, he found Mr. Disraeli waiting to oppose him. It was at this time the amusing though disgraceful quarrel arose between O'Connell and Disraeli. The latter called his opponent a "traitor"



THE STATE OF THE NATION.

DISRAELI MEASURING THE BRITISH LION.

and "incendiary." The former replied with "liar," saying Mr. Disraeli's life was a "living lie," and wound up with the observation that the man he was scourging possessed "just the qualities of the impenitent thief, whose name I verily believe must have been Disraeli. For aught I know the present Disraeli is descended from him, and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross." This led to a challenge to the "Liberator's" son, who fought his father's battles, for which Disraeli was bound over to keep the peace. He obtained his revenge, however, for the *Times* published a letter in which O'Connell is termed a "yahoo." In 1837, on the occasion of Her Majesty's accession, Disraeli stood for Madstone in connection with Mr.

Wyndham Lewis, and was successful.

The Parliament met immediately after, and before three weeks "Disraeli the Younger" had made his maiden speech, whose conclusion must obtain a place in every sketch of the life of this remarkable man, however brief: "I have begun," he said, "several things many times, and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." Whether these words were the result of a prophetic insight into the future, or were wrung from him when in the agonies of disappointment, they very soon proved to be true. It must not be imagined, however, that the speech was not worth listening to; on the contrary, it ranks with the best ever made by the present Prime Minister. He was cried down because the "tail of the Liberator," the "Pope's Brass Band," remembered the passage of arms between the speaker and O'Connell. The same year Disraeli published two novels, *Henrietta Temple*, and *Venetia*, and the *Times* opened its columns to *The Letters of Runnymede*, in which Sir Robert Peel is styled "the only hope of a suffering island," and is extolled for his splendid talents and his spotless character. In these letters Disraeli treats those he does not admire to a different kind of compliment, closely resembling those by which Peel himself was soon to be surrounded. Lord Melbourne is addressed as "the sleekest swine in the epicurean sty," while Lord John Russell is "an infinitely small Scar-

abæus," one so petty that when the foreigner learns that "you are the leader of the House of Commons, our traveller may begin to comprehend how the Egyptians worshipped an insect." In 1844 Disraeli published *Coningsby*, and in it described Lord John Russell as one "at the same time sagacious and bold in council; as an administrator he is prompt and indefatigable. He is experienced in debate, quick in reply, fertile in resource, likes large views," and one in every way so fitted for the position he occupies that "it is difficult to ascertain at what period, or under what circumstances, the Whig party have ever possessed or could obtain, a more efficient leader."

In 1841, three years before the publication of *Coningsby*, Disraeli's opinions of Sir Robert Peel had undergone a sudden change. The reason, as stated by Sir Robert, was that he had neglected Disraeli when reconstructing his cabinet. The result was that he brought upon his head such abuse as has seldom been equalled anywhere. He was called a thief of others' ideas. Said Mr. Disraeli:

When I examine the career of this minister, which has now filled a great space in the parliamentary history of this country, I find that for between thirty and forty years, from the days of Hosmer to the days of the honorable member for Stockport (Mr. Cobden), the right honorable gentleman has traded on the ideas and intelligence of others. His life has been one great appropriation clause. He is a burglar of others' intellect. Search the index of Beatson from the days of the Conqueror to the termination of the last reign, there is no statesman who has committed political petty larceny on so great a scale.

* * * Something has risen up in this country

as fatal in the political world as it has been in the landed world of Ireland. We have a great parliamentary middle-man. It is well known what a middle-man is. He is a man who bamboozles one party and plunders the other till, having obtained a position to which he is not entitled, he cries out "Let us have no party questions, but fixity of tenure."

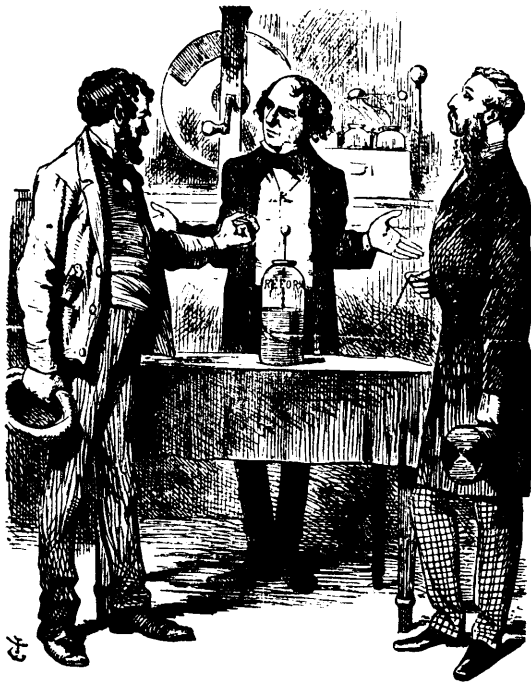
It was through these attacks that Dis-



THE POLITICAL CHAMELEON.

raeli first brought himself under Mr. Punch's direct notice, and from that date his history has been written in caricatures. From first to last *Punch* has represented him as one never in earnest, doing most serious things with a wink or a leer, doing trivial and nonsensical things with the greatest apparent earnestness; from first to last an adventurer, chiefly interested in his own advancement at any price which others can be induced to pay for it.

The first page of this history was written in 1845. He is "young Gulliver," standing on the table of the



EXTREMES MUST MEET; OR, A BIT OF PRACTICAL
ADVICE.

PROF. D—R—I.—“But you see, to complete the circle, positive and negative *must* join hands.”

“Brobdiagnag Minister,” Sir Robert Peel. He has, in his pocket, *Coningsby* and “The Jewish Mind;” is not quite as tall as the grey goose quill of the Minister, and his whole length is not that of Sir Robert’s head; yet he is making his bow with the fullest assurance, while Sir Robert views him with the greatest apparent curiosity through his eye-glasses, to see what manner of man is this. The following year, when his attacks grew more bitter still, he is represented as a viper gnawing a file, whose handle is Sir Robert Peel’s sleeping head.

As all the world knows, Disraeli’s diatribes were not without their bitter fruits to Sir Robert Peel. Although Disraeli’s action was rank treason to his party, Sir Robert’s course had been inconsistent. In fact, he was very nearly as accommodating in his views as Mr. Dis-

raeli himself. As far as the accusation of trading on other’s ideas is concerned, this is the legitimate province of statesmen. Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill, quiet students in their libraries, have done more to direct the pacific policy of nations than premiers at the head of their parliaments. But Mr. Disraeli’s onslaught could not be withstood, and in 1847 Mr. Disraeli became the acknowledged leader of the Tory party in the House of Commons, while Lord George Bentinck led in the Lords. Thus the party was divided that Mr. Disraeli might lead a section. It was this division which occasioned *Punch’s* cartoon, “The Rising Generation in Parliament,” the first one we reproduce. In 1847, Mr. Disraeli stood for election in Buckinghamshire, and is represented as “The political

cheap Jack,” addressing the open-mouthed and amused, free and independent electors of that borough. He holds “Liberal Opinions” in one hand and “Popular Opinions” in the other, and is saying, “Now then, my bucks,—let me have the pleasure of making you a few presents—an assortment of valuable pledges, warranted never to break, etc., etc.”

Mr. Disraeli—strange to say, and unlike other politicians—is an ardent admirer and protector of everything which will bring votes. Thus he is shown in 1849 as “The Cock-a-Doodle-Do, or the Great Protectionist,” a man of diminutive stature standing before an English farmer twice his height and eight times his weight to protect him from a tax-gatherer but little smaller.

Punch’s best representations are of the British lion. He is generally shown

as a vigorous, though good-tempered animal, but seldom in a ridiculous attitude. But when in July, 1849, Mr. Disraeli moved for a select committee to consider the state of the nation, *Punch* represented him being measured by Mr. Disraeli as a tailor—about as comical an association of ideas as can be imagined. At this time the country was showing evidences of a great revival of prosperity consequent on the throwing down of the protective barriers to trade, which protected manufacturers from seeking new sources of demand as well as from outside competitors. These evidences Mr. Disraeli concluded to consider as illusory, and hence his motion which was thrown out by a large majority. That this feeling was not a mere political one would seem to be evinced by his two remarkable novels *Coningsby* and *Sybil*, the latter of which shows a very deep sympathy with the working-classes, and also by his interest in the Chartists Lovett and Collins, for whom he made a remarkable speech when the clemency of the crown was invoked in their behalf; and more particularly still, in his visits to the poet, Thomas Cooper, when in jail, and who, by Mr. Disraeli's advice, refused to cancel the word "Chartist" from the title of his poem *The Purgatory of Suicides*.

Protection was Mr. Disraeli's great theme in 1850-51, and *Punch* devotes five cartoons to him and his pet hobby at this time. The first, entitled "The Protection Dodge," shows him as a "Suffering Landholder." He is glancing at the first floor window and saying, in a solemn and sonorous tone, — "My ky—

ends, I am ash—amed to app—ear be—fore you, and to ex—pose my mis—er—able state * * * I am a lan—ded prop—er—i—etor re—dooced to ger—eat mis—e—ry, ow—ing to the com—pe—tition of the foreigner. There is a ger—eat many of us as bad off as my—self, and the count—er—y is a—being ruined all along of free—trade, Sir Robert Peel and Mister Cob—den. We 'ave only twen—ty millions of money in the Bank, also an incr—ease of £38,235 on the cus—toms, also £371,899 on the Excise, and £24,960 on the Income Tax. Pity the poor land ow—ner," etc., etc., etc.

Mr. Disraeli is next shown as a hackney coachman endeavoring to induce the "agricultural interest" as an "un-



STEERING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

SHIP'S CAPTAIN.—"Give up the helm?—Resign the command?—Never! Come one, come all, I stick to my craft. Back, I say!—One step in-board, and I blow up the ship. Ha, ha!!"

ind fer— | protected female" to drive in his "pro-

tection coach," this interest not having felt the advantages of free-trade as soon as the others. Then he is Gulliver amongst the Brobdignag farmers who are surrounding him and enquiring of each other "Whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature resembling me." He, again, is in bed receiving a visit from the "Ghost of Protection," which is represented by a sheet hanging on to a face of turnip, with hair of wheat, fingers of carrots holding a scroll on which is written "Free-trade and starvation." This hideous spectre is held up on a pole by a representative agricultural laborer who stands behind and utters demoniacal yells. But Mr. Disraeli is not much frightened. He evidently sees through that ghost.

The year 1852 is one of considerable moment in Mr. Disraeli's life. In the first place Mr. Punch devotes to him and his colleagues sixteen full-page cartoons, nearly all bearing on the subject of Protection; in the second the Whig Ministry under Lord John Russell was defeated and Mr. Disraeli was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. The great wire-puller is shown pulling the string of a jumping jack, with the likeness of the Earl of Derby, which may be taken to represent the Tory party, that has gradually come to answer the slightest touch of his masterly hand. In view of the Protection Proclivities of the new leaders, Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli are represented as a two-headed giant, armed with the club "Protection." Before them stands a castle with Mr. Cobden on the draw-bridge defying the invader with the "Anti-Corn Law League." On the walls are crowded many women and children deeply interested in the coming contest. The unwieldy giant is singing:—

"Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman,
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

Again, Mr. Disraeli and Lord Derby

are two acrobats in a ring surrounded by starving men, women and children, who are anxiously looking on. The former is deftly balancing the "New Corn Law" on his nose, and Derby holding a loaf of bread in his hands, cries, "Now, gents, give us only a little encouragement—say a five shilling duty—and up goes the quartern loaf." There is not much chance of encouragement from that starving crowd whose very existence almost depends on the decline of that same loaf. Mr. Disraeli is shown as a suitor for Miss Britannia's hand. She is sewing, and John Bull stands with his back to the fireplace, his hands in his pockets and his bull-dog sniffing suspiciously around. The old gentleman says, "Now, sir, don't let us have any more Derby dilly-dallying. What are your intentions towards Miss Britannia?" This is a question that the whole country was asking, the circumstances of the imaginative statesman being at the moment very much what those of his *alter ego*, Sir John Macdonald, are to-day. He is next represented as "The Protectionist cuckoo in the Hedge-sparrow's nest." In other words, he has entered Sir John Russell's nest, turned out the chickens, and is feeding his own with Lord John Russell's militia bill, on which the latter was defeated. There is also a prophetic cartoon. It is the Easter Recess, and Earl Derby and Mr. Disraeli are swinging together in the same swing. Disraeli is the higher up and is saying to his companion—confidentially, of course—"Oh, no! I'm not at all giddy. I should like to go ever so much higher."

It is interesting to note the great resemblance between Mr. Disraeli and Sir John Macdonald, in likeness and in career. The latter is foreshadowed in *Punch* by the cartoon we reproduce, entitled "The Political Chameleon." Mr. Disraeli when in opposition was a most determined Protectionist. But the free-trade policy of the Whigs had

proved an entire success, and the people acknowledged it. In view of an approaching general election the Conservative party did not seem as much impressed with its disadvantages as a short time previously, and were openly charged with "trimming." Thus Mr.

Punch invented the "*Pro-free-~~lec~~-tra-ti-d-on-e*" policy for their benefit, which we respectfully submit to the people of Canada. This policy, however, did not meet the public demands, and, after the general election, the Government was left in a minority, and Mr. Punch treats his friends to a bathing scene, which, also, may be repeated in this fair Dominion. The scene is on the sea-side. A bathing-house has been backed into the rising tide of Free Trade. In it is Mr. Disraeli, who shudders at the prospect before him. He has not courage even to dip in his little toe. Mr. Cobden, as the bathing-woman, stands ready to immerse him. Mr. Punch is in the bathing-machine urging him to the bath, with the words, "There, take off his coat like a good little Ben, and come to his Cobden."

Before the end of 1852, the Conservative Ministry was compelled to resign, and the Whig and "Peelite" coalition, under the leadership of Lord Aberdeen, who was succeeded by Lord Palmerston, assumed the reins of power. The scene in the House of Commons at the defeat of the Government must have been one long to be remembered. The following reference is made to it in the *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, and

may be of sufficient interest to pardon a digression from Mr. Punch's history:

During the first six weeks of his renewed experience of the House of Commons, Macaulay, as befitted a re-inlisted veteran, thought that the standard of speaking was lower than of old. But he soon had reason to change his mind. 1832 itself could boast few more animated and



THE LANCASHIRE LIONS.

"So have I heard on inky Irwell's shore,
Another Lion give another roar,
And the first Lion thought the last a bore."

—*Bombastes Furioso.*

exciting scenes than that which was enacted during the first three hours of the morning of the 17th of December, 1852; when the Tory leader, more formidable than ever in the audacity of despair, turned to bay in defence of his doomed Budget; and when, at the moment that friends and foes alike thought that the last word had been spoken on either side, Mr. Gladstone bounded on to the floor amidst cheering and counter-cheering such as the walls of Parliament have never re-echoed since and plunged straight into the heart of an oration which, in a single day, doubled his influence in Parliament and his popularity in the country. "At half-past ten," says Macaulay, "I went to the House and stayed

till nearly four; generally in the library or the division lobby, reading. I heard a little of Disraeli, who was clever, but inconclusive, and most unhandsome; a little of Gladstone, gravely and serenely bitter. At last came the division. There was an immense crowd; a deafening cheer, when Hayter took the right hand of the row of tellers; a still louder cheer when the minutes were read;—305 to 286. In the midst of the shouting I stole away, got to my carriage, and reached home just at four, much exhausted.

The coalition were supported by the country for six years, during which time Mr. Disraeli was almost a stranger to *Punch*. In 1853 he was a street sweeper, bespattering with his broom Lord Aber-

1857 he and Mr. Gladstone, once more together, are "The Balancing Brothers of Westminster," Mr. Gladstone having seconded Mr. Disraeli's amendment to Sir Cornwall Lewis' Budget. He is also a Hindoo brewing his celebrated "Asian Mystery," a savory stew, when it is remembered that it was concocted immediately after the Indian Mutiny. The Palmerston Government was defeated in 1858, and Mr. Disraeli, a second time, became Chancellor of the Exchequer. According to *Punch*, his first operation was to purchase his predecessor's, now useless, stock-in-trade, the chief item being a "real India" shawl. This cartoon was prophetic, for a week or two after Mr. Disraeli and Lord Palmerston are represented as the rival bill-makers, each endeavoring to induce John Bull to adopt his *protégé*, both represented as ugly black dolls, exactly identical in appearance, each bearing the name India Bill. The fate of the new government was not long a matter of doubt. In February, 1859, Mr. Disraeli brought in his Reform Bill full of "fancy tariffs," such as giving votes to persons having ten pounds a year in the funds, or sixty pounds in a government saving's bank; to those in receipt of a pension for naval, military or civil purposes, or possessing a university degree; to ministers of religion, school-teachers, etc., his object being to give intelligence and



THE TWO AUGURS.

DISRAELIUS.—"I always wonder, Brother, how we Chief Augurs can meet on the opening day without laughing!"

GLADSTONIUS.—"I have never felt any temptation to the hilarity you suggest, Brother; and the remark savors of flippancy."

deen's Ministry as they turn into Downing street. He is a member of the swell mob at the corner of this favorite street, "only waiting for a party." In

thrift an increased voice in the government of the country. The bill was debated for three nights; the Government was left in a minority of thirty-nine

votes, and Mr. Punch pictured Mr. Disraeli as the unfortunate man in every pantomime, who is tripped up by Pantaloon, he, in this instance, having on his shoulder the cumbersome log of the "Reform Bill," while Clown and Harlequin stand aside, evidently unconscious of anything going on anywhere.

A second Whig and Peelite Coalition Ministry now entered into power, and the cartoonist represents Lord John Russell demanding the discomfited Disraeli, an agricultural laborer caught in the act of poaching, to "give up that gun," named "Reform," while Mr. Bright, the representative of peace, looks on the scene from the safe side of the fence. After this Mr. Disraeli is a coster-monger driving his donkey cart against the magnificent equipage, driven by Lord Palmerston, in which are seated Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone. The coster-monger is shouting, "Shan't get out o' the way. I'd like to upset the lot of

yer!" But the next page gives a different scene. The coster-monger, his cart and his donkey have all been knocked over. Mr. Gladstone in the coach looks down upon his overturned rival, but the less dignified Lord John Russell, uniformed as a "tiger," has his outstretched fingers in close proximity to his nose, as is the habit of naughty little boys. Thus is recorded the acceptance of Mr. Gladstone's Budget after a debate of several night's duration. Mr. Disraeli is again presented in a most disagreeable predicament. In 1864 he assailed Lord Palmerston's government for its apathy in regard to Denmark, and although defeated by a strict party vote,

by a majority of eighteen, there can be no doubt that the popular feeling, always ready for a "glorious war," was against the ministry. Mr. Punch, los-



"GOOD BYE!"

D-SR-LI.—"Sorry to lose you!—I began with books; you're ending with them. Perhaps you're the wiser of the two."

ing sight of this phase of the question, however, pictures the result of a personal encounter between the two representative leaders in the House, then as now. The scene can be imagined by the following words of comfort given by Mrs. Gamp (the *Standard*) to her favorite champion, who is staunching the blood flowing from his nose:—"Never mind, my dear. You done yer werry best to win; which that Mister Gladsting is such a huncommon strong boy!" Soon after this Mr. Disraeli has a whole page to himself. He is dressed in white, with angel's wings, while below is a quotation from his celebrated speech to the Oxford Diocesan Society,

in which he referred to the Conservative party's church policy, which was soon to become of no little importance. "The question is, is man an ape or an angel (a laugh)? Now, I am on the side of the angels." His church policy soon becomes intimately associated with him in the cartoons. He is represented as a newsboy selling his

The fact is, that instead of gaining the Tories had lost twenty-five seats, which gave Palmerston—a policeman—opportunity of saying, "Now, then, youngster, you've no call to be chalking that wall; and if you *must* do a sum, you might as well do it right!"

Lord Palmerston died in 1865. The government rapidly weakened. The following year Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli took the reins of power again. The two are shown in their "property room," brushing up their Reformed banner of 1859, in response to the demonstrations every where throughout the country in favor of "Reform." Of course, had the government enunciated any direct policy of reform, there would have been little doubt of their defeat. Mr. Disraeli had to play fast and loose with both parties, but was determined to hold on to power. His declaration of the policy of the Ministry was "that, under the circumstances in which the House finds itself, it is in our opinion expedient that Parliamentary reform should no longer decide the fate of ministries." *Punch* adds, "loud laughter at this capital



"MOSE IN EGITTO!!!"

"K'rect Card for the 'Derby,'" the chief items on this "K'rect Card" being "Church in Danger," and "Lateral Extension of the Franchise." With these cries the party went to the country and soon afterwards Mr. Disraeli is seen as a school-boy chalking on Mr. Bull's door the following calculation:—

Liberals.....	368
Torys.....	290

Makes Tory
Majority 25

joke." It was no joke, however, and Mr. Disraeli's management of the Reform Bill placed him at the very head of parliamentary tacticians, for he had not only the Opposition to overcome but the Conservatives, also, to which must be added the resignation of several of his colleagues in the Cabinet. The period of the excitement on this Bill, Mr. Punch signalizes by eight cartoons. Mr. Disraeli is an electrician endeavoring to unite the typical

Lord Dundreary with the rough-handed son of toil, and replying to the objections of the latter. "But you see, to complete the circle, positive and negative *must* join hands." On the passage of the Reform Bill he is shown on the stage going through the "Political Egg Dance," the object being to get through without breaking the numerous disagreeable eggs on the platform. This he has succeeded in doing and, besides, has defeated several amendments made by the Opposition, and thus he can well be depicted as the young conqueror returning home after victory to be welcomed by his aged father, Lord Derby. At this time his ascendancy over the Conservative party was undisputed. The last of this series represents him as Fagin in the political school, surrounded by his admiring colleagues. A mask representing Lord John Russell is hanging up, dressed in overcoat and boots, and out of the pocket Disraeli, the teacher, is slyly pulling the Reform Bill. Around stand his admiring colleagues as his pupils, Lord Derby being in the foremost position, belonging to the Artful Dodger. The picture is explained by a quotation from the leader's celebrated Edinburgh speech, at this time, as follows :

Now, mark this ; because there are things which you may not have heard in any speech which has been made in the city of Edinburgh. (Laughter and cheers). I had—if it be not arrogant to use such a phrase—to *educate our party*. It is a large party, and requires its attention to be called to questions of this kind with some pressure. I had to prepare the mind of Parliament and the country on this question of Reform.

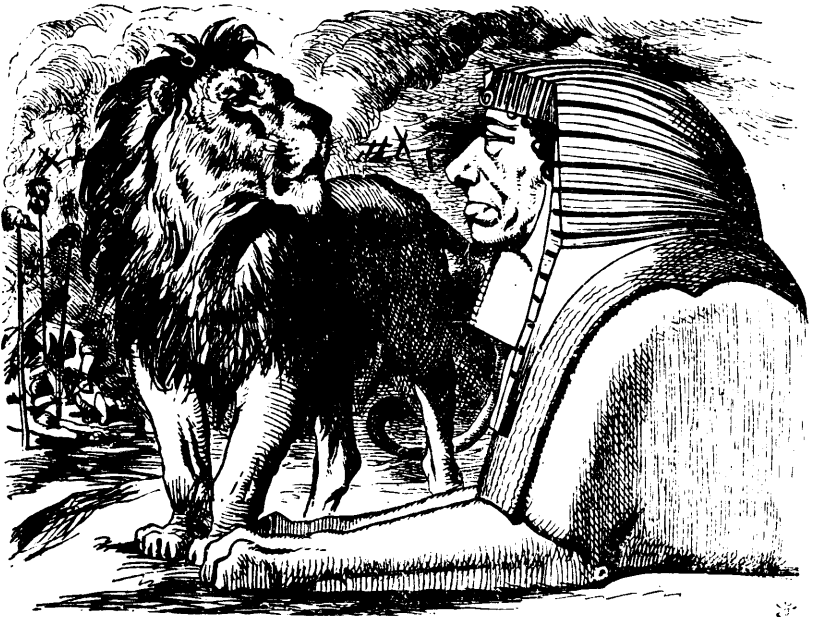
In February, Lord Derby resigned from the Cabinet, and the reins of government were given into Mr. Disraeli's hands, whom *Punch* represents on this auspicious occasion as the new headmaster, receiving the bunch of twigs well-known and felt by scholars a few years ago, and labelled "power." But the new master's lines were not cast in pleasant places, for in the same month that Mr. Disraeli made his first decla-



"NEW CROWNS FOR OLD ONES !"

(*Alladin adapted.*)

ration of policy, Mr. Gladstone gave notice of his intention to move his famous three resolutions on the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and in April 3rd, 1868, they were affirmed by a majority of fifty-six. Notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions of the Government, Mr. Gladstone's bill formed on these resolutions was subsequently passed. Mr. Disraeli, however,



“NO MISTAKE.”

