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THE POLARIS EXPEDITION.

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PART I.

IN two former articles I endeavoured to furnish the readers of *The Maritime Monthly* with a sketch of the wonderful voyage of the *Polaris*. The article entitled *Two Thousand Miles on an Ice-floe*, contained an account of the escape of a portion of the crew on the ice, and appeared in *The Maritime* for August 1873; and in the September number, the article *Northward—Ho!* contained many additional particulars regarding the results of the voyage of the *Polaris*. Since the latter paper was written, the remainder of the crew have been rescued and have returned home; and the whole proceedings connected with the expedition have undergone a thorough investigation, the results of which are embodied in the Report of the Hon. Geo. M. Robeson, Secretary of the American Navy. We are now in possession of more ample materials for forming a correct estimate of the results of the *Polaris* Expedition; and I propose now to devote two short papers to a review of the whole, and thus complete the story which was left imperfect.

It is necessary, first of all, to revert briefly to the history of the "Polaris" expedition. There can be no doubt that this expedition owed its origin to its brave and enthusiastic leader—Captain Charles F. Hall. He was able to inspire others with his own enthusiasm for Arctic explorations, and to impress them with the

conviction that by following in the track of Kane and Hayes, the North Pole might be reached. A noble ambition fired his breast, to solve the problem of centuries, and reach the spot which so many heroic explorers had previously attempted in vain to reach. He hoped not only to win a laurel crown for himself, but to add to the honour and renown of his country. He possessed in a high degree that wonderful audacity for which Americans are noted—that seemingly reckless daring which laughs at difficulties, and which enabled Stanley to find Livingstone in the centre of Africa, and in the case of Hall carried him nearer the North Pole than any former navigator. Hall had risen from the ranks by sheer force of character, and unflinching industry and perseverance. He had few advantages derived from education, having been originally apprenticed to a blacksmith in Cincinnati. He rose at length to the editorial chair of a small newspaper, and afterwards seems to have formed a romantic passion for Arctic exploration. He qualified himself for the work by spending five consecutive years among the Esquimaux, during which he acquired a complete knowledge of their language, and thoroughly inured himself to their mode of life, besides acclimatising himself to a wonderful degree. During those five years he was actively engaged in prosecuting inquiries regarding the fate of Sir John Franklin and his men, with what results I am not aware. He made, however, one important discovery,—the site of Sir Martin Frobisher's settlement, regarding which there had been much difference of opinion. If to these qualifications for Arctic exploration he had added those of a practical seaman and an acquaintance with nautical astronomy, he would have been a thoroughly equipped leader. His zeal and enthusiasm, however, made up for many deficiencies; and when we take into account that he was obliged to entrust the navigation of his ship to others, and to depend on their judgment in all nautical matters, we cannot but feel additional wonder at his achievements.

In 1869, Hall returned from his five years sojourn among the Esquimaux, and in the following year he was engaged in urging the despatch of another Arctic expedition upon the attention of the American people. The Hon. G. M. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy, sympathised with his views; and the Department handed over to him a wooden river gun-boat of three hundred and eighty-seven tons. She was thoroughly repaired, strengthened for encountering ice, and re-christened the "Polaris." Congress also

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voted \$50,000 to meet the expenses of the expedition. Preparations were rapidly pushed forward; and on the 26th of June 1871, Captain Hall was received by the American Geographical Society at New York. On this occasion, Mr. Grinnell, the generous promoter of expeditions for the search of Franklin, presented Hall with the flag which, in 1838, had been with Wilkes to the Antarctic regions, and which had since been in the Northern Polar seas with DeHaven, Kane and Hayes. "Now I give it to you, sir," said Mr. Grinnell, "take it to the North Pole, and bring it back in a year from next October."

The "Polaris" was not a vessel adapted for such a daring undertaking as this, being deficient in steam-power, and far inferior, in her capabilities of battling with the ice-floes, to a Dundee whaling steamer, or one of the Newfoundland steam sealing fleet. No naval officer accompanied the expedition, and the want of naval discipline on board proved to be one of the greatest drawbacks to success. Captain Hall was left to select his own crew, and did the best he could under the circumstances. Not being himself a seaman, he took with him, as sailing master, Captain S. O. Buddington, a native of New London, Connecticut, who had previously made thirteen whaling voyages to Baffin's Bay; and as assistant navigator, Captain G. E. Tyson, who had also been for some years engaged in the whale-fishery. These men had much experience in navigation amid the dangers of ice-covered seas, but could hardly be expected to share in their leader's enthusiasm for reaching the North Pole. Mr. Chester, the mate, was an able seaman and an excellent harpooner. Captain Hall, however, was fortunate enough to secure the services of Dr. Bessels, as head of the scientific department of the expedition—a man of high attainments as a naturalist, and a Doctor of Medicine, who had served in the same capacity in the German Arctic Expedition of 1869, and now entered heart and soul into this enterprize. With him were associated Mr. Meyer as meteorologist, and Mr. Bryan as assistant astronomer—both men of scientific attainments, and well qualified for their duties. Looking at the whole organization of the expedition, and especially at the manifest deficiency in discipline and control, few felt, at the outset, any sanguine hopes of success, and many pronounced the enterprise ill-judged and the offspring of wild enthusiasm. The results, however, far exceeded the expectations of friends, and falsified the doleful predictions of foes; and

once more illustrated the power possessed by courage and enthusiasm combined in conquering difficulties. In the case of Hall, fortune seems to have smiled graciously on the man who, with such insufficient means at command, dared to grapple with difficulties that had proved too much for some of the most heroic explorers.

The annals of Arctic exploration fail to present a record of success so quickly and easily attained, as that which followed the efforts of Captain Hall. After coaling and filling up with provisions at Disco, in Greenland, he pushed northward; got through the dreaded Melville Bay without difficulty, and the "North Water;" ran through Smith's Sound, Kennedy Channel; and five days after passing Cape Shackleton, on the 30th of August, he had reached a higher latitude than had ever before been obtained by any ship, being in $82^{\circ} 16'$, or within thirty miles of the most northern point reached by Parry in his celebrated sledge journey over the ice north of Spitzbergen. Almost without check or serious obstacle the little vessel reached this high latitude, throwing into the shade the achievements of Ross, Inglefield, Kane and Hayes. But at this point the tide of fortune turned, and mishaps began to multiply. The evidence adduced on the investigation at Washington, before Secretary Robeson, clearly proves that the "Polaris" might have pushed on still farther north, and that she was stopped merely by loose floes, which a more powerful steamer could easily have penetrated. A seam of ice of no very serious character arrested her progress, but there was a lead through into open water, and a fine water sky to the northward which seemed inviting them on. It was one of those golden moments on which depend the destinies of an enterprise. Had the "Polaris" held on her course she might have reached 84° or 85° , and the three hundred miles from that point to the Pole might easily have been traversed by sledges. But the critical opportunity was lost; Hall hesitated, not being a nautical man himself; and influenced chiefly by the advice of Captain Buddington—who feared if they persevered they might be unable to retrace their course—he first tried to push for the western coast, his vessel was beset and carried South, and the splendid chance of reaching the Pole was lost to him forever. With a more powerful steamer or a more courageous sailing master the victory might have been won.

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the "*Polaris*" farther north is evident from the testimony of various witnesses before the Commission at Washington. Dr. Bessels, in his examination, said: "After we reached the highest point we had to make fast to an ice-floe, not being able to penetrate any farther. We had a consultation on deck among the officers of the ship, Mr. Chester, Mr. Morton, Captain Tyson, Captain Buddington and myself. Messrs. Chester, Tyson and Morton suggested going ahead. I did the same, only remarking at the same time that if we were not able to make any more northing we were to strike to the west coast, because we had a fine base of land to proceed on. Captain Buddington said that he did not see any chance to go in farther, and so we did not attempt it. Captain Hall was very anxious to go north." *Question*: "Was there any opening to the north at that time?" *Answer*: "I had not been at the mast-head. Tyson was there and one of the men, and they both reported that they saw plenty of open water, intersected by drifting ice. We could not see open water from the deck. The ice was intersected by water-leads. We tied up to the ice and drifted back." Mr. Chester, the mate, in his examination, said: "On the 31st of August 1871, we got to the highest point we made. The steamer was stopped. We could see through the channel, and there was a water-cloud seen—a dense water-cloud—to the north,—I mean a cloud that denotes open water. It is a sort of fog that hangs over the water. I think we could have gone farther north from that point. It has always been my impression that we might have gone on. It was my watch, below at the time. I heard them sing out to the man at the mast-head, and heard him sing out there was a lead close to the land, on the east shore, and some one called me." The evidence of Henry Hobby on this point is still more conclusive. He said: "We turned back at six o'clock in the morning. We continued still to see land on both sides of us. On the 29th, Captain Hall called all the officers on the house, for the purpose of having them consult as to what it was best to do about establishing winter quarters or going farther north. I was on the look-out at that time on the crow's nest. From what I heard nearly all the officers wanted to go north. Captain Buddington and Captain Tyson said it was necessary to make winter-quarters as fast as possible. I could hear every word that was uttered. Captain Buddington wanted to go into Newman's Bay; Captain Hall and all the rest wanted

to go north, with the exception of Captain Tyson. * * * When I was up there in the crow's nest, and they were talking about it, I could see a way for going north on the eastern shore, from north to about north-east. So far as I could observe I saw open water. There was land on both sides. There was no ice between us and the open water that I saw. I sang out from the crow's nest, inquiring where they wanted to go. *I told them there was plenty of open water to the north-east.* I could not see exactly the point. Captain Buddington said we must make winter-quarters. These were just the very words he said. I asked him where he wanted me to go, and he said 'Right over there, to Newman's Bay.' The ship was lying still at this time, under steam and not fast; she was just lying there. There was no ice to stop us from going north, as far as I could see."

It is interesting to inquire what were the appearances presented when the progress of the "Polaris" was thus unfortunately arrested in this high northern latitude. Contrary to what might have been expected, the ice met with was not of a heavy description, and seldom exceeded five feet in thickness, so that it was probably only of one winter's growth. To the north and west, land was visible, which they estimated to extend as far north as 84° . On the eastern side, the Greenland coast, at the furthest visible point, appeared to be trending to the north-east, at $82^{\circ} 30' N$. Here, in all probability, Greenland terminates; but still there is the possibility that this eastward trending of the land is but the opening of another bay or fiord, similar to Polaris Bay, north of Cape Constitution; and that Greenland, as Dr. Petermann holds, is prolonged to or beyond the Pole, there being a channel between it and Grinnell Land all the way. The determination of this point must be left to future explorers. Dr. Bessels, however, holds that the insularity of Greenland has been absolutely determined by the voyage of the Polaris; and the English Commander, A. H. Markham, in his "Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay," appears to think there is little doubt of this, as the Greenland coast, at $82^{\circ} 30'$, "is steep and precipitous, and is free from land-ice; while the shores of Grinnell Land, on the opposite side, appear to be low and shelving, and have fast ice attached to them. The extreme northern point of Grinnell Land appeared to reach about the same latitude as the north-west point of Greenland, or a little further to the north, and then to trend away to the westward, leaving a

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channel between these two countries, and a northern land visible at a distance of sixty miles. This would place the latter in about 84° N."

This view would seem to be sustained by the fact mentioned by Dr. Bessels in his evidence, that North Greenland has been rising, as he found drift-wood and marine shells at elevations of seventeen hundred feet and more above the sea-level, and shells that are found alive now in the adjoining sea. Marine animals were also found in fresh water lakes, at an elevation of thirty-eight feet. In some places the land rises in terraces, each terrace indicating one period of an upheaval. Another fact, pointing to the same conclusion, is, that a large quantity of drift-wood was found as far north as 82° , and this can only be accounted for by supposing that it was carried on the waves of a great polar sea from the coast of Siberia, thus confirming the view indicated of the insularity of Greenland. A still more curious fact is noted by Dr. Bessels, regarding the tides along the coast of Northern Greenland. As a general rule, the night-tides along Greenland are much higher than those that occur during the day; but the case was found to be different in Polaris Bay, where the party wintered. There it was found that there was no difference between the day and night tides; and that they were later than those observed by Kane, further south. From this Dr. Bessels infers that the tides along the northern coast came from the north, and were Pacific tides, while those along the southern coast were from the south, and were Atlantic tides, the coast being thus under the influence of two different tides. He concludes therefore that there is an open-sea connection between Robeson's Channel and the Pacific. These tidal waves from the north and south meet at Cape Fraser, on the west coast of Grinnell Land. "This was fully demonstrated by the drift of the ship and by tidal observation. To the south of Cape Fraser the flood-tide makes to the north, while to the north it flows south. The rise and fall during spring-tides was about five and a half feet, and during the neaps about two feet. No agitation of the water was noticed off Cape Fraser caused by the meeting of the two waves, for the ice would effectually prevent anything of the sort. But to the south of Cape Fraser the tide rose to a greater height during the night, as is the case along the coast of Greenland; whereas to the north of Cape Fraser there was no perceptible difference between the day and night tides." [Markham's "Whaling Cruise in Baffin's Bay."]

The further story of the "Polaris" is full of interest. After drifting south for some distance the vessel at length got clear of the ice and found winter-quarters in Polaris Bay, in $81^{\circ} 38' N$. There is but a slight indentation of the coast here, but a friendly iceberg which had grounded formed a sort of breakwater, and afforded them some shelter. Hall named this berg "Providence Iceberg," and the harbour "Thank God Harbour." Here Captain Hall died, on the 8th of November 1871. It is satisfactory to find, from Secretary Robeson's Report, that there was not the slightest foundation for those idle rumours that were so industriously circulated, to the effect that Captain Hall had met his death by foul means. The result of the very searching investigation before the Commission at Washington was to prove that the death of Hall was solely owing to natural causes. It appears he had returned after a fatiguing sledge journey to Newman's Bay, during which he had been exposed to very low temperatures. He was imprudent enough to enter the cabin, where the temperature was high, when chilled by cold, and without taking off his furs or using any precautions, he drank a cup of hot coffee. Soon after he was taken ill, and it was found that one side was paralysed. He grew gradually worse, became delirious, accused every one of designs against his life, and at times expressed suspicions of having been poisoned. It was probably these matters of delirium that suggested the rumours which too many were eager to believe and circulate to the injury of some on board. No doubt there had been a tendency to apoplexy in the case of Hall. He had often previously suffered from severe headaches, and complained at times of a numbness in his hand and some part of his neck. The sudden transition from the cold atmosphere without to a cabin where the thermometer stood between 60° and 70° , together with the imprudent acts already mentioned, seems to have brought on an apoplectic seizure. Everything possible was done by Dr. Bessels to save his life, which was so specially valuable then to all on board; but in spite of the best nursing and medical treatment he expired on the fifteenth day after the first seizure. Like a soldier, he fell on the field of his fame, and found a resting place in the midst of his discoveries, amid those icy solitudes which he had done so much to open up. His name will be placed high on the roll of Arctic heroes; and the region in which he sleeps has been appropriately named "Hall Land." Like many another hero, he saw the land

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which he longed to explore, "but was not permitted to enter in." His dust rests on the borders of that unknown region which so many brave spirits, during three centuries, have vainly tried to penetrate, and nearer the goal of his hopes than any other of the noble band of martyrs who have fallen in their efforts to explore these dreary regions. Few of all that band have been animated by a purer or loftier enthusiasm than Charles Francis Hall.

The party on board the "Polaris" spent the winter of 1871-72 in the most northern position in which civilized man has ever wintered; and the records of their experience are of the greatest consequence to science. Had Captain Hall lived there can be little doubt that the spring of 1872 would have witnessed a renewal of strenuous efforts to penetrate farther north by sledges drawn by dogs, and that during the summer he would have tried to carry the "Polaris" towards the Pole. But with his death the mainspring of the enterprise was gone; there was no ruling spirit on board; divided counsels paralysed their efforts; and it could hardly be expected that such a man as Captain Buddington, on whom the command devolved, would be the discoverer of the North Pole. But the scientific men on board were faithful to their trust, and did their duty nobly; and on the whole, a very fair degree of order and discipline was maintained. An observatory was built ashore, and observations were kept up diligently—meteorological, astronomical and magnetic. Tidal observations were kept up regularly, resulting in the important discovery already referred to, that the tide in Thank God Harbour is not produced by the Atlantic but by the Pacific or Polar tidal wave. It is to be lamented that many of the records of these scientific observations were lost in the catastrophe of October 15th by which a part of the crew were drifted away on an ice-floe. A considerable portion, however, was preserved by Dr. Bessels. The climate of Polaris Bay, contrary to what might have been expected, was found to be milder than it is several degrees farther south. The lowest temperature registered was 48 Fahr., with very little wind blowing at the time, and the fall of snow remarkably small. Strange to say, unmistakable traces of the presence of man were found in these dreary regions, affording sufficient proof that animal life must exist and that open water is present at certain seasons. Even as far north as 82°, Dr. Bessels saw vestiges of the Esquimaux, having there picked up, lying on the beach, a couple of ribs of the walrus which had been

used as sledge runners, and a small piece of wood that had formed part of the back of a sledge. An old bone knife handle was also found, and the remains of a summer encampment, consisting of three circles of stones for keeping tents in position, with spaces left for the entrances. Animal life was pretty abundant. In June the region around Thank God Harbour was free from snow and covered with a kind of creeping herbage, consisting of ground-willow and various grasses, on which numerous herds of musk-oxen found pasture, twenty-six of which were shot. Foxes and lemmings were also met, but only one bear was seen during the whole year. No birds were visible in winter; but early in spring, ptarmigan and a species of snipe made their appearance, and in summer, large flocks of the various Arctic birds arrived. Nature has enlivened these icy solitudes, during their brief summer, with numerous specimens of the feathered tribes, who breed in these undisturbed regions and retire south at the approach of winter. The musk-oxen are about the size of a small cow, and are remarkable for the great length of their hair, and the musky odour which they emit—hence their name. Their flesh is nutritious and has no unpleasant flavour. In post-tertiary times the musk-ox is known to have extended over the greater part of Europe, remains of it occurring abundantly in certain of the bone-caves of France. Its food around Polaris Bay is a kind of ground-willow and certain grasses which it reaches in winter by scraping off the snow. Seals were obtained to the extreme point in $82^{\circ} 16'$, but no walrus or narwhal north of 79° . They were of three kinds, namely, the common Greenland seal, the ground seal, and the fetid seal. The hooded seal was not met with.

In the spring of 1872, Dr. Bessels and Mr. Bryan started on a sledging excursion, in order to connect Kane's furthest point, Cape Constitution, with their own survey. They arrived on the evening of the first day after leaving, at a fiord which they named the Southern Fiord, and which they followed into the interior for twenty-eight miles, till their progress was arrested by heavy icebergs. They then crossed it, and arrived at a second fiord, but failed to find Cape Constitution at the spot laid down in Kane's map. It turned out that it was fifty miles farther south than the locality indicated by Kane, in $80^{\circ} 25'$; but they had to return without reaching it.

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the northward by sledges, the ice being too rough, there being too little snow, and the configuration of the land not permitting any travel. In June, attempts were made to get north by boats, but they were unable to get farther than Newman's Bay. The ice kept pouring down, during the whole time, through Robeson's Channel. There was not water enough to float the boats, and the ice was not solid enough to travel over it. In fact, Robeson's Channel was not frozen during the whole winter. The attempt was abandoned on July 1st, and the party returned to the ship. In the interval, the "*Polaris*" had made an attempt, by Captain Buddington's orders, to push north, but was borne back by floating ice. On the 12th of August, the ship being in a leaky condition, it was decided to bear up for home. They had not coal enough to stay another winter, and to steam down the next year. It is evident that, with the resources the party had at command, nothing more could be done, and they wisely decided on returning. The "*Polaris*" left her winter-quarters, on her return voyage, on the 12th of August, 1872.

When a little south of Cape Constitution, the "*Polaris*" got beset and drifted with the ice along the west coast till October 15th. She was then past Cape Alexander, when a heavy gale came on and the ice separated close to the ship. Soon after the ice closed in again, and the vessel was strained and "snipped," and keeled over on her port side. Expecting that she would be crushed by the tremendous pressure of the ice, Captain Buddington ordered provisions and stores, which were kept ready on deck for such an emergency, to be thrown on the ice. While nineteen of the crew were on the ice engaged in hauling these provisions back to a house erected for such a purpose, two hawsers parted, and the "*Polaris*" was driven off in the darkness and snow-drift at the rate of ten knots an hour, leaving nineteen of the party on the ice, with two boats and a quantity of provisions. They saw each other no more till they met in New York nearly a year afterwards. Those on the ice floe commenced that long and dreary voyage, unparalleled in the annals of Arctic adventure, which I have described in *THE MARITIME* for August 1873. They were six months and a half in drifting from 77° 35' N. to the coast of Labrador, where, on the 30th of April, 1873, they were picked up, all well, by the *Tigress*, one of the Newfoundland sealing steamers.

We have now to follow the fortunes of those on board the

"Polaris." After the accident by which they were separated from their comrades, they found themselves in a most perilous position, and for a time expected instant destruction. The water was gaining fast on the ship, and when they tried to start the deck-pumps they found them frozen. Finally, by desperate efforts, they succeeded in raising steam enough to diminish the water, and when daylight came they found themselves near the coast. There was nothing for it but to run the vessel ashore to prevent her from sinking. They succeeded in doing so on the shore of Life Boat Cove, near Littleton Island. Here they set to work landing their stores, and prepared to build a house for winter-quarters.

It is very remarkable that those who were left on the ice declared positively that the next morning they saw the "Polaris" under steam and only four miles distant, apparently coming towards them, but that she suddenly disappeared behind a bend of the land, and they saw her no more. On the other hand, although the men on board kept a constant look-out from the mast-head, they never detected anything that looked like them. When Dr. Bessels was asked, on his examination, how he accounted for this fact, he said: "It may be they mistook an iceberg for our ship, which is often done. The fact is we were never as near Northumberland Island as they say they saw us." In answer to another question he admitted that it might have been a case of mirage lifting up the ship, so that they could see it when it was really out of sight. In point of fact, the *Polaris* must have been driven before the wind twenty-five miles during the night, and at daylight she was headed for the nearest land. It seems, therefore, quite impossible that those on the ice-floe could have really seen her; or that there was the slightest ground for supposing that those on board were indifferent to the fate of the others, or failed to use proper efforts for their rescue.

One irreparable misfortune attended this separation of the crew. All the records of Captain Hall, and all the astronomical and magnetic records were thrown from the ship on the ice, under the impression that the ship was sinking, and they were never seen afterwards, having drifted off by themselves on a small floe. Fortunately, however, some were preserved; the pendulum observations, tidal observations, and some boxes of plants, insects and geological specimens being among those saved.

