Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- [x] Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- [ ] Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- [ ] Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- [ ] Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [ ] Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- [ ] Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- [ ] Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- [ ] Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- [ ] Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.

- [x] Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- [ ] Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- [ ] Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- [x] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Pages detached / Pages détachées
- [x] Showthrough / Transparence
- [x] Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- [ ] Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- [ ] Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

- [x] Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.

Vol. XXII. No. 4.

NATIONAL LIBRARY
CANADA
BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

APRIL 1878.

CONTENTS

ASPIRATION (Poetry): *Geo. Martin.* 385
LIFE IN GLENSHIE: *The Author of "My Young Master," &c.* 387
THE FUTURE OF NEWFOUNDLAND. PART II.: *James Whitman, B. A.* 403
DAYS AT ST. AUGUSTINE—II.: *The Author of "The Girls' Voyage."* 414
CHILDREN OF SILENCE (Illus.): *Thomas Widd* 421
A FEW ODD WEDDINGS: *A. M. L.* 431
UP THE NECKAR: *T. M. A. B.* 436
THE LITTLE HEALTH OF LADIES: *Frances Power Cobbe* (Re-print). 443
YOUNG FOLKS.—Blanchette; or, the White Hen.—Jack Granger's Cousin.—Making a Fire.—The Rolling Bridge of St. Malo.—Haroun Al Raschid.—Puzzles. 459
THE HOME.—A Year's School Teaching.—Making Both Ends Meet.—Common Sense in the Household (Poetry). 481
LITERARY NOTICES.—The History of a Crime.—Literary Notes. 496
CHESS: Conducted by *J. G. Ascher* 504
DRAUGHTS 508
NOTICE.—The Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf-Mutes. 511

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

$2.00 per Annum; 20 Cts. per Copy. DAWSON BROS. Trade Agents.

SEND FOR OUR

Engraved Plate and 50 Gents' Cards, $2.75.
do. do. do. Ladies' do. 3.00.

A box of
BEAUTIFUL PAPER
AND
ENVELOPES
STAMPED WITH YOUR
Monogram
FOR
$5.00.

GEORGE BISHOP & CO.,
Engravers & Stationers,

169
St. James St.,
MONTREAL.

ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING & PRINTING.

College and Lodge Seals, Certificates, &c.

JOB PRINTING!

WE are constantly adding to our Stock of PRINTING MATERIAL, in order to keep pace with the times, and we are thus enabled to turn out work of the best quality at very low rates.

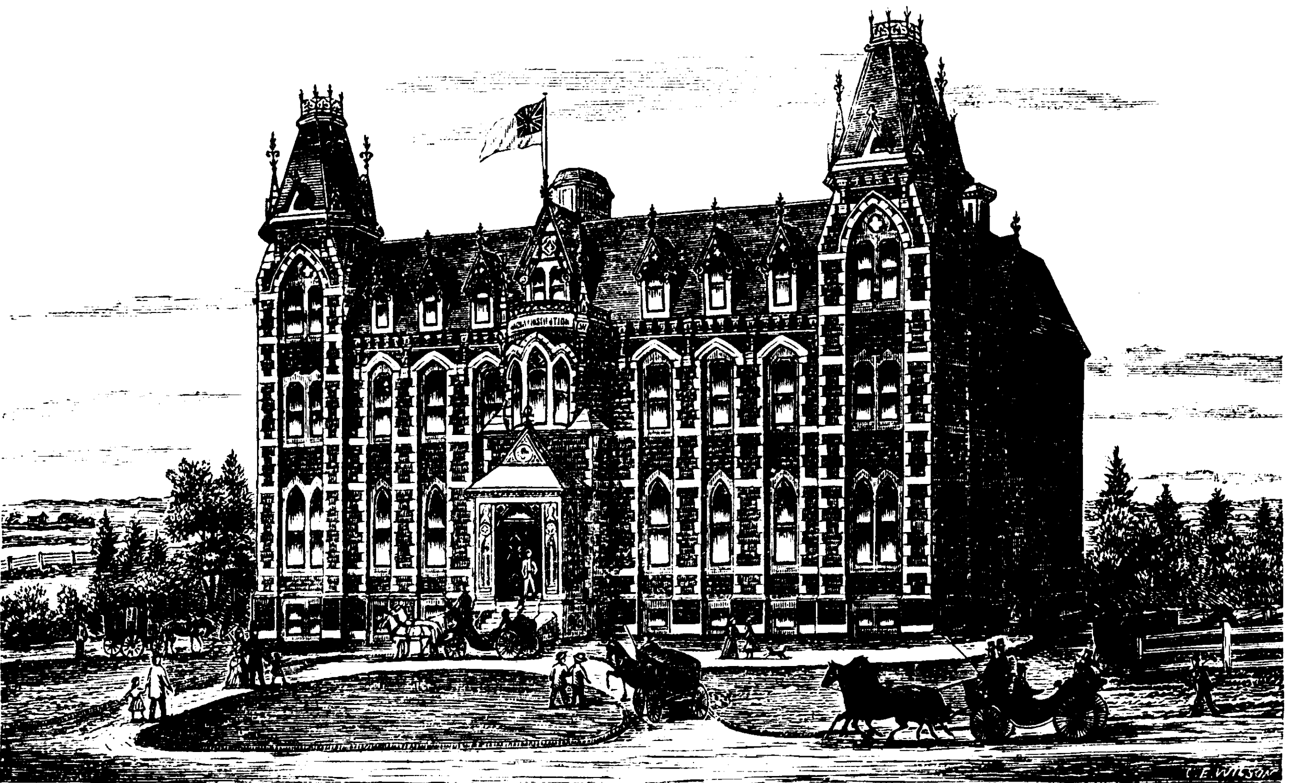
CHROMATIC WORK

(A VERY ATTRACTIVE STYLE OF PRINTING IN COLORS)

done at a small cost over plain black.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

"WITNESS" OFFICE.



THE MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF-MUTES.

New Dominion Monthly.

APRIL, 1878.

ASPIRATION.

" What Cyclopean force is this I feel,
Heaving the central fires within my heart ?
While full-orbed splendors round my spirit wheel,
And, gazing into vacant space, I start,
For seems a fair hand beckons me apart.
Oh, I will try,
Before I die,
To find a voice this mystery to reveal.

" Why do I seem to sit upon a cloud,
Wearing the crimson mantle of the sun,
Delighted when the wind-god shrieks aloud,
And raptured when the midnight thunder-gun
Tells where the nimble-footed lightnings run ?
Shall I not try
Ere age draw nigh
Some world-enticing poem to unshroud ?

" Why do the by-gone years, with accents cold,
Call to me through the darkness from their grave,
Till thinking on their dowry, tears are rolled
Down my wan cheeks ? I think of all they gave,
And all they stole from me, their fool and slave.
Earnestly I,
Henceforth will try
To sublimate my life to purest gold.

" And often while I dally with the Night,
Running my fingers through her raven hair,
There floats up to my shocked and tearful sight
An angel's face, transformed with pain and care

O, maiden! long beloved, I see you there,
But you and I
May never try
To braid our love into a zone of light.

"The organ of the Universe is played
By bards who strike the keys with master sweep,
Upon its music-waves I float, afraid,
Yet joyous, doubtful if to smile or weep,
And haunted by its sea of sound in sleep,
I wake to try—
A purpose high—
To earn the poet's crown before I fade.

"O, Heaven! while my spirit gladly sings,
Shape her vague tremblings to some useful end,
And purify my strange imaginings,
That when the better years which hither tend,
Pass on, I may be called Man's poet-friend,
Thus will I try,
Before I die
To shake the earth-dregs from my soaring wing."

So sang a poet by the harping sea,
And thick as white shells strewn upon the beach,
Fancies came thronging to him, wild and free,
And bade him limn their airy forms in speech;
But still he only sang with aimless reach,
"All things do cry
Pilgrim, try!
Thrill the tame world with sun-lit poesy."

Years rolled away, and by the sea-licked shore
The moonbeams quivered on a lonely mound;
The pilgrim-poet's turbulence was o'er,
And that secluded spot was holy ground;
For he with songs of wondrous love had crowned
Insulted Right;
And pure and bright
His verse illumed the sorrows of the poor.

He left behind him, though he knew it not,
A trail of glory on the world's highway,
And loving fingers now denote the spot
Where he was wont to build the witching lay,
And champions of mind, admiring, say,
"Nobly he tried,
Before he died,
To teach dull earth the majesty of thought."