THE BRITISH LION.—“Look here! I don't understand *you!*—but it's right you should understand *me!* I don't *fight* to uphold what's going on yonder! !”

refused to resign until the country had a chance “to reap the benefit of the extended system of representation which the wisdom of Parliament had provided.” This gave Mr. Punch the opportunity of his expressive cartoon of “Steering under difficulties,” which shows Mr. Disraeli as a bandit Captain. The Government went to the country with the cry that the Established Church was in danger, and that the Church of Rome would be the only gainer by the disestablishment. This cry *Punch* pictures in a cartoon, “Ben and his Bogle,” the bogle being a turnip-head, lit up inside, and surmounted by a mitre. Ben holds up this frightful spectre to frighten the children; but is unmindful of the fact that behind him is Mrs. Bull in the act of giving him the first blow of a severe chastisement for his tricks. The bogle and the influence of the clergy did not avail Mr. Disraeli much at this time, and Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues were returned to power.

For some two years Mr. Disraeli drops completely out of *Punch's* notice, and reappears in 1871, under a guise different from any before. When relieved from official cares he wrote *Lothair*, while Mr. Gladstone about the same time was at work on *Juventus Mundi*. The books of Premier and ex-Premier were issued nearly together, and *Punch* represents the authors standing together at a stall, each one reading his rival's work. Mr. Gladstone, looking through *Lothair* remarks, “H'm!—Flippant!” Mr. Disraeli, who has dipped into *Juventus Mundi*, wearily ejaculates “Ha!—Prosy!” The “flippant” work was adapted to the popular taste, however, and met with much success. The key-note of the volume is contained in the statement taken from a remark made by the heroine, Lady Corisande:

I look upon our nobility joining the Church of Rome as the greatest calamity that has ever happened to England. Irrespective of all religious considerations, on which I will not

presume to touch, it is an abnegation of patriotism, and in this age, when all things are questioned, a love of our country seems to me the one sentiment to cling to.

In 1872, Mr. Disraeli visited Lancashire, where Mr. Gladstone, four years before, had been received with the greatest enthusiasm. Now the latter was rapidly growing unpopular, and Mr. Disraeli's reception superseded anything previously known. That Mr. Punch was not in sympathy with this reception, his cartoon entitled "The Lancashire Lions" gives sufficient evidence. Mr. Gladstone's administration, however, continued to grow rapidly more unpopular—perhaps, because of the radical schemes of reformation proposed by them, which Mr. Disraeli, a year later, hit off as follows :

You have now had four years of it. You have despoiled churches, you have threatened every corporation and every endowment in the country, you have examined into everybody's affairs, you have criticised every profession, and vexed every trade. Nobody is certain of his property ; nobody knows what duties he may have to-morrow.

But all this time Mr. Disraeli refused to give forth any definite note regarding his policy, and Mr. Punch represents him as answering to his footman, who informs him that there is a deputation below anxious to know the Conservative programme. "Eh?—Oh!—Ah!—Yes!—Quite so ! Tell them, my good Abercorn, with my compliments, that we propose to rely on the sublime instincts of an Ancient People !!" This evidently meant the Jews.

The cartoon entitled "The Two Augurs," is one which seems suitable

to almost any two leaders in politics or anything else, with the exception that both are generally of Mr. Disraeli's opinion.

The elections of February, 1874, for the first time gave Mr. Disraeli a genuine majority in the House of Commons. His speeches at this time assumed a remarkable change. They had lost their intense openly malicious bitterness, and although none the less stinging, bore a jaunty air, the index of coming



" FACON DE PARLER ! "

Lord B. (opens door, stops suddenly and whispers): "Oh, I say ! By the bye ! what's the French for " compromise " ?

victory. Thus he speaks of Mr. Lowe as follows :

Were it not for me, the London University would not have had a member. Everybody was opposed to it. My colleagues did not much like it ; the Conservative party did not much like it ; but more strange than anything else, the whole Liberal party were ready to oppose it. But I, with characteristic magnanimity said to myself, " Unless I give a mem-



A BAD EXAMPLE.

DR. PUNCH.—“What’s all this? You, the two head boys of the school, throwing mud! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!”

ber to the London University Mr. Lowe cannot have a seat.” It was then impossible for him, and probably still is, to show himself upon any hustings with safety to his life. I said to myself, “There is so much ability lost to England,” and I pique myself always upon holding and supporting ability in every party, and wherever I meet it; and I also said to myself, “One must have an eye to the main chance. If I keep Mr. Lowe in public life—and this is his only chance—I make sure that no cabinet, if it be brought into power by an overwhelming majority, can long endure and long flourish if he be a member of it;” and, gentlemen, I think what took place perfectly justified my prescience.

The following year, 1875, Mr. Gladstone formally resigned his leadership of the Liberal party, which gave Mr. Punch an opportunity for his “Good Bye!” cartoon, which is valuable as giving two characteristic portraits of England’s most prominent statesmen.

Mr. Disraeli’s premiership has been marked by a series of movements remarkable alike for their brilliancy and their audacity. In them lie the secret of his power of ruling. In *Coningsby* he makes his greatest of heroes, Sidonia, give imagination the foremost place in the guidance of a country. He says:

When that faculty is astir in a nation, it will sacrifice even physical comfort to follow its impulses.

And again:

We are not indebted to the reason of man for any of the great achievements which are the landmarks of human action and human progress. It was not reason that besieged Troy; it was not reason that sent forth the Saracen from the desert to conquer the world; that inspired the Crusader; that instituted the monastic orders; it was not reason that produced the Jesuits; above all, it was not reason that created the French Revolution. Man is only truly great when he acts from the passions; never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination. Even Mormon counts more votaries than Bantham.

Without delaying to discuss the correctness of this principle, we may accept it as that followed by the present arbiter of the nation’s destinies. But his home policy seemed strangely at fault. Thus it was that the new Government, notwithstanding its large majority, was unstable. But in 1875 when it was known that Mr. Disraeli had purchased a controlling interest in the Suez Canal on behalf of the Government for £4,000,000 his administration was solidified. This epoch in his history was marked by one of Mr Punch’s very best cartoons, “Mosé in Egitto!!!” Disraeli and his kindred spirit, the Sphynx, evidently understand each other, however impassive they may be to the rest of the world.

For two years *Punch* neglected Mr. Disraeli, and when next presented an entirely new phase in his life is indicated. He is a Jewish peddler now, presenting Her Majesty with the crown of India, a cartoon which was at the time reproduced in the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*. Henceforth nearly all *Punch's* cartoon's of Disraeli have had reference to the Eastern Question and the Berlin Congress. One of the exceptions is that marking the era in his life when his title was changed from that of plain Mr. Disraeli to the Earl of Beaconsfield. He is on his knees before Her Majesty, who presents him with the coronet. But his self-possession or audacity does not leave him and he is saying, "Thanks, your Majesty, I might have had it before! *Now*, I think I have *earned* it," a fact which is further illustrated shortly after by the cartoon entitled "New Crowns for Old Ones."

The Eastern difficulty was opened by Servia and Montenegro declaring war against Turkey. The opening of the war was quickly followed by the Bulgarian atrocities, and Britannia is represented as directing the Earl's attention to the horrible scenes; but the latter, cosily resting in a chair, glances through a small book and answers, "Bulgarian atrocities. I cannot find them in the official reports!!!" Then he is in the sudatorium of a Turkish bath, snugly wrapped in his blanket, smoking his Turkish pipe, and cooling off after his shampooing, while Mr. Gladstone as the attendant is offering him a cup of coffee. In answer to enquiries as to how he feels, he says, "Pretty comfortable, thank you! (*Aside*. Lost some weight, I fancy.)—You made it so confoundedly hot for me!!!" At this time Lord Beaconsfield was one of the most unpopular men in England. The "imagination" of the British nation revolted at the atrocities of the Bashi-Bazouks, and Mr. Gladstone's appeals through the press and on the platform

were unremitting and most effective. Still the Government spoke not. The Sphinx still remained silent, and Mr. Punch issued his "No Mistake" cartoon. The next stage of the difficulty was that occupied by the protocols, and the Government's demand for the £6,000,000 to show the country's confidence in the administration of its affairs. Then followed in quick succession, the summoning of the Indian troops to Malta, the appointment of Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury as the plenipotentiaries to represent England at the Berlin Congress—all of which are immortalized in cartoons of great power. Amongst them is one which cannot be missed as illustrating the popular idea of diplomacy. It is that of Lord Beaconsfield and Prince Bismarck at the door of the Congress. *Punch* guessed correctly. The Congress did end in a compromise, whether to England's advantage or not is yet disputed, although Lord Beaconsfield's laconic watchword given on his return, "We have bought Peace with Honor," must long be to him a tower of strength.

The last cartoon is a different one. It would have been well if Lord Beaconsfield, secure in his own strength, had not deigned to reply to the attacks of his defeated adversary, Mr. Gladstone. But he did, and the old spirit is well illustrated by Mr. Punch in "A Bad Example," which is dated August, 1878. When will statesmen learn to forget that they are not children, and that no permanent good ever results from any one attempting to raise himself by casting mud at his neighbor—although Earl Beaconsfield's career from his attacks on Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel to the present time would indicate otherwise? But other great statesmen have risen to the same height as Mr. Disraeli without these weapons, which invariably dirty the hands of those who use them.

Young Folks.

"THE DRAGON'S GATE."

A CHINESE STORY.

A great noise of gongs and fire-crackers around the dwelling of one of the wealthiest merchants in the city of Han-kow gave token that the important ceremony of Koong-tuh was being conducted for the benefit of a soul recently departed.

The master of the house had gone, as we should say, to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," but the fact would be otherwise expressed by people in China, who believe that at some time between the ninth and the eighteenth days after death the spirit will return to its former abode, bringing with it a host of other restless ones from the "world of darkness," as the Chinese call the place of departed souls.

For no good purpose is this visit supposed to be made, and to counteract the evil influences that might arise from it, the family of the departed employ Taoist priests (whose gods are thought to rule the spirits), to perform at the family residence the ceremony called "Koong-tuh." Its object is either to appease or to frighten the spirits, thereby preventing the future coming of such unwelcome guests.

Let us consider a little this idea—so strong in its hold upon the minds of China's millions—of the constant attentions that must be paid to the dead by the living, for they think of the unseen world as a place where the newly arrived soul will be dependent for security and comfort chiefly upon the exertions of the friends he has left ;

and woe be to them if they neglect his wants, for then he will visit them with dreadful misfortunes !

The first thing to be done after the breath has left the body is to place a cup of water at the outer door, in order that he may take the last drink. This practice it is not easy to explain, for the Chinese, as a people, do not drink cold water.

To burn a good suit of clothes is the next performance, that they may follow the deceased where the wearing of them will win for him respectful treatment from the spiritual policemen who take him into their custody. Then a quantity of paper money, made for the express purpose, is burned to provide him with funds to bribe the police, so that he may have a chance of escaping the higher authorities. Afterwards his bed and bedding, and most of his wardrobe, must be changed into ashes and smoke, in order that he may be so well provided for in the other world that he will not feel obliged to punish his relatives in this one for neglecting him.

All these customs were duly observed by the family of Wong Lee, yet they were not enough in their estimation. The "Koong-tuh" must be performed, and upon this occasion the gongs and fire-crackers are sounding in the court-yard of the house he has left, while its hall is decorated with the emblems of authority in the "world of darkness."

The ancestral tablet of the expected visitor,—that is, a piece of board bearing

in gilt characters his name, and the dates of his birth and death, is elevated upon a table in the centre of the hall, and all the family bow before it, confessing their short-comings toward the deceased, while Taoist priests march around the table chanting and ringing a small bell. For a day or two this ceremony is kept up, and a feast is spread in one room for the living, and one in a separate apartment for the dead. The latter class of guests are invited by the master of ceremonies to enter the vacant room, where viands and chopsticks are in readiness for them, and with a wave of his wand he orders them to partake of what is set before them and to keep quiet. After a while he re-enters the room, whence with various incantations and flourishes of his wand, he orders the spirits to depart, and to molest the family no more.

As years go on, the ancestral tablet of Wong Lee must receive due reverence from his male descendants, and if they have taken the precaution to provide him with a tomb facing the south, from which quarter good influences are thought to come, and if they do not neglect the yearly offerings there of fowl, fish, or a pig's head, with wine, incense, and lighted candles, they may be relieved from fear of any misfortune coming to them from the deceased Wong Lee.

But there is one mourning ceremony always performed by the females, of which I had almost forgotten to tell you. Every seventh day for seven successive weeks they assemble to make loud lamentations, and recount all the good qualities of the departed one. Their idea in doing this is to be heard in the spirit world, that the powers who rule the place, seeing the high estimation in which their relative was held, may be lenient toward him.

All these accompaniments of death weighed heavily upon the mind of Mi Ting, the youngest daughter of Wong Lee. To his wife and the other daugh-

ters they brought an excitement that was almost agreeable into the narrow boundary of their monotonous lives, and, considered as matters of course, they did not seem to them very dreadful. Death had only come near this young girl hitherto in the case of a sister, and there were none of these ceremonies on that occasion, as women in China are not supposed to have souls at all. The "vital spark," by whatever name they know it, passes into the body of an animal. Their prayer to Buddha is to be allowed to become one of the higher animals, rather than the most degraded, and no fuss has to be made about *their* requirements when they are fairly out of this world.

To Mi Ting the proceedings of her family were new and appalling. That the father who had always been kind to her could be prevented only by these means from returning in unseen form to afflict them, and that his uneasy spirit would be forever demanding attentions from them which must not be neglected, or calamity would come through his influence, were ideas that filled her with gloomy terror. She did not venture to doubt what millions in her country have believed for ages, and joined her voice in the general wailing of the women with a heart more truly sorrowful than any of theirs.

Before her father's death he had made arrangements for her marriage with the son of an old friend who lived in a city beyond the Ping-ling Mountains. She had never seen the young man, but as a Chinese maiden's fancy is not consulted in such arrangements that did not matter at all, and he was well satisfied to receive a bride whose dowry was large, and whose feet were of genteel size (being three and a half inches by exact measurement). To marry a man whom she had never seen was no especial hardship; it was only a part of woman's lot, almost as much as becoming an animal after death, for even if she does see her intended hus-

band, there is usually no acquaintance between them, and if it was a trial to leave her mother and sisters for a distant home among strangers, that did not trouble her a great deal, for the secluded life she led had often wearied her with its dullness, and there was something agreeable in the prospect of any change. There would be monotony everywhere after a time to one of her station, she knew, and she had often looked through the curtains of her sedan-chair at the boat-girls, while crossing the bridge over the river Han, wishing she had been of the working-classes, so that she might always have had plenty of occupation, for the want of which her active, intelligent mind fretted itself continually. The poor sampan-girls, resting for a moment on their oars, and looking up at the handsomely curtained chair on the bridge, probably said to themselves, "There goes some small-footed lady who never has to work. How happy she must be!"

But Mi Ting was not happy. If she had been less inclined to think, and more like other Chinese women, she might have been at least contented. At the time of our story she was more than ever under a cloud.

Not the departure from home, or the uncertainties of her future lot caused the trouble, as might seem only reasonable to girls in our favored land, but the shadow of death had fallen over her pathway with a gloom altogether unknown before. It seemed to her that she never could escape it henceforth; some one near of kin would be dying all through her life, and those dreadful rites would have to be performed again and again, and the longer she lived the more relatives of hers there would be in that mysterious world to be feared and propitiated. It was a heavy burden to her peculiar, imaginative mind; therefore, do not laugh at her, if you cannot understand why it should have been so, nor say it

was altogether unnatural for a Chinese girl to have such notions regarding things that are believed throughout her country. *Unusual*, perhaps it was, but among millions of narrow-minded women may there not be some who realize painfully the bondage of the superstitions they are taught to believe? And few of them have knowledge of One who came "to deliver them who through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Mi Ting set out upon the northward journey under the escort of her eldest brother and a friend of her intended husband, whom he had sent to Han-kow with presents for his young bride. Her slave girl, Ah Loo, accompanied her, and there were several other servants in the party to drive the bullock-cart and carry the sedan-chairs, which were the means of conveyance, by turns, according to the condition of the roads.

After her last look across the river Han to the great hill that is studded with graves—among the thousands of them one where her father was laid—Mi Ting turned her attention to the novelties of the journey, resolving to put away gloomy ideas while it was possible to be diverted from them, and when the next sunset found the travellers many miles from Han-kow she was not a little cheered.

Their way led through the mountainous Province of Ho-nan, where the country is very barren, and great numbers of poor people live in caves, or holes dug in the mountain-sides. How they contrive to live at all is a mystery, but many of them, renouncing all honest means of support, form robber bands which, descending from their rocky fortresses, interfere with travellers so frequently that the Government has placed armed men in houses by the roadside for their protection.

Mi Ting's brother thought his own servants would be a force sufficient to guard them, and would not apply for

other aid—a decision which he had cause to regret when they came to the mountain pass called the “Dragon’s Gate,” and were attacked by a strong band of these outlaws, who overcame them completely. His servants were killed, and everything of value taken from the party; but the young robber chief, pleased with the appearance of Mi Ting, declared that he would make her his bride, and desisted, at her tearful entreaties, from shedding the blood of her brother and his friend, thus proving himself to have a softer heart than some people who follow more peaceable professions. He warned them against attempting her recovery at any future time, vowing that at the first intimation he might have of such a purpose on their part, her life should be taken by his own hand.

With this threat the robber suffered them to resume their journey as they might, with neither bullocks to carry them, nor money to buy food by the way, and the young girl who had longed for a change of scene and circumstances found a most unexpected and thorough one in becoming the bride of a robber chief, instead of settling down to the respectably dull life that she had thought to be awaiting her.

Though her new dwelling was a cave, it was not an uncomfortable place to live in, for the young chief had furnished it with the spoils of hapless travellers, and silken curtains hiding the rough walls gave it quite a civilized appearance, though they were out of keeping with tables and utensils of the plainest kind.

Her husband treated her very kindly and had spared the life of Ah Loo, the slave-girl, that her young mistress might have other society and attendance than those of the women who lived around them on the mountain. They were soon on friendly terms with the chief’s wife, and looked up to her as to a lady quite their superior, both from her station and her knowledge of the world.

This knowledge, be it remembered, was more limited than they thought, her sixteen years having been passed in the close seclusion either of her father’s house or a sedan-chair, when on her way to seek diversion at a tea-garden; and though they considered her an enviable being because she had lived in a city, and wondered much that she could be at all contented to stay in their wild, lonely country, the truth was that Mi Ting felt like an escaped bird, and more nearly happy than ever in her life before.

There was freedom hitherto unknown to her on those rocky hills, with the wide expanse of sky above her, and although her little pinched feet made it difficult for her to walk and climb, with Ah Loo’s help she could go quite a distance from the cave. Her favorite resort was the “Dragon’s Gate Pass,” where the mountains on both sides rise to a height of three hundred feet in walls of limestone. In one of them there are several dome-shaped caves, and in each of these caves are five colossal images, nearly thirty feet high, cut from the mountain. They have stood there in the shadows for two hundred years. There are also numberless miniature idols carved in the mountain-side, almost to its summit, and here Mi Ting used to come and worship, as in former times she had repaired with her mother to the temples of Han-kow. From beneath the caverns beautiful streams of clear water gush forth, mingling with the river which runs at the bottom of the Pass, and on their mossy banks the young girls would sit together, watching the tiny fishes as they darted across the gleaming shallows; then they would enter the caverns, where, as soon as their eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, they could see the hideous faces of the idols frowning down upon them.

Mi Ting always shuddered at the sight, yet a strange fascination seemed to draw her to those idols. Her fervent nature inclined her to seek a higher

power to offer her reverence or petition; yet it was with fear and dread that she approached them, and rather because of a misgiving that they might cause some evil to come upon her, than with any hope of real help from them.

One day the girls noticed some letters cut in the limestone outside the largest of these caverns, and their wonder was aroused as to what they could mean; but they were not able to read, neither could the husband of Mi Ting, who said he had noticed them also, and that there was an old man living near the place who had some learning, and could tell, no doubt, what the characters meant. To him, therefore, Mi Ting went to satisfy her curiosity, and the venerable man followed her to the cavern, where, pointing to the inscription, he said,

"My daughter, I have read them often, pondering their meaning, which I am yet unable to tell you, but you shall hear the words: 'He that is our God is the God of Salvation.'"

What could that mean? Mi Ting's wonder increased as she thought the sentence over. And who could have written it? This question she put to the old man.

"A few years ago," he replied, "two men from a far-off country came through the 'Dragon's Gate' on their way to Pao-ting-fee, where they were going to live. They said their object in coming to China was to teach their religion, which is the service of one God whom the Chinese people do not know. They talked to me of Him, but I could understand few of their words, as they spoke Mandarin, the language of my youth, which I have nearly forgotten since trouble drove me into these mountains, where I have spoken the dialect of my neighbors for twenty years."

"No one else here could understand anything these men said, and I am the only one within many miles who can read. I watched them write these

words with a sharp piece of flint in the limestone, and asked them what they meant, but they could not make it clear by talking. Then one of them took a piece of paper and a little wooden stick that he carried with him, and wrote that their God made the world, and all things and people, and would save those who asked Him. They also said, I remember, that these images here were no gods at all, and could not hear us pray any more than the mountain itself. One must have some divinity to worship, and I have wished many a time that they would come this way again, and teach me more of Him they call their God."

Mi Ting echoed the wish in her own heart both at that time and many another during the years that followed. Her old dread of death still haunted her, and gave her more uneasiness than ever, with the idea that her husband's mode of life must call down upon them both the vengeance of many spirits whom he had hurried out of this world.

"If my own father," she thought, "had to have the 'Koong-tuh' performed to keep him from molesting us, how much more reason is there to believe that these departed ones, who have cause to hate my husband, may bring evil upon us!"

Then came the fearful months of famine upon North China, when millions of people were only kept from starvation by eating roots, leaves, clay and even human flesh; when villages became extinct, and cities almost a wilderness. Great numbers fled from the destroyer into more favored regions, of whom not a few perished by the way, and of those left behind millions more were cut off by starvation and pestilence.

The inhabitants of the "Dragon's Gate" mountains shared the general distress. Very poor, even in the most favorable seasons, there was nothing for them to do in time of famine but to lie down in their caves and die. Mi Ting's husband, always generous toward

his needy neighbors, had used the spoils gathered in years of plunder to buy food, which he distributed among them while it lasted, and then he died of the famine fever, leaving his wife and one child to the care of the faithful servant, Ah Loo.

From the stupor of grief and despair in which he left her, she was aroused to say a parting word to the old man who had read the strange inscription to her. Since that day they had been friends, and as she knelt by his side with a fresh burst of tears, Mi Ting said, "Oh, my father! How gladly would I perform the offices of a daughter at your grave when you have gone into that dark world! The paper money and incense should not be wanting, nor anything else that could minister to your future comfort; but, alas! I have no means even to do the services that are necessary to my dead husband's peace."

The dying man raised his hand with a solemn gesture—"These things can do no good to the departed," he said; "I am sure now of that. Let us rather pray to 'the God of Salvation.' We do not know Him, but it may be that He does know us. The foreign men said so, and they are worthy to be believed, for I hear they are now in Tai-yuan, feeding the starving crowds from day to day, and if their God tells them to do such deeds of mercy, He must indeed be a good God. Try to find them, daughter, and they will give you food to keep yourself and the boy alive. As for me, I will look up to their God, asking Him to take care of my soul."

Saying this, he closed his eyes and passed quietly away. Mi Ting, in her loneliness and grief, longed to seek the

missionaries, for she felt they would be her friends, but fever prostrated her, and Ah Loo was soon watching sorrowfully to see her die. She begged that trusty servant to carry her where clear, cool streams gushed out of the caverns near the "Dragon's Gate," and lying there, with her head pillowed on the moss, her dim eyes sought the writing upon the rock.

Murmuring to herself those mysterious words, "He that is our God is the God of Salvation," the weary soul passed into the hands of Him who well knew how longingly and blindly it had reached out after Him, and how readily it would have accepted His salvation through Jesus had it known of His gracious invitation to the weary and heavy-laden.

After the death of her young mistress Ah Loo took the little boy and found her way to the missionaries at Tai-yuan, where she received at their kind hands food for the body, and the Bread of Life for the soul.

They listened with sympathy to her story, while their hearts ached at the thought of how great was the need of the people among whom they labored, the spiritual hunger even surpassing that caused by the famine—with so few of God's servants to minister to either, and they wished that those in America could have heard Ah Loo's wondering, reproachful question, "You say there are thousands in your country who love the 'God of Salvation!' Then why do not more of them come here to tell about His goodness to the poor people who pray only to deaf idols that cannot save?"

LITTLE DUTIES.