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the "*Polaris*" at Life-Boat Cove without any serious sufferings, and the health of all continued good. A party of Esquimaux from Etah Bay joined them, and rendered them important services. Dr. Bessels mentions in his evidence that the very next morning after they landed at Life-Boat Cove these Esquimaux appeared, having come twenty miles from the south to the ship. They declared that they were led to undertake the journey by having smelled the smoke of the steamer at that distance, and that their dogs had also smelled it. There had been a light breeze from the north-east, so that they had exactly the wind which would enable them to smell the smoke, if that were possible. Few of the scientific instruments were left, nearly all having been thrown on the ice; but with those remaining, astronomical and meteorological observations were continued at Life-Boat Cove. The coal was soon exhausted, and then they used portions of the ship for fuel. The lowest temperature registered was 45° minus. Mercury was found to congeal at 39.9 ; and when made into balls could be fired through an inch plank. Dr. Bessels tried to go north in April, to reach the provision depot at Polaris Bay, but the natives he took with him could not be induced to go beyond $79^{\circ} 16'$. He also visited Port Foulke, the winter-quarters of Dr. Hayes in 1860-61; and on examining the grave of Mr. Sontag, the astronomer of that expedition, he found that the Esquimaux had dug up the remains for the sake of possessing themselves of the wood of the coffin. The bones were scattered in all directions. These he collected and re-buried.

During this winter two flat-bottomed boats were built from the timbers of the ship, and on the 3rd of June, 1873, they took their departure in these boats for the south. Nothing remarkable occurred during this boat-voyage. They had a sufficiency of provisions, and the weather proved favourable. On the 23rd of June they had the good fortune to be picked up by the Dundee whaling steamer *Ravenscraig*. On board they met with the utmost kindness and attention. A portion of the party were, after a time, transferred to the steamship *Arctic*, and the remainder to the *Intrepid*, and finally to the *Eric*; and by these vessels all were safely landed at Dundee.

In a concluding paper I propose to sum up the scientific, geographical and other results of the *Polaris Expedition*; and to notice the voyages of the *Juniata* and *Tigris* in search of the missing party.

AT PETERSBURG.

UPON the battle-field I walked at night—
 With blood the turf was wet, as with Autumnal rain:
 And through a cloud, with glances of affright,
 The moon lit up the faces of the slain.
 What love of Country did this soul inspire!
 What sweet endearments did that heart forego!
 What faith in Right gleamed from this eye of fire,
 And nerved that arm till stricken by the foe!

The wild rose blossoms, and the golden grain
 Waves o'er the field that shook 'neath hostile feet;—
 There wandering airs are whispering soft again—
 There, as of old, the birds are carolling sweet—
 And there, in silence, tranquilly repose,
 All bitterness forgotten, friends and foes.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

WHAT WAS HER FATE?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BY THE SOMME."

I,
 A LONG, irregular stretch of coast, masses of rock cleaving
 the sea, rock that is hollowed into caves, grotesquely carved
 and smoothly polished by the constant fretting and tossing of the
 waves. Land rising precipitously from the ocean, crowned by
 scanty crops of oats and barley that rustle harshly in the wind, as
 if whispering to the reaper that they are ready and waiting for
 him. An abrupt turn, an unexpected cove, with a semicircular
 beach of hard brown sand shelving gradually to meet the foam.
 At high tide the surf rolls up almost to the doors of the fishers'
 cottages clustered on the slope, rolls up with a shout of triumph
 and falls back with a sullen roar, suggesting that the cruel
 hungering of the waves is more reality than seeming. At low tide
 there is still a long white line separating sea and shore, and still
 the dull moaning fills the air. So, let the tide ebb or flow, the
 distinctive feature of this cove is the sea-foam, treacherous, faith-
 less, cold, even when glittering in the sunlight. Behind the cove

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a broad, level road winds by the cottages towards the cliffs rising again on the other side, passes a daintly little house perched like a bird's nest on a bluff overhanging the sea, then stretches itself out unwearingly, on towards the great town beyond.

Out from the "Cliff House" come two people—a man and woman—who walk slowly over the curving road towards the town. They are talking softly—half jest, half earnest—the man looking down in a patient, amused way, the woman looking up with an assured sauciness that knows itself not merely tolerated but invested with a specially adorable element, clinching her good points in the conversation, developing into an argument, by occasionally laying her hand lightly on her friend's coat-sleeve—a feminine way quite irresistible to the average masculine mind.

The laziest mortals accomplish something; the slowest walking results in a certain amount of progress; so now many curves of the road lie between Cliff House and the two loiterers, but still the woman's airy stratagems have not gained her desire.

Where the land dips again—where the view of the ocean is unobstructed—where, in the calm, luminous distance, a conical black rock is distinctly seen above the water—here the woman stops. The first purely girlish style of argument, the bewitching coax, has failed; the sharp, petulant ring of her voice tells that the second form, the justly indignant, is to be attempted.

"Then you will not give up this afternoon to me! You will not row me out to the haunted cave; and only an hour ago you vowed that no desire of my heart should ever be ungratified. You know you did, so there!"

Absurdly weak and contemptible in her childish anger, she stood quite still, her blue eyes flashing, her face flushed with vehement defiance.

"Now softly, Nellie, softly. Supposing I reserved the right to discriminate between desires of the heart and freaks of fancy. I'll row you to the haunted cave any day you like, and as often as you like, after to-day; but—not to-day, so come along, Nellie."

His manner was calm, almost indifferent; he had a trick of musically lengthening out his words, which lent a wonderful fascination to his voice, and suggested an easy yielding disposition; but, nevertheless, the impatience of persistent resistance to his will was singularly plain, as he stepped towards the girl and made an effort to draw her hand in his arm.

With a funny assumption of dignity, which brought a smile to her lover's lips, the girl drew up her little figure: "Very well, Ernest; if you can't leave your horrid old business alone one day for my sake, I can't tire myself to death walking to town for your sake, so—there!"

She turned her back to him, and ran lightly down a path that wound about among the rocks. He folded his arms, and looked after her: a large, dark man, expressing a certain innate imperturbability by the careless folding of his arms, betraying power and strength of passion by the great deal of love, the shading of amusement, perplexity, doubt in his face, as he watched the girl bounding from rock to rock. Should he go down to her? Should he humor her? Should he give in to her?

Ah, had she only tried the girl's third art of reasoning he could never have stood thus questioning; the first tears would have been a guaranty for earnestness that he could never have withstood. But she had been so childishly angry about nothing; she knew his reasons for going to town; she had been delighted at the thought of going with him; then, at the first glimpse of this haunted cave, came a freak to row out there at once. It was unreasonable, absurd; certainly he would not go down to her. Still, it was her birthday; she was so young, so pretty, and—he loved her so. Ah! he loved her so; should any duty for one moment come between him and her who had brought this great happiness into his life? After all had he not better go down to her, and kiss her and make it all right again? There was his chance; she had left the rocks and gone down on the sand, walking with a quick, impatient step, but never once looking back to him.

How about those letters waiting in town? Had not their imperative nature been elaborately explained to Nellie? Besides, the woman who would be his wife was not a child, to be petted and kissed into reason. She had not so much as turned her head back towards him. No, he would not go down to her, decidedly!

Ernest Meredith turned towards the town, wondering, as usual, why he loved this Nellie Glendon, so wilful, so provoking, so beautiful; wondering, yet never doubting that he did love her better than his life, looking forward already to the morning when he would come back to Cliff House, to Nellie all sweetness and forgiveness, half wishing he had gone down to her.

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And the girl walked at random across the sand, fuming over the want of deference to her, thinking her lover certainly ought to come after her, yet not acknowledging the hope.

The sun was shining, the foam sparkling, the sand, the rocks, the sea-weeds glistening, and the girl, with the glory of her youth about her, with the great glory of her beauty surrounding her, went on, heedless of light and warmth and beauty, made wretched by her silly discontent of spirit that was the one stain upon her loveliness.

II.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—

A tress o' golden hair,

O' drowned maiden's hair,

Above the nets at sea?"

Of the coldest and deadliest grey were sea and sky. Over the land hung a grey mist, not colouring, but lending its uncompromising neutrality of tinge to the rocky upland, to the sandy shore, the brooding mantle of the heavy stillness which so often follows the wildest storms. The unwearied ocean only told of the late tempest—told it by the mammoth breakers clanging discordantly against the rocks, by the restless chopping and foaming and seething of the whole mighty mass, by the sullen sobbing of the surf as it ebbd and flowed tumultuously to and fro upon the beach. A strange, weird scene, rendered colder—almost ghastly—by a light glinting of the sun upon the faces of many of the fisher people, who, moved by a common impulse, stood gazing seaward.

What was it that, floating not far out from shore, arrested and held the attention of those so used to the wrack and drift of storm?

What was it that rose and fell and made such a charming plaything for the foam? To all questions came a decisive answer from a girl who, for some minutes, had watched intently: "It's not drift; it's not weed; it's a woman's hair!"

A fearless gleam in full grey eyes—a face with all the glamour and witchery of the sea, all its depths of tenderness and fierceness written in every line—a form with all the strength, the grace, the freedom that a life of continual companionship with the reckless, changeful ocean can give—that fancy, almost inexpressible, embodies Madge Ryder's peculiar beauty.

She had never read, that "conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct;" only unconsciously she was proving that truth by, almost as she spoke, pushing one of the boats down towards the water. But she was not to bring in to shore the spoil that the Storm King had bequeathed to the ocean, for a strong hand turned her aside, and a voice that said only, "Madge, are ye mad?" made the girl move back and give place to one who could more easily manage a boat on such a sea.

Out into the breakers shot Dick Hendricks' boat, and he, taking advantage of a lull in the rush of water, by a few rapid strokes, was nearing the object of his quest, when there towered above him, and swept over him, and overwhelmed him, a moving mass of water.

"Swamped! oh, God!" cried the on-lookers, and only Madge Ryder's voice rang out, light, sarcastic: "Dick Hendricks swamped in a sea like that!" In a moment the boat had re-appeared, and with wonderful rapidity had turned her head, whilst the weed, or fish, or whatever it was, no longer tossed about upon the surface.

A few moments of suspense for the people on shore, a few times of falling in the trough of the sea, of rising with the swell, and Dick Hendricks' boat, perched on the tip of a breaker, swept into the cove, the keel grating on the sand.

Out on the shore stepped Dick, with something in his arms that sent an electric thrill of horror through the people; never looking up nor speaking, he strode by them till he came to Madge, then, at her feet, he laid his burden down on the shining sand and turned away.

Is it not true that in a life which calls frequently and unexpectedly for great presence of mind and steadiness of nerve, in a life lived in the midst of never-ending toil and hardships, with not unfrequent horrors passing the power of man to tell, there is an element that more effectually tends to a perfect restraint of emotion than the most thorough conventional training? For, what these fisher folk felt of horror or of sorrow, as they pressed close about Dick's burden, was expressed only in a low murmur that found but two words: "Poor thing! Poor thing!" A momentary silence followed, rudely broken by a man's voice, saying: "If 'twasn't for her hair and clothes, I'd swear it's Bill, Ben Mere's boy, who went out with Jack Trent last night, and hasn't come back, nor isn't like to." Silently the frank, sea-bred Madge stood

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looking down at the strange gift her lover had brought her; but now, as the man spoke, she knelt down, peered closely into the cold, white face, passed her hands through masses of yellow hair, all dark and matted with golden sea-weed. "She is very like him, very like poor Bill," she said, and then, pressing her warm brown cheek close to the ice-cold face beneath her, the whole secret of her perfect womanhood was revealed in a passionate flood of tears.

Little wonder that she sobbed; little wonder that the roughest and hardest turned away from the young girl lying dead before them, from the stern fact of death, presented to them with all its inseparable pathos, its unfathomable mystery, heightened, intensified, by connection with youth and beauty. Yet, in her face, there was no death, for old ocean had revered the roundness of her cheek, the smooth fairness of her skin; had tenderly closed her eyes, as if skilfully shutting out from their loveliness all vision of his frightful wrath.

But, look down at her blue cloth jacket torn in shreds; at her breast all crushed and horribly disfigured; at her little hands bruised and broken, as if they had clung despairingly to jagged rocks, or had been clutched in some giant grasp and squeezed into a shapeless mass.

Surely this is not the work of wind or wave; surely nature in her wildest, fiercest moods could not thus frightfully deal with this "cunningst pattern of excelling nature."

Far away beyond the cliffs Ernest Meredith was walking homeward, sometimes humming a light Italian air whose very notes breathed love, quarrels, reconciliation, bliss; sometimes lounging along with a shade of sadness in his face, showing the man who knew just enough of life to feel the shadows in the mid-day sunshine, to be almost fearful of any great joy for the sorrow that must balance it. Yet, the latter phase of his character showed itself rarely, so rarely, that whenever he knew the undercurrent of his nature was making an outward display, the song and quick pace were instantly resumed. The cliffs guarding the bluff were already in sight, and the jutting crag with its crowning beauty, "Cliff House." Just where the Haunted Cave would have been visible had the tide not been high, he stopped a moment, smiling broadly, then, moved by a sudden impulse, he turned into the by-path, saying aloud: "It is too early. Nellie will not be ready for

me. I'll see how things are at the cove after the storm." As Nellie Glendon had done the day before, so he bounded from rock to rock till the sand was reached, but, unlike her, he turned directly to the cove, and soon forgot even her in his anxiety lest the unusual commotion among the people might betoken some terrible catastrophe—to them, only to them.

"What's the matter?" he asked, as Dick Hendricks approached him.

"A drowned girl, Mr. Meredith; most likely one that's been out pleasin' from town, and been swamped in the storm."

"Ah! that's sad; we must see about it, Dick," he said, the odd rythmical intonation in his voice very marked, as he moved forward and looked over a woman's shoulder. Suddenly the woman was pushed aside, a stifed exclamation, hardly a cry, "Nellie, my darling! my darling!" was heard through the morning air: close by the rigid form a man knelt down, and the toilers by the sea knew that Dick Hendricks had brought ashore that morning Nellie Glendon, the betrothed wife of their friend and hero, Ernest Meredith, her of whom they had heard so much and had so longed to see. One long look at the still cold face, one glance at the bruised breast and hands, then gently he laid the fair head down.

"There has been foul play here," he cried. "This is not drowning; it is murder."

A frightful accusation, fiercely uttered, in startling contrast to the despair with which he turned to her again, and lifted her in his arms, moaning, "Why did I not go down to her?" And the people, terrified by his voice and manner, drew further off, leaving them alone, the living and the dead. Nellie Glendon lying in her lover's arms, with the golden hair and weed all cloaking his shoulders; she with a strange rest on the beautiful face, such as life had never seen; he with that in his eyes which told of a loss that death could never lessen, a despair and horror that life could never lighten.

The ripe grain waved on the heights, the sunlight had pierced the mist and brightened the desolate shore, the long breakers rolled up boisterously, the surf flirted with sand and sky, kissing the one and shooting its dazzling glances at the other. All nature bright now and joyous laughed at sorrow and scoffed at death.

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III.

So the beautiful Nellie Glendon was dead. But how had she come to her death, by drowning or by murder? That was the mystery which could not be buried with her, which imperatively demanded the crushing of all sentiment in its fathoming. Because in our lives there is so much more of ugliness than beauty, no record can be just or true that revels in what is pleasant, entirely ignoring pain. Sorrow must be lived down, repulsive facts must be told, but, because the real living down of trouble and anguish is so long, so terrible, let the telling be without elaboration, plain and brief.

Ernest Meredith had breathed foul play; the coroner's jury proceeded to prove or disprove it. On one hand, there was much testimony from many physicians supporting the hypothesis that the soft white flesh had been crushed by a blow dealt by a human hand, the bones of the fingers broken in a struggle; and, on the other hand, there was abundant authority pointing to the wonderful power of a fierce flow of water in crushing and bruising. Nothing was proved; the jury's mind inclined to the most rational consideration.

Dick Hendricks' evidence merely related to the picking up of the body, with a remark that he had seen many a one washed up by the sea, but never any so cruelly marked as the young lady. The jury's mind wavered.

The burden of the testimony fell upon Ernest Meredith. He told how only a few days before Miss Glendon had come from her home in one of the Western cities to visit his mother at Cliff House; that she had never been at the Cove, and was consequently unknown to the people; that he had spent most of her birthday at Cliff House, and in the afternoon, being obliged to return to town, she had offered to accompany him and stay the night with his sister. During the walk circumstances occurred which induced her to change her mind about going to town.

All this was interesting only in that it simplified the process of arriving at a verdict declaring the girl another of the ocean's victims.

But there was more than that to tell. When he and Miss Glendon parted, she wore his birthday gift—diamond jewels—in her ears and on her finger; wore at her belt her gold watch,

chain and trinkets, whilst close about her throat, under her dress, there was always a slight chain and locket, and the spring of that chain could not be easily unfastened. When he next saw Miss Glendon, not one of all these ornaments remained upon her.

The jury considered the opposing testimony of the physicians; they considered the power of water to drag heavy jewels from ears without injuring the lobes, to slip rings from fingers, to unfasten a complicated spring. They returned a verdict plainly pointing to a violent death.

More tenderly we think of her in her death than in her life; all the wilfulness, the imperiousness, the childishness forgotten, yes, even disclaimed, in the sorrow, in the horror which is part of the actual knowledge of the fate that had come to her.

That verdict was only the beginning of the end. The foreshadowing of the next epoch was an eager, alert person, called Mr. Shalley, with a wonderful talent for asking questions, combined with a perfect indifference to the purport of the answers. With equanimity he accepted Ernest Meredith's utter incredulity of the suggested possibility of Miss Glendon's having taken a boat and herself rowed out to this cave which she had expressed a wish to see, and scarcely heeded his remark, that on that memorable morning, as he walked from town, he had noticed bunches of seaweed lying in front of Ben Mere's cabin, of the same peculiar species as that matted in Miss Glendon's hair. Beautiful was the kindly interest taken by him in Dick Hendricks' description of the people living along shore; nothing singular in the sympathetic inquiries, even if minute, touching the man Jack Trent and the boy Bill, who had sailed out of the bay the night before the storm and never come back; nor anything strange in his dwelling on the boy's resemblance to Miss Glendon, noticed even in life by Mr. Meredith, brought out with a marvellous distinctness by death; nor anything strained in his curiosity concerning this old Ben Mere, who lived half way between the Cove and town, and had not been up since the storm; whose nature was hard and envious, whose reputation smacked of smuggling, wrecking, and worse. Admirable was the frankness with which, on visiting this Ben Mere, he looked straight into the old man's grey, gleaming eyes, and asked if he could give any trace or clue of the drowned Miss Glendon. When a negative answer, as direct and blunt as the question, had been given, the most suspicious could have detected

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nothing deeper than a desire for rest and a smoke, in Mr. Shalley's further stay at Ben Mere's; nothing more dangerous than a propensity for indiscriminate gossip in his remarks on storms, their cause, duration and effect; on sea-weeds, more especially on that species of which a dried bunch lay at Ben's door; on the adjacent town and Ben's knowledge of and connection with it; on his longing to be fully acquainted with the one particular locality with which Ben was familiar, and of which his ignorance was childlike.

Supremely incomprehensible though was his message to Meredith, written at the railway depôt immediately after his visit to Ben.

"I have a clue. Am off to town. Let Ben Mere's house be secretly watched night and day."

Twenty-four hours afterwards all the cove knew that Ben Mere had been arrested on charge of the murder of Miss Glendon.

Light was piercing the mystery; justice and vengeance, hand in hand, would seek out and destroy the villain who had taken the bright young life.

The man who had foreshadowed the second epoch, embodied the third; that was the preliminary examination of the prisoner before the magistrates. These were the principal points in Mr. Shalley's own evidence. From his conversation with Ben he learned indirectly that the old man had been in the city since the storm, frequenting one of the lowest purlieus, the haunt of Jew pawnbrokers and used-up sailors. To seize trivialities being Mr. Shalley's business, there can be no surprise that he, a proficient in his calling, should in some way connect with his own mission this apparently unusual excursion of Ben's, this visit to a quarter where pawnbrokers flourished. He knew all the delicate points on which he had so often risked professional reputation and found success, therefore he felt justified in writing his memorandum to Meredith. In the quarter designated by Ben he pushed his inquiries, and at last, when almost discouraged, in one of the dirtiest and darkest dens of an obscure lane, he came across a Jew who sold him a silver anchor answering exactly to the description of that in Miss Glendon's hat, and who, for a consideration, accurately detailed the appearance of the man from whom he had bought it; that man he, the Jew, identified in Ben Mere the prisoner.

At best, life could not hold much that endeared it to Ben Mere,

but now it seemed as if that incomprehensible pleasure of simple existence could not be his much longer. The tide was dead against the man.

Now again Meredith was testifying, giving, in short methodical sentences, evidence leaving little doubt of the awful reality of that suspicion which had swept over him when first he glanced at the dead girl on the beach.

He, powerless for any more active aid, had himself watched Ben Mere's house, watched warily for hours, but without any return. Late in the night when the old man had slept for some hours, Meredith, looking through the small uncovered window, saw him rise from his bed, light his lamp, draw from his breast and hold before the light a beautiful flashing thing—he swore that was the diamond ring which he had put on Nellie Glendon's finger. Mr. Shalley had advised caution and secrecy in the working up of his case; had positively forbidden any forcible measures without his special direction. Much thought of caution and prudence, much remembrance of a detective's counsel in a man who saw the ring his promised wife had worn, toyed with by her murderer. The door of the cabin was pushed open; there was a sharp struggle between a massive, powerful old man, and a lithe, muscular young man. Youth and science conquered. Ben Mere was bound hand and foot. Mr. Shalley telegraphed to; and Ernest Meredith knew that for ever and for ever before his eyes there would be the vision of that other struggle for life, where brute force had been victorious, which had doomed him to an everlasting remorse.

Little chance for Ben Mere now, little could avail the defence taken up by a young lawyer working for fame rather than gain. For it bore an absurdity on the face of it, this trumped up story of Ben Mere's having hired a boat to a young lady the night before the storm; of her never returning, and his supposing she had made for the cove; of his finding his boat next morning stranded on the sand, all sound and uninjured; of his picking up, far out among the rocks, a girl's hat with a blue veil round it, bound with sea weed for floating it, and with a diamond ring fastened in the lining.

Why had he not warned the girl of the approaching storm? He didn't often get a chance to hire a boat, and she was old enough to look out for herself. Why had he not immediately made known the story? The girl was drowned and done with;

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he wasn't going to mix himself up with the matter; he had learned the safety of minding his own business. Why had he sold the anchor? He wanted a little money and thought that bauble could never be traced. Why had he not parted with the ring, what had he done with the other jewels? It would excite suspicion for him to offer such a valuable ring for sale, the other jewels he had never seen.