GEO. MARTIN.

LIFE IN GLENSHIE.

BEING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ELIZABETH RAY, SCHOOL TEACHER.

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

Chapter VI.

I am with life at feud.
Jean Ingelow.

Jane Drennan left for her new place. Aunt, who was loth to part with her, hired a carriage and went with her to the Grange, to see her placed. Jane Geddes had not yet come, although I looked for her anxiously.

I had only been a few days at school when Mr. Caldwell, the teacher, took ill, and consequently there was no school. Aunt declared she was driven distracted with the noise and confusion. To get rid of the boys, she allowed them, with Walter and Anna, to go over to Aunt Mattie's to spend the day. I was kept at home to nurse baby Jamie.

After dinner, Jamie was asleep for a wonder, and I had found a book, and crept into the recess at the foot of the bed in the kitchen to rest and read a little while out of Aunt's sight. Uncle came into the kitchen, an unusual thing at that hour, and said to Aunt that he must buy potatoes, if there were none on the place better than those we had for dinner, for the men were complaining of them.

"They are wet in the garden this year," said Aunt, "whatever is the reason. If you could spare Arthur to go to the far field for some Cork-reds, they are always dry; we will try if they are any better."

"I will send him," said Uncle; "but do not keep him long."

"Bless the man, how he does talk!" said Aunt impatiently. "We are not so fond of that distinguished young gentleman of yours; we prefer his absence to his company any day."

In a few minutes the dark-eyed boy whom I have mentioned before came into the kitchen.

"Who is to pick up those potatoes, Mrs. Henderson?" he asked.

"Can you not pick them up yourself?" said Aunt impatiently.

"I can do so, of course," said Arthur, calmly. "I can dig the potatoes first, and pick them up afterwards, but you are aware it will take double the time. It is all one to me, but I'm wanted back again almost immediately to go to the Castle, and I cannot possibly be in two places at once."

"Well," said Aunt, "I suppose Elizabeth can go. See that you don't fool away your time, sir."

"Where are you, Elizabeth?" she said, looking round for me.

"Here, Aunt," I answered, coming out from my hiding-place.

"You will go with Arthur and pick up the potatoes for him. See that neither of you waste any time."

Arthur went to the barn and got a basket and spade, which he put into the wheelbarrow, and we set off up the lane towards the far field, Arthur wheeling the barrow.

"What is your name, your whole name?" he asked, as soon as we were clear of the gate.

"Elizabeth Loftus Ray," I answered.

"That's not much of a name. The

Rays are nobodies and the Loftuses are not much," he said, contemptuously. "My name is Arthur Augustus Egerton De Vere," and he threw up his head with pride after making this lofty announcement, at the same time watching how I felt about it; but I said nothing. It was not pleasant to me to hear the Rays rated so low. About the Loftuses I knew nothing, and therefore did not care so much.

"Do you feel the honor done to you when you are allowed to pick up potatoes to save me from dirtying my fingers?" He spoke quite gravely as if he meant every word he said.

"No, I do not," I said indignantly.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," I answered promptly. "You are Uncle's boy."

"That is my vile fate at present, but I will have you understand that I am the son of an officer and a gentleman, that in all the British empire there is no name more noble than mine. Do you now feel the honor of walking beside me and picking up potatoes for me?" He stopped the wheel-barrow and stood looking at me.

"No, I do not."

"Why, pray?"

"A name is not much. You cannot help your name. It is noble to *do* nobly."

"You need not lean so heavy on that *do*. *You* will never do much or be much."

I was getting angry, and I said hastily, "I am as good as you are."

"No, you are not, I tell you. You need not put yourself in a passion. Keep cool as I do. Nothing will alter the fact that you are only a tailor's clipping."

"A what?"

"Did you not hear? What an ignoramus you are! I mean that you are the insignificant daughter of a tailor, who is the ninth part of a man, and of no account in the universe."

"I am not the daughter of a tailor," I said, almost crying. "My fathe was a minister, and he was good; but he is dead now." I forced back the tears; I could not bear to cry before this cruel boy.

"It is no matter what you were once; it's what you are now is the question," he said, watching my face keenly as he spoke. "You are a daughter of this house now, and therefore a tailor's daughter."

"Uncle is not a tailor," I objected; "he is a clothier."

"Uncle is so a tailor," he answered. "All the water in the sea would not wash the name off him."

"Well, it's no harm."

"It is harm to be anything so odious."

"You will be one yourself."

"No, I will not, so there now. The shears are not made that will cut me out for a tailor, nor the goose hatched that will press me into one."

I thought I would talk to him no more, and I walked along silently.

"Why don't you speak?" he demanded at length.

"I have nothing to say," I answered.

"Find something to say then, when I bid you," he said, as if he were getting angry very fast.

"Is it far to the field?" I asked. I was getting afraid of this boy, and he knew it.

"Whose field?" he enquired

"Uncle's field," I said.

"Oh, you simpleton! It is your Aunt's field. All the fields are hers and every thing else."

"Everything Aunt's?"

"Of course. Don't you know this is the old Ray homestead? There were only two children of the Rays, your father and your precious aunt. He went off to be a preacher, and she kept by the property. She was an heiress on a small scale, and your uncle married her for her inheritance. I wonder how many times a day he repents!"

I did not think it right to listen to this dreadful boy, but how could I help

it ? "You should not speak that way of Aunt," I said, in feeble remonstrance. "She is your mistress."

"She is not my mistress ; there now, do you hear that ? There is not a woman born, or ever will be born, to be my mistress, much less your aunt, who is a cross old she-cat. Do you know what is your uncle's nick-name ?"

I was so cowardly I never thought of refusing to answer what he asked when he turned his bright, black eyes on me, so I told him that Jane said his men called him the Steam Packet.

"Is it Jane Drennan who said that ?" he asked.

"No, Jane Geddes."

"Who is she ?"

"Our girl. She is nice. She is coming here soon."

"Is she ? Well, your Uncle has a better name than that."

"What is it ?"

"Danger ! When we're larking, whoever sees him first cries, Danger."

"It is not right to call names."

"Don't you begin to preach, mind, like that poor-spirited muff, John Symmons. He loves old Danger, and feels it his duty to be faithful to him, the owl that he is !"

"Do you not like Uncle ?"

"Like him ? Well, that is a joke ! No, I don't ; I hate him. He is the keeper of the Bastile, and I am a State prisoner ; but he'll soon die, however, and I'll make my escape."

"You are not telling the truth now," I said. "You cannot tell when any one will die."

"I know when he'll die, for all that. It will be soon, too. He has a beast or a worm or something growing inside of his head. John Symmons says so, and he always tells the truth. That's what makes old Danger snort and puff the way he does. The beast is always trying to choke him, or pull out his eyes. And John Symmons is pitiful of heart, and this alarming fact makes him mosey after him like a tame jackdaw to show how sorry he is."

Arthur spoke gravely, as if what he said admitted of no doubt in the world. I felt the tears come into my eyes with pity, though I was inclined to think that this terrible boy told these stories to frighten me.

"Did you notice old Barney ?" said he, getting away from the pitiful subject of Uncle's probable death.

"Who is he ?" I asked.

"That old duffer with the grey head," he answered.

"Oh, the old gentleman who speaks so softly ?"

"Yes, that's old Barney. He once had a big trade of his own—was rich—kept a shop full of men working for him. He was good to his men, too, so Scrieven Doyle says. When Scrieven came here to work first (he was taken on in a throng time) and saw old Barney here, he was a little sprung—drunk, you know—and he began to cry this way." Arthur dropped the wheel-barrow that he had only just taken up, and began to mimic this Doyle, in his drunken grief and astonishment, staggering, propping himself against an imaginary wall, with his cap over one eye, in the most approved drunken fashion. "'Gentlemen, journeymen tailors, here is a come down. Boo-hoo ! Oh, what a fall is here, my country-men ! Boo-hoo ! Him that lived in style ! Him that had three steps up to his hall door—a green door with a brass knocker ! Boo-hoo-oo ! This was the man that fed his men with the beef with a white selvage ! Boo-hoo-oo-oo !'"

Arthur suddenly stopped his howl, and took hold of the wheelbarrow, saying to me, "Come on—don't keep me here all day."

"How did Mr. Logue get poor ?" I asked, as we went along.