Aunt Rachael was my mother's only sister. She did not often stay with us, but we children were very fond of her, and the summer that I was twelve years old I went to visit her in Wales. She was about twenty-five, at that time, and I thought her the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. I still have a vivid recollection of her fair, sweet face, and broad, intellectual brow, crowned by a wealth of glossy brown hair. My mother used to say that she looked like a picture, and so it seemed to me, for, though there was unmistakable tenderness and intelligence depicted in her countenance, there was a lack of spirit and animation, while the far-off look in her eyes seemed to tell that her heart was in the spirit-world; then, too, mamma always spoke of her as "poor" Rachael, and I knew that from some cause which I did not understand she shunned society, living in retirement, and rarely visiting except among the poor and afflicted, to whom she brought sympathy and consolation.

I had always enjoyed the society of grown-up people, and I was overjoyed when I heard that Aunt Rachael wanted me to visit her, just for the sake of my company. At home I was confined to the school-room most of my time, only joining my parents in the evening; but when in Wales I slept with Aunt Rachael, took my meals with her, accompanied her in her walks, and sat with her every day in the drawing-room. Indeed I felt myself to be quite necessary to her, and often assumed a position of responsibility which tended to raise me in my own estimation. I was rather a thoughtful girl for my age—at least, I had always been considered such at home; but Aunt Rachael, who was not much accustomed to children,

was often surprised and annoyed by certain careless habits in which I indulged. My books and work were sometimes found lying upon the chairs, or on the floor, while hers were always returned to their proper places. I often forgot to latch the garden-gate, and once or twice neglected to feed her pet canary, although I had begged for the care of him.

Aunt Rachael did not scold me,—I don't think she ever scolded anyone, but she always seemed more grieved than I thought the occasion warranted; and once, when I hastily replied that I could not remember everything, she said, "It is quite as important to remember little duties as great ones, for the happiness or misery of life depends in a great measure upon the careful observance of those little acts which we are daily called upon to perform."

I could not, however, be convinced that my careless habits would be regarded in a serious light by anyone but Aunt Rachael, or that they would be likely to lead to serious consequences, until one day when we were out visiting some poor people. It was on our way home that Aunt Rachael remembered she wanted to call at her laundress's.

"I am afraid Mrs. Brown must be ill," she said; "she did not send the clothes home last week, and she rarely disappoints us." We turned down a side street and found Mrs. Brown sitting at the door of her humble dwelling, looking very pale, and resting her arm in a sling.

"I was afraid you were ill," said my aunt. "What has been the matter?"

"Oh, ma'am, it's a sad business," said Mrs. Brown, "and I've no one but myself to blame for it; but you see there was a needle in the young lady's pina-

fore, and it was getting dark, so I didn't see it, but just rubbed away until I broke it in my hand, and if I'd gone to a doctor then, maybe it wouldn't have been so bad, but I finished my washing and thought very little about it till that night it began to swell, and the next day, you wouldn't believe how bad it was! I got the clothes off the line and sprinkled some of them with my left hand, but as for the ironing!—I couldn't have done it to save my life. I was most crying with the pain when Dr. Hill went past, so I sent Susy out to fetch him in, and he lanced it and took out a piece of the needle that I never knew was there. He said I must keep it this way for two or three days. It's awful hard for the poor to be laid up, and specially for me; Susy's so young she ain't much use. But it isn't any body's fault. I most always look out for pins and needles myself."

"It was my fault, Mrs. Brown," I said, my voice faltering a little. "Aunt Rachael told me not to stick needles in my pinafore, but I suppose I forgot. I am very sorry."

"Oh! never mind, dearie," said Mrs. Brown. "To be sure it is better to think about these things, but I know young folks will forget sometimes. I've been hurt with pins and needles many a time, though never quite so bad, and it wasn't your fault. I didn't ought to have been in such a hurry as not to look."

My aunt promised to send Mrs. Brown a few shillings to get such things as she might require while unable to work, and then we left the cottage, continuing our walk in silence. I could almost guess what Aunt Rachael was thinking of, and my own thoughts were of a very serious nature. When we reached home, my aunt enclosed the money in an envelope, and told Betsey to take it to Mrs. Brown's. I, however, requested to be allowed to be the bearer, and when I placed it in the widow's hands the sum was augmented

by the addition of half-a-crown from my own purse. That half-crown had been mentally applied to many different purposes, but, in my penitential mood, I thought of no better use to which I could put it.

When I returned from Mrs. Brown's it was tea time, and we partook of the meal almost in silence, Aunt Rachael, no doubt, thinking it better to leave me to my own reflections, but when Betsey had removed the tea-things, instead of taking her work as usual, she withdrew to a recess which contained a large arm-chair, and seating herself in it, called me to her.

"You have already had a lesson, Mary," she said, "on the serious consequences which may arise from a careless habit, and as I wish to deepen the impression in your mind, I shall tell you of a much sadder case, where one life was lost and another wrecked, for a little want of thought." I seated myself at her feet, and resting my head on her lap, waited for her to begin. She was evidently trying to suppress her emotion, but after a long pause she said, "You have heard your mother speak of Uncle John, I suppose?"

"Yes," I said, "we have a likeness of him at home, and some little sketches that he drew. He must have been very clever for one so young."

"His mind was of a very high order," she replied "and, had he lived to manhood, he would have been an ornament to society and a blessing to his generation; but I must not speak of what might have been. I was eight years older than he was. There were three children between us, but they died of scarlet fever in the short space of two weeks, when they were very young. John was born a short time after this affliction, and as there were no other babies in our house, he soon became the idol of our mother's heart; indeed, if there could be any excuse for idolizing a child it would have been in our case, for a more angelic being

than little Jack never existed. As your mother was away at a boarding-school he became in a great measure dependent upon me, for he seemed too precious to be trusted much to his nurse. I often took him out for a walk when he was not more than two years old, and if I left him at home I was sure to find him with his little face pressed against the gate, waiting for my return. I was called by my second name Mary, in those days, to distinguish me from my mother, and little Jack always spoke of me as 'mine Mamie;' the possessive pronoun seeming to express his jealous pride. My father often told me that I would spoil him; but it did not seem as if anyone could spoil our boy: the more we loved him the more loving he seemed to grow.

"I was just such a girl as you are, Mary, full of kind intentions, and ever ready to make great sacrifices, but rebelling against the daily discipline of little cares. I could not see that it made any difference when or how I performed my appointed task, provided that I did not neglect it altogether; and even then, as it was rarely that anyone suffered through my negligence, I thought their complaints unreasonable. Novelty had a charm for me, as for most young people, and my mother often remarked that many little occupations which I chose for recreation became distasteful when required as duties.

"There was not much expected of me, for your grandfather was well off and we kept several servants; still my mother encouraged me to be industrious and self-reliant, and when I was your age I was accustomed to sew and knit, make my own bed, mend my clothes, and dust the drawing-room. Sometimes, for the sake of novelty, I would exchange work with the servants and sweep, iron, or wash dishes, feeling that no work was hard which was not compulsory. I had a pretty play-house on the lawn, a swing in the orchard,

and such lots of playthings that all the little girls in the neighborhood envied me; but as my father disliked the noise of children, I seldom had anyone to play with me except little Jack, and it was wonderful how well we adapted ourselves to each other considering the difference in our ages. My mother often laughed at me for being such a baby, but now I think how very precocious he must have been. I learned my lessons every morning and said them to my mother, and three days in the week I went to the village for my music lesson; still I had much idle time. On wet days Jack and I played marbles on the nursery floor, or built houses with his blocks; but when it was fine we amused ourselves on the lawn or in the garden, my dog Flora joining in our sports.

"One evening, I was skipping by myself in the hall, when I heard Jack calling 'Mine Mamie' and ran to see what he wanted. He explained that the wheel had come off his cart, and he wanted me to put it on. I was always glad to please the little fellow, and my amateur carpentering was wonderful in his eyes. I think I can see him now watching the operation in breathless anxiety. When the cart was mended I went down stairs, leaving the hammer and nails upon a chair, and my skipping-rope on the floor. Half an hour later it was getting dark, and the servant was lighting the lamps in the drawing-room, when a confused sound, followed by a scream, startled us all. My mother seemed to understand it in a moment, and rushed into the hall, where her darling boy was lying senseless on the stone floor. At first I thought he was dead, but he soon recovered consciousness, and then it was terrible to witness his sufferings; the slightest movement gave him pain, and it was with difficulty that my mother conveyed him to the drawing-room, while one servant ran for the doctor, and another for my father.

"I stood by in speechless agony, my eyes resting upon my skipping-rope, one handle of which was caught in the railing near the top of the stairs, the other lying nearly half way down. It was but a few weeks since my mother had narrowly escaped a similar accident, and then I had vowed to myself that I would never again leave my toys upon the floor. Alas! that my resolution should have been so weak. I looked at the peg upon which my skipping-rope usually hung, and I seemed to read reproaches in its polished surface. I was almost glad when the nurse picked up my rope, and carrying it up stairs, said, 'Here's the cause of all the mischief.' Sooner or later I knew that the discovery would be made, and I was too penitent even to wish to shield myself.

"The doctor came, but could not give any decided opinion. The child might be only bruised, or his spine might be injured. Relief could be obtained at once, but only time would decide the extent of the injury. Then other doctors were called in, and to some at a distance little Jack was taken. No expense or trouble might be spared when our darling's welfare was concerned, but as months passed by his little face grew pale and thin, and though we dared not even say it to ourselves, we knew that curvature of the spine was progressing, and that if spared our boy would be deformed for life. Oh, Mary, if I could but tell you the agony of mind which I endured at that time you would never again speak lightly of a careless habit.

"There is not much more to say. I, who had been Jack's playmate, became his nurse, and for seven years it was my privilege to wait upon him. During those seven years he grew but little, and strangers called him the hump-

backed boy; but as his lovely mind unfolded itself we were as proud of him as we had ever been, and fondly hoped that he might be spared to us for many years; this, however, was not granted. He died five years ago, when he was only twelve years old. The death of his only and beloved son was a terrible blow to your grandfather, who did not long outlive him; your grandmother, too, has never seemed the same since the death of her boy, and I, perhaps, have been the greatest sufferer of all."

Aunt Rachael's head bent lower as she ceased to speak, and I saw that tears were in her eyes.

"Oh, Auntie!" I said, "I am so sorry for you! I have deserved to be punished just as much as you, but I will never be careless again. It does not seem kind to say it, but I think it was almost a good thing that Mrs. Brown's hand was hurt, for I should never have believed what serious accidents might be caused by my carelessness, and you would never have told me about poor Uncle John."

"I had thought of telling you before, Mary," she said, "for I knew that out of consideration for my feelings your mother and grandmother always refrained from speaking on the subject. Now that you know how dearly I have paid for my experience, you will not wonder that I have been exacting with you about the performance of little duties."

Only two years after my visit to Aunt Rachael we were called upon to mourn her premature death; but the lesson which she taught me has never been forgotten, and I would like my young readers to feel that everything which involves the comfort or safety of others is deserving of careful consideration, for "evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart."

HILIER LORETTA.

BETTY'S SEVEN SECRETS.

BY SARAH E. CHESTER.

The prince was coming. One came to Cinderella, and she was never an abused little kitchen-maid any more. One came to the Sleeping-Beauty, and her long, long night ended. One was coming to Betty's sister Louise on the 3:40 train this afternoon. As Cinderella and the Beauty were famous in child history, Betty felt she was to be made famous by the coming of the prince.

To be sure, he was not exactly her prince. It was not she who had met him by the seashore, who had ridden and driven, and walked and talked with him; not she to whom he had given the diamond ring, and to whom he was going to give a wedding-ring some day. But Louise was her own, own sister. Had they not the very same father and mother? How little difference there was between them!—none Betty considered worth mentioning, except of course that she was Betty and Louise was Louise. She had always believed that a large share of what belonged to her own, own sister belonged to her; and no sooner did Louise tell her she had a prince than Betty felt that she had one, too.

She had never seen him, but she knew his picture well, and it was a beauty—that cabinet photograph that stood on the little bracket at the right of Louise's bureau. Louise had a small one in her album, a smaller one still in the locket she wore on her neck, and how many more of various sizes Betty had never stopped to count; for the cabinet picture was the only one in which she took any interest. As that was nearest life-size she thought it must be truest to nature.

The bracket was arranged so that Louise, as she sat before the glass putting up her hair or fixing her ribbons

and ruffles, could smile at the picture now and then without the trouble of turning her head; and the way she smiled and looked at it was exactly as if she was silly enough to think that it was alive. There was a vase on the bracket, which before the prince's day used to be its only ornament. Now that the picture stood behind it Betty noticed that it always held flowers—sometimes only a rosebud in its own leaves, oftener pink geraniums, but always a bit of mignonette or heliotrope for perfume—which made Betty wonder if Louise wasn't silly enough to fancy that the prince's paper-nose could smell. The vase used only to be filled on extra occasions; from which Betty concluded that it was always an extra occasion since the prince came.

She thought she would go down in the kitchen and see what Louise was doing there. She found her standing by the window, with her bare arms folded, looking out. Her sleeves were pinned up to her shoulders, and a big, brown apron nearly covered her skirts; which Betty knew meant cake.

There was quite a pretty view from that window; a big tree in a lane, with a red cow taking a nap on the green grass. But Betty knew better than to believe that it was the view which made Louise look pleased and thoughtful. She had seen her that way too often and no pretty view anywhere near.

"I s'pose you're thinking of train-time now," said Betty.

Louise turned round and gave her a shaking, and then she told her something.

"I'm going to make chocolate, Betty," she said. "He likes it best of all."

"I like nut," said Betty. "It's lovely to be eating along, and the first thing you know feel your teeth go into a big piece of English walnut. I'd make nut."

"But I promised him chocolate," said Louise. "You don't know how much fun we've had about that chocolate cake. He thinks mine will be the best he ever tasted. He told me in the letter I had this morning that he should expect it for tea to-night. I'm going to be very particular, for I don't know what would become of me if it shouldn't turn out right, Betty. All ready, Bridget?"

"Yes, Miss Louise," said Bridget.

Betty lingered a few moments watching Louise mix; then she went upstairs to attend to something which she had to do this morning. It was nothing less than to take a solemn farewell of the cabinet photograph. For now that the real prince, Mr. Frederick Andrews, was coming, Betty felt that the photograph could be no more to her what it had been. It had stood very high in her affections. It had taken up a great deal of room in her heart. Nobody knew how much time she had spent in its company. Often when Louise's hands were deep and safe in the cake-bowl and her mamma down street or up street shopping or calling, had she climbed on a chair and taken the prince from the bracket, laid him on her knees, and sat and made friends with his mouth and nose and eyes. Nobody dreamed on what intimate terms she and that photograph were. She was very fond of it; fonder than she could ever be after the 3:40 train this afternoon; for the real prince must take its place in her heart then. So she would say good-by.

She climbed up, took it down, laid it on her lap, and noticed once more how black its eyes were, how big its forehead was, and how beautifully the ends of its mustache curled up on its cheeks. She knew that if she could only peep under that mustache she would find a smile.

"Well, good-by, picture of prince,"

she said; and she kissed it affectionately.

When she looked up there was her kiss still on the end of the prince's nose. She tried to blow it away, and when her breath would not move it she took out her handkerchief and rubbed hard, harder and harder, and still the kiss was there. Indeed, the more she rubbed the more of a spot there seemed to be.

But she did not intend to have the prince go spotted all his days, so she persevered until she succeeded. Off it came at last; and not the mark only, but the nose! Yes she had taken off the nose of the prince! It made Betty tremble to think what Louise would say (and what she might possibly do) when she would smile up at the prince and see no nose there. "He'll never smell those sweet flowers any more," thought she.

She put the picture back on the bracket and looked at it from every side, and from all points it was plainly to be seen that the prince had had an accident. She climbed on the chair again and pulled up a geranium-leaf till it covered him to the eyes. As long as no one moved it she was safe; but she knew that in course of time Louise was sure to move it, and how soon that time might come who could tell? She thought of her shame when the prince should discover what she had done.

"I'll put the secret down deep in my heart," she said, "and perhaps it'll never come out till after he's gone."

Then she remembered what a tell-tale her tongue was in the night, after she had fallen asleep and could watch it no longer. She fancied Louise coming down to breakfast the next morning and repeating to the family the secret that Betty had told her in her sleep; for she felt perfectly certain that if her secret were not found out during the day she would tell it to her bedfellow—who was no other than Louise—that very night.

She shook her head till her hair tumbled and tangled about her face,

as much as to say, "That must never, never be."

Now one secret, like one case of measles, often brings many others; and Betty had hardly stowed that away in her heart when she put another with it to take care of it. She made a plan to keep her first secret secret, which, as it must remain only a plan till evening, she would have to carry about with her all day.

She did not like the company of her secrets. She and Sadie Spencer, her most intimate friend, had had many a lovely one together. But she found it was quite a different thing carrying the whole of a secret from carrying it half and half with your dearest friend. She thought she would go somewhere and find something to make her forget the nose and the plan.

There was the chocolate-cake, in which she took such a great interest, and whose behavior she had never been to enquire about. She ran down to the kitchen and found it still and deserted. Neither Louise, Bridget, nor the old cat was anywhere to be seen.

Betty peeped into the pantry, but the cake was not there. She walked around the kitchen and she could not find it. Oh, of course, it had not had time to bake yet, and was still shut up in the oven. Done or undone, she must take a look at it and see how it was getting on; for she was as anxious as Louise to have it a grand success, and would do anything in her power to help it along. She caught up her apron and took hold of the oven door. It opened hard, and by the time she had succeeded there was a smarting in the end of her thumb, and a round, brown spot on her white apron. But never mind; she had done her duty, and was so pleased with the appearance of the three puffy, brown layers that the burden of her secrets was lightened a little.

She rubbed the brown spot as she walked away; rubbed long and hard as she had rubbed the spot on the prince's nose. This did not, like that, grow larger; but suddenly out it popped, leaving a neat, round hole.

"Well, well," said Betty, "what luck I have with spots to-day!"

As she went up the stairs on the way to her mother she remembered Sadie Spencer's new game, one she made up her own self, and which she had told her about only yesterday. Betty had meant to try it ever since, but had not happened to think of it when she had time to play. She thought, before showing her mother the hole and getting the mild rebuke she deserved for her carelessness, she might as well run into her playroom and have a good time for a little while.

As she was getting ready the nose and the plan came into her thoughts so often that it seemed to her a strange and very improper thing that the day which was to end with the prince should have begun with an ugly accident to a nice little girl.

"I've got two real secrets," said she. "I guess I'll have a fun secret, and maybe it'll make the other ones funny, too."

So she took off her apron, rolled it up, and hid it deep under some playthings in the corner, pretending that she had a savage mother who would do something terrible to her, if she should ever find out about the hole. She put on a fresh apron exactly like the one she had taken off, and went on with her preparations for Sadie's game with the load of her secrets lightened once more.

But Betty's "fun" secret soon became as real as the other two. She heard Louise coming swiftly up the stairs. Then she heard her voice, high and indignant, in mamma's room.

"It's too provoking," she said. "That cake was doing beautifully, and I know some one has gone and opened the oven-door. It's like lead, like a lump of lead. It's fallen perfectly flat. I told Bridget not to touch the oven. If I were mistress in this house I'd send her flying."

She was almost crying, and Betty knew how great her disappointment must be. What wouldn't she have given if she had never touched the oven-door. How unfortunate she was

to have spoiled the prince's pet cake when she only meant to help it on. And how the secrets were beginning to swarm around her, for the oven-door must be another. She could never confess and have *that* told to the prince. She must keep still and let Bridget bear the blame.

After that Betty could not play "The nose, the plan, the oven-door." They kept going over and over in her head like the multiplication-table. But by-and-by she determined at least to try Sadie's game and see if it wouldn't make her forget; for Sadie had said it was "perfectly splendid" and "awfully exciting."

The name of it was "Severe School-teacher," and what you had to do was to keep school with all your dolls, and play that they were a very bad set indeed; that they wouldn't learn their lessons; that they made faces at you when you were looking the other way; that if you left the door open a crack they were even wicked enough to try and slip through that crack and run away. It added much to the game Sadie had told her, to have a worst boy, who would even go so far as to stand on his head in the middle of the school-room floor. Of course the principal part of the game was the whipping and scolding, and furious behavior generally, of the severe teacher. The more dreadful punishment the teacher could think of the more fun was there in the game.

Betty had books arranged in a row for seats, and she took her dolls and put them in their places; all the while hearing in her head—like twice one are two, twice two are four, twice three are six, "The nose, the plan, and the oven-door." Determined that if those words were to be forgotten she would forget them, she plunged wildly into the game. She was so anxious to have it as exciting as possible that she began in the middle and made the worst boy stand on his head the very first thing.

Somehow she wasn't excited at all when he did it. Perhaps if she whipped him well she would begin to feel her blood boiling. She went to

the corner for a whip, and as she stirred up the jumble of playthings to find one, out rolled the apron she had hidden.

It unfolded so that the little round hole looked up at Betty and seemed to say, "Betty, I'm not a 'fun' secret any longer. I'm a real, true secret now; for how can you tell that you burned me without their suspecting that you burned me opening the oven-door? Number two takes care of number one; and I take care of number three, don't you see?"

Oh yes, Betty saw. She sat down and folded her hands. She had nothing to say in answer, nothing whatever. She only repeated, "The nose, the plan, the oven-door and the hole."

Betty thought she should like to run away from home. She thought she should like to run so far that those secrets could never catch up. She had heard of tying your clothes in a little bundle, throwing it over your shoulder, and going off into the world, through the back gate, early in the dark morning before any one was up.

She thought she had better go and see how it looked far away. So she ran to the front gate. It was a long, long street that they lived on; and down at the very end, as far as Betty's eyes could travel, the two rows of trees on the two sides of the street—which for a long way had been running toward each other—seemed to meet in a point. That point had a cold and homesick look. Betty shrank from going towards it without her hand in anybody's that she knew. It gave her a little pain in her heart like that she had when Mrs. Williams took her home with her once to spend a whole day away from her mamma.

She stayed a long while on the gate, looking at far-away; but not daring to pack her bundle and go to it. Every moment she expected Louise to come out and tell her that she had gone to take a look at her prince and found that some one had "nipped off his nose;" and that she had asked Bridget who opened the oven-door,

and Bridget had answered, "Not I. It must be Betty."

But she waited and waited, and dinner-time came, and she went to dinner, and everybody was kind to her. Then the afternoon began, and soon it was time to dress for the prince.

She followed Louise up stairs, and watched her to her room. Through the open door she saw her getting her pretty things ready to put on. By-and-by she got a good view of the bracket, and saw that the geranium-leaf still covered the prince to his eyes. And Louise was so full now of the real prince's coming that Betty did not believe she would give one thought or glance to his photograph.

She began to be a happy child again, and was not afraid to go right in the room with the sister against whom she had so greatly offended.

Betty watched Louise, lovely and smiling; and she thought, "My sister Louise is a good-looking girl. I s'pose the prince thinks she's pretty. I hope he'll think I'm pretty, too—just exactly as pretty as Louise." She felt that she would not be satisfied to have him like her one bit less than her sister; and really she didn't know why he should.

"My hair," thought she, as she sat up on the foot-board hugging her knees, "my hair is shinier than hers; and my eyes are a great deal nicer, I think, 'cause they're real fresh blue, and hers look as if she'd worn 'em a good long while. And the white dress I'm going to have on has got two more ruffles than hers; and my sash is fringed and hers isn't."

But Betty would not look at the advantages on her side without looking at those on the other side, too. Indeed, she was anxious to know if Louise had any good points which she had not, and see what could be done about it.

Why there were her cheeks at once—those bright, red roses, just beyond her dimples, that everybody admired; such a deep red in the middle, and fading away till they grew pink when they met the white of her face. Betty

had no roses. She was a little pale-faced, except in times of excitement.

"Of course, the prince likes them," thought Betty. "I must have some roses up over my dimples. Oh yes, I must have some roses?"

She was fully determined to make as good an impression on the prince as Louise; and then she thought if the secrets did come out he might like her so well that he wouldn't mind them. She was considering whether Louise had any advantages besides the cheeks, and had about decided not, when she saw her light the gas, take a pipe from a little drawer and begin to heat it. Betty never crimped her front locks over a pipe.

"Louise," said she, "why don't I have some little curls crimped up at the tiptop of my forehead the way you do?"

"You don't need them, pigeon," said Louise; "you have crimps enough hanging down on your back."

Betty, clasping both knees in both arms, swayed on the foot-board as if it were a rocking-chair.

"Louise," said she, as a lock went winding around the pipe-stem, "does he like 'em best up above your forehead or down your back you think?"

"Who is he?" asked Louise, smiling from under the arm which held the pipe up.

"Pooh!" said Betty, "guess you know."