An ingenious story this, but sadly lacking the elements of probability. Hardly now may Ben Mere count as his, "man's only possession, Hope." In everybody's mouth is the catalogue of his crimes. For the last forty years he has smuggled, drunk, robbed dead bodies, and for this, his last, his culminating villainy, already public opinion clamours for retribution. The defending counsel's eloquence is treated with derision; Ben Mere is remanded to the Supreme Court, and within a month will stand the trial for life.

IV.

WHAT a strong argument against the existence of perfect individuality of conception or opinion is found in the wonderful uniformity of the popular mind, in the avidity with which a theory or supposition, once advanced, is seized by the crowd, enlarged upon and embellished till it becomes settled conviction. On a cold dreary day in October, the public opinion of a large commercial city illustrated this by having already found guilty and sentenced to death the man who, on the next day, was to be tried for the murder of Nellie Glendon. Surely, now, nothing could happen which would completely convulse this popular opinion, and prove that the poet had studied human nature who sings, "*Seinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.*"

Dick Hendricks' cottage boasted only of two rooms, a "living-room" and a bed-room. In the first some half dozen people crowded close about the stove, talking in the low-voiced tones so admirably fitting to the discussion of a mystery; telling how, in the grey glimmer of the twilight, they had seen creep slowly along the sands, upwards from the sea, a tall, thin figure, which, at last, vanished in Dick Hendricks' cottage. No one had spoken to him, no one had approached him. Silently, slowly, he had passed them all, this spectre come up from the ocean in the form of the boy Bill, who went down in the memorable September storm. For surely he had perished; surely he had found rest long ago beneath

the waves, on whose gleaming curves he had toiled so long. Public opinion had settled that; so the same voice, swelling mightily even in this primitive community, declared the soft gliding stranger a waif from another world, and wondered what of good or ill it might portend. But, when Dick crossed from his own house to one just opposite, and then hurried back with Madge Ryder, some few suggested that the boy Bill might really be among them again, in the flesh. When, shortly afterwards, Dick left his home and struck rapidly off towards the town, human curiosity gained on human dread of the supernatural, and some ran quickly after Dick, whilst others made their way to the cottage.

In the other room lay a boy apparently about sixteen or seventeen years old, his emaciated form, pale pinched face, and wracking cough, a sorrowful epitome of the life that had known so much of toil, of abuse, of disease, so little, oh! so very little of kindness or of love; yet in the expression of his full blue eyes, in the form of his mouth, in the shading even of his hair there was a distinct, a forcible resemblance to the beautiful Nellie Glendon. That was what Madge Ryder was turning over in her mind as she sat beside him, listening to his disconnected talk between the painful fits of coughing; connecting it too with his strange reappearance, with his continual twisting of a chain about his neck, with his restless impatience for Dick's return from town. He had always had a soft voice, this boy Bill, and had picked up a superior style of expression, perhaps from the few books he had read, certainly, not from his associates. Very wistfully and sadly he looked up at Madge.

"You were always so good to me, Madge. No one else ever liked me. I came to Dick's because I thought you would be here now. And, Madge, you're a beauty too, a regular one, even if you haven't tiny hands and hair yellower than the big golden weed;" then, over and over again, "Oh Madge, will they never, never come?" Madge bent over him caressing and quieting him, till the door opened and Dick came in, followed by a man quite young but with hard, stern lines about his mouth and eyes, the badge of a sorrow that would fain crush his life as it had his heart, of a strong man's will that had determined to bury all traces of the sorrow from human eyes—this was Ernest Meredith. Bill saw him, and starting up, unfastened the chain round his neck, stretched it towards Meredith crying: "here, these are for you," then fell wearily back on his pillow.

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Madge saw Mr. Meredith stare vacantly at the chain and locket, saw him unfold a slip of paper and read some blurred writing that was only:—

“Ernest, I am all to blame. I am drowning in the cave, but remember it is my fault, my fault alone. I got a boat and came out here, I did not fasten it well, and now it is floating away out of my reach. I must be calm now or I could never write as I am writing. I tried so hard to climb the rocks so that I might be seen from shore; they are all slippery and slimy, and I cannot. Perhaps you will get my hat that I have floated off. I kissed your ring, Ernest, and put it into the lining for you. The water is coming round me. The spray is blinding me. Surely you will get this some way. I am far back in the cave, but the surf is crawling up. You have loved me so and I am so wicked—forgive me—forgive me—the blame is mine. No one is coming to me. The first wave has washed over me. I thought I was brave and calm—but it is so hard—so hard—I cannot spare you my last cry, Good bye for ever, Ernest, Ernest.”

Madge heard again the stifled self-reproachful cry, “Oh, God! my darling, my darling; why did I not go down to you;” and again, just as he had made the first fierce accusation of foul play: “Boy, tell me all about this. To-morrow a man is to be tried for murdering the lady.”

Bill's story was soon told:

He and Jack, making for home, were caught in the squall. They drifted about the greater part of the night, and merely by accident reached the cave as the tide was pretty well down. They ran the boat on the ledge, and went into the cave for shelter. Bill entered first, and, as he turned his lantern, the light flashed full on a woman's face, flooded her air, and rested on her breast and hands, where had fallen fragments of the rock to which she had clung, and which had broken off with her fall, or been brought down by the tide and storm. The boy sobbed and moaned as he told of the pale, beautiful face and golden hair, gleaming out from the back-ground of slimy black rock and weed. But his companion saw more than the wonderful loveliness; he saw the jewels which, to him, would prove a fortune; he persuaded Bill to let him rob the body; to place upon it a huge stone, so that the cave, which was seldom visited, might keep its secret—at least till they were out of the way. The boy's moral code was not severe. When

the first horror was over, he saw the advantage to be gained by acceding to Jack's proposition; or, at least, saw the opportunity of escape from Ben, from the life that he had hated. So he consented. But when, at the first glimmer of daylight, Jack Trent got the boat ready for a start, Bill fastened round his own neck the little chain the girl wore; he put in the locket a leaf of a pocket-book pinned inside her jacket, and then lifted off the great stone Jack had placed on her, because he did not like to think of her lying there with that upon her breast. He and Jack were picked up by a ship outward bound, and were readily kept, as the captain was short of hands. But Bill had never been strong, and his health grew worse day by day. He was haunted, too, by the vision of the young girl lying prone in the dark, still cave, for, perhaps, the tide had not floated her out, and, perhaps, Ernest Meredith had never known her fate. He was possessed with a longing to come home and tell what he knew; and one day, having hailed a ship bound for the neighbouring city, the captain, at his earnest entreaty, and without Jack Trent's knowledge, sent him on board of her. He had walked all the way from town to Dick's cottage; had seen Madge; had told his story, and now he was ready to die. Without any exaggeration, he was ready even to leave Madge, and die. For he had not the fear of death which enlightened Christians indulge in; what was it to him but the resting from toil, the ceasing of weariness?

As he finished his story, he started up in bed, crying to Madge:

"See, she is standing away out on the foam, with her hair streaming, and no cuts on her breast or hands. Let me go to her! Let me go to her!"

Meredith, who had listened very closely, held him till the delirium was over, then laid him back, saying:

"You must see Bill's wonderful resemblance to Miss Glendon. I have thought of it before. It may be chance; it may be something more; but, if his life can be saved, we must save it."

There had been no murder. The world ostensibly rejoiced, hiding skilfully the deep under-current of disappointment at finding itself so very much in the wrong; consoling itself, too, with the fragment of a lovers' quarrel that crept out and told how, in a fit of unreasonable passion, a wilful girl had gone to her death; and foregoing almost cheerfully the anticipated enjoyment of the

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Ben Mere received the news of his freedom with the same stoicism that he had awaited his trial. He had not been sorry when the boy Bill was supposed drowned; he was not glad that he had turned up again; sorrow and joy had been nothing to him for many a year. Bill had done him a good turn, and if it would be paying him back, he would tell all he knew about the boy. Twelve years before he had picked up a lost child in a street of a large city: that was Bill. He was the son of a rich man; he knew that by his dress. He kept the child, because long years before the wheels of a rich man's carriage had gone over his little boy. He knew what it was to lose a son, and its mother, too, who died of grief. It was a satisfaction to give a rich man pretty nearly the same trouble, so he kept the child. He had not been good to him, people said; perhaps not, it was not his way; people had never been good to him, why should he be good to people? If they wanted to know, the child's name was Glendon; he had the clothes still with the name on them. The boy might be some relation of the girl that had been drowned, or he might not; if he was, he hoped the boy would live to profit by it.

The boy Bill lived—lived to know that he was the son of one who had been among the first in the ranks of men; that he was now the sole heir to great wealth; that the girl, whose wonderful beauty and sad fate had so moved him, was his own sister, Nellie Glendon.

Years have passed; the excitement of a day has over and over again been repeated in many different ways; but still the fisher folk gossip on the sand, and still the things that are not of a day, the high tide and low tide, the storm and shine, the ripening grain and winter snows succeed each other.

Every year just when the barley is waving on the heights, there come two guests to the pleasantest home with the prettiest mistress and rosiest children in the cove.

The guests are standing now before the door, standing looking eastward over the restless water. One is a tall broad shouldered young fellow of about one and twenty, blue-eyed fair-haired, ruddy cheeked, laughing loud and long at the brown-legged children tumbling in the turf. The other is tall too and strong, but dark with a tinge of gray in his black hair, with the lines of

sorrow deeper about his eyes and mouth. He does not heed the children's play, he is not looking at surf or sky, but his eyes are fixed on a great black rock just visible above the waves.

Suddenly a boy more venturesome than the rest plunges far into the surf, seizes a bunch of golden weed, and running towards the strangers cries;

"See! here is a bunch of weed that Madge Hendricks calls golden hair and always tells us to put on Miss Nellie Glendon's grave." The younger man laid his hand gently on his friend's shoulder, but it was roughly shaken off; a flush spread over the darker face. "Can I never forget it? My darling!—Let me go, Bill, let me go alone;" And Ernest Meredith walked away alone to Nellie Glendon's grave beside the sea.

There was a tender, wistful look in the clear blue eyes, a quivering of all the handsome, refined face of the young man who turned into the cottage, but, it was the boy Bill who sat down beside Madge Hendricks and let her pass her hand over his hair, it was the boy Bill's soft, pleasant voice which said, "Madge, it is so hard on poor Meredith—He can never forget. I am such a miserable wretch, always forgetting, always being happy, and, Oh, Madge! Madge! she was such a beauty, and to think of the fate that came to her."

GRETCHEN.

I.

Little Gretchen sitteth in the meadow,
 Counting daisy-petals one by one;
 O'er her face are mingled sun and shadow,
 In her heart a longing just begun.
 For the flower-charm worketh surely, truly,
 Naught but truth field-daisies ever tell;
 What can Gretchen do but answer, duly,
 As the last leaf falls: "He loves me,—well."

II.

Little Gretchen ling'reth troubled, lonely,
 All her wisdom brings her but unrest;
 "Since he loves me—Ah," she cries, "if only
 I could know that love to be the best!"

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Once again the daisy-leaves she counteth,
 Sadly—slow the last white petals fall;
 “A little—much—with passion—until death—
 And not at all.” O not at all!”

III.

Little Gretchen weepeth o'er her flowers,
 Hope and faith amid their bloom lie low;
 Ah! had she but left to future hours
 Love to gauge,—content love's bliss to know.
 - But through Time the contradiction soft'neth,
 On her heart the heavy truth must fall:—
 E'en had the daisies whispered, “Until death” —
 'Twas “Not at all.” O Not at all! T

THE VALLEY AND RIVER PLATTE.

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

No. II.

The waters of the Platte as a beverage—The graves by the Platte—The Captain of the “Deadfall” and his interesting family—A discussion on ugliness—Where extremes meet—The inside of the “Deadfall.”

WE have thus far said nothing about the character of the water of which we are obliged to partake. The imagination will have to be drawn on largely to form any conception of its vileness. Language, in this instance, fails us. We would fain be eloquent that we might be just. Water, in the general acceptation of the term, is nearly a simple fluid. As we are forced to accept it, it is a hideous compound. The filth from many mining towns; the poisonous acids in combination with deleterious minerals; the soil of many gulches, together with the droppings of countless thousands of animals, are all carried down under a sweltering sun for our delectation. Lukewarm at all times, riley when taken from the quietest eddy, neither sweet, sour nor bitter; it stands alone among waters, the vilest of the vile, a nerveless and unrefreshing abomination. We are at no loss to account for the many graves which we have passed each and every day. We are informed that

the greater part of them are filled with the victims of Asiatic cholera during the visitation of '49 and '50. John Smith, the Iowa farmer, who has forever bid adieu to the familiar prairie; George Hudson, of Vermont, who, with his face to California and his back to his stern and inhospitable hills, his dreams of plethoric bags of gold dust by day, and nuggets of huge and unmanageable size by night; and Walter Tait, of Dumfriesshire, Scotland; the credulous Watty, who with open ear and gaping mouth listened to the wondrous tale of the crafty Mormon "Elder," lie side by side. Poor Watty, we deeply sympathize with him. We can, without any great effort of imagination, depict his life. The good-natured Watty, whom as a boy everybody liked, who, with much love for comic verse and doggerel war songs, Gulliver's travels and the voyages of Sinbad the sailor, neglected to acquire the commonest education, has developed into the man of much imagination and little brains. He certainly believes that ten hundred make a thousand, but if you offer to stake a dollar that it is a million, he, at once, withdraws the assertion and admits that "it may be so." He is as unstable as the winds. An offer of an extra shilling per month from a man whom he never saw or heard of before will seduce him from the best place. He may be a common labourer or a mechanic, but, in any case, the result is the same. A vague rumour of better wages in the next county at once sets him travelling, and thus he continues to stumble along the highway of life in a blundering, aimless manner. Marvellous stories of far-off lands are swallowed with avidity. He thus falls an easy prey to ignorant but designing Mormon "apostles." Their graphic description of the New Jerusalem is swallowed without deduction or reservation. It cannot but be true, for does it not tally exactly with the one so minutely described in his favourite chapter of Revelation. The Elder eyes him, and his fate is sealed. He is promised more—both in this world and the next—than, in his most sanguine moments, he ever dreamed of, and he bids adieu to his friends, his home, and his native land, with no thoughts of the lonely grave he would fill on the banks of the Platte. Even the name on the rough board at the head of his grave will soon be a thing of the past, for it is decaying so fast that we are barely able to decipher it. The loving wife, the dutiful child, or the fast and well-tried friend must have cared and tended him in his last agony, for who but one of these would, at a time when selfishness

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is developed to its fullest extent, go to the trouble of erecting a monument, however humble. The great number of graves without any such mark of respect proves our assertion. We can see by the condition of this great grave-yard, that yearly additions are being made to its occupants. Some are not a month old. We shudder as we contemplate the possibility of our ever filling such an unknown and lonely grave, well knowing, at the same time, that in reality it would matter but little to us where we were buried, or if we were buried at all. Say what we will, there is something repugnant to the nature of man in being buried where "no man knoweth his sepulchre till this day." We admit that many who died were carried off by epidemic diseases; many were enfeebled by ocean passages, where they were crowded together like cattle and fed on what would be rejected by a well-conditioned animal, and still others were heart-broken by having their day dreams dispelled in the rudest manner, and so were ready to fall a prey to the first attack of disease. A total absence of fresh provisions, or a surfeit of the same, according to the season in which they crossed, may also be put down for a share. Comparing and reducing, as Euclid says, we have the balance—no mean number, we think—chargeable to the waters of the Platte.

If the requirements of our body admitted of it we could easily substitute whiskey for water. Many philanthropic individuals, with unexampled self-abnegation, have banished themselves to these wilds in the interest of the adventurous public. Far beyond the confines of civilization, we find them planted like oasis, in the desert. The worthy individual who runs this kind of an institution combines with it that of general trader. Only staple articles, such as groceries, powder and lead, blankets and fire-arms, are kept on hand. His principal dependence for the acquirement of filthy lucre is on the sale of the deadly rifle, ammunition, and the not less deadly fire-water. The latter is his main dependence, and, like Aladdin's wonderful lamp, it never fails. The western teamster, who is proverbial for his reckless habits, will leave him his "bottom" dollar, and too often, unless under constant supervision, some of the freight with which he is entrusted. The greater part of the loose change in possession of the travelling public also finds its way into his capacious till, and the "noble red man," when under its influence, will barter away everything of which he claims the ownership. The trader, to secure his scalp against the time

when the Indian comes to his senses and realizes that his worldly goods are gone, secures his position by marriage with squaws connected with influential members of the tribe, and becomes an Indian in everything except colour, and any good or noble qualities which may by chance pertain to the latter. It does not require much knowledge of figures to see that where a dollar's worth of whiskey will secure ten to fifty dollars' worth of furs, an individual must speedily become rich. What ultimately becomes of him, or how he employs his ill-gotten wealth, we are not prepared to say. The question is asked, "How far to the Dead-fall?" What a volume of meaning in this single word! We suppose that everybody knows that a "dead-fall" is a trap set for some wild animal, and we don't care how prejudiced a man may be, he will admit that a tavern, not positively required for the accommodation of the travelling public, is the worst kind of a trap for his fellow-man, even when conducted by the "gentlemanly landlord," as if he believed there was a place of future punishment, which is seldom the case. True, the bear need not go into the dead-fall. Neither need the man, but he *will*, and, what is more, the keeper knows it and calculates the means by which he will empty the pockets of the tipsy man with as much coolness and far less risk than the Mexican bandit. Of the two, we consider the latter character, as long as he abstains from the taking of life, by far the most respectable. If he is covetous of other people's goods, he is not often lazy; and if he becomes possessed of goods or cash, for which he does not render an equivalent, he, at least, puts his life in jeopardy, and takes the consequences in a manly way. These "dead-falls" are even a greater curse here than they would be in a civilized country. Men may quarrel, but they rarely come to blows with one another, if liberal quantities of intoxicating liquors have not been consumed. The worst, in that case, would be a cut and swelled face, with probably the addition of a black eye or two. Such a *finale* as this, which would be an event to be talked of for weeks in a refined community, is hardly the subject of a passing remark. Every man goes armed to the teeth, and if there arise any dispute between parties whose brains are heated with liquor, recourse is, at once, had to the deadly revolver or the horrid instrument familiarly known as, and sportively called, an Arkansas tooth-pick. This is a knife of from six to nine inches in length, dagger-shaped, and sometimes double-edged, from an inch to one

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and a half in width. Taken altogether, it is a murderous-looking weapon. The bare thoughts of using it on a human being—ugh! it fairly makes our flesh creep. The immediate vicinity of these dead-falls is generally the camping place for that particular section of country. When “drouthy traveller drouthy meet,” they will step up to the shanty and have something to drink. It is evident that the proprietor, in whom we can discern not even the slightest traces of military bearing, has, in some undefinable way, been connected with the army, else how does it happen that he is constantly saluted as Captain, Colonel or General? He has probably belonged to the leather brigade, and in commemoration thereof wears a suit of buckskin of fanciful cut and portentous dimensions. With the exception of his capacious hat, his entire clothing has been robbed from an animal much his superior, unless, indeed, his looks greatly belie him. We don’t attempt to say that the man had not been good-looking, or even handsome, in his day. Had his associates been men of culture or refinement, and his pursuits such as would gain the esteem of the community; such as would have been, if of no benefit, at least no injury to society, he would have been a man of mark. We may remark that, thank goodness, culture and refinement are not altogether monopolized by the class familiarly known as gentlemen. Education is pretty generally diffused, and the possession or absence of wealth cannot constitute a name which is properly the result of many years of uniform good conduct, together with a proper knowledge of the social amenities of life. We cannot be persuaded, however, that good sound sense, with the addition of a very moderate knowledge of the conventionalities of life, will carry a man through any public or private ordeal, no matter how new or novel it may be to him. Let us return to the captain. In this instance he is tall and finely made, head well poised and features regular. But the *look* of the man! Observing him closely, we have no difficulty in accounting for the diversity of features in the human family, however we may in colour. The “human face divine,” which we can see had been a fine open one, has contracted a look of settled distrust; the eye is suspicious and uneasy, and the mouth an undefinable combination of sensuality and cruelty. The savage nature has taken the place of the doctrine, “Peace and good will to all men,” and the outward man has changed accordingly. Still, we do not know but that a

vigorous and well sustained effort with a pair of shears to cut him loose from his hair—an application of the razor, and water applied in some new and unheard-of way—might make a new man of him. His two squaw wives seem also to have a wholesome dread of water. We believe we are quite safe in saying, that unless caught in a rain storm, or in case of an accidental fall in the river, they have been wholly innocent of polluting any portion of God's pure water by bringing it in contact with any part of the body or countenance. We positively assert, that the filth could be scraped from them. The good man—we will suppose for the sake of domestic peace—has followed the pattern set by his wives, in this instance, with a fidelity worthy of a better cause. We saw some of their cooking operations, and if, at any time, it crosses our mind, especially near meal time, we try and banish the recollections which we may have concerning the matter as speedily as possible.