"He drank like a fish ; so did his wife. They had two daughters—pretty girls, they say. One died, the other did worse—ran away and married a

Protestant," said Arthur, with a grin. "They had to drink to comfort themselves, and they drank till they were as poor as a pair of Job's turkeys. At last they had but one sixpence in the world, which Barney had fished out of his old vest pocket, and they held a council whether to buy drink or get some breakfast with it. Mrs. Logue was pious, and she said, 'Barney, dear, get half a pint, and the Lord will send us our breakfast.'"

"And did He? Did they get any breakfast?"

"What do I know? Do you think the Lord has nothing to do but send breakfasts to the like of them? As if they deserved any breakfast!"

"Oh, but they were hungry, if they were wrong, and He makes His sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sends rain on the just and the unjust."

"Oh, you needn't pelt me with Scripture texts that you don't understand a bit, though you are a Manse chicken. He has plenty of sunshine and rain to spare, if He does sow them broadcast. It would be different to go and work a miracle specially to give a breakfast to Barney and his wife because they were hungry. Serve them right to be hungry—drunken beasts."

"Where is Mrs. Logue now?" I asked.

"Dead, and in her grave, and all her bones are rotten."

"Please, don't talk that way," I said.

"Please, I will, for it is true. After she died your uncle got him to be foreman. He keeps pretty straight, but breaks out now and then and is lost. Danger hunts him up and brings him back; and, my eye, doesn't he catch it from his sweet-tempered Missus every time he goes off on his labor of love! And old Barney is so penitent, so humble, so useful and polite,—it is quite refreshing till he tumbles into temptation again, and has to be fished out and brought back."

"Poor man! And does Aunt not like him?"

"'She feels for him,' to use Miss Jane Drennan's elegant and forcible language, 'only intense and unmitigated disgust.' As I would say, 'She hates him as Beelzebub hates holy water.' She likes old Riley Carrol, though, and he's the greatest rascal unhung, but, like the elegant and much-regretted Miss Drennan, he has the measure of her right foot."

"Which is Riley Carrol?"

"That fat old fellow in fustian who sings."

"Yes, I know. I hear him singing psalms. I like to hear him."

"Oh, yes, you like the psalms; you can join him in singing, 'I die with hunger here, he cries, I starve in a foreign land,' because you are a black-mouthed Presbyterian yourself, as well as he is."

"Is he a Presbyterian?" said I, feeling a sudden interest in him.

"He is, the old sinner, in spite of his Papist name a Carrickfergus Presbyterian. I am English Church, the only church fit for an officer and a gentleman," said Arthur, drawing himself up proudly.

"No one will think you a Presbyterian," I said, "when you don't know the difference between a psalm and a paraphrase."

"I don't want to know either. But about old Riley—he was a gentleman once—not a tradesman like Barney, but a real gentleman. He had, and has still, property about Carrickfergus, but it does him no good—fellows he owes manage to get his rents, and here he is stitching to keep body and soul together."

"How could he become a tailor when he did not learn when he was young?"

"He had a talent that way. My, that's nothing! There was a king once that stitched for fun—embroidered petticoats for the Virgin. Why shouldn't he stitch? It is all he can do, and he

must do something. He is not much good at it either."

"How did he lose his property?"

"Drink, of course, and gambling, and horse-racing and such like innocent amusements. But here's the potato field, and there's John Ferris, who was not made of the dust of the earth but cut out of a dry stick, stooking up the oats over there."

He began to dig the potatoes in a leisurely way, giving orders in plenty to me about picking them up, continuing his wonderful revelations all the time.

"Pick fast now. These are earth apples—*pommes de terre*. Pick them up quickly.

> 'The beautiful fruit that grows at the root
> Is the real gold of Ireland.'

"Would you like me to tell you of the solitary comfort that gilds the existence of old Riley?"

"What is it?"

"Dancing with the Marchioness."

"What Marchioness?"

"The Marchioness of Donegal."

"He never does! You should not tell me stories—it is not right."

"Do you think I would tell stories? I never do anything unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman, so I never tell stories. The dancing is a solemn fact. Old Riley is a Roman citizen—that is, he is a freeholder. His property is entailed, that is, he has only a life interest in it, therefore he has a vote that he cannot trade off for grog. Whenever election time comes round, if it is to be sharply contested, Lord Riley notifies the Marchioness of his whereabouts. She sends a decent shop suit of black, and a covered car to bring him along. Old Riley sheds the fustian, gets into the black clothes, and is a gentleman again. He votes for member, sits at the head of one of the tables at the election dinner, and does the honors. He opens the election ball, with the Marchioness as his partner. Next day he goes on the spree, pawns his clothes, and comes back to his stitching in rags.

The last time he came home from high life he wasn't quite sobered off, and he mistook your aunt for his old housekeeper, and ordered her to bring his boat cloak, and wanted to put Nat at the back of the fire for laughing at him. It was a lark!—and to see your aunt's indignation was jolly. When he came to himself he was as penitent as Barney himself, the old prodigal!"

"It is a great pity of him."

"It is no pity at all of him, you goose. Why does he do such things, and what is it to you?"

I was silent, and picked up the potatoes as fast as I could—as fast as Arthur shoveled them out.

After a little while he said, "If you pity old Barney and Riley so much, how much do you pity Doyle?"

"Which is Doyle?"

"The big black man that looks like Cain after he got the mark,—that is Scrieven Doyle."

"Scrieven is an odd name."

"It isn't a name, its a nickname."

"What does it mean?"

"It means that he's the wickedest man in the world,"

"Why, what has he done?"

"What has he not done?"

"Has he killed anybody?"

"He may have and eaten them too, for aught I know or care. It is not unlikely he would do anything. I'll tell you one little performance of his. When he was paid off once he had a new suit of clothes and some money. He went on the spree. When he had drank all his money, he went on the market house steps in Ballymena and auctioned off all his clothes to get the money to drink."

"All his clothes?"

"Yes, all his clothes, and then walked home naked to his lodging-house. The police would have taken him up, only they thought he was the ourang-outang escaped from the menagerie, or the king of the Cannibal Islands."

"I do not believe you are telling the truth. Uncle Tom would not keep such a bad man in the house."

"As if your Uncle knew!" said he, scornfully. "What a softy you are! They are sober when they're here. It is when they are paid, and go off to Ballymena, that they cut up shines."

I was silent again, and picked up the potatoes, hoping we would soon be done and go home again.

"How do you like to carry Jamie, and sing the hundredth psalm?" he said, after a little while.

"I don't sing the hundredth psalm," I replied.

"Yes you do—the tune, I mean. You sing it to all sorts of words as you go trotting up and down that dark hall with the 'wee corbie,' as old Jack calls him, in your arms. Do you like to nurse?"

"I like Jamie," I said, evading the question.

"I don't. He's too like old Mattie; he's no cannie. I know what I would do with him if I had my will."

"What would you do with him?"

"I would rake out the fire, and take him on a shovel and put him behind it. If he is a fairy changeling—and I'm sure he is—he would fly up the chimney,—of course he would, for he's no earthly child."

"But if he's not a fairy changeling what would happen?"

"Oh, then he would get singed, I suppose."

"I don't think you mean all you say. I hope you do not."

"You need not hope any such thing. My difficulty is to be able to say all I do mean. I generally mean more than I say."

We had now all the potatoes we wanted. Arthur put the basket into the wheel-barrow, turned down on the top of the potatoes, and the spade beside it, and we started for home. When we got into the lane Arthur stopped to rest, and sat down on one of the handles of the wheel-barrow, and looked at me steadfastly.

"I am sorry you are not handsome," he said, at length.

"Am I not handsome?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, no. You are ugly."

"Why do you wish me to be handsome? Maybe I will grow handsome yet," I said, hopefully.

"No, no, you never will in the world," said Arthur decidedly. "If you had been handsome you would have been my sweetheart. And when I get away from here, and am a soldier and an officer, as my father was, and go to the wars, you could stay at home and pray for me."

"I might surely pray for you, although you do not think me handsome. If you went to the wars I would pray for you if you wished. I would like to—it would not be much trouble."

In imagination I saw him starting away for the wars, and I did think he needed to be prayed for.

"Yes, you might,—that's true. I never thought of that. You might love me in vain, think of me and pray for me, and die of a broken heart; that would be nice."

"I don't think that would be nice at all," I said, not relishing this melancholy prospect, not having as high an opinion of Arthur as he had of himself either. "I think," I went on, "it would be very foolish to die that way. I don't think I would love you—not much anyway—because you frighten me."