"If you mean Mr. Andrews, dear," said Louise in her prettiest tones, "why I shouldn't wonder if he likes them best the way I wear them."

"I s'pose he does," said Betty thoughtfully; and it was not long before she jumped down from the foot-board and ran away.

She gave herself up to mamma's hands and let her arrange the ruffled dress and fringed sash to suit herself. She let her arrange the shining hair in her own way, too; and she had very little to say while the dressing was going on, for she was thinking about the roses that ought to be above her dimples, and the crimps that ought to be at the tiptop of her forehead.

She made her plans for crimps very easily; but the roses troubled her much. At last, however, she remembered something that some one had once told her; and she ran away after the crimps and roses as gayly as if there were not a single secret in her heart.

She went and took the pipe from Louise's bureau while Louise was busy in another part of the room; then she ran to her little playroom, where she was seldom disturbed. She lit the gas, heated the pipe, caught up half her short flying hair, wound it around and around, and waited, then she pulled out the pipe and looked. It was a ringlet, a success. She drew the comb through it, and there were many cunning little ringlets.

Highly delighted, Betty caught up the other side, wound that around and around (having heated the pipe well this time to make sure of as good a curl as the other) and waited.

There came to her nose a smell which made her think of chickens having their pin-feathers scorched. She knew that Bridget could not be scorching chickens at this time in the afternoon, and wondered if the house could be on fire. In order to go and enquire she pulled out the pipe and laid it on the bureau. Twining around it still as it lay on the bureau was the little curl that she had meant should wave over the left side of her forehead; and in the place where the curl ought to be was a very stubby lock, with many brown, burnt ends pointing out in every direction.

Ah, how hopeless and helpless Betty felt then! She glanced quickly around the room as if she expected something friendly to hop up from somewhere and help her. There lay her hat. All things had voices to Betty; and this seemed to say, "Put me on. I'll cover it up and hide it for you, Betty, so no one'll know."

Whether the hat ran to Betty to help her, or she flew across the room and brought it back to the glass and arranged it, she could never feel quite sure; but she was sure that she had a good, true friend in it.

Once more Betty thought of running away from home, she and the hat that hid the secret of the hair. But she got no farther than the front steps when her eyes lighted on the geranium-bed and she saw tall, scarlet blossoms nodding at her. These blossoms held within them a pair of red cheeks for Betty, the cheeks that were to make her as fair in the prince's eyes as Louise and make him like her well enough to care nothing for the tale the secrets told. How could she give them up?

She wondered if there was nothing she could do with the burnt lock. If she could only hide it without the aid of the friendly little hat.

She would pick the geraniums at any rate and go up stairs and try. She picked them, held them behind her, and went back to her play-room. There she combed, brushed, twisted and pulled until the stubby, burnt ends were really hidden under a long waving lock. Then, once more a hopeful and happy child, she began to put the roses over the dimples. She wet the flowers and rubbed until she had stolen enough of their color to make two streaked, but very bright, unnatural red spots in the centres of her cheeks.

She put on her hat and went to the gate with them. Such color in her pale face might astonish mamma and Louise; but the prince did not know that she hadn't it every day. She would wait at the gate for the prince.

Louise came and stood in the door and Betty walked out of the gate. She came down the steps and Betty walked on to a tree; for she would not have those cheeks ordered off till they had accomplished all that she wished with the prince.

But Louise had only come down to pick a rosebud for her hair. She was not pursuing the cheeks to discover and destroy. However, after she had gone away Betty thought she might as well walk on to the first corner and be sure of meeting the prince before any one else had a chance to set him against her. She would not fear after he once had seen the cheeks. Such

roses as those might win the hardest hearts.

It was a stupid corner—only a red brick house and a locust-tree. Locusts smelt horridly, and red brick houses, with green blinds straight across the front and back again, Betty never could bear. As the next corner was nearer the prince and farther from Louise, she had no objection to moving on toward it.

There was a pretty brown cottage on that corner. The front windows were open, and the breeze moved the lace curtains, giving glimpses of the furniture. Betty thought it was covered with cretonne exactly like theirs, and she was poking her nose through the pickets to get a better view and find out about it, when a huge, black dog lifted himself up slowly from the grass near the piazza and turned around and looked her in the eye.

The first thing she knew she was walking with long steps and a steady gaze back over her shoulder toward the next corner.

And there she found boys. One of them said "Hallo, sissy." Who would stay where stranger boys called you sissy? She did not even stop to take breath; and by-and-by reached the next corner.

Here she could get a glimpse of the railroad track. How exciting! The very rails over which the car would glide in which the prince would come! Perhaps, oh, perhaps, if she were one corner nearer she could see his face in the window as he rode by.

The thought winged her feet. They had flown with her to the next corner before she had made up her mind whether or not she had better go farther away from home.

She liked this corner; not only because it was so near the track that she could easily see the faces in the car-windows, but because in itself it was as good as a panorama. There was a high board fence perfectly covered with beautiful pictures, which were free to all who passed by.

The one that Betty liked best was the face of a man—a face all smiles.

It was twice as large as any live man's face that Betty had ever seen, and it looked as good-natured as Santa Claus. But it was not Santa Claus. It was Humpty Dumpty himself. So it said in great big letters under each one of his faces. For he by no means had only one face in only one color. He was there in red and blue and green and yellow, four times in each color. The letters were big and black and plain, and all the faces were named, so that there could be no sort of mistake about the person. Oh, it was well worth coming so many corners to see the Humpty Dumpty who sat on a wall and had a great fall!

But beside him there were lovely white horses, with flying manes and tails, galloping through the air and treading on nothing whatever; and above them flying ladies who seemed to be getting along as well as any bird with wings.

"Dear old Humpty Dumpty!" said Betty. "You're photograph's 'most as nice as the prince's. I always knew I'd like you Humpty Dumpty. I'm real sorry you had that fall off the wall."

Just then she heard a whistle, and she ran as near the track as she dared. The cars came shooting by. Many people looked down from the windows at the eager little face looking up, but the prince was not one of them. He was on the other side of the cars.

Betty tried to bear the disappointment by thinking that he would soon be up that way from the depot. Then it flashed into her head that there was another way home from the depot, and she fancied the prince choosing that way instead of this, reaching home before her, finding no Betty there, hearing all the secrets told, and judging her before he had ever seen the beautiful cheeks.

She took no leave of Humpty Dumpty, flying horses and ladies. She paid no attention to mud-puddles, gutters boys, and dogs. She flew across streets, close by horses and carriages, under feet, and over one old gentleman's cane.

Breathless and with red cheeks that belonged to her under those she had stolen from the geraniums, she reached the depot just as the last people were getting out of the cars.

"The prince! the prince!" Where, oh where in all that bustling crowd was he? "The prince! the prince!" said Betty, spinning around to look this way and that way, bobbing her head right and left, and making many little darts hither and thither in the crowd.

Now, Mr. Andrews did not know himself by that name. No one ever called him prince in the town where he had been baby, boy, and man. But when Betty changed her cry to "Mr. Andrews! Mr. Andrews," he thought at once that this child with the fiery cheeks must be the little sister of whom he had heard so much; and he gently took hold of her shoulder to make her look up.

"Oh!" said Betty, her bobbing and diving and calling instantly stilled.

There he stood, nose and all, better looking than the picture in its best days. And such a smile! No picture ever smiled like that. She had always known that mustache had a smile under it.

"Is it Betty?" he said.

"Yes," said she.

"So you thought you'd come and meet me. Are any more of the family here?"

"Only me," said Betty.

"Did somebody send you to take care of me?"

"No," said Betty, "I came to a corner, and I came to a next corner, and I came to a next corner, and all, till I got here."

The prince laughed, and said he thought they had better move on, as somebody at home might be frightened about the little sister.

He walked very fast, took her to a hotel near the depot, and put her in a little office in charge of an old gentleman who sat reading a newspaper. Once in a while the old gentleman, by way of taking care of her, looked hard at her over his spectacles and over the top of his newspaper. By-

and-by the prince came back, looking more beautiful than ever without his linen duster and travelling-bag.

"And now, Betty," said he, "will you show me the way home?"

"Yes, sir," said Betty.

She put her hand in his, and they set out. She meant to take him home by the very shortest way; for didn't she know that some one with rosy cheeks and a beaming smile was in a hurry to see him? Didn't she believe that at this very moment the future princess was crowding close to the blinds of her bedroom-window, and doing her best to get a glimpse of him coming far away?

She led him on from street to street, stealing a glance at his face now and then to find new improvements on the cabinet photograph; but never speaking except to answer Yes or No to his questions. There was something about the very idea of walking their common streets side by side with his princeliness that frightened her words away.

She was anxious to learn if he had noticed the cheeks, and would stand by her in case of need; whether the perils of secrets Five and Six had gained their object and would take away the stain from One, Two, Three, and Four. But they were getting nearer and nearer the gate, and still she dared not speak.

The prince did not seem to notice her silence. That was because he noted nothing so near him as Betty. His thoughts were already at the gate, and he took such long steps to catch up with his thoughts that Betty's feet had to hipperty-hop to keep from falling behind.

And they really were drawing nearer the home gate, were they? Why then did the houses look stranger and stranger to Betty as they hurried on? How did it happen that she met so many people she had never seen before? and that not a face of a neighbor looked at her out of window, or door, or gate? The farther they went the more it seemed as if she had taken a journey on the cars and came

to a new city which before she had known only on the map in her geography.

She was frightened when the idea first entered her head that she had lost her way. She could not believe it was so. She thought that as they turned houses she knew would appear, and all would be well. But they turned and turned, and by-and-by she could not comfort herself any longer with the hope of turning towards home.

Betty thought that no little girl was ever in such a terrible plight as she. She felt that she was hopelessly and forever disgraced in the eyes of the prince. It would have been better if she had waited for him at home; better if he had heard the whole six secrets than that he should have this Seventh, and worst of all, to tell: how she by running away had been the means of losing him. Think of losing your own sister's prince! Oh, think of Louise watching long at the window for a prince who would never come! If Betty had not been beside herself with shame she might have hoped that a full-grown man would be able to find his way home even if a little girl did lose him.

She had been afraid of him before, too afraid to speak. Now she was too afraid even to touch his hand. As he seemed to have forgotten that he held her hand, and indeed that there was such a person as Betty in existence, she thought she would slip it out of his and steal away—away, away where he could never find her.

But his clasp was tight, she found. There was no slipping out of it. She must boldly jerk.

She did it; and then she ran—at a galloping pace, she thought; but the prince overtook her with a few steps.

What was his surprise as he seized her, and laughingly turned up her face, to see that her eyes were as scared as a kitten's when dogs are after it, and that, except in two fiery spots, she was white with fear.

"Well!" he said.

"Let go!" said Betty. "Let me be lost! Let me be lost!"

"Lost!" said the prince in the coolest, most quieting tone he knew how to use. "Halloa, have you lost us, Betty? Babes in the wood, ar'n't we? But I'm afraid we won't have as good a time as they had, for there comes a man who looks as if he'd be just equal to setting us straight if we asked him the way home."

"You can ask him," said Betty. "I'll be lost, I will. They'll tell and you'll tell; and I won't be there—that's where I went."

She tried to pull away; but the prince had taken care to keep firm hold of her hand.

"I'll never tell, Betty," he said. "And what is it you're afraid they'll tell me? You tell me first, and we'll have it for our own secret. Come."

"Oh, I've got seven!" said Betty. "Seven, all, all my own; with not anybody to carry half like Sadie Spencer does."

"What are they, Betty?" said the prince. "Give me half; that's a good little sister."

It was the last word that did it as much as the winning tones. It made her feel so near him. It was so kind in him to call her sister before the wedding-ring. It made her feel that he was her own prince, as much as ever the dear cabinet photograph had been in the days when it had a nose. Betty could talk to him then; and she looked straight into his brotherly eyes and rubbed close to his coat-sleeve and said:

"Nose, plan, oven-door, hole, hair, cheeks, and corners."

The prince did not appear as if it was all quite clear; but he puzzled a moment, and brightened. Then he felt for his pocket-handkerchief, and stooping towards Betty said:

"I think I understand about the cheeks, Betty. Somebody helped you make them rosy?"

"I did it alone, my own self," said Betty proudly, "for you."

"All for me?" said he. "That was very kind, and I assure you I thank you. But to tell you the truth I like pale cheeks very well, and if we

take these off in my pocket-handkerchief and roll them up and put them away down in my deepest pocket, I shall think you are just as pretty, and no one will ever know anything about it."

"Louise said you liked 'em rosy red," said Betty, drawing back.

"I do on Louise," said he; "but if I saw too many red cheeks I might get tired of them. I like variety. Betty, I'd rather have you pale for a change. One sister rosy and one pale—then there's no getting tired of either, you know."

"Well," said Betty, and she stood very still while the prince stooped and rubbed.

"There they go," said he, rolling them up in his pocket-handkerchief and burying it deep in his pocket. "Now let's see anybody get at that secret. The corners mean the running away, I suppose, Betty."

"Yes," said Betty.

"That's safe, said the prince. "No one will ever find that out from me. And the others I'm afraid you'll have to explain."

One by one she explained them, all but the plan. That, as it was only a plan yet, she had little to say about.

"See here," said the prince.

He pulled out of an inner pocket another picture of himself, cabinet size, but a different kind from the old.

"More of 'em?" exclaimed Betty; for she thought that Louise had already more than were necessary to make her remember him when he was away.

"I have a bright idea," said the prince. "You can run up stairs and put this one in the place of the other, and we'll give her a surprise."

Betty was delighted, and reflected again what a wonderful difference it made with a secret when somebody carried half.

"The others," said the prince, getting impatient as his thoughts travelled on to the gate again, "suppose we sleep over. Let's put them away till morning, and then see what can be done with them."

"Well," said Betty.

The prince enquired the way home, and they hurried on. Betty was not afraid now to talk freely with him on any subject. Indeed, her head was so full of subjects and her tongue was so uneasy if it stopped for a moment, that she jabbered continually, wheeling about often and stepping on the prince's toes to look him in the face.

As they drew near home she wondered if Louise were watching still. She knew which blind to look at to find out; and there behind it, she saw something white fluttering, which as the prince approached quickly disappeared.

"Sh-h-h!" said Betty in a whisper. "I caught her peeking; but don't you tell her that I told."

The prince did not pay as much attention to Betty's remark as to seeing how long and how few steps he could take from the gate to the door.

Betty slipped up stairs with the photograph that she had under her arm; but she overheard the prince saying something to Louise about being detained at the hotel, and meeting Betty. She knew he would never tell that he had met her far from home.

She hurried up, put the new photograph on the bracket, hid the old in her play-room; and then combed, pulled and twisted again till she had her burnt lock better hidden than ever.

When Louise make her pretty apologies that night at tea for the spoiled cake, the prince did not look as if he could possibly imagine who had anything to do with spoiling it.

Betty said good-night to all, still safe with her secrets. Her mamma put her over in the back of Louise's bed, covered her up and kissed her and left her.

Betty waited until her footsteps had gone down the stairs and into the library; then the plan's time had come. Never, said she to herself, should Louise know from her telling the secrets she had been guarding all day. She would get ahead of that

little traitor tongue that told tales on her when she wasn't there to speak for herself. She would put it where it wouldn't have any ears to tell its tales to.

She took her pillow in her arms and tiptoed into her play-room, pulled out a large trunk that stood in one corner, put the pillow behind it for a bed and crawled in and lay down. She was not used to sleeping alone, so she got up and brought a big doll for company.

"Now, tongue," said she, "you can't tell my secrets to any one but Daisy Delight; and she's too dumb to tell'em again, so do your worst!"

Then, having all her affairs in beautiful order, and being very tired from her exciting day, she fell asleep.

She slept sweetly, and her tongue lay quiet, too, until the shining of a candle over her face made lightning in her dreams and the hum of voices made thunder. Then she thought she was lost in a wood, and the lightning was flashing and the thunder roaring around her.

But the secrets seemed to lie heavier on her heart than the storm, for it was of them that her troubled tongue talked.

Papa, mamma, and Louise, who had

all come to look for her, were bending over, and as her arms beat the air her tongue rattled off words which sounded to their ears like "Nose, plan, oven-door, hole, hair, cheeks, and corners."

There was a mystery about them which Louise did not understand till the next morning. When Betty awoke by her side she repeated as many of the words as she remembered, and pretended that she knew what they meant.

Partly because Betty believed her, and partly because there was something in the sweet, sunny morning that made her feel as if she must begin the day as fresh and free as these early hours, she sat up and threw off the burden of her secrets in few words.

Then before Louise—who was rather shocked—could catch her breath to give her a reproof and point a moral, Betty straightened herself and sternly fastened her eyes on her sister as if she were the culprit.

"And let it be a lesson to you," said Betty, lifting her forefinger, "never to have a first secret. If you don't want lots, don't have one; 'cause it is like mosquitoes—one comes, and the first thing you know they all come after."

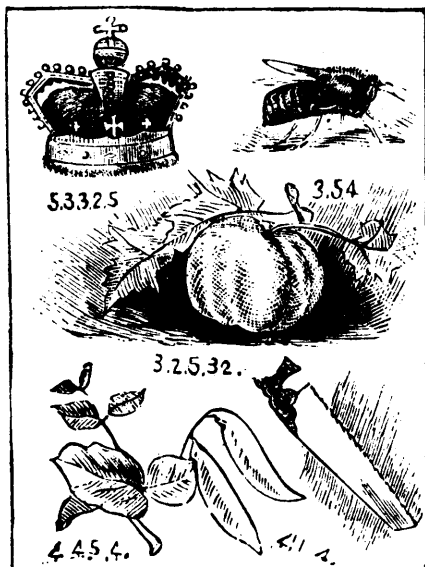


PUZZLES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

I.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAM PROVERB-PUZZLE.



The answer is a proverb of five words. Each numeral beneath the pictures represents a letter in the word of the proverb indicated by that numeral,—4 showing that the letter it designates belongs to the fourth word of the proverb, 3 to the third word, and so on.

Find a word that describes each picture, and contains as many letters as there are numerals beneath the picture itself. This is the first process.

Then put down, some distance apart, the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, to correspond with the words of the proverb. Group beneath figure 4 all the letters designated by the numeral 4 in the numbering beneath the pictures (since, as already stated, all the letters there designated by the numeral 4 belong to the fourth word of the proverb). You will thus have in a group all the letters that the fourth word contains, and you then will have only to transpose those letters in order to form the word itself. Follow the same process of grouping and transposition in forming each of the remaining words of the proverb. Of course, the transposition need not be begun until all the letters are set apart in their proper groups.—*St. Nicholas.*

II.

LES OISEAUX CACHÉS.

MY DEAR MAGGIE,—The Fowlers had such a pleasant little gathering last night in Gale's Grove. It is a lovely spot. A little brook runs quite near, and we could hear it rushing along its tiny bed.

After a short walk from the entrance of the grove, a wider avenue opened before us. Here the branches hang low, rendering a grateful shade to picnic parties, but on this occasion they were covered with Chinese lanterns.

Soon after tea glee upon glee was sung. There was no gossip, not an atom, tittle-tattle being prohibited; but a noted wag, "Tailor Tom," seemed to afford much amusement.

The guests might have spent hours in robing, the toilettes were so brilliant. I noticed that plumes and feather trimming prevailed.

There was quite a crowd by eight o'clock, but all was over at ten, the entertainment being concluded with chorus and overture by Clarke's Band.

The whole thing was so much liked, they hope to have another on the first public holiday.

Have you any curiosity as to the names of those present? If you read this again dear Mag, piecemeal fashion, or sentence by sentence, you will have a correct list.

Affectionately yours,

MARY FRANKLIN.

Nettingwood Park, Hawkestone.

III.

QUOTATION PUZZLE.

Take one word from each of the following quotations, and form a quotation from Tennyson:

1. "Flowers do not suit me any more."
2. "Life's fairest things are those which seem."
3. "Triumph and toil are twins."
4. "Heir of all the ages, I,
Heir of all that they have wrought."
5. "The way to conquer men is by their passions."
6. "Scale the walls of heaven with prayer."
7. "He builded better than he knew."
8. "A sacred burden is this life ye bear."
9. "Weep not that the world changes."
10. "Dreams are the children of an idle brain."
11. "Money makes a hero of a clown."

IV.

TRANSPOSITIONS OF PROPER NAMES.

1. At —, Fla., may be obtained — — — for washing purposes.

2. Are not the public — small in the State of — ?
3. In — you may not see — — —, though you certainly will see many in Pennsylvania.
4. Amid the mountains of — there is doubtless many a — — —.
5. Having occasion to visit the city of —, to my surprise I — — —, except a few worn-out — — —.
6. If you wish to find or to — — — trees, you need not go to — — —.
7. When in — City I saw an old — — —, which was quite a relic.
8. In the city of — the cooks surely know how to — — —.
9. —, my brother, — the falsehood by giving it a flat — — —.
10. My aunt — planted a rose-bush — — — allotted to fruit trees.

V.

CHARADE.

On Plevna's blood-stained side,
With brandished sword, and eager eye,
My *first*, the Turkish leader cried,
And led his gallant troop to die.

In circle vast, where sea and sky
Commingle kindred hues—
My *second* holds his flag on high,—
His courage sing, O muse!

Behold yon choir of Grecian maids,
With regal port and step so proud;
They seek yon temple's sacred shades,
And shout my *third* aloud.

My *whole* its swelling bosom spreads,
Where Northern summers shine;
Nor could wintry winds, with blast so dread,
Its swelling waves confine.

VI.

LITERARY ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 23, 13, 20, 8, 1, 3, 11, 5, 18, 1, 25, is a novelist.

My 2, 15, 26, is the *nom de plume* of another novelist.

My 6, 15, 24, is an English orator.

My 17, 21, 9, 14, 3, 25, is an American orator.

My 16, 9, is a printer's term.

My 10, 7, 8, 15, 12, 12, 1, 14, 4, is a modern writer and editor.

My 22, 9, 19, is the Latin name for a very good quality in writers.

My whole is necessary to writers.

VII.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a household utensil and leave a cottage.
2. A part of the body and leave a tree.
3. A part of little value and leave a weapon.

4. To control and leave to dwell.
5. To suppose and leave to begin.
6. A high dignitary and leave to recite.
7. A migratory bird and leave to roll.
8. A support and leave a kind of shoe.
9. To ramify and leave a hut.
10. A kind of garment and leave an insect.
11. A kind of oil and leave a lazy fellow.
12. A bird and leave a gallant.
13. A heavy body and leave a number.
14. Ladies and leave a sign.
15. Active and leave a place of sale.
16. An animal and leave a frame.
17. Part of an anchor and leave a disciple.
18. Boundless and leave a step.
19. To unfold and leave to confine.

VIII.

RESERVED BLANKS.

(Fill the blanks with the same words reversed.)

1. Is the — in the — ?
2. Even a — will — do.
3. A — is the right shape, — it is too large.
4. I have —; have you, — ?
5. It — this I — last week.
6. —, it is — the table.

IX.

CHARADE.

My *first* may signify beauty or power;
They adorn alike both villa and tower;
And whether in pairs or in dozens they stand,
All look as if formed by the self same hand.
My *second* is only a very small word
That keeps *first* and *third* in proper accord;
My *third* is a hero of hoary renown,
Whose exploits and feats caused wonder profound,
And legends and myths still cling to his name,
The ivy and moss that keep green his fame;
My *whole* has in history a prominent part,
And marks a strong place on the mariner's chart;
It bristles with guns, with troops, and with guard,
That o'er the whole region keep watch and ward.
What is it? please tell us, is it cape or bay?
And what is the meaning its name may convey?

X.

A COMMON ADAGE.

WEL TO

XI.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ACROSTIC.

THE WHOLE.

Brothers are we, alike in form and mien,
Sometimes apart, but oft together seen.
One labors on, and toils beneath his load;
The other idly follows on the road.

One parts the sleeping infant's rosy lips ;
 The other veils the sun in dark eclipse.
 One rises on the breath of morn, with scent
 Of leaf and flower in fragrant incense blent ;
 The other's wavering aspiration dies
 And falls where still the murky shadow lies.
 At hospitable boards my first attends,
 And greets well pleased the social group of
 friends ;

But if my second his grim face shall show,
 How dire the maledictions sent below !
 Yet there are those who deem his presence blest,
 A fitting joy to crown the social feast,
 And make for him a quiet, calm retreat,
 Where friends with friends in loving concourse
 meet.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. Two brothers ever keeping side by side,
 The closer they are pressed the more do they
 divide.
2. Brothers again unite their ponderous strength,
 Toiling all day throughout its tedious length.
3. I never met my sister ; while she flies
 I can but follow, calling out replies.
4. A casket fair, whose closely covered lid
 A mother's hope, a nation's promise, hid.
5. A plant once used to drive sharp pain away,
 Not valued greatly in the later day,
 Except by those who fly when they are ill
 To test the virtues of a patent pill.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER
 NUMBER.