As the result of this double union there were many children. As we interpret the "human face divine" we cannot venture the assertion that humanity will be greatly the gainer. If "nature unadorned is still adorned the most," we can study it here without the intervention of any ungainly habiliments. We confess that till now we never properly understood the real use of garments. As a screen for native ugliness they are useful; besides, their flowing and symmetrical lines attract and please the eye, thus leaving the mind in a state to judge leniently of any imperfections of body or feature. We also borrow from the clothing which we wear, form, colour, and—we will risk the assertion—features. The harsh countenance has the hard lines softened by tasteful and well-chosen surroundings; takes unto itself a part, so to speak, of the rounded form or graceful outline of the well-turned beaver; or borrows a certain amount of attractiveness from the snugly fitting vest, showy shirt bosom, or well adjusted tie. Colour is borrowed from, or heightened by dress, as any lady of good taste knows; the most difficult point in selecting being to harmonize the different parts one with another, and, lastly, with her complexion. Well now, conjure up the ugliest countenance which your imagination can depict, a body squat in form, ungainly and awkward in movement; add dirt, wherever it will, by any possibility, stick; and be sure and allow a little extra for the head, which we will consider to be matted like a

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fleece shorn in August; on each of these allow ten per cent. for any probable deficiencies, and you will have some faint idea, after multiplying by twelve the number of children, of the vast territory in the unclaimed state of hideousness owned jointly by this family. It will naturally be supposed we are exaggerating. We deny the charge. We can see something attractive or beautiful in the form or movements of the ugliest of animals. If the body is ungraceful, an eye expressive of docility and gentleness will surround him with a halo of comparative beauty, as witness the Camel. We can even see something to admire in the rounded form or easy movement of the serpent, but we turn away from these mongrels with perfect loathing. We don't believe there is anything under the heavens which will harmonize with or detract from such pure and unmixed grossness. The brute is written in every line; the irreclaimable savage in every feature. The low and retreating forehead shows the lowest minimum of intellect which we can assign to a human being; while the heavy and brutal jaws give token of innate ferocity, which properly belongs to the tiger. Under the most favourable circumstances, the enlightening influences of Christianity, and refining example of a civilized community, he could not be shaped into, or, we should say, merged into a good citizen; under present circumstances there is every probability that he will ultimately be hunted down like any wild beast whose presence is a check to advancing civilization. His fate is a hard one, and much as we deplore his condition, inherent and acquired, we are not prepared to advance any theory having for its object his particular benefit. He is the victim of circumstances over which he has no control. With a savage and intractable nature, he is surrounded by everything which would foster it; agriculture, the most humanizing of all pursuits, is abandoned for a calling which necessitates the daily shedding of blood. A taste for blood is easily acquired, and increases from that on which it feeds. From the constant slaying of animals, he passes as soon by easy stages to that of man, and the trifle of intellect which he possesses over the dumb brute is turned to fiendish account. His hellish ingenuity in devising strange and horrid modes of torture is only exceeded by the enlightened, highly educated, and peace-loving disciples of the Order of Jesus who compose the Inquisition, and here is where extremes meet. The educated and polished gentlemen and the untutored savage

engaged in a common pursuit—that pursuit having for its object the ascertaining of how much pain the human frame will endure previous to dissolution, and extending it over the longest possible time—is well calculated to make us blush for humanity. Our sympathy is about evenly divided between them and the “author of all evil,” and with this we will leave them. We wish we could say something in favour of the Red man, but our experience, which has been considerable, does not admit of it. We have yet to return to the interior of the Deadfall. If we have at times digressed, we ask the reader’s pardon; we could not help it. Where our feelings are concerned in the interests of humanity we cannot help being verbose.

We have now determined, notwithstanding the ominous name, to enter the “dead-fall.” That bane to the general well-being of the inhabitants of this world, both here and hereafter, is strong upon us; we mean curiosity. We would fain charge mother Eve and her representatives with being the repositories of this strong and often fatal passion. We cannot, however, conscientiously do so. We know positively that our body and our mind will be much more safe if we remain without. We don’t expect to hear anything edifying or instructive; we don’t expect to see anything pertaining to the beautiful, however it may partake of the novel, nor do we want anything to drink. We *do* expect, however, to see many new phases of character among the numerous roughs, trappers and frontier-men who frequent the place; to hear strange stories of mining and trapping, and marvellous escapes from murderous red-skins, with, may be, a trifle of geography, providing we have the good luck to sift the small modicum of truth from the mass of falsehood. We also expect to enlarge our vocabulary that we may become intelligible to the stratum of humanity among which we are thrown. We soon acquire the idioms and slang in common use; in fact, we cannot help it. We are not ten minutes—during waking hours—without having them dinned in our ears, but are greatly mystified by the many different and antagonistic definitions of the same word or sentence. A wide range of meaning is sometimes desirable, but when the same expression is used for the affirmative and negative, the positive and superlative, it makes things which are described, at times, ridiculous; at others, mysterious; and many times, to the uninitiated, they fail to mean anything. Many expressions in use are derived from the different

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games of cards, and a knowledge of these games is absolutely necessary to anything like a proper understanding of them. The game of "draw poker" (bluff) has been the most prolific in this respect. We may say that social standing is dependent on their liberal and proper use. They are the evidences of a veteran frontier's-man, who, we need hardly say, looks with supreme contempt on that synonym for verdancy—the "eastern man." They signify an acquaintance with the dangers and trials of frontier life; are the evidence of sundry hardly contested battles with the Indian; of an extensive acquaintance with the grizzly and the buffalo, and all the nameless mysteries connected with the every-day life of this wild and uncivilized region. It may well be believed that those who are conversant with these pursuits are an exclusive and envied class. Have they not, by much toil and hardship, and no small danger, acquired a possession which is equivalent to a competence? Is the pioneer to have no consideration for this? Why, the thoughts of such a man being considered as one of the rank and file is absurd. We might as well expect the Judge to associate with the dock-yard labourer as our veteran plain's-man, who is a combination of hunter, Indian fighter, teamster, and miner, with the emigrant from the east. When he recognizes him in a patronizing way, or in his condescending moods—taking care that the listener preserves the deferential bearing which befits him—tells him strange stories of his hunting experiences, in which he uniformly slays more grizzlies and panthers than ever Sampson did Philistines; he has done all that could be expected. He knows these statements will pass uncontradicted; the listener being so impressed by his condescension, and awed by his prowess, that it would be tantamount to impiety to call any of them in question. He may even condescend so far as to offer the green-horn advice, which, however well meant, is generally useless, being something akin to the sage carpenter, who sent his fresh apprentice to make a panel-door instead of dressing a floor-board. We can now see that the learning of the slang of these regions is almost as important to the emigrant as the learning of French is to a man who intends to reside in France; we think we might have said even more so. It is the language of the country; the means of communication in regard to the daily and hourly wants of the body; the *entree* to good society, and to these avocations which, as applied to these parts, are the road to honour and to

wealth. We think when these explanations are considered, we may be excused if inadvertently we use an expression not to be found in Webster's Dictionary. We will change the scene to the inside of the "dead-fall," which is the average one of the Platte valley. The floor is of the roughest material, though oftener there is none. A few shelves of unplanned boards, rough in construction, and filled with the staples of these parts, coarse clothing, common blankets and furs of all descriptions, occupy one end or side of the building. At right angles to the rough counter, which fronts the shelves, a kind of a high bar is set up, and behind it are ranged sundry black bottles, without gilt letters or any attempt at display. A tumbler or two, looking lonely and far from clean, are stuck amongst the bottles. A number of small rough tables are ranged along one side, and these are flanked by narrow deal seats, which must be anything but a rest or solace to the weary. The recalling to our mind of their sharp corners, scant width and lack of any back support, is far from agreeable. The artist to whom the world is indebted for their construction will certainly be held as not guilty of any alleviation of spinal complaints, nor in fairness can he be said to aggravate the matter, having preserved a neutrality stern and uncompromising. The parties who are generally in the habit of occupying these benches will probably not bestow the same thought or consideration on them which we have. As long as they give a steady support at the desired elevation, they are considered as having accomplished the end for which all seats are constructed. On each of these tables is a pack of cards, greasy and filthy to a degree that is almost beyond description. In one of the corners we see what we conceive to be a pile of roots, and which we at once suppose are gathered for their medicinal properties. Visions of ample fortunes, made through the instrumentality of "Indian Root Pills," float before us. We seem to see our name on endless packing-cases, pill-boxes and hermetically-sealed bottles. We are actually famous. Our name is heralded forth by newspapers and flaming posters in every land, as one of the incomparable and unselfish benefactors of humanity. For the sake of the human family, and without the remotest hope of any pecuniary benefit to ourselves, we have encountered hardships manifold and indescribable. We, having seen that the Indian is exempted from the greater part of the ills which are so common to our white brothers,

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are determined to find out the cause of such exemption. With a singleness of purpose, only exceeded by the first propagators of Christianity, we have pursued this, the grand aim of our life. We have donned the Indian garb, painted as the Indian, hunted with him, and starved with him. From the variable and uncertain temper of the red brother, we have been in danger of having our hair lifted a dozen of times. Our persistent refusal to join him in his predatory or murderous expeditions (which our deep religious convictions forbid) caused us to be looked on with great suspicion, and made our hold on this world an extremely precarious one. Extreme hardship of body, and uneasiness of mind, soon produced its natural result. We took sick. We were reduced to a skeleton; our bones were greatly decayed by lying on the wet ground. The Indians held aloof from us, not wishing to run the slightest risk of divulging the secret which had been jealously guarded for ages. We, however, find it out. The ladies (God bless them), whose humanity is greater than their secretiveness, minister to our wants. By keeping our eyes open when they are supposed to be shut, we find out the whole matter. We had actually pulled the priceless treasure from mother earth many a time, and cast it away as worthless. We get well rapidly. The fever which consumed us, and which we cannot compare to anything except a furnace, was allayed as if by magic. Our bones became as iron; we gathered flesh at the rate of nine pounds and a quarter per day; our intellect became so clear and penetrating as almost to alarm us. We imagined we had become possessor of the wonderful divining powers of the Indian Sachem, as well as of his incomparable medicine. In five days and seven hours (as near as we could tell, not having a watch) we were a new man, and our blood bounded through our veins with a force and vitality which was, to us, new and strange. Our step is now more elastic than when we were sixteen; in fact, though we are bordering on the number of years which the all-wise Ruler has allotted to man (three-score and ten), we have restored to us all the vigor of youth. Burning with a desire to benefit our fellow-man to the fullest extent, we put these, our pills, before the public, at a loss to ourselves of one-half the selling price; but this we do not mind, having a large private fortune accumulated by many years of steady industry. We have determined to call these pills "Forbes' life-giving anti-purgative non-elastic chutle-tooneytum pills."

This latter is singularly appropriate, signifying, in the Indian language, "live forever." A man cannot go wrong in taking these pills. Good health is improved, and many complaints, never before treated by a general medicine, are completely eradicated by their persistent use; we may instance toothache, corns and in-growing nails. This, our imaginary prospectus, is set before the public, relying on its originality, for we detest plagiarism. Now, to return to the article which has sent our imagination on the wing. Pointing to the pile in question, we enquire of the possessor of a fanciful suit of buckskin, if it is intended for medicine. A nod or jerk of the head, and a "guess so," which seemed to have jumped out, or been shot out by some new and apparently self-acting contrivance the moment he opened his mouth, was the only response. We must enquire if the landlord procures the article, and are this time answered with a nod. The man seems to consider speech as having considerable value by the chary way in which he uses it. We don't want to be considered the means of lessening a man's possessions in the way of language to any great extent, especially when it has to be accomplished by monosyllables, so we pass on to the landlord "for further information." "Good for the stomach," we enquire, pointing to the article in question? The landlord "reckoned" it was. What was its action on the blood? The landlord could not just say but again "reckoned" it was favourable. "How as a tonic and in regard to great exhaustion and weakness?" is our next enquiry. He did not know much about "tonic," but in regard to the latter could say that he had known numberless instances where parties who had dropped down from exhaustion and starvation were, by small doses frequently administered, in four or five hours able to continue their journey. This is marvellous, but still nothing more than we expected. We continue the enquiry by asking what its action is in case of febrile symptoms, or where the patient is afflicted with cutaneous eruptions? The landlord stares. We have evidently not made ourselves intelligible. We explain as well as we can, but are somewhat puzzled to account for the light in which he seems to regard us. We ask how it is administered, and are told that it is first soaked over night or for two or three hours in tepid water, and then boiled. How long? Two or three hours. Decoction to be bottled and sealed, of course? Who? Why the *tea* of the root of course. What root? What

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root, we exclaim, in astonishment at the lack of comprehension in the man, that root *there!* "See here young man, if you came here to poke fun at me you may find yourself mistaken in your man. Yer don't exactly look like a fool though yer act mighty like one. That's jerked beef and buffalo meat, and mighty good, too! Yer might be glad to chase a crow a mile for some of it yet!" We had evidently nettled the good man by our desire for information. We now end where we should have begun; by giving the tangled looking heap a critical examination, that if in error we may make an ample apology. We *have* made a mistake, but are not surprised at it. Nothing but the closest scrutiny enables us to ascertain what it really is. Frayed, ragged and stringy from being continually handled and knocked about, roundish in outline and of many sizes; from a dull red to light grey in colour; no wonder we supposed it to be a pile of roots. An apology followed, as a matter of course, with voluminous explanations; the latter thoroughly exposing our inexperience in regard to western customs and manner of living, lowering us seriously in this veteran's estimation. We have put on borrowed feathers, been detected, and must bear the scorn and contempt consequent on such detection. Just to think that we have taken the staple article of food in these regions for a pile of roots! If such ignorance were not melancholy, it would be ridiculous.

Let us now look around, that we may note what is going on, being careful that we make no more mistakes. The time is about seven, p. m. The tables are well filled by parties engaged in play. Some are simply having a game for fun, the drinks only being at stake, while others have a large sum of money on the issue of the game. All are drinking less or more. "Draw poker" seems to be the favourite money game, its strong point being that he who wins does so speedily, while as a matter of course some one must lose in like ratio. From this table we hear expressions which are new and strange to us. One huge fellow, in quite a business-way, orders his neighbour to "ante and pass the buck." His neighbour goes a dollar "blind," which is at once "straddled" by the one who sits next to him. One bets a dollar; another "raises" him five dollars, while another "sets" it and "goes two better." This is "called" by the first, when there is a show of hands for the money. The secret lies in holding hands of like denomination, four aces being the highest. Considerable cheek and great cool-

ness is required to play this game, for unless the hand is called you are not obliged to show on what you win. You may have a good hand and you may not, in which case, if you were called, you were "done for," but while you can "bluff," a poor hand is as good as the best. Of course when you win and do not show your hand, your opponents do not know but you may have the best hand in the pack. From a table at hand we hear a fellow announcing through a bale of hair, that he has made "high, low, jack, and the game," for which he at once proceeds to count four. We could not understand this announcement. It appeared to us that if we had "the game" we would not want the "high, low, jack," but we know better now. The next hand appears to be more evenly divided, for one of the players laconically announces "low, jack," while the other side claims "high, game." The game of "old-sledge," "seven-up," or "all-fours" is also in high favour; where small stakes are played for, such as "the drinks," plugs of tobacco, or any coin below "a quarter," it generally has the honour of determining as to who shall become the possessor of the goods. If there are any exceptions they are shared pretty equally by "euchre" and "cribbage." In this latter, which we consider the game with cards, we have encountered many a rough fellow who was a mere amateur. We find that the greater part of these men are really good players at their several games "handling the papers" with a grace and dexterity which is only acquired by long practice. If practice makes perfection then they ought certainly to excel in this particular branch of science. It stands in place of every other kind of amusement and recreation. If there are any books or papers among the party they are soon exhausted. When a book has been committed to memory, every blurred and reversed letter carefully noted, and the number of commas and semicolons ascertained, it has as a general thing, lost many of its attractions. Nothing but an extreme case of *ennui* will drive a man again to its pages. Stories of Indian fights soon lose their attractiveness. There is a sameness about them which is positively aggravating. You can tell too, within two or three, how many scalps will be lifted, how the Red men "fought like devils," and how "we didn't leave a cussed redskin alive." We turn with relief to something in which scalps will not *always* be trumps, and the apparently everlasting "decks" are again distributed evenly, if not impartially. It is in a region like this, that we find out how

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much we owe to women. Her refining and softening influences are far from being over-rated,—without her presence, man would soon become little better than the brute. He first becomes careless and untidy in his dress, and we consider this a bad omen; the almost infallible sign of a departure from those wholesome regulations and rules which society has set up as a barrier to vice; his speech soon becomes tainted, imperceptibly at first, increasing by degrees, till finally a combination of profanity and obscenity is reached, which is not to be thought of without a shudder. We know whereof we speak, and wish we could in honesty give our brother a better character. The appearance of the man soon becomes as gross as his conversation, and it will be well for him if the vast body of criminals do not receive through him an accession to their ranks. We do not hesitate to say, that the man who neglects to keep his person clean, his clothing neat, however coarse the material may be, soon loses his self-respect; when he loses his self-respect his course is fraught with danger, and here is where the stimulus given by the presence of the ladies is most required. When urged to put on something decent before going on a journey, the reply is "what's the use, I'm only going amongst a pack of men." If any fault is found with his conversation, he says it is no odds, for no woman hears him and thus he becomes more and more filthy in his conversation. To sum up, we may say that, in our opinion, the influence of woman for good cannot be over-estimated. Our experience of society from which she was absent has been extensive and prolonged. We know as far as domestic affairs are concerned she ministers to our comfort, how she soothes us in sickness and cheers us in sorrow, but we never give a thought in regard to the beneficial influence which she exercises, nor the depth of degradation from which she saves us. Like many another man, we have been led away by the woman—from our subject. We have yet to return to the players. The "rub" (best out of three games) is invariably played for the drinks, and on its conclusion all hands go to the bar for their liquor. Those who play for money cannot afford to lose so much time. It is brought to them with great regularity, and always paid for before the glasses leave the table. With true western hospitality we are cordially invited to have a drink, and not wishing to offend our would be entertainers we decline on the score of ill health. We could not have chosen a

worse excuse. Nothing under the heavens like whiskey for any common bodily ailment. We have now to contend against the strongest passion of humanity in addition to that of hospitality—we mean the desire of acting in the capacity of Doctor to our fellow-man. We never yet saw the man or woman who was not prepared to furnish and administer an infallible remedy, for every ailment incident to humanity. In this respect the science of medicine seems to follow an inverse ratio, for the greater the ignorance of the person, the more extensive seems to be the knowledge on this point. We are completely assured. Our ailment is enquired after with a solicitude which we little thought we could have cooked. Whiskey “straight”, catnip in whiskey, cherry bark in whiskey, all are recommended in the same breath, and with a pertinacity which we find it hard to resist. Our relief comes from a quarter which we little expected. Our latin, which we never expected to turn to account, does us good service in this case. We ejaculate about six syllables at random, as the name of our ailment. The party look grave. They had not imagined it to be anything so bad as that, and they finally let us take our seat the subject of intense commiseration. We are now let severely alone, the party evidently having their doubts as to whether the disease is epidemic in its character or not, and we have therefore leisure to observe what is going on. The “Captain” is in good humor. His receipts are large, and this seems to have a wonderful softening influence on him. His fund of humor seems to be inexhaustible, and his stock of stories, like Aladdin’s wonderful lamp, does not seem to become impoverished by drawing on it. Like Gulliver he is invariably the hero of his own stories, though in some few instances, he shares the honor slightly with some chum whom it is needless to say he saves from destruction. The bare-faced mendacity of the man is beyond belief. We could almost feel admiration for him in this line, if he did not disgust us by his continual obtruding of self. The nine lives of the cat would not carry him far through such scenes as our hero passes scatheless, and his prowess is such as would make the chronicler of the deeds of Sampson hang his head in shame. We like a liar, but this gentleman goes so far beyond any definition that we have ever heard for the term, that he must be something else. He is cruel, too. Whether he is telling lies or not does not affect the correctness of our theory. No man will recount such

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deeds as he does, and impute them to himself if he is not. It matters not if these deeds are inflicted in retaliation for others of greater atrocity. There is nothing that will justify a man, in putting away every feeling of humanity, and making a fiend of himself. Our worst enemy cannot justly accuse us of any undue leaning or sympathy for the red man. He has been the cause, to us, of much hardship and many weary watches, when, from fatigue, we would willingly have given one-half of all we ever hoped to possess for one quiet night's rest. We have seen his work, in the shape of human remains, mangled beyond recognition, and bearing unmistakable evidences of prolonged torture. We have, at such a time, felt as if we wanted nothing more to do for the balance of our life than to fight Indians; and yet the thoughts of baking them before a slow fire, or skinning them alive, as related by the Captain with evident gusto, never entered our head. A man who pretends to be civilized has no right to degrade himself to the level of a savage. Two wrongs never make a right. We, however, believe that the compound of treachery, laziness and mendacity, known as the Indian, ought to be civilized; or, if after a fair trial, that failed, he ought to be swept from the face of the earth like any wild or ferocious animal, whose presence is a check to the advance of civilization and progress. We get tired of the Captain's stories; the constant repetition of "high, low, jack" has lost its novelty, and become monotonous; we have no acquaintance with any of the gamblers, and therefore don't feel interested as to who becomes the eventual possessor of all the money. The Indians, who come in and go out at intervals, do not possess any new features of ugliness, nor develop anything new in the shape of gutterals. The breech-cloth, which is the common attire of the red brother, and which, with a blanket or buffalo robe, forms his entire wardrobe, does not offer an enlarged basis from which to calculate the next change of fashion; its limited extent forbids any fanciful departures in construction from the great original, and the material, which is buckskin, has never, so far as we have heard, been in great favour with dyers as a retainer of, or a medium on which to imprint their fancy-colours. From this slight description, it will be believed that the breech-cloth is not an ornament to the Indian, and we are sure that the Indian is not an ornament to the breech-cloth. The younger fry evidently think it neither ornamental nor useful. Some twelve or fifteen

years' consideration appears to be required to come to a conclusion in its favour. During this time, the juvenile red brother has ample leisure to study over the story of the garden of Eden, and make up his mind as to whether he will encumber himself with the figurative fig-leaf. We think he would have done well to copy after his sister, and don this scant habiliment at least five years earlier. A study of these naked specimens of humanity gives some variety to the whiskey-drinking and card-playing, and we think we may be pardoned if we have digressed. The trips to the bar become more frequent; the humour of the Captain becomes even more conspicuous; the noise increases, and the whole room is loaded with the odour of stale whiskey and tobacco. As every man is armed with revolver or knife, or more probably both, we at once see that if a row ensues, it will surely end in a tragedy, so make up our mind to leave, and this ends our description of "the dead-fall."

(To be continued.)

THE LADY OF WINDECK.

[The castle of Windeck stands high above the town of Bühl, about eight miles from Baden-Baden. It is said to be haunted by the spirit of a beautiful girl, who appears here from time to time. A young sportsman once saw her, and she offered him a glass of delicious wine. He was so charmed by her that he returned day after day in hopes again to meet her, but each day he was disappointed. At length he took up his abode in the lonely place, and was called the "Lord of the Castle." One morning he was found dead, but on his face was a smile so radiant that all who saw believed he must have died while gazing on the face of his much loved spirit maiden. On his finger was a ring never seen there before. This confirmed the opinion that he had seen her, and some believed that her kiss had been fatal to him. He was solemnly buried in the vault of the castle by the side of his unearthly bride.]

WAITING, waiting, waiting,
 Through all the desolate years,
 With heart resolved to ashes,
 And eyes consumed in tears:
 Waiting, waiting, waiting,
 Thine ivied window nigh:
 Oh, beautiful Lady of Windeck,
 One glance before I die!

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What was it that called me hither?
 What is it that keeps me here,
 While my comrades gather around the board,
 Or chase the antlered deer?
 Waiting, waiting, waiting,
 While my soul is strangely stirred
 By the plaint of the distant waterfall,
 Or song of the errant bird.
 The Lady of Windeck listened—
 The Lady of Windeck wept—
 And then thro' the garden pathway,
 With the air of a queen she stepped,
 To the spot where the knight was lying,
 Pulseless and still and cold:—
 What more? They found on his finger,
 The Lady's ring of gold!