"Oh, that's nothing—you would get over that; but you cannot get over being ugly."

"Papa did not think me ugly," I said, "and papa knew."

"Pooh! What of that? That's a way fathers have. They always think their children ever so nice. My father thought me nice; nobody else does."

"Is your father dead?"

"Yes, and everybody that cared for me is dead,—every one that should

have stayed alive to take care of me, or I wouldn't be here. I don't care, I'll take care of myself."

"Have you nobody—no friend, I mean?"

"Oh, yes, I'm the son of my aunt—my precious, dearly beloved and longed-for aunt."

"Do you like her?"

"Do you like your aunt? Don't trouble yourself to answer. I can read your expressive face. I wish my aunt and yours were harnessed together, and driven by Giant Despair to the end of the world, and made to jump off into space, among the horns of old moons and the tails of worn-out comets—and never turn up again."

I did not answer him, although I was sorry for him. Happening to look down the lane, we both saw my aunt standing at the gate looking up, shading her eyes with her hand. Arthur jumped up, and seized the handles of the wheel-barrow, saying, "Talk of the—of his sooty majesty, or any of his female relatives, and they will be altogether likely to file their appearance. Now there will be a shindy! You will have to dance the reel of Bogie to your aunt's music, Miss Elizabeth."

I did not know what he meant, but I supposed Aunt would be angry with us for staying so long.

"Well," said Arthur, after reflecting a little while, "will you be my humble friend?"

"I will, if you will only hurry," I said, trembling. "I am afraid Aunt will be angry."

"You need not be afraid; you may be sure she will, and I don't feel inclined to hurry myself to avoid what is sure to come anyway. Say you will be my friend."

"I do not think there can be any harm in that. Yes, I will."

"Well, touch thumbs on it?"

"Why?"

"If we touch thumbs we will have made a bargain to be friends for ever and ever."

"I don't want to touch your thumb. Maybe I would not like to be friends with you for ever and ever."

"You had better, for if you do not I'll suppose that you intend tattling to your aunt about me. If you did do such a thing I would be sure to find you out, and I would get up in the night and murder you."

"Will you be sure that I will tell nothing if I touch your thumb?"

"Yes, of course. If you told anything after doing that your thumb would rot off."

"Well, I would not tell anyway. I will touch your thumb if you like. It can do no harm."

I touched Arthur's brown thumb with an inward resolve that I would keep as far as possible from my new friend in the future.

When we arrived at home, Arthur wheeled the barrow into the yard with a business air, and walked into the kitchen to report himself.

"Here are the potatoes, Mrs. Henderson," he said, gravely.

"Where have you been all this time?" said Aunt, sharply. "I understood you were in a hurry."

"I was up at the field for potatoes, and I have brought them. I also thought I hurried as much as was possible under the circumstances."

Aunt turned from him with a hopeless expression, and he walked out of the kitchen.

Aunt turned to me. "Come here, Elizabeth."

I went over and stood before her like a culprit, struggling hard to keep hold of the assurance that I had done nothing wrong.

"What were you about all this time?" she asked of me, with a very angry face.

"We were getting the potatoes, Aunt," I answered.

"Nonsense! You might have dug half the potatoes in the field since you

went. Were you as busy as you could be? Did you hurry as much as possible?"

"No, Aunt," I said, timidly.

"What were you about all the rest of the time?"

"We were not doing anything else."

"What were you doing when I looked up the lane?"

"Arthur was resting."

"Why did you not leave him then, and come home yourself?"

I might have done so, I acknowledged mentally, but I had never thought of it. I answered in a whisper, "I don't know; I didn't think."

"You don't know! What were you talking about all the time?"

Here was just the question I dare not answer. It was not the danger to my thumb or the midnight vengeance which Arthur threatened that frightened me, but his astonishing revelations were so dreadful, if no honour bound me, I dare not repeat them to my angry aunt, so I stood before her silent, with a very red face.

"Do you hear me?" said aunt, sharply.

"Yes, ma'am?" I whispered.

"Do you intend to answer me?"

I was still silent.

"I will take the stubbornness out of you," said aunt, rising. She went out and returned with a stout rod in her hand. I knew what it meant, and I had never been beaten before in my life. My turn for being whipped in school had not come yet.

"I ask you for the last time, Elizabeth, what were you talking about?" She was angry, very angry. Her determination to subdue it made her speak low, but every word vibrated through me. I thought in desperation of saying, "It is none of your busines;" then I thought, what would mamma think of such a rude speech? I knew an answer of that kind would not mend matters much, even if I had courage to utter it. It flashed through my mind how Aunt would feel if I were to repeat to her Arthur's not very flattering description of the household at large; then I wondered how I could think of anything but Aunt's anger.

"You intend to defy me," said Aunt, in a low tone of concentrated anger, "but I will subdue you if you were as firm as Morne Mountains."

I knew well enough that my silence was exasperating my aunt, but what could I do? I saw no way of escape. I could do nothing but stand there and be beaten like a dog, and Aunt did beat me as if she intended to break me to pieces. She seemed to get more angry as she whipped, as if she were paying off the old grudge she held against both my mother and myself. When the rod was all broken to pieces, neither her strength nor her anger were exhausted. She seemed determined to whip me into submission, for she looked round for something to replace the broken rod, and caught up a hearth-brush handle. Instinctively I put up my hand to ward off the blow I saw coming, and caught a sharp stroke across the back of it, and with a loud scream, I dropped on the floor. I saw Uncle Tom wrench the brush-handle out of Aunt's hand, asking, "Do you want a strait jacket?" while Aunt turned on him furiously, asking how he dared to interfere. She then caught me up by the arm, threw me into the bed, drew the check curtains, and left me to darkness and repentance.

I was tingling all over with pain and anger, and cried such tears as I had never shed before, not even when my father died. I remembered bitterly what my aunt had said in the Manse at Grey Abbey. I knew then that she disliked me for my mother's sake, and I felt her dislike in every fibre of my body—and returned it—and then I was in her power for ever.

I wondered if my father, in happiness, knew how I had been treated—if he would think I had not deserved to be

beaten. He would understand that I could not avoid hearing what the boy said, and that it would not have been honorable for me to tell. My hand was swollen much and pained dreadfully. I thought it must be broken. When I had cried myself into quietness, and lay bemoaning my sorrows silently for I do not know how long, the curtains parted, and old Uncle Jack's one bright eye peered in at me.

"Wae's me lassie! Have ye been dour an' gotten yer paiks for't? But ye'll be a guid wee lass the noo an' stap greetin'. Here's an unco nice buik till ye I brocht it in ma pouch. Wattie said ye were clean daft ower buiks. Noo be a wise-like bairn, and dinna greet any mair, an dinna be dour, like a guid bairn, tae vex yer aunt."

"Thank you, sir." I said in a shamed whisper, wondering much that old Uncle Jack would be so kind to me.

The curtains were closed again, and shut out the funny thin face with its one bright eye. After a while Walter came to me, and pitied and kissed me, and I was comforted. As long as my bright little brother was left to me I could not feel entirely alone. He brought out of his pocket a piece of soft potato cake, with sliced apples baked in it. It was all crushed up, and not very attractive looking after being so long in his pocket along with slate pencils, strings and marbles, but I thought only of the love that brought it.

"It is apple fadge," said Walter; "Aunt Mattie gave it to me. It is nice; there is sugar in it. She told me to eat it all myself but I did not; I kept this piece for you."

Aunt called Walter away, telling him I must be left to darkness and penitence. I had no supper, and after a while I forgot my sorrow in sleep. I was awakened by some one kissing me softly, and opened my eyes on the rosy face of Jane Geddes. She had arrived while I was asleep It was now late, and the rest of the family were gone to bed. I did not realize how lonely and sorrowful I had been until I saw her face, and then wept out all my sorrows in her arms.

When she was helping me to undress, because I was so sleepy and tired, and sore as well, she discovered my bruised hand. She was indignant at Aunt before, but now she was so angry that I had a great deal to do to pacify her and get her to promise to say nothing about it. She got a piece of old linen from Bella and bound up my hand, putting vinegar from the cruet on it. Jane slept with Bella and me in the kitchen bed. I had never felt so happy behind its check curtains as when I crept into Jane's arms and knew I had one now who loved me, who would take my part, who was herself a part of my own home. Jane had heard from Aunt why I was beaten. "Why did you not answer your aunt?" she asked.