I.

CHARADE.—Bride-well.

II.

A WOOD-PILE.—Beech, ash, maple, oak,
 pine, larch, willow, elm, fir, cedar.

III.

AN ACROSTIC.—M u M
 A n n A
 D e e D
 A v A
 M i n i M

IV.

RIDDLE.—A

V.

REBUS.—Condone.

VI.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND.

R
 N E D
 R E G A L
 D A D
 L

[Reversed.]

L
 D A D
 L A G E R
 D E N
 R

VII.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.—1. Edgar Allen
 Poe. 2. Letitia Elizabeth Landon. 3. Harriet
 E. Hosmer. 4. Israel Putnam. 5. Fitz-Greene
 Halleck. 6. Henry W. Longfellow. 7. Isaac
 Newton.

VIII.

POETICAL PI

“ Enjoy the spring of love and youth,
 To some good angel leave the rest,
 For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
 There are no birds in last year's nest.”

IX.

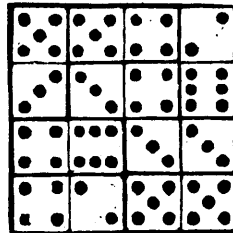
DROP LETTER PUZZLE.—Truth fears nothing
 but concealment.

X.

PUZZLE BOUQUET.—1. Foxglove. 2. Hawk-
 weed. 3. Tuberosc. 4. Candytuft. 5. Snap-
 dragon. 6. Wall-flower. 7. Sweet-pea. 8.
 Balsam (Ball Sam). 9. Snowdrop. 10. Marigold
 (Marry Gold).

XI.

MAGIC DOMINO SQUARE.—The diagram
 shows one method of arranging dominoes. But
 the puzzle can be solved by two or three other
 arrangements.



The Home.

EDNA'S NEW PLAN.

SOMETHING ON DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

"Three o'clock! Oh, Christopher Columbus! I'll never get this work done!"

Now, don't make up your mind that the speaker is a school-boy, who was tussling with a knotty problem in algebra, or making inroads on a wood-pile, for it wasn't. It was Mrs. Eddington, the doctor's wife, and she was the jolliest little person imaginable, and on certain occasions could act with great dignity, though sometimes she *did* use slang.

Three years before the Doctor had brought his bride to the village. She was then just eighteen, and very pretty and stylish. They took Rose Cottage, and fitted it up like a fairy palace, with tasty furniture, a fine piano, which was the gift of the bride's father, pictures, and many little elegant nick-nacks, which were the wonder of the neighborhood. They kept a servant, and though some old ladies thought this a dreadful extravagance, most people agreed that it would be a pity to spoil those dainty little hands with housework; and besides, Dr. Eddington had a good practice, which was every day increasing, and could very well afford it.

The doctor was perfectly happy with his sweet little wife, and his sweet little house; and when a sweet little son came, who was acknowledged by all to be the most wonderful child ever seen, his cup of happiness seemed running over.

But soon the cry of *hard times* was raised, and though the doctor had just

as much to do as ever, the money did not come in quite so quickly. The bills, however, came just as usual, and the doctor's face grew a shade careworn, a few anxious lines came round his mouth, and he often busied himself in running over long lines of figures, and in balancing accounts. He was employed thus one evening in his pretty little drawing-room; his wife was playing a lively jig on the piano, and laughing down at baby Tum, who was lying on a white pillow on the floor, and looking up at his mamma, with mute astonishment in his great blue eyes, and one fat finger in his mouth.

"You're a lover of music, aren't you, Tum?" said his lively parent, as she abruptly slid off the piano-stool, and overwhelmed him with a shower of kisses, then snatched him up, and gave him two or three tossings in the air; and finally landed him and herself on her husband's knee, exclaiming, "Here we come, Doc—look out!—you'll have your hands full." Away went the doctor's column of figures and pencil, but he did not scold; his anxious thoughts seemed to vanish with them, for he laughed and romped—put Tum on his shoulder, and danced round the room, much to that young gentleman's delight, who kicked, and crowed, and did his best to help make a noise. At last all three grew tired, and Edna, after referring to her gold watch, declared, with matronly dignity, that it was Tum's bed-time, and bore him off.

When they were gone, the doctor

picked up his column of figures, seated himself, and resumed his serious occupation. The figures would not behave to his satisfaction, it seemed, for the lines came round his mouth again, and the anxious look into his eyes. "I wish we could manage to get on without disturbing those few hundreds in the bank—there will be Tum to educate, and—"

He had not heard Edna's light step, as she had come up behind him; but he felt her hands on his shoulders, and looking up as she tipped the rocking-chair back, he saw her face looking down into his, with a very grave look in the hazel eyes.

"Frank, you must tell me all about it. I know something has been troubling you for a good while, and you must not keep it from your wife any longer. You know I can sympathize with you, if I can't do anything else;" and she very gravely seated herself on a stool, at his feet, and laid her little hand with the wedding-ring on it on his. The doctor could not resist this, and soon told her just how it was,—that they were spending rather more than he made, and how the money he had put in the bank for a rainy day was slipping away, little by little. "But," he added, as he saw the serious face before him, "don't bother about it,—the times will soon be better and then we'll save and put it back again."

But she would not speak gaily, nor even smile. "Why didn't you tell me this before, Frank? I have been very selfish, and not at all saving, but you'll see now. I'll not get a new hat this summer,—I'll have hash for dinner, and,—"

There is no knowing how many other sacrifices Edna might have planned, if she had not been stopped by a merry laugh from the doctor, "You're a trump, Ed, but I don't want hash for dinner, and I don't want you to bother your little head with worrying—we'll get on all right when the ship comes in."

"No, Frank, don't joke. I do want to do something to economize. What's this you have here?" and she picked up the paper filled with figures.

"Oh, I was putting down our expenses for the year, to see if there was anything we could do without; but I'm afraid there's not."

"Let us go over them together," cried Edna, enthusiastically. So the doctor and his little wife settled down to an hour's arithmetic and grave calculation,—house-rent, so much,—wood,—groceries,—read the doctor, pausing after each item for remarks and meditation. A great many plans for reform and economy in some of these branches of expenditure were proposed by Edna, and the good-natured doctor did not smile, though some of them were certainly comical. Hannah's wages five dollars a month.

"I've got it!" cried Edna, springing up, and clapping her hands; "I'll let Hannah go, and manage the whole house myself. Why didn't I think of that before? That will save—let me see—sixty dollars in wages alone. Oh, Frank, won't that be some help? and wait till you see how splendidly I'll do it! I can cook dinners beautifully—beefsteak pudding—you like that,—vegetables,—and blanc mange and jelly for dessert,—"

"I thought we were to have hash and bread pudding for dinner," said the doctor, slyly; then very seriously, "But Edna, you are not strong enough for that; you've never been used to it,—and then there's Tum."

"Now, Frank, don't discourage me; my mind's made up,—I'm as strong as an antediluvian elephant, and Tum's no trouble at all. When I'm particularly busy, Nan, next door, will mind him. She'll consider it a high privilege. I'll get the washing done,—I don't think I could manage that," said Edna dubiously, "and then you'll see how charmingly I'll get on."

A month had passed since the new

order of things had been established in Rose Cottage. It was the month of June, and the little bird's nest of a home deserved its name. The porch was covered with a climbing-rose in full bloom; roses bobbed in at the windows, and twined themselves up almost to the low roof. If you have a little curiosity to see how the house looks, under the unassisted management of its little mistress, you may step in at the front door, and take a survey. The drawing-room is in the daintiest order, not a speck of dust to be seen—the blinds are drawn just far enough down to admit a softened light, without letting in the hot rays of the sun. The lace curtains are white as snow; and there is a vase of half-blown rose-buds, prettily arranged with green on the table. Altogether it is a little paradise of a place, on a hot afternoon like this. The bedrooms and study are in equally good order; and peeping into the dining-room you see Edna, arrayed in a large apron, brandishing a duster. She is a trifle dusty herself,—her curly locks are twisted up into a knot, and look as if each hair had rebelled against this arrangement, and had struck out in search of a new style of its own; her cheeks are rosy without the aid of *rouge*, and she looks decidedly hot and tired. The clock strikes three, and she bursts forth with the speech with which we commenced, "Christopher Columbus, I'll never get this work done!"

The month had been one of varied experience to the young housekeeper. At first it had been great fun. She made the beefsteak-pudding, and it was pronounced a complete success; she forgot all about potatoes until it was too late, but she and Frank laughed merrily, and she said, "You know I'll not be perfect all at once, but I'll soon learn."

She had learned a good deal in the month, but the novelty had worn off a little, and, to confess the truth, she was pretty tired of it. "How lovely it looks

outside!" she said, with a little sigh, as she finished dusting, and stood at the window, fanning her flushed face with her apron. A month to-day since Hannah left,—it seems like a year. Oh, dear! I never thought that five dollars was so hard to earn. "I shan't give in though," she mused. "Frank thinks I like it splendidly, and of course I do." With that she went to the kitchen to make biscuits and custard for tea.

The biscuits were in the oven, and she was whisking the eggs to a froth, when there was a knock at the door. Edna did not say "Christopher Columbus!" this time, but she looked it. She rushed to the glass, tore off her apron, attempted to smooth her hair a little, gave it up as a bad case, took a last agonized glance at her dusty dress, and went to the door. On opening it her first impulse was to shut it again; for there, arrayed in all the elegance of the latest summer fashions, were the Misses Eliot, and with them a young gentleman, whom she had never seen before. The Misses Eliot were daughters of Judge Eliot, and when Edna had come as a bride to M.—they had called on her, and soon the three had become very good friends. They had been away in New York on a visit, and had not heard of the change in Edna's domestic arrangements. They were therefore a little astonished to see her present herself with a picturesque dash of flour on her nose, her hair all askew, and, instead of the dainty ties and jewellery she used to wear, a linen collar and no jewellery at all. Coming along, they had been describing her to Mr. Clayton as the prettiest, most stylish little creature imaginable; and had laughingly assured him that he would certainly be *struck*. He was a little, so were they, but they were all too well-bred to show it.

"How are you, Edna, dear?" exclaimed Miss Eliot and Miss Joe, in a breath; and then, regardless of the flour, they kissed her heartily. "We came

home last night, and could not rest without coming to see you immediately. This is a friend of ours, Mr. Clayton, from New York."

For a moment Edna was, as Bridget says, "struck all of a heap," but recovered herself in a minute, and determined to take a comical view of the case. Assuming a broad Irish accent, she asked them, "Wouldn't they plase to step in, and she'd call the missis." Then they all laughed, and stepped into the cool little drawing-room.

"Edna, what *has* happened," exclaimed the inquisitive Miss Joe, unable longer to repress her curiosity.

"Plase, your ladyship, it's hard times, and I've gone out to service. I'm 'chief cook and bottle-washer, and captain of the kitchen.' Here now, don't you like my regimentals?" and the lively lady assumed a tragical attitude, so comical that they all burst into a laugh. After this the conversation flowed on like a merry, rippling brook; Edna recounted her exploits in house-keeping, to the amusement of the others. Mr. Clayton seemed to enjoy it amazingly, and gave them some reminiscences of the days when he kept "bach." Fifteen minutes passed gaily, Edna had accepted an invitation for herself and the Doctor for the next evening, her guests were rising to go, when two loud calls from duty summoned her, at which her friends good-naturedly cut short their adieux, and took their departure. One was a call from Tum, who had wakened; the other a strong odor of burning tea-cakes.

"This is awful!" exclaimed Edna, as, with Tum in her arms, she opened the oven, and threw the charred remains of the tea-cakes into the fire. In spite of her gay behavior, she was mortified at being caught so untidy, for she was a fastidious little lady. "I *should* have been dressed before three o'clock, but I had so much to do to-day." At this moment Nan came in, and begged to be allowed to take Tum

out in his carriage, and Edna was not sorry to let him go.

As Edna dressed she seemed to be thinking very hard, and suddenly seemed to get a brilliant idea. "That's it—splendid!" and then she finished dressing in a furious hurry, put on her hat and jacket, locked up the house, and ran across to Nan's mother, and asked her to take care of Tum, if he came home before she returned; then she walked away briskly, as if that brilliant idea was flying in front of her, and she was trying to overtake it.

Edna was gayer that evening than she had been for a long time, and the doctor was glad of it, for it had grieved him to see her looking quiet and tired, as she often did of late. The afternoon adventure was recounted, Edna dwelling on the comical side of it, and they both laughed heartily. All this was but a lull before the storm, so the doctor found when his wife burst forth with—

"Doctor, I'm not going to stand this kind of thing any longer. For five paltry dollars, I'm not going to make a slave of myself. I've tried it for a month, and I see that if it continues I shall go down to a premature grave with,—*such hands!*" and she spread forth the members in question, displaying a few burns, cuts, and other marks, which the month's honest toil had given them."

The Doctor was thunderstruck at this unexpected oration, and stood gazing at his wife mutely, until she reached the pathetic climax! then he took the little abused hands in his, and pressed them to his lips with lover-like devotion, murmuring, "Poor little girl!—it's too bad—you know I didn't want you to—you shan't any more." He was interrupted by a merry laugh from Edna.

"Sit down, Frank, till I tell you something. I am thoroughly sick of cooking, sweeping and washing dishes—people are always calling when I'm not fit to be seen, and altogether it's very disagreeable being without a girl.

It seems an awfully hard way of earning five dollars; and then, Frank, it really isn't that much, for I have to pay two dollars a month for washing, and put out a good deal of sewing. I was thinking it all over this afternoon, and I've hit on a splendid plan. Mrs. Smith told me the other day that she was very anxious to have Mabel and Lottie taught music. I knew that Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Wood wanted their girls to learn, so off I started, and told them that I would teach the girls, if they would come to me at hours when I could conveniently take them. They were all delighted and it's settled. I called on Hannah, and she's to come back to-morrow. Now let me convince you that this plan is a good one. In the first place I shall earn twice as much money, I shan't have to do anything horrid—like washing pots; I can always be nicely dressed, and the girls will only come two afternoons in the week. I used to teach Laura and

cousin Tom at home, so I know exactly what it is like, and I shall enjoy it much better than being *chief cook and bottle-washer and captain of the kitchen.*"

Edna's *new plan* did work beautifully, and, I give her experience, because I think many ladies may be able to get a useful hint from it. A friend of mine, who has a decided taste and talent for drawing and painting, married a minister and settled in a flourishing village. His salary was not large, and she determined to do without a servant; which she did with an experience much like Edna's. One day it came into her head to form a drawing-class, and I received a letter from her, not long after, in which she said, "I spend an hour twice a week with my painting-class, and make enough money to keep a girl and something over. Things go on beautifully, and I *don't wash pots any more—O. B. joyful!!*" All ladies may not be able to act on this plan, but are there not a good many who could?



FOODS IN SEASON.

THE CHEMISTRY OF COOKING.

BY GIUSEPPE RUDMANI, *Chef de Cuisine.*

While this scientific term is suggestive of technical terms, and of a complication of other things, I venture to assert that we can reduce it to a few rules, which will be a long stride in the direction we are going.

COOKING is the science by which the best flavors of food are developed, while its nutriments are preserved, to be **digested easily, for the proper sustenance of our bodies.** It is also the art of making food pleasing to the sight, by which means it is attractive to our palates also. Plain boiled potatoes served on a clean table-cloth, with salt neatly in its cellar, a cool clear glass of water, with a plate, knife and fork above suspicion, is more to our palate than roast beef, with accompaniments served slovenly, beef looking coarse and unshapely, spotted linen, etc., etc.

ROASTING is the process of cooking meat in *front* of the fire, with the air in constant circulation around it, which permits the free escape of watery particles, in the shape of vapor, so necessary for the production of flavor. Roasting is a luxury seldom met with at our tables; the roasts are *baked*, which, although done ever so skilfully, is but a poor operation compared with roasting. It causes greater contraction of the cellular substances that contains the fat, and therefore expels more fat than either baking or boiling; but what it loses in weight it gains in flavor and succulence. The joint should be placed close to a clear fire, steady enough to last during the time it is cooking, and the whole surface must, by frequent turnings, be exposed to the heat, to coagulate a layer of albumen, and to pre-

vent the juices from escaping; then it should be moved back, and the cooking finished at less heat, very frequently basting with the drippings, adding salt and water to them when the joint is half cooked, as salt draws out the juices if put over the meat **when first** placed to roast.

BROILING is the process of cooking over the fire. The same rule applies as in roasting, the coagulation of the whole surface, afterwards exposing it to a less heat to finish the cooking, that the fibrine may not harden, and seasoning it on the dish the last thing before serving. The juice will then be in the dish and not wasted in the fire.

BOILING extracts a portion of the juices, dissolves some of the solids and the more fusible parts of the fat, which combines with the water, and forms broth or soup, as the case may be. The joint must be put into boiling water to form a crust, as already described, and when on the point of reboiling very carefully and thoroughly remove *all* the scum as it rises to the surface of the water, to preserve the delicate white appearance of the joint; then remove the saucepan to the side of the fire to gently simmer, and finish cooking at a temperature of about 200° Fahrenheit. The less water,—so that the meat is covered,—the better will be the joint, and more savory the broth. Be sure to *simmer* it; the difference between it and a joint that has been boiling fast is very discernible in flavor, tenderness and appearance. Salt should be added when the joint is about half done.

STEWING is the process of commingling different constituents in such a

manner as to form a savory compound easy of digestion, and full of nutrition. The process should be conducted carefully, never once permitting it to boil which creates steam in which is carried off the most volatile portion of the meat—while the different flavors must be used in great moderation, and in such proportions that each shall not destroy the effect nor overpower the taste of the other, but together combine, and skilfully make up one harmonious whole. The stewpan closely resembles the stomach. The stomach is a close *sac*, in which solids and fluids are conglomerated, macerated in the gastric juices, and dissolved by the action of gentle heat and motion, occasioned by the continued contraction and relaxation of the coats of the stomach during the process of digestion. How few of even our “good cooks” know how to stew; they serve us with a dish reeking with onions, garlic or allspice, so that one is puzzled to know—by the smell of it at least—if it is an onion stew, rabbit stew, or a stew composed of allspice; and to crown all, a halo of *grease*.

BAKING is the process of cooking in an oven,—and a very objectionable process too, as it does not admit of the evaporation so rapidly as by the process of roasting; the fat is retained more and becomes converted by the action of heat into an empyreumatic oil, so as to render it less fit for persons of delicate stomach and much less easy of digestion. In point of fact, the joint is partly boiled in the water (as this process of cooking is performed by the average cook), and partly cooked by the confined hot air of the oven.

FRYING is the process of cooking in sufficient fat to entirely cover the article fried.

While, however, it is a form of dressing food very generally spoken against, it is more the fault of the cook than the process itself; if properly manipulated, it is an appetizing, and certainly not

an unhealthy mode of cooking. The lard, dripping or oil, must be smoking hot (600° Fahrenheit), plenty being employed, that the object may be immersed in it—making, so to speak, a bath of fat—carbonizing the whole surface as soon as it touches it; which will effectually keep the grease from entering to render it indigestible and repulsive.

SAUTEING is the process of cooking in only enough fat, of whatever kind is used, to just keep the article so cooked from sticking to the *sautoir*; then placed over a sharp hot fire, and delicately browned.

Hence the mistake in speaking of a chop, chicken *filet*, etc., being fried, as it would be the height of stupidity to immerse and cook either of them in smoking hot fat.

NOVEMBER.

FISH.

Bass, Blackfish, Bluefish, Codfish, Carp, Catfish, Eels, Flounders, Halibut, Haddock, Mackerel, Muscalonge, Perch, Pickerel, Pike, Salmon, Skate, Smelts, Sheephead, Sturgeon, Trout (brook, salmon and lake), Yellow Perch and Whitefish.

SHELL FISH.

Clams, Crabs, Lobsters, Oysters, Scallops, Terrapin, and Turtle.

MEATS.

Beef, Mutton, Pork, Veal and Venison.

POULTRY AND GAME.

Chickens, Capons, Ducks, Fowls, Geese, Turkeys, Pigeons, Brant, Ducks, Geese, Grouse, Hares, Larks, Prairie Chickens, Pigeons, Quails, Rabbits, Snipes, Turkeys and Woodcocks.

VEGETABLES.

Artichokes, Broccoli, Beans, Cabbages, Celery, Carrots, Coleworts, Endive, Leeks, Lettuces, Onions, Parsnips, Parsley, Potatoes (white and sweet), Salads, Shallots, Spinach, Thyme, Watercress.

CANNED VEGETABLES.

Asparagus, Artichokes, Beans, Mushrooms, Truffles, Tomatoes, Succotash and Corn.

FRUITS.

Apples, Bananas, Dates, Figs, Grapes, Lemons, Limes, Oranges and Pears.

CANNED FRUITS.

Apricots, Apples, Blackberries, Cherries, Damsons, Greengages, Limes, Pears, Pineapples, Plums, Peaches, Quinces, Raspberries and Strawberries.

NUTS.

Almonds, Butternuts, Coconuts, Chestnuts, Brazils, Filberts, Hazel Nuts, Pecans and Shell Barks.

VOCABULARY OF TERMS.

Au Naturel.—Served in its natural appearance, plain ; ungarished.

Au Gras.—Prepared from meat.

Beignets.—Fritters.

Contisé.—A decoration laid on the surface.

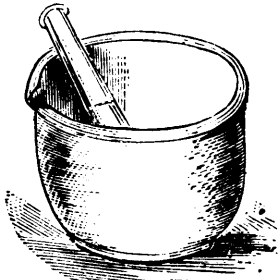
Caramel.—Sugar brought to the crack (*cassé*) and then at the same temperature suffered to get very brown. A poor device for coloring sauces and soups.

Croquettes.—Various preparations bread-crumbed and fried crisp.

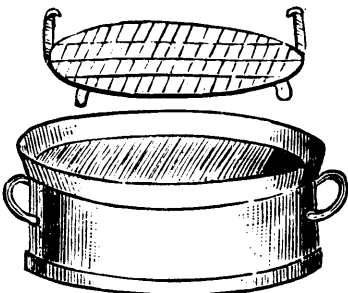
Déssoser.—To bone.

Roux (brown).—Butter and flour stirred over a slow fire until of a fine brown color.

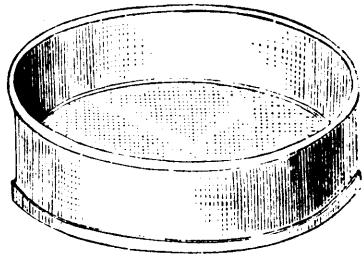
Roux (white).—Butter and flour stirred over the fire until it bubbles.



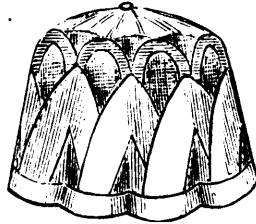
Pestle and Mortar.



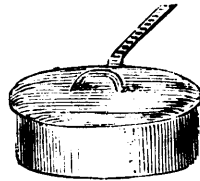
Braisière, and Wire bottom.



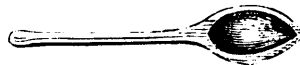
A fine Wire Cloth Sieve, or *Tammiss*.



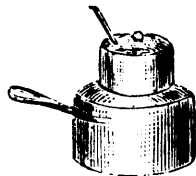
Pudding Mould.



Kettle for Small Fish.



Paste Cutter. Small *Volau-Vent* Cutter. Wooden Spoon for passing *Purées* through the *Tammiss*.



Glaze-Pot and Brush.

BRILL A L'HOLLANDAISE.

Trim the fins and tails of three brills and partly cook them in plain salted water with a lemon sliced in it; withdraw and cool. Divest them of their skin, dip in beaten egg diluted with milk, and seasoned with parsley and chopped chives, of each one tablespoonful, salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg, and then in fine white bread-crumbs, then into melted butter, and into the crumbs again; twenty minutes before dinner-time broil on a slow fire to a fine yellow color, dress them on a hot dish, pile a large handful of crimped and well-drained parsley in the centre, and send to table with Dutch sauce, as follows, in a bowl:

DUTCH SAUCE.

Place on the fire in a saucepan the yolks of five eggs and six ounces of butter; with an egg-whip beat it rapidly until the butter is dissolved and the mixture is thick and in a high state of frothiness, then add to it one pint of *velouté*, a pinch of cayenne, nutmeg, and the juice of one lemon; stir until mixed and place it in the *bain-marie*; or, if ready, use at once.

STOCK FOR WHITE SAUCE (VELOUTE).

Break up small a knuckle of veal, with any carcase or trimmings of poultry at hand, and set over the fire, with three quarts of water and eight ounces of salt pork; bring to boil, skim, add a tablespoonful of salt, six peppercorns, a blade of mace, two sprigs of thyme, bouquet of parsley garnished with green onions, and a large sliced carrot; simmer gently three hours, strain, return to the fire, and thicken with white *roux* to consistency, clarify, and set in the larder for use.