Waiting, waiting, waiting!—
 Ah, the universal hymn—
 While the heart resolves to ashes,
 And the eyes grow dark and dim!
 Waiting, waiting, waiting!
 It was no freak of Fate
 That kept the knight at Windeck
 Without the Castle gate.

**NOTES OF A RUN THROUGH ITALY
 IN 1857.**

BY JAMES WHITMAN, GUYSBOROUGH, N. S.

"Caelum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

THE Museum at Naples, a building of enormous size, and an object of the greatest interest, was originally designed and used as a training school for Cavalry. "*Cedant arma togæ.*" It contains a picture gallery, a gallery of bronzes, and a labyrinth of rooms devoted to the exhibition of diversified classifications of the arts and sciences; but its richest treasures are the relics of the

ancient and neighboring cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, buried for so many centuries under the lava and ashes of Vesuvius. Here, after the lapse of ages, have been brought to light objects which illustrate the life of ancient Rome, and elucidate many enigmas of its history. Statuary, bronzes, candelabra, helmets, swords, agricultural implements, mirrors, kitchen utensils, jewelry, books, even the tickets of admission to the public games, wrought, used, and written in an age when Roman greatness was in the zenith of its power, all lie here unfolded to the eye of research or curiosity. The jars in the wine cellars, even the very bread baked in the ovens of Pompeii with the baker's name on it, are to be seen here. The paintings which adorned the walls of the houses of Herculaneum and Pompeii are collected in the Museum to the number of thousands as fresh and as perfect as if but yesterday they had been transferred from the artist's easel. Bright, joyous representations are they too, which show the Romans loved rather to look upon the sunny side of life than upon objects which could cloud their minds with sorrow, or throw the shadow of regret upon the past, or foreboding on the future. Life-likenesses in marble of the Roman Emperors, Poets, and Statesmen, taken at periods cotemporary with the existence of the originals, show us the form and features of those grand massive intellects, which have impressed themselves so deeply upon the history of the world; artistic creations of genius enchant us with admiration of their design and beauty; while the commonest articles of household use, give us some conception of the wonderful, if not effeminate luxury in which those proud conquerors, who spurned all hardship and disaster abroad, indulged at home. It would be vain to enumerate the particulars of these collections. We are brought face to face with Democritus laughing at the pursuit of riches; with Caracalla, striving to drown in excess of lust and rapine, the crime of his brother's murder; with Seneca, grim with historic lore and poetic wisdom; with Psyche, with Mercury, with Fauns, with hosts of celebrities about each of whom a book might be written. The rolls of *papyri* found at Herculaneum and Pompeii are contained in a separate room. An object of great curiosity in the *Hall of the Muses* is the celebrated Mosaic of the battle of Issus between Darius and Alexander. It was taken from some of the dwellings in Pompeii, and is preserved in a state almost perfect. The Picture Gallery contains the *Madonna col*

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divino amore by Raphael, the Marriage of St. Catharine by Correggio, some Titians, and other celebrated paintings. A celebrated onyx, found on the breast of a Roman Emperor, is also a subject of special interest in the Museum. Nor should we omit mention of that world-renowned group of ancient sculpture, the *Toro Farnese* found in the baths of Caracalla at Rome, representing Dirce bound by the hair of her head to the horns of a bull, yet held by the sons of Lycus; nor the grand library with its three hundred thousand to four hundred thousand volumes.

The King's summer palace of *Capo di monte*, near Naples, was the object of our next visit. The beautiful grounds, and still more beautiful views which they unfold, were to us a greater treat than the treasures of art, principally paintings of the modern Italian school, which this regal residence contains. The Ball Room will strike every one from its size and beauty. During the absence of the Royal family, nearly every room in the Palace is shown. Splendid suites of apartments, stretching into distances almost tiring you to walk, gorgeously furnished with every luxury that art can create, or money command, should, if such things have power to give happiness, make their occupant a very contented man. But there is no rose without its thorn. The Kingly owner of these noble mansions—for he has many of them, leads a life of constant mistrust and suspicion, even of being poisoned by members of his own household. Every moment of his life is embittered by the most dreadful apprehension of assassination and cruel death, to ward off which, most extraordinary and unceasing precautions are taken. Many a sleepless night must his restless royal limbs toss through, and many a time the thoughts, if not the language, of Shakespeare recur to him:

“Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,

And hushed with buzzing night flies to thy slumber;

Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,

Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?

—Then, happy low, lie down!

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.”

To the San Carlo in the evening. The opera was a new one *Carlo Comzala*, and dreadfully hissed. Among the singers we recognized the familiar names of Coletti, Benedetti and Tedesco.

The house was one-eighth filled, and coming from London, the prices ridiculously low—four Carlini, or about one shilling and eight pence sterling for a seat in the *Parterre*. On state occasions the price is double, and the theatre more brilliantly illuminated. This far famed theatre of San Carlo is one of the largest and most beautiful in the world—the *la Scala* at Milan being its rival in Italy. It has six tiers of boxes of great height and size, all glittering with rich decorations. Opera life is one of the most agreeable features of Italian existence—its comparative cheapness renders it accessible to all, and besides the delight and luxury in listening to the most delicious music, it is the custom between the acts for acquaintances to receive and pay visits, which from the size and convenient arrangement of the boxes, is a very easy as well as agreeable thing. A visit so paid answers the same purpose as stumbling about crowded and unknown streets, and upricketty staircases to “file an appearance,” or drop your pasteboard.

Families spending the winter in Naples, or Florence, consider it as necessary to have a box at the opera, as to have lodgings. There are ten or more Theatres in Naples, several of them devoted to the exhibition of Polincello. Indeed the original of this world-renowned character first drew breath, and admirers in Naples. Now there is hardly a nursery in Europe which would not be thrown into ecstasies by the promise of a visit from Punch, and his ever faithful Judy.

We started to-day—29th March—for the Monastery of San Martino, lying directly under, and contiguous to, the Castle of San Elma. There are only about twenty-five monks—all of noble families—in this Monastery; and the Church attached to it is said to be the most beautiful in Italy. The whole of the interior, with its numerous chapels, combines the most gorgeous carvings and mosaics of every description of marble, in the Italian peninsula. The railing, fencing off the altar, is in the most elaborate style of carving; and the floor all laid in mosaic of variegated coloured marbles. The fresco of the *Sacristi* is by Ulito Oreno; that of the Communion by Spagnoletto. In the *Tesorai* is the celebrated painting of our Saviour being taken from the cross, by Spagnoletto, for which Lord Bristol offered £10,000. It is said he comes every year to Naples to see it. The frescoes in this Chapel (the *Tesoria*) were said to have been painted in two days by Luca Giordano. Unfortunately, this magnificent Church (as indeed the Monastery

itself) is within i

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itself) is a closed book to woman—none being allowed to enter within its portals.

From San Martino, we walked on a little way to a donkey station, and mounted some of those energetic quadrupeds for ascent to the Monastery of *Carmandoli*—a ride of about an hour up very steep acclivities. But what a prospect! The whole richness of the scenery of Naples and its surroundings is laid tributary to your vision. Along the shore north-westerly, you can see Terracina—sixty miles distant—Caserta, Capua, and all the towns dotting the plains below seem like bubbles of white froth in the green undulating ocean of hill and plain beneath; while Castellamare, Sorrento, Procida, and the southern coast, with the whole City and Bay of Naples, lie like the picture of a sleeping paradise for lazy Lazzaroni in the bright, clear sunshine around.

Ischia and Nicida offer a sad contrast in their romantic outline, as seen from here, to what the imagination harrows up as being presented by the hosts of unhappy wretches imprisoned for political aspirations in the gloomy cells of the prisons situated on those islands. Beneath you, too, amid forests of vineyards, lies Lake Agnano, and near it, walled off, are seen the great hunting grounds of the King, vast forests of chesnuts, filled with wild boar, for Royal sport alone.

The Chapel of this Monastery (*Camaldoli*), as the building itself, has nothing to compare with San Martino. A head of Christ, by Salvator Rosa, in the *Coro* of the Church, is the most beautiful and striking object of art. There is a great Monastery of this name (*Camaldoli*) and order at Grenoble, in France.

After lunching in the old hospitable style of the monks—on bread and fruit and wine—we came out with souls refreshed for the descent, and mounting our donkeys galloped down to the road, where, taking carriage, we drove to the Cemetery, or *Campo Santo Nuovo*; passing on the way, the *Campo Santo per i Poveri*, or burying place for the poor, with its three hundred and sixty-five enormous pits, whose mouths are always kept hermetically sealed, one only being opened every twenty-four hours, at midnight, to receive the dead bodies, which are thrown in promiscuously, covered with alum, and the opening sealed again; so that in the annual rotation of the opening of each pit, the action of the alum has left no vestiges of the remains of the friendless corpses cast in before.

"Monstra maris Sirenes quæ voca canora
Quamlibet admissas detinere rates."

Our next excursion from Naples was to Sorrento, a town about thirty miles distant, and situated on or near the cape of the same name, forming the southern extremity of the Bay. We started by railroad as far as the town of Castellamare, near the ancient town of Stabiæ, which was destroyed at the same time as Pompeii and from the same cause. At Castellamare we take a carriage for Sorrento, about ten miles distant. No drive on earth can be more beautiful or exhilarating. The road has been lately completed by the Government, and is in a most perfect state. It winds along the cliffs, and sometimes with mountains almost seeming to hang over it towards the sea: now it descends by a grade almost fearful, and crosses deep ravines, carried along the back of a stupendous bridge: everywhere it is smooth as a bowling-alley; sometimes on one side, the sea, sometimes on either, a beautiful vision of terraced vineyards, groves of olives, almond blossoms, or orange trees laden with their luscious fruit—draws forth an irrepressible exclamation of delight. Well chosen was the abode of the ancient syrens, who from the islands where they lived, near by, could feed their songs from such scenes of beauty—and of what melodies must their voices have been strung, if the place itself failed without their additional allurements to bewitch the traveller. No wonder that Ulysses with other ancient Greeks—that Seneca, Strabo, Augustus, that Tasso and others, have breathed immortal words, after breathing the air and the scenery of Sorrento. But our vulgar appetites must be appeased, and the tempting name and beauty of our hotel—*La Sirena*—seduces us into a desire for food: making a slight repast, and ordering dinner and *Lachrymæ Christi* at six, we prepare for the ascent of St. Agata, and arrange our seats upon the donkeys to convey us thither—glorious ride, beside a newly married pretty woman too, whose husband coming on behind was evidently unaccustomed to keep pace with her. We could easily have dispensed with the donkey drivers running behind with sticks to propel or guide their lazy animals up the steep and winding acclivities, and would have preferred their own slow natural pace, were it not that it helped us to keep out of hearing, sometimes out of sight of the not over-confiding marital companion behind. And then when the hill became too bold for the asses, it was but just and natural that the pairs—not of asses—as they had mated

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for the ride, should assist each other up these steeper and more dangerous ascents, and without being particular always as to the beaten track. There is nothing so inspiring to a way-worn traveller as the sweet and blushing thanks of a pretty bride, who is modesty itself compared with the rather designing and artful species of their unhusbanded sex.

Stuffed with oranges and these thoughts, we returned to *La Sirena* to dinner. Our party was five in number—we enjoyed everything, our wine, coffee, cigars, even the bill itself was paid without question or regrets. But we had not arranged to spend the night in this delightful retreat, and the shades of evening found us retracing our homeward steps—what had been glorious by day seemed more so by night. It was clear and moonlight, and our fair companion grew happier in the scene. The postillion seemed regardless of danger, and cracked his whip sharply over the shoulders of the horses, and every unlucky traveller who did not in time clear out of its biting reach. We were early for the train at *Castellamare*, and the rabble of the town seemed collected at the station; three-fourths of them were beggars, the other fourth, priests and policemen. Our guide entertained us with a history of the revolution of '48, and gloated on the prospects which awaited these last named gentry—the priests and police—in the impending storm now gathering over the political horizon. There will not be one of them left alive in Naples, so he assured us, taking good care to speak low and in English. By his account every other man we saw was a detective, even among the crowd of mendicants, importuning us for alms. One subject which filled us with regret was, that the short time we had for the disposal of our visit to Sorrento left no opportunity for a visit to the Island of Capri and the Blue Cave. It was late when we arrived in Naples, but a sound slumber and a quiet conscience prepared us for the morrow.

Vestivus, which strikes the voyager entering the beautiful scene unfolded before his enraptured gaze in the Bay of Naples, towers sublimely above the centre of the enchanting arc, embracing him as it were with its mighty magnificence. There stands silent and august this volcanic monarch, proudly surveying the scenes of his former desolations and present grandeur, wrapt as it were in the majesty of triumph, and power. Silent, save with occasional deep-toned mutterings, when he sends heavenward fitful respirations

from his spirit-flamed lungs, a breath upon whose very sound mighty nations stand aghast with awe. And when the power of its creator frowns through him upon the sinful deeds of his children below, and stirs the flaming forges within, then the fearful presence of his wrath rushes with overwhelming torrent, hurling, devastating, and burying houses, villages, cities, and whole landscapes beneath its irresistible ocean of liquid flame, or the suffocating fumes, and clouds of ashes.

Vesuvius, at present, is about three thousand four hundred feet high, having lost eight hundred feet by its grand eruption of 1822. Five miles distant, and about thirteen from Naples, once stood the ancient Roman city of Pompeii, at the bottom of the Bay, there upon its very shore, now its splendid ruins, repose some distance from the waters.

In the year of our Lord 79, this scene of luxurious beauty and tranquillity was doomed to cease. The presages of the approaching catastrophe were heralded by repeated earthquakes, till the *grand finale* of the fatal explosion burst forth in that tragic eruption rendered immemorial by the younger Pliny—an eye-witness then at Misenum with the Roman fleet commanded by his uncle the elder Pliny, who perished on the occasion. The awful scene is graphically described by Bulwer in his novel—“The last days of Pompeii,” to which the reader is referred.

“A dense cloud was first seen to ascend from Vesuvius to a great height, and, spreading itself out laterally as it rose, bore a strong resemblance (says Pliny) to a pine tree. Darkness more profound than night enveloped the land for many miles round the mountain, occasionally illuminated by columns of blood-red fire belched forth by the raging plegethon, and which appeared far more terrible than the utter gloom they pierced. Showers of ashes, and volumes of steam were spouted for miles into the sky, and then rained down again in torrents upon the earth, which, convulsed in every part, reeled and staggered like a sinking ship. The sea receded from the shore, as if it shrunk from the appalling scene, and left numbers of the finny tribes upon dry land. These horrors were augmented by the shrieks of the women and children, and the cries of the men—some lamenting their own fate, others that of their family—now ‘howling to their gods’—and anon finding consolation in the miserable belief that they were about to perish with the world itself.”

This shower of ashes and sand, condensed by the projected steam, continued to pour down for eight days, burying the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii so deeply that no vestiges of their remains were visible, till by the accidental circumstance of the sinking of a well in 1713 (more than sixteen hundred years after), the ruins of Herculaneum were discovered, and those of Pompeii shortly after.

Pompeii stood at a greater distance from Vesuvius than Herculaneum, the companion of its fate; and hence the streams of lava, which have embedded the latter in solid rock, never reached the former, which was only buried in ashes of a loose and friable description, and easily removed. So that while very little of the ruins of Herculaneum have been excavated, almost the whole city of Pompeii has been laid bare to curious gaze, as it stood two thousand years ago: the buildings unaltered; the furniture standing in all the derangement of use; paintings as if fresh from the easel; articles of value abandoned in the precipitation of flight, as if dropped from the trembling hands of fugitives, who, Orpheus like, were not permitted to look back upon their dearest treasures.

We left our hotel at Naples soon after an early breakfast, on a beautiful bright morning in March, for the ascent of Vesuvius. The drive lay through a continuation of populous towns and villages along the Bay, on the route to Sorrento, until turning off for the ascent, up which we drive as far as the elevation permits, to the Hermitage, so-called, stopping *en route* at the village of Resina for guides. At the Hermitage, where we are kindly entertained for a while by a pleasant old monk, we take donkeys for some distance to the foot of the cone, rising at a very acute angle, and from four hundred to five hundred feet in height before the summit is attained: this must necessarily be performed on foot, or by the aid of the guides pulling you upward by a strap round the waist; while invalids and ladies are usually carried in a sort of chair, fixed upon the shoulders of men awaiting there such purpose. Among the numbers making the ascension that day, were several English ladies, whom we saw perform the feat on foot. But with large experience in the ascent of mountains, that of the cone of Vesuvius is no easy task—the footing is so loose, the grade so steep, and the distance by no means trifling. But we remember, that although—

“Facilis descensus averni;

Revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,

Hic labor, hoc opus est.”

But what is the labour and toil to the beatific vision that rewards it on the summit. Human language must fail in the attempt to describe the enchantment of such a view; therefore, common modesty compels us to forbear. To most minds it can be better imagined than described; so mount up on Pegasian fancy to highest flights, and you may dimly conceive a scene whose beauties may somewhat approach those mantling this murderous mountain with delight.

From the summit, at the time of our visit, there descends on its plateau two immense basins of a circular shape whose sides are almost perpendicular, and some hundred feet in depth, where the molten mass of lava, covered with huge crusted cakes, and through whose fissures the internal fire may be seen, finds occasional outlet from one or more smaller cones, which, with rumbling noises, resembling smothered peals of thunder, belch forth ever and anon, masses of the fiery liquid high in air, and falling around in meteoric spray. Somehow, with our guides, we found a path down the sides of one of these basins, and crossing the sea of fire on its hardened crust, approached to the very foot of the cone from whence the red-hot lava was being thrown, with difficulty escaping many a falling mass, which, it is needless to say, if it should strike one, would forever end his earthly pilgrimage. These cones are constantly changing, according to the force of the subterraneous fires; and in grand eruptions, the whole basin becomes a living liquid mass, and pours forth its torrents, spreading devastation far and wide adown the mountain steeps; burying, destroying, overwhelming every obstacle in its course, like the bursting of some mighty river.

Glad to retrace our steps, with feet almost blistered from the heat, we reached the summit again in safety, only to encounter new troubles. The air had suddenly grown misty, and with it, came down upon us huge suffocating clouds of sulphureous vapour, compelling us to lie down flat with our faces to the ground for respiration. It was no joke to be thus smothered before the proper time. It must have been an hour we had to lay so; but like all things mortal, it passed away, though the sulphureous smell, real or fancied stuck in our nostrils for many a day after. While the difficulty of ascending seemed great, the discomfort and even danger of descending or rather tumbling down the steep declivity in loose, rolling earth, proved greater: and gladly we

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mounted our donkeys for return to the Hermitage, whence, with carriage awaiting, we drove down, down, through living panoramas of perfect beauty, to the Inn at the foot of the mountain where we had ordered dinner against our return; and where ample justice was done to the viands provided, as well as to the *Lachrymæ Christi*—a wine grown only upon the sides of Vesuvius. Returning to Naples by moonlight, we felt satisfactorily, fatigued with the labours of the day. On the following morning, retracing our steps in part, the weird glories of Pompeii were explored.

Pompeii before the period of its burial, was to Rome what Brighton is to London; Dieppe to Paris; Newport to New York; a summer transfer of its luxurious gaiety. The city was not large, only about three-quarters of a mile in length by less than a half in breadth, and with a population of about thirty thousand souls. But what it lacked in size, it gained in splendor. It was a bijou. As stated, the excavations show the city almost as its fleeing population left it. Its paved and narrow streets—crossed almost with a stride—its Temples, Forum, Pantheon, Basilicæ, Public Baths, Theatres, Amphitheatres and sumptuous dwellings, though partly burned, or borne down by the weight of matter deposited for so many centuries on their roofs, still gave a most correct idea of the habits, manners and customs of the ancient Romans. Vases, which contained the family wine, lay still in the cellar; bread in the oven; jewels and household ornaments in their cases and places; money in their vaults; skeletons in various attitudes of effort; all showing the suddenness of the catastrophe—the completeness of the ruin.

Herculaneum, its twin tombed sister city, laying nearer to the volcano was encased in lava; and from the depth and hardness of the volcanic products, its excavation has been extremely tedious—indeed has been abandoned; and its theatre alone is now open to inspection, only to be seen by the aid of torchlight; so far it lies beneath the surface. We explored all that was to be seen of this subterraneous exhumation, but felt relief on returning to the open air.

Nearly all the objects and articles of art, value, or curiosity taken from both cities, have been removed to the *Museo Borbonico* at Naples, as previously spoken of, where the student or curiosity-monger can satisfy his researches or wonder to his heart's content.

Our subsequent stay in Naples was devoted to visits to Pozzuoli,

the ruins of Cumæ, Baiæ, and the Grotto di Possilipo—an excavation of about half a mile in length made through solid rock for a carriage road by the old Romans; but how dwarfed now by these gigantic modern tunnels—the Hoosac and Mount Cenis.

At Possilipo we saw the tomb of Virgil; at Pozzuoli the ruins of the Amphitheatre, the Baths, the Villa of Cicero, Theatres, Tombs, etc.—and near by, the Lake of Avernus, so celebrated in the mythological history of the ancients, lay before us in calm, placid beauty, looking like anything but the entrance to Hades. Here too, the River Styx rolls onward unconscious of the absence of Charon, that grim ferryman who bore his boat-load of departed spirits across its turbid waters to the dread entrance of their final fate. Evidently the scene must have as wonderfully changed since then, as the doctrines of belief in the future being of mankind. No agonizing souls of murderer, malefactor, or miser, are now apparent on the banks, and the locality of their punishment must have been very distantly removed. At Baiæ we saw the ruins of the temples of Venus, Mercury, and Diana: at Misenum, that of the Villa of Lucullus; and at Cumæ, the Sibyl's Cave and Tomb, and more ruins of Temples, Amphitheatre, etc.; and also visited the *Grotto del Cano*, near by, and saw the dog killed by the action of the gases arising from the ground; only, as the Irishman might say, he came to life again soon after.

Thus flew away the time in Naples—beautiful city, superbly placed like a diadem in a crown of gems. Home of Puncinello and the Lazzaroni, idly laughing at “Time’s decaying fingers,” eating and drinking and making merry to-day, neither knowing nor caring what the morrow may bring forth.

But the time approaching for the grand and solemn ceremonies of “passion week” at Rome, thither our steps are bent, with kindling imagination at the very thought. The railway being unfinished, we hired a *vetturino* to drive us there, a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles, and luckily we did; for at Gaeta, our first resting place, the actual arrival of Ludwig, ex-King of Bavaria, and the expected one of the Dowager Empress of Russia, had placed all the post-horses under arrest, and many the luckless traveller we passed on the way, who, though he had paid his fare through direct to the Eternal City, was stopped till those grand personages had been first passed along. Arriving at Gaeta, with great difficulty we found lodgings at the hotel—the same at

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which his ex-Majesty of Bavaria and suite were stopping; and our dinner in the coffee-room was regaled with Royal music from a military band outside performing in his honour. The door being partly open into the adjoining room where the King was dining, we had a continuous view of His Majesty's prandial behaviour, which, however, didn't seem much to differ from that of other gentlemen. And, somewhat to our gratification and surprise, after dinner the Royal party stalked into the coffee-room and out through the open windows on the balcony to enjoy the scene and music around and below; not first without gracious apologies for the presumed interruption, and a condescending invitation to join in the prospect, which we did, the King meanwhile chatting gaily and unaffectedly with us all.