"I could not, Jane. The boy made fun of Aunt and every one in the house. I could not tell that. He's not a nice boy, and he made me promise not to tell. Besides papa said it was not honorble to repeat what we heard."

"Poor abused lamb!" said Jane, "you will miss your papa, and your own quiet home. For peace sake, you must ask your aunt's pardon for vexing her. Your papa would wish you to do so if he were here."

In the morning I went to do so, but Aunt was busy, and would not listen to me, told me to run away with myself out of her way. She never asked why my hand was bound up. I thought she was sorry she had beaten me down in her heart, because for a while she was as kind to me as to Walter, but she never said anything more about the matter.

CHAPTER VII.

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.
LONGFELLOW.

I found life at Enbridge more endurable after Jane Geddes came. She smoothed many a rough place for me, engineered me round many a difficulty, kept me out of the way of many a scrape into which I would have run with heedless steps. She kept me from being troubled by my new friend, Arthur, of the high-sounding name.

He sometimes, at dinner or passing through the kitchen, held up his brown thumb with a solemn glance, to remind me of the covenant between us and the penalty of breaking it; but Jane took care that I was not sent with him to pick potatoes again, or to do anything else, so by degrees my terror of him wore off.

Household matters also went on more smoothly after Jane came. Aunt was not so much worried and therefore was not so often impatient and angry.

I still nursed baby Jamie evenings and mornings, but I went to school pretty regularly, always going and returning hand in hand with Walter. After school I saw little of him, for he was off playing with Nat and Tom, while baby Jamie claimed my attention as soon as I entered the house, so that I seldom knew what play meant. I comforted myself with reading whenever he consented to go asleep.

When I got time to examine the book old Uncle Jack gave me, I found it was the "Life of Lorenzo Dow," written by his wife, Peggy Dow. I do not know how I would like this book now—I found it delightful then.

It told of a man acquainted with God and working for Him, and God was on his side so that everything worked for good to him. He had no money and no settled home, but his Lord was rich and supplied his need. Nothing could hurt him; he did not feel unkindness or insult, because he cared for nothing that man could do unto him, cared only for his work, and that God prospered in his hands. And he loved the poor people and wanted them to be saved and made good.

I wondered that I had never heard of him before among the other good men.

I thought he was a little like Jane Geddes in his belief in his dreams, and dependence on signs and wonders. I knew my father would have said to him—as he often did to Jane, "I perceive you are too superstitious." Still I thought I would like to be like him patient under wrong, and forgiving towards those who were unjust to me. I particularly longed to get into more loving relations with Aunt Henderson. As far back as I could remember, before ever I heard her conversation with dear good mamma, the thought was in my heart that Aunt disliked me. I knew that she was the only person I both disliked and feared. I began to think more kindly of her, and to believe that perhaps I might overcome her dislike to me by being loving and tender with her. I thought of this a good deal, and longed to try, but there seemed always a difficulty in bringing down my theory to the level of practice. The first time I tried was when Annie was ill of inflammation of the lungs.

She was very ill indeed, and Aunt was beside herself with grief and apprehension. For once the housekeeping and the fields were neglected, as far as Aunt was concerned; John Harris was left to the freedom of his own will, to his great delight, for, "nae guid comes o' women's guiding," was his opinion. Jane Geddes looked after everything that was inside of the house, out of John's department, and did it quietly and well.

It touched my heart to see Aunt's grief, for it was very great. One night, when Annie was at the worst, I was sent to the doctor's for some medicine, because I happened to be in the way. Coming back in the dark, I found Aunt in the hall, weeping and wringing her hands and utterly beside herself with

grief. Aunt was not much of a nurse, and she could not bear to look at her child's suffering when she could not relieve it.

"Oh, my little child, my little child!" she moaned. "Never to see your dear face, never to hear your voice, or the sound of your feet coming in to me after school!"

I should have respected Aunt's grief and passed her in silence, but I was sorry for her, and blundered into a trial of my new theory of sympathy, so I went close to her, touched her timidly and said, "Don't cry, Aunt,—Annie may get well."

Poor Aunt! she was always cross with me, and now only saw in me a spy on her abandonment of grief. She gave me a smart slap, and told me to go into the house, and not come prying and spying after her. "There's no fear of your dying in a hurry; no such good news as that," she said.

Annie got better, however, and Aunt indulged her very much, she was so thankful to receive her back from the gates of death. I made no further trial of offering my sympathy to purchase Aunt's friendship.

I do not know how long it was by weeks and months that Jane Drennan remained at the Grange, but one day she arrived suddenly, bag and baggage. According to her story she was a most injured piece of innocence. Mr. and Mrs. Beverly (especially Mrs. Beverly) were the most unreasonable tyrants ever known out of history. The children were perfect imps of wickedness. The servants unprincipled and lying, and wickedly leagued against poor Jane. The thought of Aunt's goodness had been always present to her mind, and the hypocrisy and deceit in the Rev. Beverly's family were too much for her conscience to endure, not to speak of the effect their unkindness had on her tender heart. So Jane returned to Aunt Henderson's, like the dove to the ark, because she found no rest for the sole of her foot anywhere else.

Arthur saluted her with the old saying, "You're back again, like a bad penny."

The great Napoleon is reported to have said, "The earth will not bear two suns, nor Europe two kings." If he had been at Uncle Henderson's he would have said that the kitchen could not bear two Janes.

Jane Geddes was so nice, and such a good manager at Grey Abbey, and she was so fond of us and so good to us that we naturally were sure she could do no wrong. I was surprised and sorry to find that she seemed always in the wrong now. She was a little hot-tempered, and, as she said, "would not submit to be put upon," as if the creepie stool of her great namesake ran in her blood. Jane Drennan was not high tempered, but always sweet, always nice, always in a perfect frame of mind. She held her head to one side, smiled and spoke softly, as one afraid to offend, and was abjectly soft and conciliatory with Jane Geddes, who called her a snake and a serpent, and declared that she hated cat-footed women purring round her. She said she loved Jane Geddes from the first moment she saw her, and only differed with her through kindness and for her own good. "Indeed I don't differ with her at all," she said to Aunt mildly; "she differs with me." According to Jane Drennan, she was stretching out loving hands to her namesake all the time in vain. In every dispute in the kitchen, Jane Drennan was sweet and loving, gentle and kind, and Jane Geddes was boiling over in spirits of irrepressible wrath.

These passages of arms became so frequent and so violent that it was apparent one or other must leave for peace sake, and the question was which one. If the matter had been decided by universal suffrage, Jane Drennan would have been voted out by an overwhelming majority, but she knew how

to manage Aunt, and Aunt managed the household; so Jane Geddes, honest faithful, passionate Jane was defeated, and I lost my protector.

One day in school Mr. Caldwell was very cross with all the scholars generally, and with me more than any one, because I had objected to learn the Church Catechism. I had been well drilled in the Shorter Catechism by my mamma, and I did not think it was right to make me learn any other. I think Mr. Caldwell could not help it,—I think teaching the Church Catechism was one of the duties of his situation, as all the scholars learned it; but he was fond of authority and very irritable, and could not bear one of his scholars to hesitate a moment in obeying his orders; so when I said to him, "Mr. Caldwell, I would rather not learn the Church Catechism," he could hardly believe his ears.

"What is that you say?" he roared, and I, shaking in every limb, repeated what I had said before. He reached down his rattan, and asked me quietly what objection I had to learning it.

I stole a look at him, frightened by the change in his voice, and saw that he was white with anger. I was terribly frightened and blundered out, "Because I do not believe it is true." I know he thought me bold and defiant, but the words, truly what I thought, were forced from me by fear.

"Pray, Miss Ray," he said, with fearful politeness, "point out what you consider untrue."

I was dreadfully perplexed and terrified, but I never thought of evading the question. "It is not true that baptism makes us members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven," I said in a low voice.

"Indeed! You are quite a theologian. Pray what is your version of the matter?"

I was at home in answering this question; I said, "The Spirit applieth to us the redemption purchased by Christ, by working faith in us, and thereby uniting us to Christ in our effectual calling."

I stood trembling in the silence that followed the sound of my own voice, but just then deliverance came, for a knock came to the door, and Mr. Caldwell laying down the rattan stopped my examination to go to the door. He was anticipated by a boy near the door who opened it and turned to say, "Person to see the little Rays, if you please, sir."

"Walter and Elizabeth, go to the door," said the master, seating himself at his desk again.