SHEEPS-HEAD, PARSLEY SAUCE.

With a heavy knife remove the horny fins and spine, set in plenty of very cold water four hours, place it on the

fire in fish kettle, in a *court Bouillon*,* simmer very gently until done, when withdraw it, drain, free it of skin, and with a soft brush glaze the remove with white sauce, and sprinkle it plentifully with finely chopped parsley, dress it on a hot dish, and send to table with a bowl of *Maitre d'Hotel Sauce*.

BUTTER SAUCE (*sometimes named melted or drawn butter*).

In a saucepan on the fire, have one and a half pints boiling water, add to it, stirring the while, four tablespoonfuls of flour dissolved in a little water, one teaspoonful of salt, a large pinch of †mignonette pepper, one small onion, and a bouquet of parsley. Set it where it will *only* simmer twenty-five minutes, pass it into a *bain-marie* for use, and when about to serve add eight ounces of butter in small pieces and the juice of half a lemon.

SAUCE A LA MAITRE D'HOTEL.

Add to the *butter sauce* above, the juice of one lemon and five tablespoonfuls chopped parsley.

FLOUNDERS A LA COLBERT.

Clean and make an incision down the stripe, on the dark side of as many soles as may be needed, wipe dry and cover completely with flour, season with salt and white pepper; thirty minutes before dinner-time, dip each in beaten eggs diluted with a little milk, and fry in plenty of lard, made smoking hot for the purpose, of a fine brown color, drain, remove the bone, by way of the incision, dress on a hot dish, insert a tablespoonful of butter and send to table, with a bowl of Colbert Sauce.

* A large bouquet of parsley, two onions, two sprigs of thyme, one carrot sliced, a cup of vinegar, a tablespoonful of salt, and enough water to cover.

† White pepper ground coarse,—or more properly crushed.

COLBERT SAUCE.

Reduce a little, and clarify one and a half pints *Espagnolé*, with a piece of game glaze, mignonette pepper, and bouquet parsley; when, pass (*i. e.* strain) into the *bain-marie* for use. Just before serving incorporate two ounces of butter and juice half Seville orange.

ESPAGNOLE (ECONOMICAL).

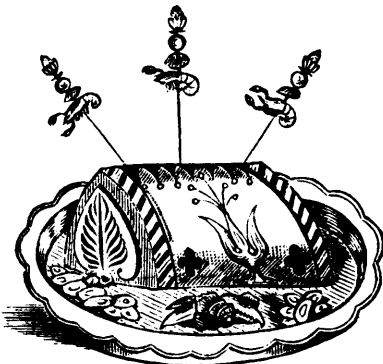
Thicken two quarts of boiling stock with brown *roux* to consistency, add any trimmings of game or poultry at hand, four ounces of ham, an onion and a clove of garlic fried in butter, a bouquet of parsley, two sprigs of thyme, and a pinch of mignonette pepper; simmer gently two and a half hours, when strain through a fine strainer, return to the fire to clarify, and when it assumes a bright velvety appearance strain again and set in the larder for use.

WHITE FISH WITH CRAB SAUCE.

Cleanse and boil four white fish *au Court Bouillon* (page 618); when ready withdraw, drain, absorb the moisture, glaze twice, dress them on a hot dish, and send to table with a well-made and highly seasoned crab sauce.

CRAB SAUCE.

Pick the meat from twenty crabs,



DARNE OF SALMON A L'ADMIRAL.

which add to half the butter sauce (page 618), with the juice of half a lemon, a

pinch of cayenne, and the green fat and coral found in the crabs. Set in *bain-marie* for use.

DARNE OF SALMON A L'ADMIRAL.

Procure a middle cut of salmon, wipe dry and cook it in equal parts of *Court Bouillon* (page 618) and broth. Simmer slowly until ready, when remove, divest it of its skin, and mask it completely with fish:

FISH FORCE-MEAT.

Pound eighteen ounces of uncooked fish to a smooth, fine paste, rub it through a sieve, return to the mortar with seven ounces of butter, eight ounces of *bread panada*, and pound vigorously together, adding a large pinch of white pepper, mace, salt, a little cayenne, and one at the time two whole eggs and the yolks of two, and three tablespoonfuls of *velouté* (page 618), when take up in a bowl and set it on ice to be used as wanted:

FORCE-MEAT.

From a large flounder, remove the fillets, trim them into long, even, narrow pieces, wipe dry, wash over with beaten white of egg and decorate (*conlisé*) with fillets of truffles as shown in the illustration, when, wet the force-meat with beaten egg and lay the fillets on the edges of the darne as shown in the illustration; prepare some fillets of red beef tongue, with which form a Grecian honeysuckle, at each end; arrange any bold, effective figure in the centre with white of hard-boiled eggs, truffle and red tongue; cover the whole with thin *bardes* of pork and return to the fire in the *Bouillon* it was cooked in, boil gently fifteen minutes, dress it handsomely on its dish with a *Ragout à l'Admiral* and a well-made *Espagnolé* sauce (page 619) in a bowl; insert three silver skewers, each ornamented with a large oyster and a cray fish, and send to table.

BREAD PANADA.

Steep as much stale bread, divested

of crust, as may be needed, in tepid water, when, having thoroughly expressed all the water by wringing in a clean towel, weigh it, and to every pound allow the yolks of three eggs, a tablespoonful of chopped onion cooked in butter, a little grated nutmeg, salt and white pepper, three tablespoonfuls of finely cut parsley. Place on the fire a stew-pan containing three ounces of butter, add the bread, stir until it quits the sides and bottom of the pan clear; remove from the fire, and, having placed it in a bowl, set it in the larder.

RAGOUT A L'ADMIRAL.

Set in the *bain-marie* two lobster tails in neat *fillets*, two tablespoonfuls of *essence of Anchovies*, and twenty large bread-crumbed and fried oysters kept warm and dry, and half a pint of reduced *Espagnolé* sauce (page 619).

BOUILLON.

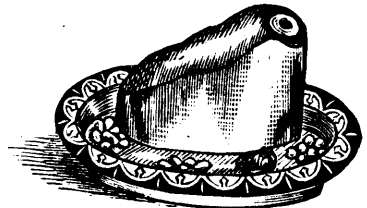
Procure seven pounds of the *mouse bullock* of beef, bind it in shape with a tape, set over the fire in a *Bouillon Jar* as shown in the illustration, with two



BOUILLON JAR.

calf's feet thoroughly cleaned, two carrots, two turnips, a large bouquet of parsley, two onions, a bayleaf, a clove of garlic, a teaspoonful salt, a large pinch of mignonette pepper, and six quarts water; set where it will *only simmer*, for the space of four and a half hours, skimming very thoroughly; withdraw the vegetables, from time to time, as they severally become cooked; meanwhile have a head of white

cabbage, boiled in well-salted water, with a little soda (the size of a bean); when done, withdraw and press very dry, and cut the vegetables in neat shapes. When about to serve, strain the *Bouillon*, adding more salt to taste, and pour it into the tureen, containing some slices of toast. After withdraw-



THE BOUILLON.

ing the meat, carefully unbind it, dress it on its dish, and having stewed the cabbage in a little *Espagnolé* (page 619), with pepper and salt to taste, arrange it with the carrots and turnips, in groups round the dish, pour over the whole one and a half pint of the *Bouillon* thickened with brown *roux* to consistence, with a little vinegar, salt, and French mustard, and send it to table.

BEEF-STEAK PIE.

Line an earthen-ware pie-dish to within two inches of the bottom with *short crust*,* cut two pounds of *round* of beef into neat thin fillets, pepper and salt each separately and roll a piece of fat in each, then make a layer of them neatly in the bottom of the dish, cover with a layer of finely shred shallots, parsley and two dozen fine oysters, make another layer of beef, and fill up the dish with *Espagnolé* (page 619), then cover with the short crust, ornament with leaves of paste, wash over with milk, and bake in a hot oven one and a

SHORT PASTE.

*Sift a pound of flour on the pastry slab, rub into it quickly six ounces of lard and four ounces of butter and a large pinch of salt, mix it into a firm paste with ice water, using as little handling as possible to effect the purpose, scrape the slab up clean, work it into the paste smooth and set away until needed for use.

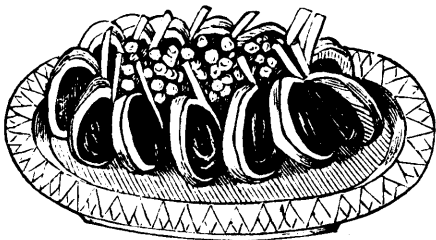
half hours, when serve it on a folded napkin, with a bowl of gravy. This pie may have the shallots omitted, likewise the oysters, at pleasure, making it quite plain, or it may be varied with mushrooms, sliced onions or a layer of sliced white turnips at the bottom, covered with *bardes* of pork, and then finished as before directed.

BEEF KIDNEYS A LA FRANCAISE.

Cut two fine pale beef kidneys into three pieces the long way, trim off all the fat and sinew and cut them in very thin slices, place them in a bowl and pour over them a kettle of boiling water, stir them with a spoon a few seconds, withdraw the water and turn the kidneys in plenty of cold water, drain, wipe dry in a clean towel. Meanwhile have two onions cut fine and cooked in a frying-pan, without getting any color, then add the kidneys, and very quickly brown them over a good sharp fire, add enough *Espagnolé* (page 619) to half cover, toss them a second or two, and having dressed a border of triangle-shaped *croûtons* on the inside of a hot dish pour the kidneys in a pyramid, sprinkle two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley over the surface, and send to table with slices of lemon on a plate.

COTELETTES OF MUTTON WITH PARISIEN POTATOES.

Cut ten chops from the best end of the neck, trim, and scrape the bones, then have in a frying-pan a carrot, an onion, a bay-leaf, four sprigs parsley and two cloves garlic ; lay



COTELETTES OF MUTTON WITH PARISIEN POTATOES.

on these a few *bardes* of pork, then the chops, moisten with a pint of water, cover with a round of buttered paper, and set in a hot oven thirty minutes, when remove, drain, glaze and dress in close circular order, dispose in the centre some *Parisian potatoes* and having incorporated the reduced *braise* in a pint of *Espagnolé* (page 619), pour a little in the dish and send to table with the rest of the sauce in a bowl.

POTATOES A LA PARISIENNE.

Scoop out with a vegetable scoop as many potatoes as may be needed, blanch them in salted water, immerse them in plenty of hot lard until of a nice buff color, when withdraw, drain, sprinkle with fine salt and chopped parsley and use as directed.

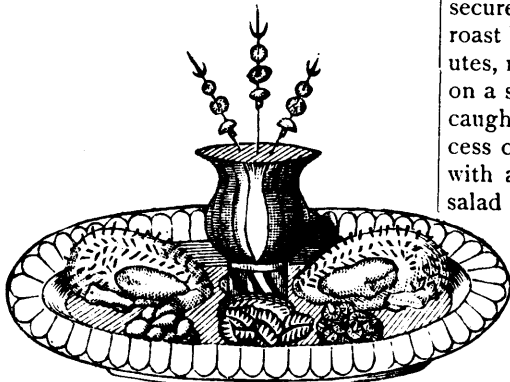
VEAL STEWED WITH VEGETABLES.

Cut a breast of veal into two-inch pieces, by one inch wide, set these on the fire in a stewpan with two ounces of butter, brown a little over a sharp fire, when add two ounces of sifted flour, salt, pepper, bouquet of parsley, thyme, one large shallot, one bayleaf, a blade of mace, one carrot, two turnips, eighteen button onions, and enough water to cover, simmer slowly until tender, when dress the veal on a hot dish, cut the vegetables in neat pieces, and arrange in groups with the onions, strain and skim the sauce, pour over and send to table.

CHICKEN A LA MONARQUE.

Draw two fine plump chickens, raise the skin of the breasts, introduce into each as much forcemeat as it will contain. Fill out the crop handsomely with the forcemeat, truss and lard, set them in the *braisière* with a pint and a half of chicken broth, a large bouquet of parsley, green onions, thyme, two blades of mace, and a large pinch white pepper, cover the whole with a buttered paper, set it on a slow fire, with live coals on the cover, to gently simmer one and a quarter hours, when

remove and keep hot, strain the *braise* and thicken with *white roux*, to consistency with one and a half pints of white sauce (page 618); when about to serve, place in the centre of a large dish a little flower and water paste, on



CHICKEN À LA MONARQUE.

which fix an ornamental *crôustade* of bread and set in the oven a minute to get firm, glaze the lard of the chickens, cut the trussing strings, dress them on the dish with their breasts toward the ends of the dish, with a larded veal sweetbread on each side, and a *ragout* of cock's combs, geese livers, and mushrooms. Insert three silver skewers decorated with a truffle, and larded lamb's sweetbread, and a mushroom, pour a little sauce in the dish and send to table with the rest of the sauce in a bowl.

DUCK A LA MODE.

Draw, truss and roast a duck rare, when, cut it in four pieces, place it in a small stewpan, with a bouquet of parsley, an anchovy, a pint of thick *Espagnolé* (page 619), and half a pint of stock, simmer gently until tender, when withdraw the duck, skim, strain and reduce the *braise*, dish the duck alternately with a heart-shaped *croûton*, in the centre of the dish, pour over the sauce and serve

CANVAS BACK DUCK.

Carefully draw a pair of canvas back

ducks, wipe out the inside with a towel wrung out of hot water, place them on the end of a long fork and hold close to a strong fire, and at once wipe with a dry rough towel, truss them and cover with a large *barde* of pork, which secure with fine twine, and set them to roast before a quick fire for twenty minutes, remove, glaze the pork, dress them on a square *croûton* of bread that has caught the drip or trail during the process of their cooking, and send to table with a form of red currant jelly, and salad of some kind.

POTATO SOUFFLES.

Obtain the pulp from six baked potatoes, rub through a sieve, then weigh it and add a fourth of its weight in *Pâté à choux*, place both together in the mortar and well pound, to

mix; add, one at a time, two whole and two yolks of eggs, a little salt, two table-spoonfuls of *Velouté* (page 618), and a pinch of mace; take it up, divide in pieces the size of walnuts, bread-crumbs them in the usual manner, and immerse in smoking hot lard until of a fine yellow color, when dress on a hot napkin and send to table.

TOPINAMBOURS (JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE) A LA REINE.

Peel and blanch eighteen artichokes, cool and cut off a piece from the bottom in order that they may stand, and



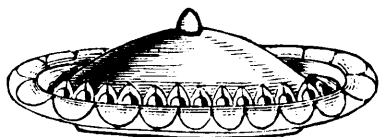
TOPINAMBOURS, ETC.

trim away the other end like the small end of an egg; then place them on the fire in a *sautoir*, with *béchéamél* to cover, add a cup of boiling cream to two cups of white sauce (page 618), simmer gently until tender, then dress them in a deep dish on their prepared ends, add to the sauce a dozen mushrooms in

slices, and a little mace; pour over the *entremét*, and send to table.

SPINACH WITH EGGS.

Pick two quarts of spinach free of stalks, wash it through three waters, have two quarts of water boiling with a large tablespoonful of salt and a piece



SPINACH WITH EGGS.

of sal-soda the size of a bean in a large saucepan, free the spinach of water, place it in the saucepan, set over a strong fire, boil four minutes, drain off the water, cool, express all the water thoroughly, chop a little, return to the fire with two ounces of butter, salt, white pepper, and a gill of *bèchamél*, stir until thoroughly hot, when dress on a hot dish, pour a little *bèchamél* over it, surround it with a border of hard boiled eggs cut in eight pieces, and half an egg on the summit, and send to table.

STRING BEANS A LA LYONNAISE.

Cut a quart of beans previously stringed into the shape of diamonds, and boil in salted water with a little soda in it; when, having meanwhile cut two onions in slices and cooked them brown, in two ounces of butter, a little white pepper, salt and nutmeg, add to it a gill and a half of *Espagnolé* (page 619), withdraw the water from the beans when tender, add them to the onion, etc., toss well to mix, dress a border of oval *croûtons*, on a hot dish, pour the beans in the centre and send to table.

FISH SALAD.

Break the fish in large flakes, lay them in a deep earthenware dish, pour over them two tablespoonfuls of oil, two of lemon juice and vinegar mixed, salt, white pepper, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley; then, having prepared two lettuces, add them together, mix and

send to table garnished with fillets of anchovies and hard-boiled eggs.

BAKED CUSTARD.

Place in a bowl a pint and a half of milk, a half pint of cream, the grated rind of a lemon, a pinch of salt, eight eggs, and five ounces of sugar; mix, and pour in an earthenware dish, half fill a baking pan with boiling water, and set in the oven; set the dish containing the custard in it, and bake about thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Care must be taken that it does not get too much cooked, or it will whey out. When the centre feels firm, and a straw thrust into it comes out clean, it is done, and should be at once removed.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

Place in a bowl twelve ounces of beef suet chopped very fine, six ounces of fine bread crumbs, five eggs, half a pint of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, three ounces of citron, two ounces of candied lemon peel, a pound each of



ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

currants and seeded raisins, five ounces of sugar, a grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice, and flour enough to bring to a consistent batter; place it in a well-buttered mould, and steam or boil for five hours; then turn it carefully out on a dish and send to table. The following sauce will be found palatable. Rub to a cream four ounces each of butter and sugar, add the grated rind of a lemon, a pinch of grated nutmeg and the yelk of one egg; mix well and use as directed.

Literary Notices.

HAVERHOLME OR THE APOTHEOSIS OF JINGO. By Edward Jenkins. (Harper Bros.)

Those of our readers who have not seen this clever satire, which has attracted much attention in England, will be pleased to have some extracts laid before them illustrative of the spirit of the piece :

A DEBATE IN THE HOUSE.

A debate was at the moment going on in the House, a discussion earnest if not animated. As some people grow earnest they become duller than they were before. This comes out conspicuously in Parliamentary debates. The one in question had already lasted some nights. The subject was worthy. It concerned nothing less than the future of South-Eastern Europe and the peace of the world. Something to talk about ! On the other side of the wooden casing by which the House of Commons is boxed in from the lobbies could be heard the steady drone of a Scotch member, delivering himself, with all the calmness and volume of the Caledonian Canal, of what he termed the "sentiments of the Scottish people."

Sentiments doubtless that ought to be heard : sentiments these that come from the minds and imaginations of a powerful race ; sentiments of a people whose enthusiasm and earnestness are very deep and sober, and real, though sometimes slow.

The public mind was profoundly agitated on the question at issue. Naturally. The nation had fought its last great war over it. Every year the estimates still bore the burden of the rightful expenditure which, twenty years ago, had been thought by the great statesmen whose hands held the destinies of the Empire needful to vindicate public law—for the defence of the weak against the strong—and to repress the overreaching ambition of a mighty Power. There were still living multitudes of those whose children and fathers, and brothers and cousins, lay in Crimean graves. No wonder the mind of the country seized hold of this question with unwonted intensity of thought and purpose. Feelings had changed. Peace had brought the habit of peace, and the love of it. Sympathies had altered. Cruelty had alienated the good-will felt towards one race, and blunted the ill-will against another. Public opinion was a maelstrom, on which, if you

threw an idea or a fact, it whirled round and round with extraordinary rapidity, and then disappeared down a funnel into the depths.

But, to alter the figure—two main strains were visible upon the network of public feeling. One was hatred and suspicion of Russia, the other was sorrow and sympathy for the suffering people of Turkey. No matter what motives prompted each party, this is what all men saw to be the main difference between them. And no one could honestly deny that the spring of the first was fear and self-interest, and the spring of the second was humanity, a faith in what was just and right, and a desire that the just and right should be done and that only. For the time the former seemed to be in the ascendant. It was the old battle between the Devil and God ; and, up to the present moment, God appeared to outsiders to have been getting the worst of it.

One party thought the nation ought to go to war. It had not had a war for twenty years, except two miserable skirmishes in Abyssinia and the West Coast of Africa. A little blood-letting, they argued, was good for a plethoric nation. It was necessary for the national PRESTIGE, frittered away by a Goodrock-Stanmore administration—prosperous, money-making, economic, but defective in imperial flourish and go.

According to the high philosophers of the Old Tory (since improved into the *Jingo* school, all this savored too much of the Manchester and Tradesman world. It was not "spirited." "Interests" also were at stake. Interests called "British." A syllogism worthy of their logic expressed the views of the *Jingo* (*quondam* Tory) thinkers :

Christianity and civilization are good for the world ;
Britain is the most Christian and civilized nation ;
Therefore, the interests of Great Britain are the interests of the world.

With such a syllogism as that, like a phylactery on your forehead, could you not face the world and outbrave the Devil ?

"Eothen !" the East ! the East ! Every eye was turned towards the ancient cradle of humanity. Nonconformists, Atheists, and Ritualists, all alike assumed the eastward position. There, under the rising sun, in a sea of blood and tears, floated to and fro, a terrible and tangled mass of questions, living, struggling, crying for help. The whole world stood aghast at the brightness and horror of the scene which suddenly flashed upon their eyes in the quiet autumn of a momentous year. That to which for long humane and Christian people had shut their ears and closed their eyes and steeled their hearts, hoping it was

not after all so very bad, in the twinkling of an eye stood forth unveiled, sounded out with an irrepressible clarion, pierced with its diamond point to the very centre of the hardest souls, and forced them all to turn and to regard it.

Marvellous power of helpless and hopeless, and utter sorrow, which stirs the sternest heart to pity, or remorse, or a painful uncomfortableness which must be put out of the way!

No wonder that Britain, affrighted, a little ashamed, was unsettled. Traditionary policies were by some cast aside as ill-adapted to the new state of things, or their own new views of them; by others insisted on as the anchors and cables of the surest statecraft. Parties were split up between abstract sympathies and the call of party allegiance. A ship running before the wind; a gale in the horizon; a dizzy and confused state of opinion; an untrusted helmsman, and an uncertain crew: such were the State and its conditions.

PICTURES IN THE LOBBY.

There stands a man who to-day has slipped in by chance, for he has long since been forbidden the lobbies. A gentle, sober-faced man, with carefully-brushed hair and whiskers of an iron gray. For six or eight years, almost every day that Parliament has sat, he has haunted Westminster Hall. His clothes neatly brushed, his boots carefully polished, his high shirt collar unimpeachably white and stiff, you may see him standing, his hands behind his back, his face expressing a keen earnestness—ever on the sharp look-out for somebody or something that never comes. Now and then he succeeds in catching the eye of some unimportant member, and addresses him; he button-holes him with a quiet, tentative, yet anxious finger. The member tries to run away, but the finger follows him, and only reluctantly lets go. There is a tragedy in that man's life. He believes himself to have been wronged, cruelly wronged, and wronged by the Government. That wicked Government had, as he believes at the bottom of his soul, taken and used the ideas of an invention he had patented, and in which his large imagination had already seen a future Pactolus running with golden riches. A petition of right, a few days' trial, a tourney of keen lawyers, an overwhelming array of legal talent and of scientific experts, and the poor man walked out of court beat—stricken and smitten, harmless and helpless, and to spend his days and nights in the vain quest of sympathy and of aid to redress the wrongs he believes to be so gross, and to vindicate the claims he thinks so undeniable. Seven long years of this hopeless waiting and watching, and the face grows older day by day, and the hair whiter, and the features look as if an ancient, soft dust was settling over them: and there he stands now, patient, wistful, with a sedate gaze into some impossible future of righteous retribution.

There is a tall man, also gray, stooping, thin; his long, seedy frock-coat hanging on him loosely, his face drawn and wrinkled, his eyes growing filmy. What is he? Who is he? Who

knows? Members who have seen him for twenty years, and who speak to him, and occasionally give him an order for the gallery, cannot tell his name—have never ascertained his business, or only have a hazy idea that he is distantly connected with some Society for the Amalgamation of Peoples in the Bonds of Universal Brotherhood. How he evades the stern policemen at the portal—who challenge even country gentlemen with acerbity, and teach the too intrusive stranger a lesson in reverence and humility before the great House and these its constabulary porters—is a mystery. His look is against him, retiring and slouching. His voice is against him, whispering, inaudible. His hat and his coat are eminently out of sorts in that lobby except when Mr. Roebuck, who always looks as if he had just been furnishing his outfit in Dudley Street, is passing through. But there, day after day, whispering in corners with members, or sitting patiently on one of the benches, watching the crowds when there are any, and the bar when the lobby is empty, stands and sits this ancient figure. What is it? Who can solve the mystery?