Gaeta is, or at least then was, a strongly fortified port of the Neapolitan kingdom, and quite celebrated in history. Scipio lived there; there Cicero died, and its subsequent heroic defence by the young and beautiful Queen of Naples, gives it a story almost as touching as the bravery of its maidens has woven around the very name of Sarragossa.

With an early start next morning, before entering upon the Pontine Marshes, we had to pass a dangerous defile among the mountains, celebrated as the rendezvous of fierce banditti, then swarming through the kingdom. We were unarmed, only four in number, and one of those a lady—her husband being of the party—so that, being thus molested, we should have fallen an easy prey to those rapacious scoundrels, who, had they known of the old bachelor of our party, with a rental of £60,000 per annum, would doubtless have been on the alert, and reaped a glorious ransom. As it was, fortune favoured us; we saw none of these picturesque gentry, and passed on to the marshes, whose nocturnal malaria precludes the residence of man; and, indeed, the day time alone is often sufficient to bring on one of those frightful fevers. In the days of ancient Rome, these marshes, drained and cultivated to the highest pitch, were almost the sole granary of that proud Imperial City; but now, abandoned to the water-courses and wild buffalo, which we often saw roaming over them in herds. No ride could be more dreary or monotonous; but sunset saw us clear of the "dismal swamp," and settled down for the night at Cestina, within an easy stage of Rome.

Pushing on from Cestina at earliest dawn, we reached Albano for breakfast. From this beautiful place we had our first vision

of the Holy City—and that, mostly confined to its holiest portion—a dim view of the mighty dome of St. Peter's, towering almost above the intervening mountains.

None but pilgrims to some far-off shrine,—Jerusalem, or Mecca—can experience the deep sensations arising to the classic or historic intellect, in the approach to Rome. It is more than the sight of land to the weary and worn voyager of the deep; more than the fond return of the troubled wanderer to home; and can only be surpassed by those feelings of the christian wayfarer, when sick and sore from the ailments of life, and the trials of sin, he closes peacefully in everlasting sleep those eyes, to awaken in spiritual vision of that “City not made with hands, Eternal in the Heavens.”

It was Saturday when we entered Rome; previously passing through the Campagna with its ruined tombs, and far-stretching beauty. On the morrow the *Santa Semana* would commence. The city was crowded; and not till late in the day could we find wherein and whereon to lay our heads: but were successful at last to discover quarters in the *Via Maro de Fiori*—though at exorbitant prices. This season is in reality the Landlords carnival at Rome. But we could not complain; hundreds arriving that day knew no comforts of a bed after long and wearisome journeys. So, strolling through the brilliantly lit street—not of themselves, but from the shops—and sumptuously repasting in the most celebrated café, with visionary anticipations of the grand ceremonies of Palm Sunday on the morrow at St. Peter's, we sink quietly into the arms of “tired nature's sweet restorer.”

Palm Sunday—April 5th 1857—dawned upon Rome with as fair a prospect as Nature had ever cast around the seven hilled City in its prime, when the Capitoline, Palatine, Aventine, Coelian, Esquiline, Quirinal, and Virinal hills, were covered with Temples and proud patricians of ancient Rome.

Haughty mistress of the world, *once* ruling it by the despotism of the sword; and *now* by the doctrines of one, whom, a mere pro-consul had crucified among malefactors in a distant dependency. Your proud Caesars with all their fame and glory lie comparatively forgotten; while the ends of the world are ringing with praises of the might, and Majesty, and glory of Him whom your centurions and soldiers nailed upon a cross. To day being the anniversary of the one, on which “the people when they heard

that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna : blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord. And Jesus, when he had found a young ass, sat thereon."

Compare that humble riding, with the gorgeous spectacle of a Roman triumph *then* ; and compare *now* the devotional magnificence of universal Christendom, chanting "Io peans" of victory over the triumphal entry of Jesus into every land, and every Kingdom—let us hope in time, into every heart.—"Magna veritas et prevalebit."

(To be continued.)

CHANGED.

LIKE a dream that was fair but has faded
 And died in a day that is dead,
 Like a gleam through the mist that has shaded
 The land when the sunset is red,
 Like the scent of a flower half forgotten
 That brings back a buried delight,
 Like a ghost of the wan light begotten,
 Your face comes to haunt me to-night.

There is just the same freshness and splendor,
 The glory of colour and hair ;
 There is just the same smile, and the tender
 Old look that your eyes used to wear.

But one thing has changed : not the stately
 White curve of the throat to the breast,
 Nor the calm on the brow, set sedately,
 To show that the soul is at rest.

Yet one thing has changed, and can never
 Regain what was loth to depart—
 The love that has fled, and forever,
 And left it so lonely—my heart !

Ah, sweet, in the old summer weather,
 Beneath the fair calm of the sky,
 When we walked in the green ways together,
 And plucked the old flowers, you and I,

And talked the old follies and treasons,
 And plighted the vows that are dead
 And cold in the dust of past seasons;
 If any had met us and said,
 "This fancy of yours, that misplaces
 Love's name, is a dream that will die,"
 We should straightway have laughed in their faces,
 And bid them for fools to go by.
 Yet now, when the years are gone over,
 And things are no more what they seem,
 To me—neither friend now nor lover—
 You come like the ghost of a dream!
 But your face has no charm to excite me,
 That once was so fair in my sight—
 Your presence no power to delight me,
 Old love, I am weary—good night!

JOSIAH GARTH.

BY DR. D. CLARK, PRINCETON, ONT.

CHAPTER VI.

DURING this harangue, delivered in strong Scottish accents, Alec became much excited: at one time jumping from the log; then on its summit, taking gigantic strides along its mossy back—at another, shaking his clenched fists in the air, as if at some imaginary foe.

Levi thought it not wise to excite any more recollections of biographical events, by suggestive interrogations, and so maintained a strict silence. Nothing was heard for some minutes, but the drum of the pheasant, not far off—the chatter of an impudent chip-monk, sitting on his haunches, and nimbly disposing of beech-nuts—the tattoo of a red-headed woodpecker, seemingly flying about, and clinging to the trunks and branches of trees, defiant of the laws of gravitation—and making the bark of a decayed oak skip in all directions, from his incisive attacks, with intermittent seasons of listening for the noise of the equally

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diligent worm, which knew not of the relentless foe over it, seeking its wiggling, pulpy body, for a dinner—and the moan of the winter wind, wailing the the dirge of departed summer in the denuded tree-tops.

“How does it happen, Alec, that you are not relieved of guard? It is several hours since I came here, and it seems time for some one else to take your place?” said Levi.

“Gin they dinna bring me my dinner soon, nor lat ony body come in my place, I’ll gang and see aboot it. You march on, and I’ll take up the rear, to keep you from runnin’ awa’.”

“Don’t be afraid; I’ll go with you if you wish it, although I would prefer to go my own way, and on my own business.”

“There’s no wish aboot it; ye’re no’ a free geent, I’d lat ye ken, my corbie. Ye’re in my keepin’ ‘for better or for worse.’ Right aboot face. ‘March, Ettrick, Teviotdale,’ or whatever ye ca’ yoursel’, and we’ll see what the general says aboot ye.”

Both marched in single file until they reached Yonge street, when a sentinel challenged both of them, and to his intense disgust, Levi found out that his guard was not of the rebel forces, never had been, knew no countersign, and had an unloaded musket. Alec was a monomaniac, whose idiosyncrasies broke out occasionally in oddities not consonant with common sense; but at other times he displayed a shrewdness and philosophic tendency of mind which the Yankee would call “cuteness,” and might be called active sagacity and keen discernment, which are often compensation for deficiencies in the cardinal active powers of the mind. He was known and allowed freedom, but discomfited Levi, boiling over with chagrin at being captured in such an ignoble way, was placed under guard until he would give an account of himself.

When they had reached the rebel camp and head-quarters, at Montgomery tavern, a two-story frame building, only a few miles north of Toronto, several hundreds of men were gathered in the road and adjacent fields. Some were armed with muskets, swords and pikes, and the greater number waiting to be supplied from the arsenal in the city, which was to be assaulted that night at seven o’clock. Levi was ushered into the presence of the leader of the insurrection. Passing through a guarded hall, on the south side, was a room, round which sat a number of men partially uniformed. They had been in high altercation until the prisoner was ushered in, when a calm in the angry discussion ensued. A

small man was pacing the circumscribed area of the room with nervous step and in great agitation. He gesticulated wildly, with closed fists, now shot down by his sides, and anon spasmodically shook in the air, above his head; at the same time soliloquizing in muttering gutturals more profound than distinct. Occasionally he would break out into a sort of whistle, not euphonious nor *translatable* into words; this expression from puckered lips seemed necessary for thought, as a button, or a piece of paper, or a penholder is necessary to many cogitators. Sometimes he would stop as if he had caught an idea, and was about to subject it to a cross-examination before it went on to make room for its successors. The fingers seemed to be endowed with perpetual motion, shutting and opening snappishly. He was small in stature, and had reddish hair, so rebellious naturally, in regard to lines of beauty, that the long diameter of each hair found no parallel in any other. The crown was slightly bald, but the locks were tufty, coarse in texture, and possessed of an appreciable curl. The blue eyes sparkled with a consuming fire of passion behind them. They shot searching darts at any one they gazed upon, reading such at a glance, and usually "like a book." The head was large and disproportionate to the small wiry body. To look at its massiveness, it would seem as if the head had found a wrong body, or the latter had made a misalliance with "the dome of thought," and found its companion top-heavy in multifarious ways. The duality was not pleasant to look upon. The closely pressed lips showed determination that never brooked defeat, and the distended nostrils smelled battle of some kind near or far, and would not be particular in regard to the order of its coming. The smile was a redeeming feature, because it was *sunshiny*, and to reason on general principles, the impulsive included an ardor of affection toward friends, as well as a "no surrender" to foes. This mixture of passion, pathos and purpose was the rebel chief, now defiant and insurrectionary. A deputation from the Governor was waiting for his reply to their demands. Dr. Routh was its spokesman. He was the very opposite to McKenzie in appearance and manner. Every word rolled out as if oiled, so smoothly, cautiously and sweetly. A watery, restless and prominent eye was on the alert for contingencies. A bald head, which a fly or a mosquito would dread to light upon, from its smoothness and transparency; a well-conditioned body, chubby hands and no salient points; coolness of manner, complete

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control over self and its manifestations, with more of the *suaviter in modo* than the *fortiter in re* in his composition, were the prominent, apparent characteristics of Dr. Routh. He was more than a match for any one, or all of the conspirators, in diplomacy. He had a habit of bringing his open hand down the bridge of his nose when something subtle was being thought or uttered, and the frequent friction of the nasal organ, on this occasion, indicated a process of reasoning, which, after mature deliberation, was promulgated as follows, and which, in its cunning and generic phrases, indicated an important personage in Canadian history. "Fellow-citizens, you are required by the Government to lay down your arms unconditionally, and disband within the next forty-eight hours, on the pains and penalties of being indicted and tried for high treason. (Softly the sentence flowed, and in a perfunctory manner was it uttered.) These are the terms proposed. I have delivered my message, which has been graciously confided to our trust, by His Excellency. I am sorry the occasion requires it. At the same time, I may say that the country has grievances, and that it would only be just that the evils complained of should be rectified, and redress made. At the same time, the Government may take the matter into serious consideration. This large assemblage of brave men is doubtless in earnest, and wish their country well, but it would be deplorable to see the city taken, under existing circumstances, seeing that there is no impediment in the way, there being no troops and no organization in the city. I beg, for the sake of our common country, do not indulge in such a thought. As a loyal man, this is my advice." The sleek man subsided into himself, but not until he had cast his eye on Levi, whom he knew. A blaze of intelligence from the watery eyes, a nod of the *tu quoque* style, a gaze of astonishment at seeing him in such company, for he did not know that the young man was a prisoner, a beautiful obeisance, and the ambassador of duplicity and expediency withdrew. Levi was questioned closely in regard to his antecedent movements — where he was going when captured, and what his intentions were. To these interrogations he gave candid replies, and was consequently detained a prisoner. A room was assigned to him, and several others similarly situated, from the window of which could be heard and seen the motley throng below. Huge fires had been lighted, round which the stalwart forms of groups of men could be plainly seen. The

murmur of multitudinous voices was often broken by the loud tones of stump orators, reciting the wrongs which British freemen had redressed by force, from the days of Runnymede to those of tea-chest notoriety in '76. Now and then stentorian voices made the woods echo with the strains of patriotic songs. One of these seemed to be popular, and stirred up as much enthusiasm in a circumscribed area as would have the Marseillaise hymn in the streets of Paris. The author was their leader. The tune was extemporaneous, and had as many variations as the inspiration of the singer dictated, and these were not few nor artistic. The words had a good deal of poetic license and *bardic* fiction in their figures and conceptions.

"We have met; that small band resolved to be free,
As the fierce winds of heaven that course o'er the sea—
We have met, in bright hope, with no presage of fear,
The bugle and drum of the foeman we hear;
Some seize the dread rifle, some wield the tall pike,
For God and their Country—for Freedom they strike,
No proud ensign of glory bespeaks their renown,
Yet the scorn of defiance now darkens their frown.
See the foeman advancing, and now sounds afar
The clang and the shout of disastrous war.
Yes! onward we come like the mountain's wild flood,
And the lion's dark talons are dabbled in blood."

Levi passed the night in an uncomfortable condition. Hungry, sleepless, and bedless, with a mind far from easy in a critical time, were not conditions and circumstances conducive to comfort. The noise of passing patrols relieving guards, and boisterous merriment were kept up intermittently the whole night. The death of Anderson, who was shot by a prisoner, and the killing of Col. Moodie, who madly tried to pass the rebel lines, a few days previously, were subjects of discussion; and now that blood had been spilled, and angry passions in the ascendent, the prisoners were not sure of their own lives being spared. During the long hours of the night, Levi's mind often reverted to Molly. This is a sort of law of attraction, experimentally known, long before Kepler's astronomical *dogmata* were promulgated. It embraces, among its rules of procedure, an imaginative tendency, which all such minds have to run riot at times in that way, "which runs most in their heads." He saw himself a dead man. He was at the cabin beyond the Humber, when the news was told on its hearthstone, that the

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friend and lover was no more. He even had a sort of satisfaction, not to say pleasure, in seeing spiritually the effect his final departure would have upon his sweetheart. Would she give way to boisterous grief, and not be comforted—rending her clothes, wringing her hands, tearing her hair, and in melo-dramatic style show signs of temporary insanity? Would she take the other extreme, and fall down insensibly; waking in the maudlin delirium of brain fever, followed by months of forgetfulness? Or would robust Moll pine away day by day, like a fading lily, with no pain, no apparent disease, no complaints, the puzzle of doctors, and the alarm of friends? He would be pained to see these, all or sundry, afflicting this fair maid, but, to know that her affection for him was sufficiently strong to produce them would not be unpleasant. At the same time, it would be tantalizing for him, a spirit, to be so near, and not able to whisper one word of comfort into the deepest recesses of her soul, nor touch, in love and sympathy, the physical frame, so dear to him, because his material tabernacle had become a clod, or a loathsome carcase. Or, *horrible dictu*, he saw her laying aside her mourning and lamentation like unto an old garment, and with smiles, as of yore, and with fond caresses lavishing her second love on some one else. He made up his mind that in the event of that coming true, a ghost would make itself felt and heard with a vengeance, to the confusion and detriment of the health of two parties heretofore mentioned, as those of the second and third, in county and province aforesaid. Come weal, come woe, no flirting would be allowed or tolerated, proximately or remotely, by his earthly espoused, if his unsubstantial entity had the power to prevent it.

A shake by the collar brought a sleepy brain to attention, *instanter*, and unceremoniously. Sunrise and commotion were first recognized, then a breakfast of corned beef. News came that the loyalists were on the march to attack the patriots, with horse, foot, and artillery. Orders were given to fall into line. The best armed in the front ranks; the pike-men, and scythe and pitchfork men in the second line, and those who had only their fists to fight with, were placed in the rear as reserves. One charge of a well organized troop of cavalry would have made mince-meat of the whole awkward band, in one determined charge. The chattering in the ranks—the unheeded orders of officers, as ignorant of drill as the rank and file—the straggling without leave—the unmili-

tary comments of privates, strongly expressed, on the order of battle array—all showed an independence of individuals, which was incompatible with the necessary autonomy of a creditable organization. Such a mob of men, however brave, could only expect victory, or safety, by having an equally undisciplined, and motley throng opposing, without confidence or continuity. All at once a profound silence fell upon the serrated—not serried—lines, and, when Levi stretched his head and neck out of the window, he could hear about a mile southward the scattering shots of the skirmish lines of friends and foes, like the first big hail drops of the coming storm. These random shots increased in frequency and intensity, showing that the rebel videttes were being driven back. Knots of stragglers—bad omen—were seen dribbling away from the rear line. Little puffs of white smoke, followed in a few seconds by sharp cracks, from unexpected nooks, corners of fences, and clumps of bushes, rose slowly in the morning air. From the high window could be seen small parties of men, dodging hither and thither, behind temporary barricades, and firing at every opportunity, but still advancing. The rebel pickets were falling back on the main line, in a greater flurry than was met for picked sharpshooters, at the same time showing commendable skill, and a good deal of personal bravery, in retiring before a better armed, and superior force. McKenzie rode a bay pony, and evidently was doing his utmost, by appeal, and example, in stimulating his command to meet the enemy with becoming fortitude. I have noticed on well-contested fields of battle, even when the combatants were veterans, and could be numbered by hundreds of thousands, that it requires greater bravery in well-disciplined troops to wait calmly an onset or charge, than with blood up, and with every muscle strained, to join in the wild delirium, and rush of the "double quick." To abide the shock in breathless suspense requires nerve, but to mingle in the whirlwind of exciting aggression may need only momentum, and brute force. Taking this fact into consideration, the rebels stood their ground well. In less than half an hour from the beginning of the fight the prisoners heard the humming of bullets in the air, and some unpleasantly, in close proximity. Then followed the boom of cannon, and the rattle of grape-shot tearing up the ground, splintering the trees and fences, making vacant spots in the rebel front. No regular volleys were fired, that, doubtless, being beyond the skill of either

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party; but a medley was kept up of desultory firing, now louder, and now fainter, with the field pieces throwing in *staccato* notes, by way of variations. The rebel force, under this well-directed fire, fell back in some confusion, the three lines blending into one. A shelter was afforded in an open wood to the west of the main road. This movement left the left wing exposed. A loyal force immediately took possession of the road, and poured an enfilading fire of grape and canister on the commingled mass of half-beaten foes. A few minutes of hustling iron and hissing bullets created a panic, and *suave qui pent* was the order of the day. The last move exposed the tavern to a heavy fire, and shots tore through the wooden walls, in alarming numbers. The guards, seeing that they were left behind by their own men, took an unceremonious departure, and allowed the prisoners to escape. Levi came down stairs and was about to rush into the road in search of the Government troops, when looking behind him he saw that the building was in flames. His comrades in duance were slower in their movements, and seemed unaware that the stairs were on fire, and in danger of being consumed before they could escape. He returned to warn them of their peril, and returned to find in the hall several loyalists on guard and no rebels in sight, except the dead, and the wounded, whose moans could be heard, and cries piteously asking for water, now that the firing had ceased. Levi was astounded to hear himself addressed by an officer as a rebel, and ordered, with his comrades to surrender. They protested vehemently in their innocence, but it was no use as far as Levi was concerned. How came he in the rebels lines? His home was not there. Why did he wander so far away from home, in this direction, and the road to Toronto open, if he were anxious to join the royal forces? He recounted his adventures but they were only laughed at; and thus he found himself, a second time a prisoner, with none but fellow-sufferers, in the same unfortunate predicament, to prove his innocence: in critical times such as these, his previous professions of loyalty had no weight, for dozens of others similarly demonstrative, had been found faithless among the faithful. The coldest chills ran over his whole frame, when he reached the city, between two files of guards, and was made a spectacle of, by being compelled to parade the streets on the way to prison, handcuffed with real malefactors, in a sort of triumphal procession, as caudal appendages to the conquerors. It was no

poetic fiction to say that the iron entered his soul. Every nerve in him seemed to send in thrilling sensations to the great telegraph office—the brain, the agonizing words: “chains! bondage! disgrace!” Crowds stared at the rebels, as they passed by in a mournful train, some in sympathy and pity, others hurling irony, sarcasm, and unseemly epithets at the ones “more unfortunate.” So ashamed was our hero lest he should be seen by some one whom he knew, that he never lifted his head, and appeared one of the guiltiest. The old jail was crowded that night to plethora. The inmates were packed like the historic and fated ones in the black-hole in Calcutta.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE will return to uncle Finch's domicile, and enquire about the health of the half-drowned stranger. It is not necessary to give the signs and symptoms of his disease. He was dazed, blistered, and purged in an orthodox way, and after the usual time, came to himself. If he had confined himself within the sphere of individuality, as spiritualists would say, all would have been well; but such was not the case. Day by day, he sat watching Molly doing her house-work, more closely than was pleasant to her. Every step she took, he followed with eager eyes, until the surveillance became unbearable and compelled her oft-times to leave the room. So far he had not told his surname, but gave his Christian name as William. He had maintained a taciturn reserve in regard to his past history, which aroused the suspicions of the household, and any hints in regard to his antecedents were met by vague generalities. Although the young man was “fair to look upon,” yet there was a sinister expression about him not pleasant. He had recovered his health fully, and gave no signs of leaving. No gratitude was in any way manifested to his preservers; he took all their kindness as a matter of course. There was an icebergian frigidity about him, perfectly repulsive, and although Molly had too much native good-breeding in her composition to make it appear to a guest, yet, so thoroughly did she hate him, that his presence acted like an irritant upon her, and his departure would have been a welcome event. Her aged relatives, and herself had performed an act of Christian charity, and felt it to be a duty to take care of him, but

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now that health had returned, there was no excuse for abusing the rites of hospitality. The exit came sooner than was expected, in this wise. One morning he was leaning against the crooked timber, which formed one of the jams of an old-fashioned stick fireplace, as usual in an attitude of espionage. The old people had gone to the neighbouring village "to trade." Molly was not at ease in the stranger's company, and dreaded, she knew not what. In a brusque way, and without any verbal skirmishing he made advances to her of devotion and love, in the way, made and provided, in all such cases. As Molly afterwards expressed it: "It took her as sudden, as if she had been shot." She was standing by the fire, near him, hanging a pot on the wooden hook, over the fire. Straightening herself up to full stature, and looking him in the face, with a sort of puzzled and bewildered gaze, she said:

"You are joking; you don't mean it."