We walked down the school to the door, followed by envious glances from all the rest of the scholars. At the door we found Jane Geddes.

"Oh Jane," I said, "you came just in time to save me from a whipping; I think the Lord sent you."

"I will never save you again," said Jane, beginning to cry, "for I am going away. I came to bid you goodbye."

I could only say, "Oh Jane, must you go? must you go? Has Aunt sent you away?"

"I am sending myself away, dear," said Jane, her pride shining through her tears. "I cannot stay in the same house with that—that cobra, that's what she is, if ever there was one." Jane paused with a kind of satisfaction in the new title she had found for her enemy; she thought it fitting and expressive.

I stood silent,—I had no words to express my dismay. Walter broke in; "I say, Jane, I wouldn't go to please her, stay with 'Lizbeth and me."

"One of us must go, darling," she said, hugging him close and kissing him fondly. "I used to be able to keep my temper, but she has such an art of provoking, that I get angry before I know what I'm doing, and while I am in a tearing passion, she is as calm as a dove on her nest en-

joying it. Oh, the alligator!"—Jane stopped and shook her fist at her absent enemy.

"Why do you heed the old thing?" asked Walter.

"She got at me to-day," Jane went on, not heeding Walter, "hinting and insinuating, as if she knew something very bad about me, if she chose to tell it. I do believe she could make your Aunt think I had murdered someone, or done worse, the base liar that she is. I told her before your Aunt if she had anything to say to speak out. I said, 'For my part I hope I will never be so far left to myself as to scheme and plan to do mischief continually as you do.'

"'Don't compare yourself with me, if you please,' she said in her nasty white-livered way. 'I have spared you ever since you came here, but if you provoke me, I won't spare you much longer.'

"'Why won't I compare myself with you? I don't do it. I would rather die than be like you; for you are a wicked hypocrite?'

"'I'll have to bear what you say, if there's no one to take my part,' says she, her thin face all on edge with venom. 'But mind, I'll not let you compare yourself to me, and stand it quietly. Though I'm reduced now and dependent on my good cousin's kindness, I'm as far above you as Heaven is above—above the other place,'" said Jane, with a sob—even in her grief and rage she did not wish to mention that awful word before the minister's children.

"Don't fret, Jane," I said, with a poor attempt at consolation; "I wouldn't mind Jane Drennan the least bit. Let her say what she likes. I think she is real bad; but don't leave us,—what would we do without you?"

"I must leave you, dears. Your Aunt,—the Lord forgive her,—said to me, 'I do think you had better go, Jane; I cannot have such language in the kitchen,'—as if I had said one ill word—'we never had such scenes before you came.'"

"I was hot enough, but I cooled down whenever she said that, and the only answer I made was, 'Very well, Mrs. Henderson, and the sooner the better!' So I'm on my way to Ballymena to take the coach in the morning. The carter will bring my box. But, oh, my lamb! my lamb! I'm leaving you among wolves. Walter is, in a sense, among his own people, but they have a strange breath to you. Dear child, remember the God of your father, and ask Him to take your part. I'm not what I should be, I know, but I will ask God to look after you for your father's sake. He was, I believe, a man after God's own heart, as much as ever David was."

So with many kisses and caresses, Jane left us. Her dear, kind, ruddy face was the last vestige of my old happy home. I fretted after Jane as much as after leaving Grey Abbey, but Walter did not feel it as I did; he was more at home.

I do not like to look back upon the time that passed immediately after Jane Geddes left. I never had been able to please Aunt by any means; it was worse now, for Jane Drennan seemed to take a cruel pleasure in stirring her up against me. I was blamed for everything done amiss, because they said it was so like me; blamed and punished, blamed and punished, as regularly as the days went on. Uncle Tom was not unkind to me, but he never interfered to protect me. He seemed to have dismissed us both from his mind altogether. This was the time when I began to call upon the name of the Lord. I had prayed before as a duty, said my prayers,—I liked to pray, to think myself one of Christ's lambs. I thought I loved God, because of papa's and mamma's teaching. I had heard of Him with the hearing of the ear and took it for granted that I was

a good girl, that I loved Him as He loved me, but this experience fitted the calm, secure, shelter of my father's house. My religion failed me now, I was not very sure about my loving God, or being a good girl; indeed I felt very bad sometimes. I felt a need of Him in my helplessness that I never felt before.

A strong sense of injustice swelled in my heart. I wanted God to judge between Jane Drennan, Aunt and myself. I wanted Him to pity me and take my part, but I felt so bad that I know I did not deserve that He should do so. I thought if I could get very near to God I had a pretty long complaint to make, and I thought that He would help me, perhaps, for my father's sake.

In that large household I was alone and apart, a solitary child, that never got a word of approval or tenderness but what came from my bright little brother,—and how I did idolize him!

It did very much increase my dislike to Jane Drennan when Walter said to me one day, "Are you my half sister, 'Lisbeth? Jane Drennan says you are."

"I am all the sister you have, Walter dear," I answered. "You will not call me a half-sister, will you?"

"But are you my half-sister?" persisted Walter, who always wanted to get to the bottom of things.

"Indeed I am not," said I, indignantly; "that's more of Jane Drennan's lies."

"That's bad talk you are using, Elizabeth," said my cousin Annie, who was in the kitchen with us at the time; "I'll tell mamma on you, and you'll catch it, my lady."

"I don't care," I said angrily. "I don't care one bit; I said nothing but the truth."

"Well, you did not," said Annie, "for you are nothing but his half-sister; and mamma says your mother was a strange woman, a Moabitish woman, like the bad people in the Bible. She had an O to her name too, like Dan O'Connell. Pah!" and Annie turned up her nose with the greatest disgust.

I had been thinking of God, and praying to Him for help and pity a few minutes before this, but I forgot God under the provocation of my mother's insulted memory, and flew at Annie and slapped her face with all my puny might, and my rage increasing as I gave it vent, I caught a handful of her long brown hair, and gave it a savage pull.

Annie's screams brought Aunt to the rescue from one direction, and Jane Drennan from another. Aunt's first care was to take my fingers out of Annie's curls, and she then gave me such a push as sent me staggering against the opposite wall. She had a rod and was standing over me before I recovered myself. The anger in my heart cast out fear, and I said, "You're a wicked woman, and I hope my father sees you." The rod fell out of Aunt's hand, and she walked out of the kitchen without a word, leading Annie with her, and calling Walter after her. He kissed me first, and whispered, "Don't be angry, 'Lisbeth; you are my sister, and I love you; I hate Aunt." And he followed Aunt out of the kitchen, and I was left alone to pray if I could.

How wicked I felt after they left the kitchen, how far away from God! It seemed to me that I need not stretch out my hands to Him any more, for I had slipped down far below the place where He hears prayer to answer it. Bella Wiley tried to stop my tears with comforting words, not knowing the reason why I cried so bitterly. I had to stay in the kitchen all the rest of the day and bear my disgrace. The disgrace was not much to me,—I was in disgrace so often that I did not mind it; but I had a deeper sorrow, remorse for my own wickedness. I always had a feeling that my father watched over me, and the thought of my misconduct distressing him in the happiness of heaven was too dreadful. I was sent to bed

early, and lay awake behind the check curtains, for the first time in my life thinking more of my sins than my sorrows. I could not go to sleep, but lay staring into the bit of darkness that was fenced in by the check curtains. When the house got quieted down in the still night till I could hear the clock ticking on the lobby, I felt God's eyes piercing the darkness to me and looking through me. Everything of my quarrel with Annie came before me. Annie's words, that had provoked me so at the time, faded into insignificance compared with my fury. I remembered that she was weak and peevish after her illness, and I felt mean, oh, so pitifully mean! I thought of myself standing before the great white throne, and the pure angels, and the good people finding out how mean I was. I tossed and turned till I could endure my thoughts no longer. I must pray; God knew all about it and if He forgave, He blotted out sin, He would never cast it up again. I slid out of bed. Bella was sleeping with a great noise. I was alone with the quiet night, and I prayed out loud in my earnestness, confessed my sin, and asked God to forgive and forget, and help me to do better, for my father's sake. I tried to move His pity by reminding Him that He knew I was an orphan, and very desolate and had no one but Himself to take my part.

My prayer brought comfort to me and I slipped back into bed. Next morning after breakfast Uncle called me into the parlor; he had a large quantity of black silk in his hand.