There is a large, stout, fine-nosed looking gentleman questioning Mr. Hartley at the door. Having an aggressive aspect, slightly toned down by religious discipline, he interviews men with a decisive equality of manner that proves him to be no ordinary person. His broad handsome hat, his correct clerical dress, his large ring, his comfortable and dignified, though by no means inconvenient, corpulency, indicate a flourishing cause and a full subscription list. He is one of the policemen of the Church. He guards her outmost fencings; he catches her runaway boys, and brings them back, ear in finger; he detects; he intrigues; he organizes; he travels, makes speeches, draws up addresses and petitions. Wherever that coat and hat are seen, you may be sure the Church is in danger. Some son is growing weak and halting; some stupid clergyman is compromising the Establishment by a feeble concession; some Evangelical is making way against High Churchism; some Nonconformist is pressing home an attack, or perhaps insidiously inducing a good-natured parson to strain a point about a burial or a tombstone. Against all this, over and above his high spiritual function of fighting against wickedness in high and low places, the reverend doctor contends, and contends actively, manfully, and straightforwardly. And here he is to-day, to coach members on a *congé a'elire* bill, perhaps, and to watch lest Nonconformity should make an advance, as Butler might have put it, from the south to the south-west side of a hair nearer the sanctuary of the Church.

But, as appearances indicate, he makes a good thing out of it—enough to keep his body healthy, his hat shiny, and his coat glossy. A good deal more than is made by that alert little secretary of the Natives' Friend Society, who gives up hours and days, and sacrifices many and many a chance of gain, in closely following up the action of governments and individuals all round the wide globe in their relations to the

unprotected aborigines. To these friendless ones he has been a devoted friend. On their cause, so large, so just, so human, he has lavished the wealth of an able and cultured mind and of unwontedly great attainments. From them he can hope for nothing but thanks imperfectly expressed, or ignorant disregard, or the vague gratitude of men who draw a blessing they know not whence. The pockets of the rich are not so open to these real sorrows and widely human questions as they are to the support of class prejudices, or to the satisfaction of sectarian animosity. His salary is less than half that of the secretary to the Society for Legalizing Unlawful Marriages committed by some few score of rich men, who wish the country to remedy the foreseen and inevitable consequences of their breach of law.

TWO PROMINENT MEN.

Fascinated by the scene before him, Haverholme remained in the House of Lords. A Scottish duke, ardent, brilliant, eloquent, maintained in an animated speech those very arguments which Haverholme had less warmly used in the other House, and on which Willesden's reprobation had fallen.

As the words came hot from the fiery brain of the enthusiastic Scotsman, Lord de Saltimbury, sitting beside the Premier, showed by his manner and movements that they were dropping like sparks upon his skin, and would presently provoke him to some outcry.

For a moment let us pause, and take a look at Lord de Saltimbury, who now sits in such close neighborliness, in an amity so ostentatious, with my Lord Benjingo. How has the hatred which these men have notoriously borne towards each other been appeased? How has a friendship between them been cemented? Has each found that he had mistaken the other: the one in believing the other to be an intriguing and unscrupulous adventurer; the latter in regarding the former as a conceited, ill-conditioned, and vulgar brawler? They have said as much of each other. What has induced them to change their opinion? If they are both honest men, only honest explanations and the removal from the mind of each of its judgment of the other could have brought them to walk arm-in-arm, to exchange civilities, to open to each other the hospitality of those domestic hearths that ought to be sacred to honorable friendship.

You may depend, all this was passing through Haverholme's brain as he watched the two together. How could it be otherwise with Willesden's sarcasm fresh in his mind? Our baronet had never been guilty of accusing Lord Benjingo of the weakness of religious enthusiasm, though, for political purposes, that cunning actor dated letters on Feast days, and passed bills to "put down Ritualism." It was the transparent frankness of Lord B. which made him so charming a study. A Mephistopheles who owned himself Mephistophelean, and yet won the faith of multitudes, is indeed a genius for the world to wonder at and worship.

But it was quite the contrary with Lord de

Saltimbury. He represented in a strong degree the elevated and pompous ecclesiasticism of the High-Church school. He believed there was a God—firmly, assuredly. A God who ordained a Church Apostolic, and a royalty and an aristocracy fit to worship in it. And he withstood Dissent as the Archangel Michael did the Devil, or as Moses must have repelled Jannes and Jambres—whoever those ancient Nonconformists may have been. Therefore Haverholme was entitled to hope that here he might find a man in whom religion and a high sense of personal honor combined to present an example fit to confute the sweeping declaration of Willesden.

It was known at the bar of the House of Lords that the Marquess de Saltimbury was to assume the place just left vacant by Lord Knowsley, the outgoing Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Every one was familiar with the new secretary's history, a brilliant though not a pleasing one.

Heir to one of the loftiest of the English peerages, not alone did he inherit from his father a historic name and an illustrious station, but he possessed in himself strong and rugged brains and a brilliant intellectual capacity. His nature was proud, his habit of thought cynical. All his instincts and all his sympathies were with the Past. Anything came recommended to him if it were supported by Antiquity, Property, Established Precedent, and Rule. With a singularly bold and opinionated intelligence, he did not range beyond bounds,—narrow bounds,—fixed by education and temperament. Every novelty he scanned with suspicion. To be new was in his mind to stamp an idea with vulgarity and worthlessness. With rare vivacity and roughness—a vivacity and roughness all the more intense because he had voluntarily shut up his energetic mind in an iron box of prejudice and dogma—he attacked, repelled, resisted modern ideas. To be an honest Liberal was with him to be a fool; and to be a Liberal-Conservative was to be a knave. He had few sympathies and no imagination. He was unable to reconcile the old and the new. The superiority of Things as they were, the perils of Things as they might be—these two ideas constituted his political base. In defending the one and denouncing the other there was no measure to his zeal. Satire, sarcasm, invective, abuse—all hard, inflexible, dogmatic, essentially stupid though superficially brilliant—were the weapons of his political warfare.

It was one of his healthiest characteristics that his most withering scorn was brought into play against those who, not wholly emancipated from a Fetish-worship of the Past, yet sought to reconcile as much of the old as could be preserved with as little of the new as dexterous political management could induce society to accept. These he deemed Iscariots to a Divine cause. And the High Priest, or Camerlengo, or, as not so very long ago, my Lord de Saltimbury would have said, "the Arch-fiend," or Mephistopheles, of these compromisers was Lord Benjingo.

They had never been friends, these two-

The one was in public life, and conducting his party with Machiavellian subtlety, when the other, young, stupid, and generous, came into it. The one was English; the other Asiatic. The blunt directness of the one ill-assorted with the supple ingenuity of the other. The robust intellect of Lord de Saltimbury was so distinct from the versatile, mercurial genius of Lord Benjingo. And, besides, each loved to rule; the one with force, the other with wit; the one with noise, the other with show. They were a pair no autocratic monarch would have thought of driving in the same team; the skin of the one was so sleek, the coat of the other so rough.

And yet to-day this ill-matched pair were working together like brethren. The significance of this fact was deepened by the late behavior of the two men, sitting as they had been in the same Cabinet, regarding the great question of the day. The amused world had watched them covertly spitting and sparring at each other. My Lord Benjingo had used words which implied that his colleague was a fool. My Lord de Saltimbury had distinctly implied that his colleague was an ass. It seemed as if, under the humanizing influences of sympathy, Lord de Saltimbury's views had expanded. He had certainly given evidences of an unexpected development of Liberal ideas. He had obstructed the Jingo tendencies of his leader. He had resisted the unconstitutional influences which that bold and ambitious genius sought to employ from his position as a Court favorite. To the florid and rococo notions of Imperial glory flourished by his political chief he opposed the more dignified and ancient principles of our national grandeur. When Lord Benjingo blew blasts of fury on brazen trumpets, Lord de Saltimbury merely laughed at people who flew to alarms when there was no danger in sight. Lord Benjingo insisted that it was essential to the world to maintain the integrity and independence of the Turkish Empire. Lord de Saltimbury coldly asked how you could maintain the impossible. After Lord Benjingo had frightened the country into convulsions with sensational pictures of the dangers that threatened our Indian Empire, Lord de Saltimbury, taking the fustian in his fingers, picked the threads apart and, with a sneering gesture, threw them away. He commented on the stupidity of such terrors as found expression in the Premier's speeches, and slyly recommended school "geography and the use of the globes" to a veteran in statesmanship. They sat at the same Cabinet council, and threw sarcasms at each other across the table. They dined together before the loyal Citizens of London, and fustian and scissors came into contact amid the cheers of Cutlers and Merchant Tailors.

To-night they were good friends and firm political allies. Within forty-eight hours a change had come over their spirits. They had smoked the pipe of peace and buried the tomahawk.

THE GOD JINGO.

Sir Richard Haverholme began to despair of

his time. As he turned from politics to religion, and from one form of religion to another, and from both to society, and from society to its new boasted school of prophecy the press, a spirit of insincerity and falseness seemed to pervade them all. Beneath, there may have been some palimpsest underscore of good principle, but what were the chemicals, and where was the chemist, to bring up the hidden characters into legible brightness?

Like magic, a change had come over opinion in England. Scotland and Ireland retained their self-possession, but in the southern kingdom a spirit had broken loose, especially in the metropolis, which overpowered generosity, humanity, dignity, and the national self-reliance. A new religion had taken the place of the old, and threatened to sweep away Protestantism, Roman Catholicism, Judaism, and Positivism.

In fact, all other worship had, by half the nation, been discarded in favor of the worship of THE GOD JINGO.

As the old anthropomorphic divinities embodied ideas current in humanity, so Jingo was the embodiment of the floating spirit of the day in the British nation. I say in the British nation, for there he chiefly found favor and worship; although in France, among wild Liberals and with opportunist Radicals, there were not a few who professed to bow down to him.

Jingo was a divinity to swear by, and by him swore his devotees. The oath "By Jingo" was to be heard alike in the palaces of nobility and of gin, in Mayfair drawing-rooms, in Pall Mall and Piccadilly clubs, on the stands of race-courses, in the lowest music-halls, and most loudly on the London Stock Exchange. Wherever snobbishness and vulgarity, and tradesmanliness and speculation, and fraud and greed were most conspicuous, there especially would you find the men who swore "By Jingo." On the other hand the correct and polished members of the Snaarlton Club swore "By Jingo." It had indeed been suggested that the oath should be registered and copyrighted for their exclusive use, but a reference to Sir Drumhead Lupus, who had sat on the Copyright Commission, convinced them that this could not be accomplished without a change in the law.

The worship of Jingo was not a caste worship. His devotees were of all ranks and classes. They were dukes, they were marquises, they were earls, they were barons—like Lord Strathnoddie, and belted knights—like Sir Drumhead Lupus, and knights of the shire—like Mr. Banbury; it was hinted that princes were among them, as there certainly were chimney-sweepers. They worshipped Jingo with heart and voice as the one true god. Songs were written in praise of him, and forwarded, like the hymn of Habakkuk, to the chief singers, where they met with an official reception. Crowds gathered at City fanes to honor him with loud acclaim. The Lord Mayor acted as high priest, and grave and sober merchants, some of them Members of Parliament, mingling with Stock Exchange gamblers and warehouse clerks, danced to him like priests of Baal and gnashed

their teeth at his enemies. Israelites abandoned the golden calf and ran to worship him. Before him Gog and Magog paled their ineffectual splendors. He was the toast of city liveries, and to his glory libations of generous wine were nightly poured out on altar-tables, at the expense of foundations which had been left to "pious uses."

Who was Jingo!

He came from the East. Those who had seen him said that he was a monster, mighty and terrible, with wings as the winds, a form like a sphinx, and a mould that was Caucasian. His face was of brass that shone fiercely, and his eyes were full of fire, and his nose was as the nose of an Hebrew of the Hebrews, and his mouth was full of filth, which he spat at his enemies round about. And he stood upon his hind legs. And in his hand there was a bludgeon, wherewith he brake the heads of his enemies. A frightful monster called the Daily Bellowgraff went before him—howling.

There were those who averred that Jingo was only the spirit of a barbarous Asiatic despotism transmigrated from a political body in the East to a political body in the West, and adapting itself cunningly to the circumstances of a free people. Undoubtedly, had he disclosed his real character he would have had but a poor reception. But he was a deity who, like Jupiter, condescended to trick both men and women. His originally brutal and bloody nature was veiled under constitutional forms and Christian ideas. He was indeed held up to praise as a god of Christian charity—a charity so broad and deep that it took murderers and violators to its bosom, and wept over the sorrows that came out of their crimes. Lords and ladies noted for their Christian benevolence laid down thousands to prove what a gentle and beneficent deity was he they worshipped, and patriotic editors, losing all self-control, penned elegiacs to his praise in tears and snivel.

Jingo's success was owing to an influence which helps alike tradesmen and deities in a tuft-hunting community like that of Great Britain. He was presented to the public "under distinguished patronage." Moreover, he was described as the guardian deity of the national honor; an honor which, up to that day, had been thought by sturdy Britons, from Admiral Seymour to Charley Napier, to be safe in the hands of her brave sons, trusting to the Most High God. Jingo was also represented as the tutelary genius of our Imperial glory. This was a most novel thing to Britons. Of honor and Imperial glory the Englishman thinks much, and has hitherto—as became an assured dignity—said little, considering them matters so serious and sacred as to need no brag or buncombe to commend them, seeing how wondrous well they had hitherto held their own in this world, and yet had hope of continuing to do, under the blessing of God.

Like Beelzebub, Jingo was a god of flies. The smallest ideas were sufficient to ballast the minds that engaged in his worship. The silliest follies were serious when you had once given

over your body and soul to Jingo. He was popular because he embodied the idea expressed in a not infrequent and very characteristic English toast, "*Our Noble Selva*." Sounded by an honest criticism, the religion of Jingo seemed to be a religion of selfishness, of ambition, of braggadocio, of cruelty, of hypocrisy and lies. But it was part of the art with which his *cultus* was introduced to a public so eminently pious and respectable as that of Britain to call him "The gentlemanly Spirit," "The Chivalrous Spirit," "The Spirit of Honor," "The Patriotic Spirit," "The Truly Loyal Spirit"—and other names as accurate—and as imposing. Crowds ran to write themselves down as gentlemen, men of honor, patriots, and truly loyal persons by bowing down to Jingo. On the other hand, to deny Jingo was to run the risk of being charged with faction or sedition, and of having your head broken as an atheist or a republican.

Jingo worship was ingeniously commingled by his clever hierarchs, apostles, dervishes, scribes, or what not, with current ideas of religion. His devotees thought that in worshipping him they were adoring the Head of the Christian Church and promoting peace on earth and goodwill towards men. They were led to believe that Jingo worship and righteousness went together. So that even bishops and clergymen, though very, very few of them, were found among his disciples.

Perhaps the most strange fact about this divinity was the unanimous worship which he received from the Jews, on the one hand, and the Jesuits, on the other. As neither of these astute persuasions adopt a line of action or a religious policy without consideration, it must be taken for granted that each of them saw in the worship of Jingo the possibility of some political or financial advantage. Many persons of a severe Protestant principle and some morality were repelled from his worship, and naturally suspicious of it, when they found it supported by parties of that character, looking upon this fact as rather an argument in favor of the other side. But as Jingo and Contango, and Jingo and Papal Infallibility were firmly knit together, and gloriously in the ascendant, the doubts of the vain and frivolous persons to whom we have alluded were of little consequence.

The effect of the worship of Jingo on society and individuals was incredible. Quiet Christian people became war-fiends. Signs of demoniacal possession began to be exhibited by the mildest members of certain Houses. Steady-paced Liberals burst out in prophecy, of a doubtfully divine character, against the Muscovite and all his works. The mere mention of the Czar to a Jingoite was like holding a red rag to a bull. Gentle and peaceably inclined persons who abhorred vivisection became blood-thirsty fanatics, and mild evangelicals took to testing explosive balls on their lawns.

It was a peculiarity of the Jingo religion to worship success for its own sake, and without regard to the manner in which it was attained. It would begin with one theory, and end with the opposite. It would profess one aim while

seeking another. It preferred to win its ends rather by force and bluster than by right and a tactical assertion of it. Its worship was conducted amid the blare of trumpets, the neighing of horses, the roar and whistle of engines, the waving of flags and the display of audacious splendors, rather than by the dignified calmness and simplicity of a righteous cause and a self-conscious force. Moreover, to begin by swearing one thing and to finish by doing another was the test of a thorough-paced Jingo devotee.

Jingo was called a god of Policy. To his disciples were recommended the study of Machiavel. Like Pythagoras, his worship was esoteric and exoteric. The esoterics worked in secret, and the exoterics shouted and prayed in public. The manner of working was as profound a mystery as the African or American Mystery Man. It was the craft of the esoterics to make the people believe that they ought not to know too much. It was their duty to bring in their offerings, and exhibit their devotion, and cultivate their piety, and to allow the Archpriest and his colleagues to determine and to do what they pleased. As Rome had a secret name, which its rulers would never reveal to the common people, lest the discovery of that name to their enemies should lead them to the calling forth by enchantments of the penates and patronal gods, so the free people of Britain were tricked into the belief that to discover the secrets of Jingo would be fatal to the commonwealth. And behind and over Jingo the priests spread a royal umbrella, as is done in Dahomey over a fetish, in order to give the god the additional awfulness of the royal grandeur.

Many were the prayers, hymns, odes, dedicated to Jingo. Of these one may suffice, of characteristic literary and poetic excellence :

ODE TO JINGO.

I.

O great divinity
Of brag and buncombe! We
Wasail and worship thee,
Imperial Jingo!
All hail, great deity!
We'll ever drink to thee—
(When we can get it free)
In lush or stingo!

II.

Alsopp and Hanbury—
True men and fit—shall be
Our purveyor, and we
To Coombe will cling, o'
We'll have no Liberal tips,
Bass's disloyal flaps
Never shall wet our lips,
Never! by Jingo!

III.

By thy great name we swear,
India shall be our care,
And the Imperial bear—
'S snout we will ring, o'!
If he assail our right
We'll let him see our might:
We'll show him how to fight,
We will, by Jingo!

IV.

We're not pugnacious
But, O by gracious!
If his audacious
Paw he should sting o'!
'Ver the great Bosphorus,
—Sulphur and phosphorus!—
Whate'er the cost for us
Britons (by Jingo)!

V.

No Selav monopoly
In Adrian-opoli!
No Constan-tinopoli
Writ in Selav Jingo!
Rather, we'll polish him
Off! We'll abolish him!
Yea, we'll demolish him!
By the Great Jingo!

VI.

We've Jews who bills can shave,
We mighty galleons have.
Thousands of sailors brave
To fight we'll bring, o'!
Britain shall show again
How she can stand the strain;
Britain shall rule the main
Once more, by Jingo!

VII.

Service we pledge to thee,
Ruthless divinity,
God of audacity,
In Hanbury's stingo
Hail to thy ministry!
Hail to the glorious three!
Heady, Saltimbury,
And Lord Benjingo!

THERE IS A GOD.

After these events Haverholme and all who agreed with him hung their heads. When David complained that the wicked prospered, and grew fat, and left their substance to their babes, which seemed to trouble him, he could hardly have experienced a keener shock of skepticism than that which thrilled the worthy baronet at the sight of this astounding success. It was very hard to bear, and for the time he felt it to be irreconcilable with his faith in the influence of Things Unseen upon the world around him.

In this mood he one day met Willesden, who was mooning about the lobbies.

"Well," said the old man, "you Hawardenites are shut up at last, I am glad to see! Cant has had the punishment it deserved. I hope you are ashamed of yourself. You have wasted your sympathy, placed your trust in a lying, swaggering, cruel, and tyrannical scoundrel, who would have taken Constantinople if he could; and but for Benjingo's firm attitude and preparations the Russians would have been there to-day."

"They could have been driven out again," replied Haverholme, coolly. "Time enough to think about the Czar's breaking his promise when he refused to fulfil it."

"What! are you not satisfied now? All Europe is buzzing with applause of our magnificent

policy. We have thrown the tyrant on his back. He has had a lesson that will serve him for a generation or two."

"We do not yet know the terms on which this alleged victory has been won," said Haverholme, significantly. "I, for one, should be far better satisfied could I be certain that all we have got was not to be had without an immense expenditure and an outburst of undignified fury which has been injurious to ourselves and may make the Muscovite our enemy for generations. I shall be better able to give an opinion when I learn the grounds on which Russia has given way, and what she is to be paid for doing it. I don't believe she has knocked under to England for nothing."

"Don't be envious of the other side," said Willesden. "We have at length got hold of a man who knows his mind and follows it steadily."

"I reserve my opinion on that point until he comes back with a treaty in his pocket which can be shown to be far beyond anything the Russians were ready to give us according to Gortschakoff's circular and the Emperor's promises. *The Chimes* may do its best to represent Benjingo as a marvel—a truly 'miraculous Premier,' but *The Chimes* is a new convert, and naturally extravagant. Benjingo is a clever man, and his name may go down to posterity with glory. But he has yet to prove himself to be a statesman in any great sense. The cleverest of party tacticians, I should like to know what his record shows of good to anybody but himself? For my part, he reminds me of a man in one of Marvel's little satirical ballads—I think it was about some Lord Mayor—

'His words nor his oath cannot bind him to troth,
And he values not credit nor history;
And though he has served thro' two 'prenticeships now,
He knows not his trade nor his mystery.'

But let us dismiss him for the moment. He has gone to seek glory on the Spree. A characteristic conjunction! Come to a topic far more serious. Do you remember a talk we had some time ago, after my speech on Goodrock's amendment?"

"Oh, perfectly," replied Willesden. "You were flooding the place with nonsense about 'responsibility' and 'higher powers,' and what not; and I cut you short."

"Aye," said Haverholme, "you cut me short with a striking statement, which I have not forgotten. You said: 'Point me out any man or set of men who afford by their lives and principles of action that they are certain that there is a God.' No doubt your mind was particularly directed at the moment to the inconsistencies of Christians."

"Yes," answered old Willesden, with a laugh. "And I suppose you have come back to tell me I was right?"

"No; on the contrary. I have found such a set of men! A set of men who believe absolutely in their god, and will follow him fearlessly to every extremity. A set of men who give up body, soul, spirit, conscience, affections, wealth, energies to his service. A set of people who obey without hesitation the dictates of his high priest, and never ask a reason to be given for that they are called upon to do."

"Oh, you mean the Ultramontanes?" cried Willesden.

"On the contrary, I have found the Ultramontanes not so faithful to their principles as I expected; but the devotees I allude to are thoroughly true to theirs."

"The Ritualists?"

"The Ritualists are abandoned reprobates compared with the people I refer to. No. Let me explain myself. I am bound to say that, looking in the direction where I should naturally seek for such testimony, I have been amazed and confounded. The professors of Christianity puzzle my faith by their works. But there are votaries who do afford by all their acts and their words, and in the declaration and practice of their principles, clear and undoubted evidence that there is a god in whom they believe."

"Indeed!" said Willesden.

"Yes," replied Haverholme. "And their faith, like that of Mahomet's, is summed up in one sentence—*There is no god but Jingo, and Lord Benjingo is his Prophet.*"



LITERARY NOTES.

"PUNCH'S" COLLECTION of cartoons illustrative of Lord Beaconsfield's career have reached a sale of 60,000 copies. *Judy* has made a collection of "Gladstone" cartoons after the same style.

IT IS stated by Mr. Leslie Stephen in his life of Johnson that Tillotson got \$12,500 copyright for his sermons. That says much for the religious public of that day. There are few volumes of sermons in our day which would realize such a sum. As an evidence of the change of taste, Young got \$15,000 by his satire, the "Universal Passion," a poem hardly ever heard of now. Gay got \$5,000 for his poems, \$2,000 for the "Beggars' Opera" and \$6,000 for "Polly." Home Tooke received \$25,000 for the "Diversions of Purley," and Hawkesworth, \$30,000 for an account of the "South Sea Expedition," which few readers of this generation have even heard of.

THE MANCHESTER Free Libraries were opened on Sept. 8th, for the first time on Sundays.

THE CONGRESS of Orientalists has met at Florence. Among the most distinguished members are MM. Renan, Oppert, Benfey, Lenormant, Sayce, and the Secretary Signior de Gubernatis.

HARPER & BROTHERS have won a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition for their Text Books for Elementary Instruction. This is the only gold medal for text books won by United States publishers.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER is preparing an important work on the relations of Church and State.

"YEH-CHE-SIN-LUH" is the title of a Chinese monthly established at Peking, by Rev. Dr. Edkins. Being translated this signifies Magazine for the Promotion of Knowledge.

MR. RUSKIN has resumed work after his recent severe illness. He hopes shortly to finish the eighth volume of "Fors Clavigera," and will add to it a summary of the whole work.

MR. TENNYSON has obtained an injunction to prevent the *Christian Signal* from printing one of his early poems called "Confessions of a Sensitive Mind." This has been omitted from all the recent editions, and can now be found only in *Harpers' 8vo.* edition, which contains a large number of other poems similarly dropped.