"I do mean it; I'm in earnest, don't refuse me."

"Did any remarks, looks, or actions of mine, every lead you to suppose that I loved you?"

"No; but that is no rule, for you may love me, nevertheless."

"Do you want a plain answer to this request?"

"Yes; for I am sure it will be favourable."

"That answer is in few words, I not only *don't* love you, but I hate you; do you understand?"

"I know," said he, with a curling lip and a sneer, "the reason why; that lout of a fellow that roosted on the same tree with me is your lover."

"Didn't he save your life; ungrateful wretch?"

"Ah! because he could put on the heroics, and all that sort of thing, and curry favour with you, and yours."

"No one short of a devil could utter, in earnest, what you have: I question if even the chief incarnate of evil could be unmindful of such a favour as was bestowed on you that stormy night. Fallen angels must have a kind of confidence in, and affection for each other. A brute, even, will lick the hand that is kind to it."

These words were uttered by the undaunted maiden, hotly and vehemently. They were almost hissed out. At the same time the unknown became in his countenance divid with rage. He laid hold of her round the arms, holding her fast, at the same time whispering in her ear. Like a tigress defending her whelps, she turned on him, and wrenched herself from his grasp,

Stepping back, she struck him with her open hand, (as most women naturally do,) so violently and unexpectedly, that he was landed on the back-log, with his feet dangling over the fore-stick, and in intimate relationship with the old-fashioned andirons. Here was a cogent *argumentum a posteriori!* Her blood was up, and changed her into a perfect fury. The nervous in weakness gave way before the nervous in strength. No such feminine enervation as tears, hysterics, or *limpsey* faints, found a lodgment in any corner of her body. She felt that only killing him could propitiate her offended honour, and that such an oblation would be no sin. Nice points of ethics were not thought of. If she could kill him she would, and was about to do it. Seizing him by the locks before he could recover his equilibrium, she dragged his slender and reeking frame through the fire upon the hearth, and almost by instinct found the wooden poker, half-burned, black, hard, and tough. The first blow left a black mark of carbonized wood across the bridge of the nose. He got to his knees, but not before the second blow, which was intended for his head, left one cheek and an ear draped in sable mourning. He got to his feet, as a two-handed blow across his neck sent him staggering to the door. He meditated an assault, but Molly reached for the musket, hanging from a joist on two buckskin straps, and threatened to shoot him at once, without benefit of clergy. The gun was not loaded, as she well knew, but, as a weapon of terror, it was effective. He begged her not to fire.

"Down on your knees," said infuriated Molly.

The wretch obeyed, cowed into abject terror.

"Do you retract those damning words?"

"I do," said the suppliant.

"Who are you? no lie, and no evasion."

"I'm an escaped convict."

"From where?"

"Hamilton."

"What was your crime? mind now." The muzzle was brought to bear on his breast.

"Robbery and murder."

"Were you convicted?"

"Yes; and sentenced to be hanged."

"Swear to me, with hands toward heaven."

"I swear."

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"That you will never set a foot upon this farm again—that you will never plot or do injury to any of us, including Levi Junks and that if spared, you will try and be a better man."

"I swear."

"That won't do, say, 'So help me God.'"

"So help me God!"

"Go, miserable creature, you are not fit to die."

When he got outside the door, and in the shelter of a pine stump protruding in the lane, with danger somewhat removed, the infernal in the man cropped out. To be whipped and humbled by a lone woman was galling. He would now have his revenge. With a low chuckle of a laugh, of the hyena breed, he called out to Molly standing at the door, "You wench, I'll have my revenge. Oaths have no hold upon me. Your lover, Levi, shall die by my hand, if I have to follow him round the world; I swear it, and that oath I shall keep and fulfil, until the last drop in your cup of misery is drained to the dregs. As for you, my vengeance never shall sleep. I will come on you like a thunderbolt. I am an educated witch, and my cruelty will be refined. These scars inflicted by you, will burn until that day comes. Remember my words."

After the utterance of these dread anathemas, he disappeared in the woods. Molly had a sinking at the heart, for she began to understand more thoroughly, as her temper cooled, the consequences to her lover from her rash defence and attack. A hardened wretch had escaped, full of deadly revenge, not only against her, the aggressor, in her own defence, but also against one who could not be conscious of his danger, occasioned by her acts, from a source to which he would look for gratitude at least, after being his deliverer from death.

CHAPTER VIII.

I, JOSIAH GARTH, protest against this jostling of me from the scene of action, without a "by your leave" as "in duty bound such should ever pray," who, thus in apparent, "malice aforethought," give the imperious stand aside to the fulcrum character in this eventful history. The time at my command will compel me to give only a synopsis of what I knew, and felt, and did, when "treason, stratagems, and spoils," were the order of the day. I was a reformer of politics, and sympathized with the rebels in

their grievances, but, when rebellion was mooted and stalked abroad, my love of Britain, her institutions, and laws, was too strong to allow me to seek redress *vi et armis*—(this expression I was told meant, I'll throw you, if you don't me). I could have flogged in professional style, every mother's son of that family compact, with the best blue-beech ever swamp could produce, and make concessions, town-lines, and by-laws on their backs with the gad, just in a fatherly way, and then send them into the dark closet to sob it out without supper. I could have said to the twisty-headed German, "you're blind as a bat, or stubborn as a baulky horse, which has got his head on the wrong end, or you might know, for instance from yourself, that you can't drive a Briton against his will into slavery—'not if he knows it,' and expect peace and quietness. These rebel chaps see slavery of the worst kind before them, and are dashing their heads against a stone wall that you built where no wall should be, and I'm sorry for you and them. For the sake of British connection they'll have to be whipped, but I know a *somebody* ought to be spanked at the same time:" these are not perhaps, the exact words, but the cream is there—first skimming.

I joined Mr. Allan McNab's army and marched to Scotland, in Brant County, to "hoe out," *i. e.* weed the rebels out. Dr. Duncombe's command had congregated at that point, and were preparing to make a stand against the Tories—as we were called. We got there and found them, like the darkey's fly, used for an illustration in a funeral oration, "Man am mortal," said the sable preacher, "him springeth up like the sparrow-grass, and where is he in the evening? Man am mortal jus' as sure as—as—as—(a fly lit on his coat-sleeve, at which he made a dab,) sure as I catch that ere fly,—there, by gum! I missed him." So did we, and I must confess I was not sorry. They fled at our approach, scared and panic stricken. We were not free from trepidation. In marching from Grand River to Oakland I didn't count the shaking knees, for my own required particular attention. On the last day of our march, towards evening, heavy firing was heard in the direction of our advanced guard. This was supposed to be the prelude to a battle. An epidemic seemed to seize a certain per centage of our braves. Stomach-aches, which required tender nursing, were frequent,—spinal disease, that suddenly developed itself for the first time—excuses for falling from the line of march were most

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ingenious and pathetic: even our Captain took the contagion from a disagreement between him and his breakfast of "hard-tack" and molasses. He doubled up like a jack-knife, on the bank at Mount Pleasant, while we marched to victory and glory. "A voice replied far up the height," like his, "you go on boys, and I'll soon catch up." We didn't see him for six hours, and only after word was sent back that the firing was from anvils, by loyal vulcans, after the evacuation of that "clachan" by the rebels. There were many brave men on both sides, but every man looked with suspicion on his neighbour, and in this fact was "a breach of continuity." The patriots scattered far and wide like chaff; and it is only fair to say, that some of them were found in swamps, cooling off, by standing in water up to their necks, by brush and logs, for hours. Their enemies asserted they were trying by maceration to exude all their treason and become good citizens. I knew it had the desired effect on many, and so disgusted them with the swamps of the Gore District, that they hate the sight of cedar and tamarack trees to this day. All honour to *all of us* who were frightened, tired, bedraggled, and soaked for patriotism. We were only looking on one side of the shield at a time, and differed as to the escutcheon. Both sides were fighting for the country—both were running for the same cricket-ball—got heads bumped in collision, and one side lost the innings by *one good run*.

I must quote the following, for it will not be driven out of my way, but keeps bouncing round in the chamber of memory, like Barnum's tigers, hunting for some place to get out:

"Religion, freedom, vengeance what you will:

A word's enough, to raise mankind to kill;

Some cunning phrase, by faction caught and spread

That guilt may reign, and worms and wolves are fed?"

What in the mischief prompted me to quote poetry? I forswore it the night we camped out, on the Brant hills. The boys said: "Garth, you're a great fellow to rhyme; give us a stave?" This was just what I wanted, for like all those fellows, who think they are native bards, and can jingle rhyme at the word "go," as easily as to lower the handle of a pump, and out flows the water, I was chewing the poetic cud all the way from Ancaster, and after thoroughly masticating it, I saw looming up before me, in a gully of Parnassus on the top of an old stub, a wreath of holly, held in the fist of an old man, that a Life Insurance agent won't assure on

account of his age, not being graduated on the Life Tables. He goes by the name of Immortality. He said to me, (as I lay night before in Deacon Malcolm's clover, trying to count the stars, especially the two fellows that wink at you, and for that sly habit, are christened, "By Gemini.") "It's a bargain," I said, away down—but nothing spoke—and now for the greens of Old Live Forever! I stood on the old soap barrel of Mrs Gundy, and with one hand, where I am told my heart ought to be, and the index finger of the other pointed to the Gemini, in a threatening attitude, I got the enthusiasm of the boys raised to that boiling point of heat, in the "Let-us-go-and-fight-Philip" style, by reciting in first-rate voice—

"UNION IS STRENGTH."

Snowballs gather, as they go,
Strength from every frosty pile;
Singing streamlets, as they flow,
Vibrate waves on distant isle.

Crystal sands make granite rocks,
High as Alpine rugged towers;
Lightning's nervous scathing shocks,
Reel before cohesive powers.

Silkworms glittering, fragile strands,
Break before the passing breeze;
Spin the threads with gentle hands,
Silken ropes defy the seas.

Warriors on the battle-plain
Rend opposing ranks, together;
Courage ebbs not 'mid the slain,
"When feather ever toucheth feather."

Nations, united, ever stand
Defiant, knowing no decay;
Ne'er can ruthless vandal hands
Disintegrate them all away.

Ours the Empire built by men,
Who scorned disunion ever;
Ours the Empire held by them,
Who shieldeth it forever.

I felt somewhat puffed up at the plaudits of my compatriots, and was prepared to endorse the sentiments of a knowing one, who seemed to think that law and gospel had no such influence to mould plastic public opinion like that of songs. Since that time, after mature deliberation, I am inclined to doubt that sweeping

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statement. My reason for it is cogent. I never heard of the above effusion influencing anybody, nor of being recited, and sung by any one, but your most obedient servant. I am inclined to think the fault does not lie in the composition, but in the uncultivated taste of an ungrateful public.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

VI.

FRANCISCO had two sisters, aged respectively about seventeen and fifteen. On being introduced to these fair ones, they manifested considerable embarrassment, and charming blushes flushed over their handsome faces. They were robed almost precisely alike—in thin muslin, white as the snow flakes of the north. Their exquisitely moulded shoulders were partly obscured by thick clusters of dark brown hair, while from their sparkling eyes a mischievous, and playful glance stole slyly. I could not keep my eyes away from these creole lasses. I am told it is not the custom in Cuba for ladies and gentlemen to mingle together in that social way practised by English and Americans. These goddesses, however, were not kept from my gaze. As I before remarked, Mrs. Palmo, being a native of Baltimore, and what is termed a real American by birth, still practised many of the habits and fashions of her early life, and thus was I allowed the privilege of enjoying the presence of these beautiful maidens. They conversed almost continually among themselves, frequently referring to their mother and Francisco, but towards me their tongues were silent. They could speak no English. I was no linguist. Not a Spanish sentence could I utter correctly. To be sure, as a matter of necessity, I could pronounce a few of the nouns, such as water, bread, beef, soup, cigars or *aquadiante*, but this I had learned, knowing that I would have to stop at a Spanish hotel; but I could not say, "Allow me, my dear Miss Palmo, the pleasure of handing you your *abanico* (fan)."

I noticed one valuable auxiliary, however, while among Spanish people, and that was—if I became hard pushed for a word to finish my meaning, and made use of an English expression, by articulating or putting an *o* to the end of it, it would sometimes pass as mongrel Spanish; but not so with the *Senoritas* Palmo. They could not *entender* my *o*'s. Their language to me was from their eyes.

Mrs. Palmo and her three children were all performers on the guitar. This lady informed me that she had resided in Havana nearly thirty years; that she *thought* altogether in Spanish, and had forgotten very many of the words of her native tongue, especially the adverbs and adjectives. She disliked Cuban society. Occasionally she attended the Roman Catholic worship, to please her husband, but her children were growing up free-thinkers.

"Havana is a horrid place to bring up or instruct a family of boys in," said Mrs. Palmo on one occasion. "You have no conception of the vileness of Cuban youths. Their morals are shocking. They are gamblers by nature and national example. If they quarrel, sometimes a duel is the result. They delight to practice with the *espada* (sword.) Francisco can handle a sword remarkably well, but that will not benefit him much I fear; he is very Spanish in his actions, and has become a great spendthrift, but oh! dear me! I cannot help it; he is, what do you call that? fiery tempered, excee—! no not that."

"Is it *exceedingly* you mean, madam" I remarked interrupting her.

"Yes! yes! that is it, exceedingly! he is exceedingly fiery tempered. I hope he will never fight a duel. I used to hear say that Baltimore young men were fearful, but oh! this Havana beggars description in this wise; it is awful."

The slaves of Cuba lead a life of almost endless toil. Night and day their dismal and hideous songs are heard, echoing over the broad harbour, as they work on, on. Death is their only relief—their only refuge. Sunday is a day to these creatures unknown. I particularly noticed their decayed and snaggy teeth. This I was told proceeded from the immense quantities of sugar they daily consume. I have seen them almost fill a tin quart, with this production of the cane, and add just water enough, to dissolve it or reduce it to a liquid state. This they would swallow

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with ravenous appetite, and God knows they had a right to it, for it is slavery, I may say, and only slavery, that brings forth the sugar that America consumes. These slaves, it is said are well and sufficiently fed, and in some instances not overworked, but as a rule they are treated as beasts of burthen. It is not considered in Cuba that a miserable *niggeretta* possesses a soul. These negroes are for the most part, good natured, and extremely lazy. They are fearfully ignorant, as also are the lower classes of white creoles. I have seen a chain-gang of slaves—bare-backed—working among the moles of Havana, with occasionally a white man linked in among them. These poor wretches, I suppose, had been guilty of some petty offence. The officer, or overseer in charge, not unfrequently would draw his sword and inflict a stinging blow on one of the miserable fellow's backs—of course it would be done with the side of the weapon—yet if it happened to cut out a slice, or cause a death, what of it! he had only given the stroke because the victim had stopped a moment to sigh, or take an extra breath.

The old slaveholders of the late American Slave States were held up to the world in books and theatrical plays as tyrants, but after a twelve month's residence in South Carolina, I must say that I never saw one of their negroes whipped or ill-used. The late American slave, to some extent, was educated, and I have known several of them capable of reading and writing; and they could, in some instances, keep accounts, while their masters knew not how to pen their own names.

But then the Cuban slaveholder *must* keep his bondsmen ignorant. His slave must feel that *massa* is god over all, and what *he* says and does is right. The Coolie of Havana is a most forlorn-looking object. Their languid movements, sickly and sulky eyes, remind the stranger that their lives are as one day of sadness and despair. They are a most ungainly race. One can hardly tell, on meeting them, whether they are all of one gender or not.

It is very amusing to hear the Cathedral bells ring on the Sabbath in Cuba. Most of them are cracked, and the ding-donging is quite as fast in time as are the tunes to Spanish *fandangoes*; that is, the bells of Havana ring as quickly as a hurdy-gurdy grinds out "Lord McDonald's reel." I have, on ship-board, danced a lively step to the chimes of these bells. It was not Sunday, for

the bells ring both night and day. When the Sabbath has passed, "two to one" but the next day is a holy-day.

The quay of Havana is a splendid mooring-place for shipping to load and unload at. They usually lie bow to the shore with stern off in the harbour. They generally unload at the piers and receive cargo out in the stream. It is an interesting sight to visit this portion of the city. Vessels from all maritime nations are to be seen here like a forest of towering trees. Now and then the familiar St. John ship is to be met with, discharging her sugar-box shooks. Although she does not have the hardy and expensive appearance of the English, French and Spanish vessels, she looks good enough, and home-like. The Spanish sailor is romantic in appearance, with his mahogany-coloured face, blue jumper and red cap. From his *biretta* hangs a tassel, which dangles about his swarthy neck, giving him a rude and somewhat fantastic aspect. The name of a Spanish vessel you will always find painted in grotesque letters on her bow. If her appellative be not the "Isabella" or "Julio," then quite likely it will be the "Jesus Maria."

Havana is said to contain a large number of robbers, particularly a class of villains styled Harbour-thieves. I was once on board of a ship that was being warped or hauled to this quay. Nothing but an Italian brig was near us. Among the articles on our decks were two large coops, containing ducks and chickens. We had a dog on board belonging to the Captain. This quadruped was large and watchful. The skipper considered him a perfect "love of a dog." Before we were made fast or moored, we lost chickens, ducks, dog, coops and all. No one saw how the deed was done, not a quack was heard, nor a cluck, nor a growl. To say that the Captain stamped furiously, and made a great fuss, would be only to write nonsense. He swore by the thousand and one Spanish Saints, that he would sooner have lost his ship than "that dog," and for a week he was one of the most dogged men I ever set eyes on. He dogged every suspicious-looking fellow who happened to stroll past the ship. He declared that had he caught the thief in the act, he would have shot him down, even were he a dog himself. The cook was delighted. "That cur won't lick my frying-pan again," he whispered.

I do not wish it understood that the skipper made use of the exact remarks I have given, but he expressed his disgust in a most

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emphatic manner, and poured forth a volley of words, to quote which would induce a belief that our captain's moral education had been sadly neglected. The "doctor" was intensely pleased, now that he wouldn't have to pluck the dog and ducks and chickens. Now, it is my dogmatic opinion that the sailors of our ship had a hand in this dog-trick.

Cuban creoles are not allowed to hold any public office. These positions are filled by natives of old Spain, and the consequences are, that the Cubans are very jealous of Spaniards and despise them. I believe the word creole is understood to signify a person that is born in the West Indies. No matter of what nationality or colour the parents of the party may be, he is a creole. He may be a white creole or a black creole. The island of Cuba, in all probability, will in course of time, become a heaven of negroedom.

The slave system will pass away, and the darkey will reign supreme in careless idleness, even worse than in Jamaica. The climate is too hot for white men to labour, and few negroes will work in these countries but to keep away utter starvation.

An American merchant who had resided in Cuba more than ten years, told me not long since that should this island ever become an independent republic, it could not, according to his opinion, be any better than it now is, for the natives, as a body, are a dissatisfied, unruly people, incapable of self-government. They do not know what they want, and the assassin's knife is always ready among them. Look at Mexico and South America. The Argentine Republic for example, though I trust *Sarmiento* will keep the sword in its scabbard now, and control his wild *gauchos* without resorting to the despicable cruelties, lately practised by his inglorious predecessor, *Rosas*. The white Cubans are agreeable in their manners, but are of a suspicious nature. One may visit the country districts, and if he be very guarded in his remarks, and is not given to joking, he will be most hospitably entertained. The Spanish, as a race, are not facetious. The lower classes carry, on their persons, a kind of long dagger-like knife. This weapon is kept concealed in one of the sleeves of their *comisa de hombre*, and when angry, they are not slow in displaying it, but it is not often used for the purpose of taking human life. They will slash each other about the face and arms, but seldom aim a deadly thrust at the vital parts of the body. I once saw a big Yankee man-of-war's man thrash

half-a-dozen of these knife-holding natives, with no other weapon than his fists; he manifested no signs of fear, as they pointed their keen *cuchillos* at his broad breast, but knocked them down "neat," as pugilists term it, and walked away apparently as unconcerned as if he had just been stowing salt junk in the harness-cask of his ship.

I visited one or two places of worship in Havana: the congregation sat on the floor on mats, but I squatted on the bare boards. A lady sitting near me sent her little slave girl out—hurriedly—who soon returned with a piece of tapestry carpet. This was presented to me by the kind *Sénora*. I thanked the giver, depressing my head, and bowing reverentially. The sermon was all Greek to me, but the music, which consisted of a string band, accompanied by children singing, was delightful. The priests were gaudily robed, and attended by a *posse* of little boys, dressed in long gowns.

Many streets of Havana are filthy. In these vile places, I observed children playing in a state of nudity. Of evenings I frequently visited the plaza. It is a pretty little square, on which are seats to rest upon. Here a band plays from eight to nine o'clock every night. The shops in Havana are open in front, and shaded by many coloured awnings thrown athwart the street, looking cool and not untidy. The houses, with doors and windows cut down to the ground, have a fresh, cheerful appearance, in spite of the villainous iron bars, doing duty for glass—the glaziers' trade is utterly unknown throughout Cuba; by the absence of blinds and shutters, at certain hours of the afternoon and evening is revealed the interior of the very holy of holies of domestic existence. Stately mansions with lofty porticos and long colonnades are everywhere run up at random, péle-mêle, by the side of squalid Negro huts. What strikes the stranger at first sight, is the profusion of smooth white marble—marble shops and counting houses, marble halls, staircases, sitting and sleeping room floors. Women are said to be scarce in Havana. Dry goods establishments are few. Cubans are inveterate smokers, and use enormous quantities of matches, yet there is not a match factory in the whole island, and the population, it is said, foots up seven hundred thousands, or thereabouts. It is the opinion of many, that the West Indies are destined to become the negroes' domain. The whites are gradually becoming thinned out. The black thrives in this region, while the white degenerates.

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I bade farewell to my good friends the Palmos. It is needless for me to describe what took place at this parting. The whole family followed me to the sidewalk. Did the lovely sisters faint? No, not one of them:

“No tears there were shed, but full many the sighs,
As I bade them farewell 'neath the awning;
They gave me one glance of their bonnie black eyes,
And I left saying, ‘*Dios, Good morning!*’”

Kind Mrs. Palmo wished me prosperity through life. Francisco said, “Go!” “Yes, my friend,” I replied. “Good, take care,” was his benediction.