"Now, Elizabeth," he said, after he shut the door, "you will wind all this silk before you leave off. Some of the skeins are entangled, and you will have better employment for your wicked fingers in unravelling them, than in tearing the hair of your feeble little cousin."

I looked up quickly, determined to justify myself, but uncle prevented me.

"You need not say a word, nothing you can say will make any excuse for what you have done, flying at poor weak Annie like a tiger-cat."

"She might leave my mother alone," I muttered sullenly, my good frame of mind going away like the early dew.

"Don't mutter," said Uncle, who did not catch what I said "but think while you are winding the silk of what your father would feel if he saw his little daughter act so wickedly."

And Uncle left me to my meditations.

The silk was hard to disentangle, and my mind was as perplexed with thoughts as my fingers were with my work.

I was sorry. I wanted to do better. I was wronged, I wanted to be treated justly, but how could anything be altered. As I twitched and picked at the ravelled silk, my thoughts were in a greater tangle.

After a long time the door opened and let in a whiff of dinner along with Arthur's head, his large black eyes dancing with mischief. He began singing:

"Miss Elizabeth Ray come along to your dinner,
You're a poor little orphan and a very great sinner,
You'll catch it my lady, if longer you linger,
And no one will care, not the snap of my finger."

Here was a new horror, that dreadful Arthur had heard my foolish prayers, and was making fun of them.

What I would have given for the privilege of going dinnerless, so as to avoid my terrible friend! But there was no way of escape, so I came with a burning face, and got a pitying glance from John Symmons as I took my place at the table. Arthur had a great many wants during dinner. He was not quiet for a moment.

"Please, John Ferris, can a poor sinner have a little more meat? I die with hunger here he cries, I starve in a foreign land."

"Hold your tongue, if you can," growled John Ferris.

"Bella Wiley," he resumed, "how can you have the conscience to deprive a desolate orphan of all the big potatoes?"

"This milk is not the milk of human kindness. It is sour; Jane Drennan has been looking at it. Is it right, John Symmons, to skim the cream of comfort from the poor sinful orphan's allowance?"

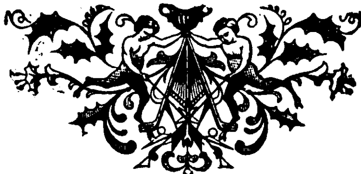
"You might have sense enough to hold your tongue, if you have no kindness, Arthur Weir," said John Symmons. "It would be well for others if they had as little feeling as you have."

"My name is De Vere, if you please, whatever my feelings are," said Arthur.

"Well I don't please, it's just Weir and nothing else," retorted John. "Is your father's name not good enough for you? Weir has been the name of better men then you'll ever be, unless you mend your manners."

I had finished my dinner and was glad to slip away back to my silk winding and leave them to finish their quarrel by themselves.

(To be continued.)



THE FUTURE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

PART II.

By the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, the Island of Newfoundland was confirmed in the possession of Great Britain. The sole basis upon which the French can lay any claims to the right of fishing on the coast of Newfoundland is comprised in the words of this treaty, which allowed the subjects of France to

> *Catch fish, and to dry them on land*, in that part only, and in no other besides that, of the said island of Newfoundland, which stretches from the place called Bonavista to the northern part of the said island, and from thence running down by the western side reaches as far as the place called Point Riche.

All subsequent treaties, declarations, or Acts of Parliament whatever, on this subject, refer to this treaty as the only authority for the French right of fishing as aforesaid.

Subsequently, by the Treaty of Versailles, 1783, the locality of this *permissive* right for the French "to catch fish, and to dry them on land" (*permis de pêcher et de sécher le poisson*) was changed to a point on the coast "beginning at Cape St. John, passing to the north, and descending by the western coast of the island of Newfoundland to the place called Cape Ray," where "the French fishermen shall enjoy the fishery which is assigned to them, as they had the right to enjoy that which was assigned to them by the Treaty of Utrecht."

In the language of Lord Palmerston, in his note of July 10, 1838, to Count Sebastiani, the French ambassador in London,

> The right assigned to French subjects by the Treaty of Utrecht was to *catch fish and to dry them on land* within the district described in the said treaty, subject to the condition "not to erect any buildings" upon the island "besides stages made of boards, and huts necessary and usual for drying of fish, and not to resort to the said island beyond the time necessary for fishing and drying of fish."

The portions italicized above are quotations of the words of the treaty. By way of parenthesis we may remark here that the French have erected permanent structures on various points of the coast where they store supplies in the winter; while in many cases they have ruthlessly destroyed the very habitations of British fishermen. In fact, besides claiming the *exclusive* right to fish along that portion of the coast where by the treaty they were only "*permitted* to fish," the French now claim a virtual sovereignty over British soil, the whole with its numerous bays and harbors embracing a coast line of over 1,000 miles, or more than half—and that half the best of the entire coast of Newfoundland.

The whole bearing of the subject cannot be better and more succinctly shown than by appending the remainder of Lord Palmerston's note to Count Sebastiani :—

> A declaration annexed to the treaty of 1783, by which the right assigned to French subjects was renewed, contains an engagement that "in order that the fishermen of the two nations may not give a cause for daily quarrels, His Britannic Majesty would take the most positive measures for preventing his subjects from interrupting, in any manner, by their competition, the fishery of the French during the temporary exercise of it, which was granted to them," and that His Majesty would "for this purpose cause the fixed settlements which should be formed there to be removed."
>
> A counter declaration stated that the king of France was satisfied with the arrangement concluded in the above terms.
>
> The treaty of peace of 1814 declares that the French right of "fishing at Newfoundland is replaced upon the footing upon which it stood in 1792.
>
> In order, therefore, to come to a right understanding of the question, it will be necessary to

consider it with reference to the historical facts, as well as with reference to the letter of the declaration of 1783; and to ascertain what was the precise footing upon which the French fishery actually stood in 1792.

Now it is evident that specific evidence would be necessary, in order to show the construction which the French Government now desire to put upon the declaration of 1783 is the interpretation which was given to that declaration at the period when the declaration was framed, and when the real intention of the parties must have been best known. It would be requisite for this purpose to prove that, upon the conclusion of the treaty of 1783, French subjects actually entered upon the enjoyment of an exclusive right to catch fish in the waters off the coast in question; and that they were in the acknowledged enjoyment of the exercise of that right at the commencement of the war in 1792. But no evidence to such effect has yet been produced. It is not, indeed, asserted by Your Excellency, nor was it contended by Prince Talleyrand, in his note of 1831, to which Your Excellency specially refers, that French subjects were, at the breaking out of the war in 1792, in the enjoyment of such an exclusive right; and, moreover, it does not appear that such right was claimed by France or admitted by England at the termination of the war in 1801, or at the peace of 1814.

It is true that the privilege secured to the fishermen of France by the treaty and declaration of 1783, a privilege which consists in the periodical use of a part of the shore of Newfoundland for the purpose of drying their fish, has in practice been treated by the British Government as an exclusive right during the fishing season, and within the limits prescribed; because from the nature of the case it would scarcely be possible for British fishermen, without interfering with the temporary establishments of the French for the same purpose, and without interrupting their operations. *But the British Government has never understood the declaration to have had for its object to deprive the British subjects of the right to participate with the French in taking fish at sea off that shore, provided they did so without interrupting the French cod-fishery*; and although, in accordance with the true spirit of the treaty and declaration of 1783, prohibitory proclamations have from time to time been issued on occasions where it has been found that British subjects, while fishing within the limits in question, have caused interruption to the French fishery; yet in none of the public documents of the British Government, neither in the Act of Parliament of 1783, passed for the express purpose of carrying the treaty of 1783 into effect, nor in any subsequent Act of Parliament relating to the Newfoundland fishery, nor in any of the instructions issued by the Admiralty or by the Colonial Office, nor in any proclamation which has come under my view, issued by the Governor of Newfoundland, or by the British Admiral upon the station, *does it appear that the right of French subjects to an exclusive fishery, either of cod-fish or of fish generally, is specifically recognized?*

In addition to the facts above stated, I will observe to Your Excellency, in conclusion, that if the right conceded to the French by the declaration of 1783 had been intended to be exclusive within the prescribed district, the terms used for defining such right would assuredly have been more ample and specific than they are found to be in that document; for in no other similar instrument which has come under the knowledge of the British Government is so important a concession as an exclusive privilege of this description accorded in terms so loose and indefinite.