PROF. ERASMUS WILSON must be congratulated now that the great obelisk has at last been safely placed upon its pedestal on the Thames Embankment. The smoke and fog will soon tell upon the hieroglyphics, which two thousand years have failed to affect in the dry and sunny atmosphere of Egypt. The dilute sulphuric acid so grateful to Londoners is bad for the constitution of granites.

IN THE October number of the *Contemporary*, Mr. Gladstone tells us "Why Ritualists do not become Roman Catholics." This will be indeed interesting, for common-sense people are now sadly puzzled.

ANY ONE who delights in stories of Ghostland, of presentiments, and shadowy warnings should procure Dr. Lee's new volume of "Glimpses of the World Unseen." They should be read in a quiet house after midnight, by the light of a candle with a long wick, in order to enjoy the full sensation of "creepiness" at the roots of the hair and cold perspiration down the back. A sensation is a rare luxury in these *blasé* days. Here is a book full.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS are being translated into Chinese by Mr. Ho, of the Chinese Legation in London.

MR. ALFRED RIMMER, formerly of Montreal, has just published another illustrated book, "Pleasant Spots around Oxford." It is well spoken of in England.

A SUPPLEMENTARY volume to Ure's "Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures and Mines" has just been published under the care of Robert Hunt, F.R.S. This will bring down that invaluable work to the most recent date.

A THIRD supplement to Watts' great "Dictionary of Chemistry" is in press, making eight volumes in all. It will be brought down to the end of 1877, and any chemical fact not found in this work will not be worth knowing.

M. GARCIN DE TASSY is dead. He was Prof. of Hindustani at the "Ecole des Langues Orientales Vivantes," and was especially notable for an annual review of all new books published in the Eastern languages, which he carried on for many years.

DR. SCHAFF has published a volume, "Through Bible Lands," giving the results of his recent travels in the East.

REV. PHILLIP BROOKS, of Boston, and the Rev. Morgan Dix, of New York, have volumes of sermons nearly ready for publication. The

first will illustrate the *Broad*, and the last the *High*, aspect of Episcopacy.

DR. JOSEPH COOK has three new volumes of "Monday Lectures" in preparation. Their titles are, 1. Conscience—2. Heredity—3. Marriage.

DR. EWER's startling sermons on the Failure of Protestantism are to be republished in a volume with other matter under the title of "Catholicity in its Relations to Protestantism and Romanism."

A MANUAL for the Russian language on the Ollendorff system has just been published in Boston. Russian grammars have been very few in the English language, and this volume has been long needed.



Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor of the "New Dominion Monthly," Box 37, P. O., Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. SHAW.—We are in receipt of your several favors. Much obliged for the active interest you take in this column.

G. B. KEAN.—With pleasure we accord with your request.

CHESS.—A decision is very difficult. Probably P. × P. was the best.

We acknowledge our usual relay of exchanges, including *Westminster Papers*, *The Holyoke Transcript*, *H. College Magazine*, *St. Louis Globe*, *Democrat*, etc., etc.

GAME No. 49.

TOURNEY GAME.

Played at the 7th Annual Meeting of the Canadian Chess Association, held at Montreal, Aug.-Sept., 1878, between Messrs. Shaw and Ascher.

K. Kt. Opening.

WHITE.	BLACK.
<i>Mr. Shaw.</i>	<i>Mr. Ascher.</i>
1. P. K. 4.	1. P. K. 4.
2. Kt. K. B. 3.	2. P. Q. 4.
3. P. takes P.	3. P. K. 5.
4. Kt. K. 5.	4. Kt. K. B. 3.
5. B. B. 4.	5. B. Q. 3.
6. B. Kt. 5. (ch).	6. P. interposes.
7. P. takes P.	7. Castles.
8. P. takes P.	8. B. takes P. (a).
9. Kt. Kt. 4. (b).	9. Kt. takes Kt.
10. Q. takes Kt.	10. P. B. 4.
11. Q. K. 2.	11. Kt. Q. 2.
12. B. takes Kt.	12. Q. takes B.
13. Castles.	13. P. B. 5. (c).
14. P. K. B. 3.	14. P. takes P.
15. P. takes P.	15. Q. R. K. sq.
16. Q. B. 2.	16. B. R. 3. (d).
17. P. Q. 3.	17. B. K. 4.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 18. K. R. sq. | 18. B. Q. 5. |
| 19. Q. Kt. 2. | 19. R. B. 3. |
| 20. P. B. 3. | 20. R. K. Kt. 3. |
| 21. Q. Q. B. 2. | 21. Q. R. 6. (e). |
| 22. Resigns. | |

NOTES TO GAME 49.

(a) Black has sacrificed two pawns already for the attack, and we think his position decidedly equivalent to the sacrifice.

(b) Kt. to Q. B. 4 and afterwards to K. 3 would have been far better than the text move, which serves only to develop Black's game.

(c) Black's attack already is invincible.

(d) Intentionally to force White to play P. Q. 3.

(e) A singularly forced position.

GAME No 50.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION held at Montreal, August, 1878.

Game between Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal, and Mr. E. B. Holt, of Quebec.

King's Knight's Opening.

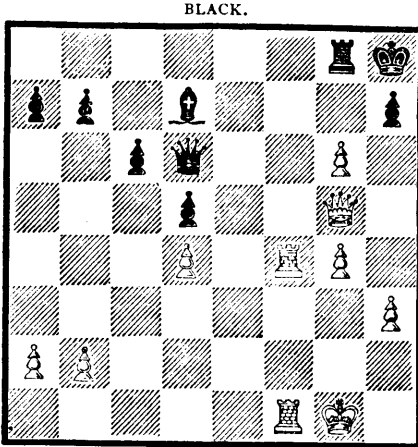
WHITE.	BLACK.
<i>Mr. Shaw, Montreal.</i>	<i>Mr. Holt, Quebec.</i>
1. P. K. 4.	1. P. K. 4.
2. Kt. K. B. 3.	2. Kt. Q. B. 3.
3. B. B. 4.	3. B. B. 4.
4. P. B. 3.	4. Kt. K. B. 3.
5. P. Q. 4.	5. P. × P.
6. P. K. 5.	6. P. Q. 4.
7. B. Q. Kt. 5.	7. Kt. K. 5.
8. P. × P. (a).	8. B. Kt. 5. (ch). (b).
9. B. Q. 2.	9. Kt. × B.
10. Q. Kt. × Kt.	10. Castles.
11. P. K. R. 3. (c).	11. Kt. K. 2.
12. Castles.	12. P. Q. B. 3.
13. B. Q. 3.	13. P. K. B. 4.
14. P. × P (en pass). (d)	14. R. × P.
15. Kt. K. 5.	15. B. × Kt.
16. Q. × B.	16. Kt. B. 4.
17. B. × Kt.	17. R. × B.
18. P. K. Kt. 4.	18. R. B. 3.
19. P. B. 4. (e).	19. R. R. 3. (h)

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 20. R. B. 3. | 20. Q. Q. 3. |
| 21. P. B. 5. | 21. B. Q. 2. |
| 22. Q. B. 4. | 22. R. K. B. sq. |
| 23. Q. R. K. B. sq. | 23. P. K. Kt. 4. (f). |
| 24. Q. x P. (ch). | 24. K. R. sq. |
| 25. Kt. Kt. 6. (ch). (i). | 25. R. x Kt. |
| 26. P. x R. | 26. R. K. Kt. sq. |

and White announced mate in four moves.

The following is a diagram of the position :—

BLACK, *Mr. Holt* ; WHITE, *Mr. Shaw*.



WHITE.

White playing, announced mate in four moves.

NOTES TO GAME 50.

- (a). All this is religiously "book," and well opened on both sides.
- (b). We prefer B. to Kt. 3.
- (c). We think White here should have taken the Kt. and doubled the pawn.
- (d). Not good, as it leaves White an isolated pawn.
- (e). We certainly must admire White's boldness, though we think the line of play very hazardous and should have resulted in White's ultimate discomfiture.
- (f). Suicidal. K. R. B. 3. seems here the only move.
- (g). Excellent.
- (h). P. K. R. 3. seems better.

GAME No. 51.

We take the subjoined game from Mr. Bird's new book on the "Chess Openings," just issued from the Press. Between A. P. Barnes and H. E. Bird, played in New York, Oct., 1877 :

The Bishop's Gambit.

WHITE.

BLACK.

Mr. Barnes.

Mr. Bird.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4. | 1. P. to K. 4. |
| 2. P. to K. B. 4. | 2. P. takes P. |
| 3. B. to B. 4. | 3. Q. to R. 5. (ch). |
| 4. K. to B. sq. | 4. P. to K. Kt. 4. |
| 5. Kt. to K. B. 3. | 5. Q. to R. 4. |
| 6. P. to K. R. 4. | 6. P. to K. R. 3. |
| 7. B. takes P. (ch). | 7. Q. takes B. |
| 8. Kt. to K. 5. | 8. Q. to Kt. 2. |
| 9. Q. to R. 5. (ch). | 9. K. to K. 2. |
| 10. Kt. to Kt. 6. (ch). | 10. K. to Q. sq. |
| 11. Kt. takes R. | 11. Q. takes Kt. |
| 12. P. takes P. | 12. B. to K. 2. |
| 13. Q. to B. 7. | 13. Kt. to Q. B. 3. |
| 14. P. to Q. 4. | 14. Kt. takes P. (a). |
| 15. B. takes P. | 15. Kt. takes P. |
| 16. B. to K. 5. | 16. Q. takes B. |
| 17. Q. takes Kt. (ch). | 17. B. to B. sq. |
| 18. Q. takes B. (ch). | 18. Q. to K. sq. |
| 19. Q. takes Q. (ch). | 19. K. takes Q. |
| 20. P. takes P. | 20. P. to Q. Kt. 3. |
| 21. P. to R. 7. | 21. B. to R. 3. (ch). |
| 22. K. to B. 2. | 22. K. to B. 2. |
| 23. P. Queens. | 23. R. takes Q. |
| 24. R. takes R. | 24. Kt. takes R. |
| 25. R. to R. 8. | 25. B. to Q. 6. |
| 26. Kt. to B. 3. | 26. P. to R. 4. |
| 27. K. to K. 3. | 27. B. to B. 8. |
| 28. K. to Q. 2. | 28. B. takes P. |
| 29. R. to R. 7. | |

and White wins.

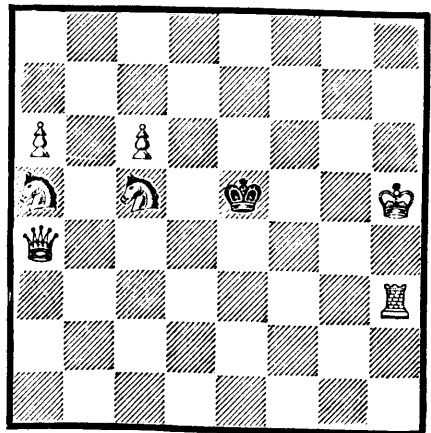
(a) B. takes Kt. P. would obviously be fatal. Black has now a bad game.

PROBLEM No. 25.

BY C. H. WATERBURY.

Exchange.

BLACK.



WHITE.

To mate in three.

THE CHAMPION CHESS-PLAYER.

Herr J. H. Zukertort, the winner of the first prize in the International Chess Tournament held in Paris during the months of June and July last, was born at Riga, on Sept. 7, 1842. He made his first public appearance in the chess arena in the year 1862, while a student at the University of Breslau, receiving the odds of a knight from Herr Anderssen, in which encounter he scored a large majority of the games. In 1867, having in the interval had the advantage

Chess Association tournament of that year. In that joust he gained only the third prize; he was soon afterwards defeated in a short match with Herr Steinitz, won the second prize in the handicap tourney at the City Club, and in the Divan tourney of 1876 he was second to Mr. Blackburne. In the year 1875, however, he won a well-fought match against Mr. Potter, scoring four to two and eight drawn games. In a tourney held at Leipsic last year, under the auspices of the West German Chess Association, he



HERR J. H. ZUKERTORT.

of constant practice with the best players of North Germany, he was appointed editor of the *Neue Berliner Schachzeitung*, and during the next four years he published the "Leitfaden des Schachspils," a "Collection of Chess Problems," "Studies and Endings," "A Short Synopsis of the Openings," and, jointly with Herr Dufresne, the "Großes Handbuch des Schachspiels."

In the spring of 1871 he defeated Herr Anderssen in a match played at Berlin, and in 1872 he came to London to take part in the British

gained the third prize, after a tie with Herr Anderssen for the second.

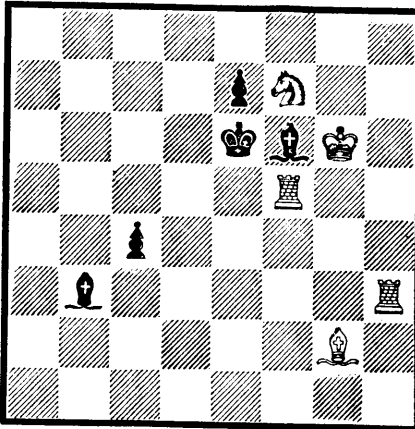
During his residence in the country Herr Zukertort has frequently performed the marvelous feat of conducting a large number of games simultaneously without seeing the boards and pieces, and he has contributed to several chess periodicals articles upon the openings, as well as learned annotations upon the games of contemporary players.

The portrait is from a photograph by Mr. A. E. Fradelle, of Regent street.—*Ill. L. News*.

PROBLEM No. 26.

From the *Nuova Rivista*.

BY E. CRESPI.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

We are yet unable to announce the winners owing to the persistent delays on the part of one or two players who have yet to complete their relay of games. We regret the cause which prevents us from giving the final score, but we trust this hint will arouse the delinquents to a sense of more order and punctuality. At the present juncture the three who have scored the largest number of games are, Ascher, 9½ (1 game yet to play); Hicks, 8½ (games all played); Holt, 8½ (games all played).

We notice with satisfaction the English chess journals generally are noticing chess in Canada. The Westminster papers for October give an excellent account of the Canadian Chess Association Dinner on the 19th of August, with a score of the tourney to date, while friendly allusions to the same entertainment and the play appear in the *London Illustrated News*, *Derbyshire Advertiser*, *H. College Magazine*, *Turf, Field and Farm*, and other English and American chess columns.

BRITISH PROBLEM ASSOCIATION
TOURNEY.

The prizes in this Tourney have been awarded as follows:—First Prize Set, J. H. Finlinson (Huddersfield); Second Prize Set, F. F. Lamb; best 2-move problem, J. P. Taylor; best 3-move problem, W. Coates; best 4-move problem, C. Callender.

The 2-move problems in the sets of Messrs. Callender, Collins and Townsend were also honorably mentioned in the order named.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE
TOURNEY.

Continuation of list of games concluded:—

(From Aug. 14th, 1878, to October 11th, 1878.)

No.	Players.	Won by
16.	Clawson <i>versus</i> Boivin	Clawson
17.	Black " Henderson	Henderson
18.	Saunders " Wylde	Saunders
19.	Foster " Black	Foster
20.	Boivin " Braithwaite	Braithwaite
21.	Black " Shaw	Shaw
22.	Boivin " Black	(Drawn)
23.	Shaw " Wylde	Wylde
24.	Wylde " Foster	Foster
25.	Gibson " Kittson	(Drawn)
26.	Foster " Murphy	Murphy
27.	Kittson " Shaw	(Drawn)

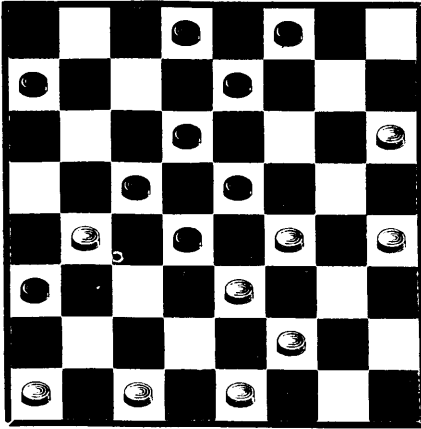
J. W. SHAW,
Conductor of Tourney.

TOTALS OF GAMES PLAYED TO OCTOBER 11, 1878.

Names.	Games Played.	Won.
Prof. Hicks.....	1 ..	1
John Henderson.....	3 ..	3
A. Saunders.....	2 ..	1½
J. W. Shaw.....	5 ..	3½
M. J. Murphy.....	2 ..	2
C. A. Boivin.....	6 ..	½
W. Braithwaite.....	2 ..	2
Dr. J. Ryall.....	4 ..	1½
H. N. Kittson.....	2 ..	1
G. Gibson.....	4 ..	1½
J. E. Narraway.....	4 ..	2½
J. Clawson.....	4 ..	2
J. T. Wylde.....	5 ..	1½
J. G. Foster.....	4 ..	2½
G. P. Black.....	6 ..	1

Draughts.

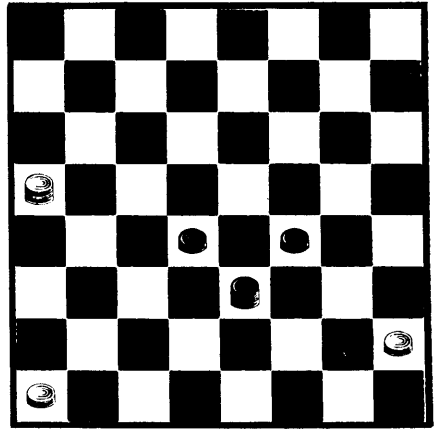
PROBLEM No. 19.



White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 20.

From the Glasgow *Herald*. End game from "Laird and Lady."



Black to play and win.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to Mr. Andrew Whyte, Draughts Editor of the "NEW DOMINION MONTHLY," Bolton Forest, Que.

F. WILLIAMS, Montreal.—Your note with position in "Black" game received, but is not of much interest for publication. If you can send the moves leading to the position it might do.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 17.

31.26	10.17	11. 8	
17.10	9. 6	4.11	White
18.14	1.10	26.30	wins.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 18.

27.24	32.27	11.16	11.16	27.23
10.15	15.18	18.14	4. 8	31.27
3. 7	7.11	16.11 (A).	16.20	23.19
30.26	26.31	14.10	8.12	27.32

Black wins.

(A).

16.12	11.16	16.20	19.16	8. 3
8.11	10. 7	7.11	11.15	23.19
12. 8	16.19	27.23	16.12	
11.15	18.22	31.27	30.26	Black
8.11	19.16	23.19	12. 8	wins.
15.18	22.25	25.30	26.23	

GAME 47.—OLD FOURTEENTH.

Played in Quebec between Messrs. Brodie and Valin.

Brodie's Move.

11.15	31.26	7.10	11. 7	18.23
23.19	5. 9	24.19	10.15	26.22
8.11	21.17	3. 7	19.10	21.25
22.17	14.21	27.23	6.15	22.18
4. 8	23. 5	11.16	7. 2	23.14
17.13	15.18	20.11	31.27	29.22
15.18	26.23	7.16	2. 7	14.17
24.20	18.22	32.28	27.18	16.23
11.15	25.18	2. 6	7.11	17.19
28.24	10.15	18.15	16.20	
8.11	19.10	22.26	30.26	Black
26.23	6.22	15.11	15.19	wins.
9.14	23.18	26.31	11.16	

*13. 9	12.16	23.16	21.30
23.30	29.25	30.26	11. 7
16.23	16.19	16.11	Drawn.

GAME No. 48.—GLASGOW.

The following games were played at Dillonton between two amateurs :

11.15	7.16	7.10	28.32	19.28
23.19	24.20	27.23	26.22	7. 3
8.11	16.19	12.16	19.24	15.19
22.17	25.22	23.18	14.10	3. 7
11.16	4. 8	19.24	6.15	11.15
24.20	29.25	17.14	13. 6	7.11
16.23	10.15	10.17	1.10	19.23
27.11	17.13	25.21	18.14	11.27
7.16	2. 7	24.28	16.19	32.23
20.11	21.17	21.14	14. 7	17.14
3. 7	8.11	15.19	24.27	White
28.24	32.27	22.17	31.24	wins.

GAME No. 49.—CENTRE.

11.15	7.11	3. 8	18.25	13.17
23.19	26.23	10. 7	11.18	7.10
8.11	9.13	8.11	25.29	25.22
22.17	31.26	7. 3	24.15	26.23
15.18	6. 9	11.15	9.14	22.26
17.14	14.10	3. 7	18. 9	23.19
10.17	9.14	16.19	5.14	26.31
21.14	32.28	23.16	15.11	19.16
11.16	11.16	12.19	14.17	31.24
19.15	10. 6	25.22	11. 7	28.19
16.20	2. 9	18.25	17.21	20.24
24.19	15.11	29.22	7. 2	10.14
4. 8	8.15	14.18	29.25	17.22
28.24	19.10	7.11	2. 7	14.18

White wins.

GAME No. 50.—LAIRD AND LADY.

Played at Chicago in the Hefter-Reid match.

Reid's Move.

11.15	19.15	*2. 6	14. 7	13.17
23.19	4. 8	29.25	3.10	19.15
8.11	24.19	11.16	27.24	11.27
22.17	6.10	26.23	8.11	20.11
9.13	15. 6	6.10	24.20	27.32
17.14	1.17	25.21	5. 9	
10.17	25.22	10.17	32.27	Reid
21.14	18.15	21.14	9.14	won.
15.18	30.14	7.10	27.24	

28TH GAME IN ABOVE MATCH.

*11.16	29.25	16.19	27.24	23.26
26.23	13.17	25.22	19.23	19.15
7.10	19.15	8.11	24.19	26.31
14. 7	10.26	22.17	15.24	15.10
3.10	31.13	11.15	28.19	5. 9

Drawn.

GAME No. 51.—FIFE.

Played between Messrs. W. Hannah, of Bonnybridge, and J. Moir, of Tillicoultry.—*Herald.*

Moir's Move.

11.15	19.26	8.11	3. 7	20.27
23.19	30. 5	32.27	14. 9	18.14
9.14	15.18	4. 8	7.10	10.15
22.17	25.22	21.17	27.24	19.10
5. 9	18.25	7.10	8.12	6.15
17.13	29.22	18.14	31.26	14.10
14.18	10.14	10.15	11.16	
19.16	22.18	24.19	26.23	
12.19	14.23	15.24	16.20	Drawn.
26.23	27.18	28.19	23.18	

DRAUGHTS ITEMS.

DURING MR. WYLLIE'S recent visit to Glasgow he played in public 163 games, of which he won 133, lost none, and 30 games were drawn.

THE MATCH between Messrs. W. Bryden, of Glasgow, and R. Steele, of Kilbirnie, will be played in King Street Hall, commencing at 12 noon on Thursday, the 3d prox.

WE COPIED the item that Mr. Dykes was anxious to play Mr. Wyllie from a Canadian paper. Mr. Dykes afterwards informed us that it was inserted without his knowledge, but at the same time he was willing to play Mr. Wyllie, if he should ever visit Wardsville, or Chatham, Ontario.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

THE "HERD LADDIE" IN ABERDEEN.—Mr. James Wyllie, the "Herd Laddie," champion draughts-player, is at present on a visit to Aberdeen, and played with some of the local "cracks" in the Forester's Hall, No. 14 Castle Street, commencing on Tuesday evening. Play was commenced at 7, and by 11 o'clock sixteen games had been played. Of these, Wyllie won 14, lost 1, and 1 was drawn. His most dangerous opponent was Mr. Black, from Edinburgh, the win and the draw having been effected by him. The other principal players were Messrs Jas. Guthrie, George Reid, and J. Pirie, all of Aberdeen, neither of whom made much of a stand against Wyllie.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The match between Messrs. Reid and Priest for the championship of Pennsylvania commenced on the 9th Sept., and after three days' play resulted in a decided victory for the latter, with the following score: Priest, 15; Reid, 5; drawn, 22; total, 42 games.



IMPARTIAL.

New Curate (who wishes to know all about his Parishioners).—"THEN DO I UNDERSTAND YOU THAT YOUR AUNT IS ON YOUR FATHER'S SIDE, OR YOUR MOTHER'S?"

Country Lad.—"ZOMETIMES ONE AN' ZOMETIMES THE OTHER, 'CEPTIN' WHEN FEYETHER WHACKS 'EM BOTH, SIR!"—*Punch.*



“DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.”

Young Housekeeper. “I’M AFRAID THOSE SOLES I BOUGHT OF YOU YESTERDAY WERE NOT FRESH. MY HUSBAND SAID THEY WERE NOT NICE AT ALL!”

Brighton Fisherman. “WELL, MARM, THAT BE YOUR FAULT—IT BEAN’T MINE. I’VE OFFERED ’EM YER EVERY DAY THIS WEEK, AND YOU MIGHT A’ ’AD ’EM O’ MONDAY IF YOU’D A LOIKED!”—*Judy.*

October 1, 1878.

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