I have never heard anything of those hospitable people since, but I trust that the good *Padre* above, has watched over them as *his own*. I departed from the city of Forts, in the Steamship *Corsica*. We steamed proudly past the frowning wall of Morro, and now—

“The goodly ship rides o’er the billows blue,
Our signal gun, bids all on shore adieu.”

This vessel was of iron construction, and registered about twelve hundred tons. She was an English boat, and officered by British tars. Once every month she visited Nassau and Havana, and then returned to New York, which latter port was her head-quarters. I found the decks crowded with passengers, among whom were many ladies. As we passed the Punta Castle, the captain ordered the main top-sail to be mast-headed. A gang of sturdy sailors “roused” aft, and as they swayed away on the halyards, a “shanty” was rendered by them, one verse of which had the effect of driving the fair ones below. The air of this song was exceedingly musical, but the language was not by any means chaste. On the evening of the second day we sighted the Nassau light. There being no rage on the bar, we moved slowly inwards, and anchored. At Nassau I resumed my old duties, as general clerk to *Massa Captain and Strongfellow*:

English man he stole me way,
Tief me off from Africa;
Leave behind de yella gals,
Come heah my deah.

The negroes in their employ had been taken from Africa in a slaver, and were brought into Nassau by an English frigate, some few

years previously. The Confederate cruiser *Florida* arrived off the harbour of Nassau, one stormy morning, and sent orders on shore for Massa Captain to supply her with water. She had been seized at this port in 1862 by the authorities, but on the arrival of Captain Semmes (afterwards of the *Alabama*), was released. The neutrality laws being strictly enforced at New Providence, the *Florida* was desirous of putting to sea again in a few hours. There was a heavy rage on the bar at the time. For the benefit of some of my readers, I shall endeavour to explain the meaning of the term "a heavy rage on the bar." The mouth of Nassau harbour is obstructed by a bank of sand which stretches from shore to shore—that is from the southward point of Hog Island, in a triangular form, running inward to the mainland. In ordinary weather there is about twelve or fourteen feet of water over this place, but when the shrill fises of a south westerly gale whistle over these islands, tremendous seas rise in angry commotion along the bar, thus forming as it were, a wall of fighting waters, and vessels dare not attempt to cross it during this "ugly fit." It is in this state, a kind of "*charybdis* upside down and lengthened." Our largest water-boat was thirty-five feet keel, drew (when loaded) seven and a half feet of water, and was rigged with a large jib and high "leg of mutton" sail. She was a "darling" sea-boat. Several Captains of blockade-runners volunteered to guide her out over these foaming breakers, being anxious to display their loyalty for the Southern cause. Massa Captain decided that *he* would go, if I refused. I must confess that I never entertained the least admiration for fool-hardy exploits, or those that performed them, but I could not stand idle and see Massa Captain undertake what was really my duty, and then again, he was a poor swimmer. Relieving his mouth of a large quid of tobacco, he advised me to "keep my eyes skinned" and not venture over if I doubted the practicability of the undertaking. The rain was pouring down, and I doffed my clothing. Two powerful negroes, who were perfect swimmers, accompanied me, and casting off the mooring lines, away we flew, on, on, like a feather before the impetuous blast. Our mainsail and jib were double reefed. I grasped firmly the helm, and directed the bounding little barque towards the most windward extent of the breakers that were foaming, even howling with rage. At this perilous moment my heart almost failed me, yet I consoled myself with the thought that I was a fair swimmer, but then, the sharks!

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I flung my thoughts to the screeching winds, while, like a noble charger, our craft sprang into the boiling waters. The gale was just fair enough to enable us to lay out of the harbour well on the weather-quarter. To be sure the boat was decked over, and the tanks closed by tight-fitting hatches, but the after-part, or stern sheets were open. Here the three of us stood, our waists about up to the rails.

In a moment a fearful crushing sea rolled completely over us, filling the cock-pit about us, and causing the little ship to settle as if sinking. Another great billow was fiercely following the course of the first, but I put the helm hard down, thus bringing us head on,—which manœuvre doubtless saved the boat and perhaps our lives. The force of the wave threw us in the trough of the sea, and we drifted away to leeward clear of the treacherous bar; but here we were hard on the lee-shore, and as to tack ship was, under the circumstances impossible, we, as a desperate resort, wore round in safety, thus avoiding being dashed to atoms, over a long ridge of coral rocks—iron fragments of ages—that stood to view lashed in foam, like a stout wall of shattered glass, cemented in one dark mass. After making a good offing, and ranging well to windward, we lowered away the sails, and slipped along under bare-poles, and succeeded after much fatiguing exertions, in gaining the sides of the *Florida*. I sprang up our tall mast, and climbing to the top, grasped the larboard main-yard of the steamer, and was soon below on the deck of the “Oreto” as she was once named. At this instant a monster sea lifted the water-boat like a toy, and her mast striking against the *Florida*'s yard-arm, broke the former off just above the bands of the swifters. It was fortunate for me that I had left the spar when I did, otherwise, quite likely my youth would have been nipped in the bud. Well what of it? “A miss is as good as a mile,” and it is better they say to be born lucky than rich.

I saw no guns or warlike materials about this cruiser's decks; quite likely they had been sent below. After pumping 2,000 gallons of brackish water into this rover, and receiving a receipt for the same from the chief officer, we proceeded shorewards; and our craft being relieved of the weight of 14,000 pounds, glided light as a sea-gull over the wayward ocean, and arrived safely back again—not over the bar, but through Salt Key passage, which channel would float us when light, but not when even half loaded.

Scrapiana.

OUR DUMB.

THE relation sustained by man to the inferior animals is one which, for the purposes of this paper at least, no Darwinian theory is needed to determine. In the history of Creation, as given in the first chapter of Genesis, we read: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

Read in the light which the history of all ages has furnished, this passage seems to be full of a deep and pathetic meaning. Man made in the image of God, having debased the image and departed from the likeness, still retains the dominion, and the mean selfishness of human nature is nowhere more strikingly and painfully exhibited than in his treatment of the brute creation. Among all classes there seems to be a lamentable obtuseness in regard to the rights of the lower animals and the duties we owe them. From the French scientist who, out of pure devotion to his calling, coolly proceeds to inflict upon hapless frogs, dogs, or monkeys, an amount of suffering at which the very heart of humanity recoils, to the untaught ruffian who, in sheer wantonness of cruelty, mutilates and kills; all the way down there are forces and influences at work sufficient to produce an infinite amount of misery. In the case of the domestic animals, ignorance has hitherto been one fruitful source—ignorance in regard to their needs, habits, capabilities, &c., but of late so much has been written upon these and kindred subjects, that the plea of ignorance can no longer be urged as an excuse. Almost every man now understands that animals require a certain variety in their food; that it is well to observe some degree of caution in regard to watering them, when over-heated; that a dark, ill-ventilated stable, or one which is open to the four winds of heaven, will not keep a horse at the maximum of health and spirits; that when an animal is seized with a sudden and uncontrollable panic it is not the wisest way to yell at him like a demon, or to lash him like a Russian executioner. But too often where ignorance is not, carelessness and selfishness exert their

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baneful influence. Carelessness that puts an icy bit into a horse's mouth on a freezing winter day; leaves cattle shivering for hours with the thermometer 20° below zero; neglects to supply food and drink at proper intervals, and lets the poor worn-out beast of burden get what rest he can, on the uncleaned boards of his stall, if it does not fasten the halter in such a way that instinct forbids him to lie down for fear of being choked. It is a matter of easy calculation to the mind of the most ordinary observer, that more than half the suffering consequent upon lameness and disease, might have been prevented by a due amount of care and gentleness—that the drooping head and trembling limbs of many an ill-used, over-driven creature, are silent witnesses to the truth that

“Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart.”

And then selfishness, the hydra-headed monster, that is not to be moved by any considerations of pity; selfishness, in all its thousand repulsive forms, fills up the measure of iniquity. Selfishness, that like Paddy Flynn, tosses up to see whether Paddy shall have his liquor or Jack his oats, and when the chance is decided in favour of Jack, tosses up again. It is selfishness that over-works and over-drives and under-feeds; that makes one horse or ox do the work of two; that crowds the street-car with excursionists, and supplies the lack of strength by the whip. The *selfish love of gain* is at the root of all the organized systems of cruelty, which are a disgrace to our civilization; and in this perhaps will be found the greatest obstacle with which the reformer has to contend. We may instruct the ignorant, and restrain the vicious, but what power on earth shall prevail over ten per cent. profit? The car of progress moves steadily on and great enterprises are borne forward to successful issues, but there is a *dumb cry* from beneath the wheels—“Who hath ears to hear let him hear!” And this selfishness is closely allied to the brutality which seems to be inherent in the nature of some. We have all seen men who could not pass a dog on the street without giving him a kick, who could not see a squirrel sitting upon a fence, or a bird flying through the air, without shying a stone at it, whose natural impulse it is to bruise and mutilate and torture every thing weaker than themselves. Doubtless this propensity is often fostered in early life by the practice of supplying children with kittens and young puppies as playthings, a practice which might

be productive of much good, and by which might be developed in the child all sweet and kindly sympathies, all noble and generous impulses, were not the little playmate too often transformed into the long-suffering victim. Unreasonable and childish passion vents its fury upon it, and in too many instances there is none to take its part. And there is another practice which cannot be too strongly condemned—the practice of allowing boys to be present when animals are slaughtered. Against the necessity for such slaughter we have no objection to urge, nor do we think it, by any means, the worst fate that can befall them, but the human mind grows by what it feeds on, and if it feeds on blood we may expect dark and murderous deeds. That any butcher has the right, for any purpose whatsoever, to inflict one moment's unnecessary pain we absolutely and emphatically deny, and it seems to us that a strict supervision should be held over the trade, and stringent laws should protect from *torture* the creatures that are doomed to *death*. The recent revelations in New York in regard to the killing of dogs, show that such supervision is necessary, and in this connection we would record our horror—alas! how vainly, of the doings of some of the inhuman miscreants, so-called naturalists, and surgeons of veterinary collages, many of whom are not ashamed to give us the results of *their experiments* through the scientific records of the Magazines. Such scientific records, dark hints as they are, of the fearful deeds which are done in the name of science, we stigmatize as *monstrous*. The hideous process of vivisection may or may not contribute to the stores of the naturalist, but God never made our organized, sensitive being, and adjusted the delicate scale of nerves and sinews, to be ruthlessly disorganized and *experimented upon* even by the hand of science. Dickens tells us, through the lips of one of his homely preachers, that in Heaven “hearts may rank as high as heads,” and it is time for us to realize the fact that there are things nobler than Science, that all learning which deadens the sensibilities and is gained at the expense of moral and spiritual good, is a loss, and not a gain. The apathy with which Magistrates and public men are accustomed to regard any case of cruelty which is brought to their notice, is one of the most discouraging features of the case. It has too long been the custom to suppose that a man may do what he will with his own; that because he has paid down his money for his horse he has purchased the right to abuse him, that because a dog looks

up to him as his master, he may beat and kick that dog with impunity. There are laws for the prevention of cruelty, but they need to be enforced. Every where, all over the land, the traveller sees sights of misery and hears the cry of suffering from the unprotected victim of man's inhumanity. Mr. Bergh and his noble band of coadjutors on both sides of the water have done much: by steady persistent effort they have dealt heavy blows at private atrocities and public wrongs, but much more remains to be done, and we all may be workers in the cause. Nor is this labour an unrewarded toil, for the gospel that said to the Jew "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn" is the same gospel that says to us "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." In a forcible and most interesting article which appeared some time since in *Blackwood's Magazine*, an article which does equal credit to the head and heart of the writer, a scene of imaginary retribution is pictured as awaiting man at the hands of his victims. In this vision "multitudes of human beings were huddled together in trucks, and transported to great distances by train without food or water. Babies were given to malicious young cats and dogs to be taken away and drowned; boys were hunted by terriers and stoned to death by frogs. Mice and wild animals were a good deal occupied setting man-traps, baited with toasted cheese in poor neighbourhoods. Gouty old gentlemen were put into the shafts of night cabs and forced to totter on their weak ankles and diseased joints, at such pace as whip-cord could extract. Flying figures in scarlet coats, buckskins and top boots, were run into by packs of foxes. Ministers were caught with hook and line by speckled trout and others of the "finny tribe." In one especially tragic case, a short-sighted naturalist, in spectacles, dodged about in the branches of a wood, while a species of ape underneath, armed with a gun, inflicted upon him dreadful wounds. A veterinary surgeon was stretched on his back, his arms and legs secured to posts, that a horse might cut him up alive for the benefit of an equine audience."

The loving pencil of Landseer and other noted painters, as well as the pens of barons, authors on the subject of animal life, have done much to bring them nearer to man, and to arouse his sympathy in their behalf, and we hail all such efforts as the dawning of a brighter day in store for them. We are encouraged by many cheering signs, to hope with the author of the article before men-

tioned, that the Societies now operating in their behalf, "will, in course of time be extended, till they include all the right-minded and right-hearted of the human race, each of whom will be as vigilant as any official in the prevention and detection of cruelty; that 'a dog's life of it' may yet come to mean universally, a not unpleasant state of existence, that 'slaving like a horse' may be made to denote a wholesome and moderate share of labour." Let us hasten on the day. Let us speak and write and labour for this. Let us have no sympathy with the feeling that causes men to hesitate and demur for fear of being thought morbidly sensitive, or meddlers in other men's matters. Let us not hurry past scenes of cruelty with averted face, and forget all about them the next moment; wherever we see a cruel deed done, let us protest, let us detect, let us bring the offender to justice. There is much to be done for *men*, but the heart that is alive to the miseries of the inferior animals will scarcely be negligent of the higher reforms. Let us work with willing hearts in behalf of the oppressed, and let us teach the children of the coming generation, the lesson so beautifully taught us by the Poet,—

"He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small,
For the great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all!"

Saint John, N. B.

VOX HUMANA.

The first stanza of the following song was written by Robert Tannahill—the last was written by Alexander Rogers, of Glasgow,—will any of your numerous readers inform me who was the author of the intermediate verses?

LEWIE ROY.

Brave Lewie Roy was the flower of our Highlandmen,
Tall as the oak on the lofty Benvoirloch,
Fleet as the light-bounding tenants of Fellan-glen,
Dearer than life to his lovely *Neen Voiuch*.
Lone was his biding, the cave of his hiding,
When forc'd to retire with our gallant Prince Charlie.
Tho' manly and fearless, his bold heart was cheerless,
Away from the Lady he aye lov'd sae dearly.
Charlie, Charlie, Royal Prince Charlie,
Dauntless in dangers wild gallant Prince Charlie;
Caledon, is the lone land of thine ancient Throne,
King of the Highland hearts, bonny Prince Charlie.

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Wild was the mountain dell, lonely unseen and drear,
 Where Lewie Roy lay concealed sae obscurely;
 Dear to his heart, was the cave of the chevalier,
 Sweet the repast of his gallant Prince Charlie,
 Naeither Throne, than the fog covered mossy stone,
 Nae Royal Hall, where to bouze e'en and early,
 Through dell and den, wood and glen, far frae the haunts of men,
 Brave Lewie Roy aye attended Prince Charlie.
 Charlie, Charlie, &c.

When the bold clansmen were rank'd on the battle-field,
 Many a hero fell, mangled and gory;
 Bondless and bold were the sons of the bossy shield,
 But Lewie Roy was aye foremost in glory,
 Here on Culloden plain was his ain father slain,
 O'er the old warrior lamented he sairly,
 Not that he deem'd his life, lost by inglorious strife,
 For Lewie Roy could have died for Prince Charlie.
 Charlie, Charlie, &c.

But noo far awa frae his Ivy-clad Palace walls,
 Charlie must flee, for the foeman's victorious;
 Charlie mair flee frae his forefather's Royal Halls,
 Flee frae the homes and the toms of the glorious,
 Proudly the victors ride, dashing their vengeance wide,
 O'er a poor country, that's bleeding severely,
 Brave Lewie Roy is chas'd, through a land wide and waste
 Marked as a victim to die for Prince Charlie.
 Charlie, Charlie, &c.

Haste! Lewie Roy, seek a shade in the mountain cloud,
 Ruin shrieks wildly the hill and the vale in,
 Over thy Highland home, ten thousand men of blood
 Fill every cottage with sorrow and wailin'.
 Brightly the castle high, flames to the azure sky,
 Sheds of the shepherds are roofless and dreary:
 Mothers and maidens mild weep o'er the houseless wild;
 O! the unhappy adherents of Charlie.

Charlie, Charlie, &c.

But woe to the blood-thirsty mandates of Cumberland,
 Woe to the blood-thirsty gang that fulfilled them,
 Poor Caledonia! bleeding and plunder'd land,
 Where shall thy children now shelter and shield them?
 Keen prowl the cravens, like merciless ravens,
 Their prey the devoted adherents of Charlie,
 Brave Lewie Roy is ta'en, cowardly hack'd and slain,
 Oh! his Neen Voiuch will mourn for him sairly.

Charlie, Charlie, &c.

"THE RECREATION FUND."

"Some men have got a fund of wit, and some of information;
 And some have money in the funds—cause for congratulation.
 There's a fund for relieving "Fan-quis," in a desolate situation;—
 But the Fund that I shall sing about, is the "Fund for Recreation."

II.

This Fund arose, they say—when Shanghai was in its splendor,—
When each purse was crammed with cash, and each borrower found a
lender;—
And the merchants being cock-a-whoop, with successful speculation,
Determined to indulge in some legitimate Recreation.

III.

Then first they took a money-bag, and filled it full of coin,
And did appoint a Treasurer, that none might it purloin;
And this Treasurer swore a solemn oath,—“As I hope for my salvation,—
I'll watch and ward, and strictly guard the ‘Fund for Recreation.’”

IV.

When years rolled on, and each man sought amusement to his mind,
And some went back to England, and some remained behind—
In racquet, and in cricketing, some found a relaxation;
But not a word was said or heard of the Fund for Recreation.

Then up and spoke a Briton bold—I cannot tell his name—
Said he—“To waste this noble Fund, I hold it is a shame;
So ponder well, and let each man, with due premeditation,
Propound a scheme how to apply this Fund for Recreation.”

VI.

Some said—“Let's build a theatre,” and some, “let's build a steeple;”
And some proposed with partridges the paddy-fields to people,
And some were for a racquet-court, and some for a railway station,
While others wished to mend the roads!! with the “Fund for Recreation.”

VII.

So next they called a meeting, and appointed a committee,
And argued well the question, in orations wise and witty;
But while they were engaged in this agreeable occupation,
Somebody asked—“What has become of the Fund for Recreation?”

VIII.

They went unto the Treasurer, and unto him did say, “sir—
Where is the Fund which you did swear to guard and keep away, sir?”
And the Treasurer said, with gracious smile, and without hesitation,
“In the cellar of the ‘Club,’ you'll find the ‘Fund for Recreation.’”

IX.

They went and searched the cellarage, with faces blithe and merry—
But nothing did they find therein, except a butt of sherry;—
And all their faces underwent portentous elongation,
When the Treasurer said—“You here behold the Fund for Recreation!”

X.

“I swore to keep the money-bag in confidence and trust,”
“And you shall all acknowledge that my conduct has been just:”
“I loaned the same, unto the ‘Club,’ for better preservation,
“And in this good wine they did invest your ‘Fund for Recreation!’”

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XI.

And glasses then were handed round, and they did taste the wine,—
 ("Twas the same as that they serve unto the members when they dine :)
 "This wine," said they, "is the very worst to be found in all creation,
 And we may all go whistle now, for the Fund for Recreation !"

XII.

Now when the people heard this tale, there was a great sensation,
 And nobody was satisfied with the Treasurer's explanation,
 And all throughout the "settlement,"* to load with execration,
 The wine, and Club, and Treasurers, was the *only* Recreation !

XIII.

Now let us sing, long live the King or Emperor of this nation,
 And all his Mandarins *also*, if the leave off peculation :
 And let us pray the Club may pay, and some future generation,
 Hereafter reap the benefit of the Fund for Recreation.—*Chin-You.*

Hantsport, N. S.

THE July number of THE MARITIME MONTHLY, published in St. John, N. B., by a party of gentlemen who are apparently able to create a desirable home-literature, is now lying before us. If interesting sketches, and artistic romance and poetry, with a well selected editorial *melangé* are appreciated by the people of the Maritime Provinces, we shall wonder if this Magazine does not become a lasting and profitable success.—*Commercial Bulletin, Boston.*

THE MARITIME MONTHLY MAGAZINE for July, is an excellent number. We shall endeavour to find room, ere long, for extracts from a bold, and not injudicious article on Canadian Aristocracy, from the pen of T. Allen Jack. The number is particularly rich in poetry. Among other pieces it contains a pleasant sunshiny sonnet by the editor—some beautiful lines, which we shall give in full next week, by a local poetess ; and a rugged, chivalresque ballad by Hunter Duvar. The magazine, under the care of its most able editor, has claims on the intellect of Canada. It is one of the institutions that its native Province should not willingly let die.
American Canadian, Boston, Mass.

The MARITIME under the editorial management of Mr. H. L. Spencer, is improving every issue, and will soon rank with the first-class monthlies of America.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

*That is, the European grants—the Shang-hai of the "Fan-qui," as distinguished from the Shang-hai proper, of the "Foh-Kee."

NEWSPAPER NOTES.

If well directed and persistent effort ensures success, QUIP may be considered a permanent institution. He laughs good humoredly at folly—is keen in his perceptions, and sound in his conclusions: the pith of a sermon he embodies in a line. *Quip* is above scurrility, and we question if at heart he is any man's enemy. It is said that he who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, is a public benefactor—and the father of an innocent laugh may be regarded in the same light. *Quip* has our best wishes.

The *American Canadian* published in Boston by H. H. Lavers, has peculiar claims upon our people, and we wish it that brilliant success which editorially and mechanically it deserves. In its columns we find the intelligence and opinion of the United States, and the American that of Canada. In a condensed form it supplies the news of the world—its editorials are able and its selections excellent.

THE *Providence Sunday Dispatch*, is one of the most readable of our exchanges. We think the publishers should have launched their craft from a larger port—Boston or New York. Mr. Bagnall one of the editors, was for a time a resident of St. John.

FOR favors received, our thanks are tendered to the *Farmer, Reporter, Head Quarters*, (Fredericton); *Courier, Journal*, (St. Stephen); *Sentinel*, (Woodstock); *Post*, (Sackville); *Times*, (Moncton); *Tribune, News*, (St. John); *Sun*, (Truro, N. S.); *Sentinel*, (Amherst, N. S.); *Monitor*, (Bridgetown, N. S.); *Tribune*, (Yarmouth, N. S.); *Progress*, (Summerside, P. E. I.).