It might be supposed that this would have forever set the question at rest. In practice, however, the French have set all these considerations aside, and continue to *enforce* their unwarrantable claims to an *exclusive* right of fishing along these shores, by means of a large naval squadron, kept upon the coast of Newfoundland during the fishing season, the commanders of which seize and destroy the seines and nets of British subjects settled there, till, judging from the frequent complaints of the fishermen, confirmed by the commanders of English ships of war, these depredations have become so serious as to cause the gravest apprehensions that difficulties and bloodshed may at any moment occur, which might possibly end in war between France and England.

But the French claims do not end here. Although the coast along which the French claim, and virtually enforce an exclusive right to fish, is settled by large numbers of British subjects, the French now prefer a claim, surely most extravagant, to prevent the inhabitants of Newfoundland from any occupation of land within the disputed district, for mining, agricultural, or other purposes; in fact, a claim to the virtual and territorial sovereignty of the greater portion of the coast of the island—and despite the protests of the people and Legislature of Newfoundland, the English Government, through the Earl of Carnarvon, has issued an edict forbidding the colonial authorities to

issue any grants of land in that part of the island to British subjects. Now, since the full title and possession to the whole of the public lands of the island were specifically and solemnly conveyed by the Imperial Government to the people of Newfoundland with the concession of self-government, it is wonderful that this unfounded and arbitrary arrogation of power on the part of the French has been so long submitted to by the people and Government of Newfoundland. It is only to be accounted for by their earnest and sincere desire to aid the home authorities in effecting a peaceable solution of the question with France, and by the expectation that such a solution would be arrived at by such submission on the part of Newfoundland. This question has now been under negotiation for a century, and its solution, by the means so far adopted seems further off than ever; while it is admitted, as it has been to myself personally by a judge of the Supreme Court of the colony, that a bold and firm declaration of our rights once made and carried out by England, would forever settle the question with France. Nay, that even were Newfoundland herself to assert and prepare to enforce her undoubted rights, England would be obliged to maintain them, or relinquish her sovereignty of the island. But the age of Palmerston has departed; what has succeeded may be seen from the following:

In the House of Lords, May 22nd, 1868, Lord Houghton, on rising to present a petition from the Commons House of Assembly of Newfoundland, praying that the restrictions with regard to grants of land on the so-called French coast *imposed on them by Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, in a despatch dated December 7th,* 1866, may be removed, said:—

That as the petition proceeded from so important a body as the Colonial Legislature, he felt it proper to accompany its presentation with a few remarks.

The petition stated that,—Your petitioners desire to bring under the consideration of Your Most Honorable House a grievance to which your petitioners in this island are now subjected. Her Majesty the Queen has the territorial dominion over the island of Newfoundland and its dependencies, and, as a consequence, Her Majesty's Government of this colony has the authority to issue grants within the island for mining, agriculture, and other purposes.

This right was never questioned until the year 1866, when by a despatch from the Right Honorable the Earl of Carnarvon, Secretary of State for the Colonies, to His Excellency Governor Musgrave, bearing date the 7th day of December, 1866, the issue of grants of land in that part of this island called the "French Shore," was prohibited.

The French Shore referred to in the said despatch, includes at least one-half of the territory of Newfoundland, and the restriction thus placed on the Local Government is in effect a denial of the exercise of those rights which your petitioners most humbly submit belong to the British Crown, and, therefore, to their enjoyment by Her Majesty's subjects on this island.

Believing that the Government of this colony has a clear right to issue grants for mining or other purposes, the Legislature on the 9th day of April, 1867, in reply to the said despatch, passed certain resolutions and addresses declaratory of such rights, and transmitted the same to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, through His Excellency Governor Musgrave, to which neither His Excellency nor your petitioners have received any reply.

The restriction contained in the said despatch has had the effect of preventing the exercise of British territorial dominion, and of depriving Her Majesty's subjects of the power of taking advantage of the mineral and other resources which exist within the said French Shore.

The importance of this subject to the people of this island is such that your petitioners feel aggrieved that no reply has been received to the remonstrance of the Legislature, and that, so far as your petitioners are informed, no action has been taken by the Imperial Government to assert the undoubted right of the British Crown, and to place within the reach of Her Majesty's subjects in this island the mineral and agricultural resources which exist within the said territory.

For some years past the Legislature of this island, though embarrassed by financial difficulties, arising by the distress prevalent amongst the laboring population, have voted large sums of money for the purpose of obtaining a mineralogical survey of the island, which will, to a great extent, be valueless if that portion of the island be withheld from the use of Her Majesty's subjects.

Your petitioners therefore humbly pray that your most honorable House will be pleased to make enquiry into the matter, and to cause the restriction contained in the Right Honorable the Earl of Carnarvon's despatch to be removed, so as to place the Local Government in a posi-

tion to exercise those functions necessary to insure your petitioners their territorial rights.

These restrictions still remain, and the country is still without magistrates or law; and among other things the wholesale murder of the master of a vessel and her crew upon that part of the coast, only recently brought to light, will shew that the condition of affairs there as thus drawn by Lord Houghton is far from being exaggerated.*

In the course of his remarks Lord Houghton stated:

The colonization of the French coast had begun long since; several populous settlements had been made on that coast, and no attempt was ever made to remove them. At the present moment a very large population, in some thirty or forty considerable stations of English subjects on the coast, was living in a condition of society such as existed no where else on the face of the globe. They were squatters living without jurisdiction, without law, without any punishment of crime or enforcement of rights, acknowledging as it were no Sovereign.

Shortly after the publication of the report I have referred to, my attention was called, in London, to a long article in reply, in the columns of the *Journal des Debats* of Paris, taken from *L'Evenement* of Quebec. The article commenced as follows:—

Il vient de paraître à Londres une brochure écrite par un avocat de la Nouvelle-Ecosse, M. Whitman, sous l'inspiration d'un comité formé dans le sein de l'Institut Colonial et présidé par S. G. le Duc de Manchester, sur la question controversée depuis si longtemps des pêcheries de Terreneuve. Sans être précisément de source officielle, cette publication a, par son origine et par son caractère général, certaine importance. Elle a été transmise à tous les Sénateurs et Députés du Dominion, comme un document législatif et comme un compendium d'arguments et de preuves en faveur de la cause britannique. La presse anglaise l'a saluée par une sorte d'acclamation enthousiaste, et se plaît à l'envisager comme le prélude d'une politique active de la part de la métropole.

The gist of the objections taken to the matter of the report, were that sufficient notice had not been taken of the two public documents on which the French mainly rely for their right to fish upon the coast of Newfoundland. These documents are the declaration attached to the treaty of 1873 (commonly called the *British Declaration*), and the Act of Parliament 28 George III. Cap. 35, 1788. Says the writer referred to:—

La première de ces déclarations contient la stipulation suivante qu'aucun acte international n'a, jusqu'à l'heure actuelle, modifiée:

"*A cette fin, et pour que les pêcheurs des deux nations ne fassent point naître des querelles journalières, S. M. Britannique prendra les mesures* LES PLUS POSITIVES *pour que ses sujets ne troublent en aucune manière*, PAR LEUR CONCURRENCE, *la pêche des Français pendant l'exercice temporaire qui leur est accordé, et* ELLE FERA RETIRER, À CET EFFET, LES ÉTABLISSEMENTS SÉDENTAIRES QUI Y SERONT FORMÉS."

On lit plus loin, même déclaration, paragraphe 3:

"*On n'y contreviendra pas*" (au mode de pêche usité) "*de part et d'autre; les sujets de S. M. Britannique ne molestant aucunement les pêcheurs français durant leurs pêches*, NI NE DÉRANGEANT LES ÉCHAFAUDAGES DURANT LEUR ABSENCE."

These points were noticed more fully in the article in *Frazer* (January, 1876) than in the report. The first paragraph above, which is quoted therein, is so ably answered by Lord Palmerston's letter that it is unnecessary to do more than refer to that document. The main object of both the Declaration and the Act of 1788, was to authorize the British authorities in Newfoundland to remove such fixed settlements on that portion of the coast where the French were *permitted* to fish "*wherever their establishment interrupted the French in their fishing*." Had the *exclusive* right to the coast been intended to be conveyed to the French, no such cause as interrupting the French would have been assigned as a ground for their removal. The very wording of the declaration itself implies the presence and occupation of the British fishermen on the ground where the French assert they have no right to be. The words of the

*The recent attack of the inhabitants on the coast in destroying the seines of American fishermen, may also lead to serious complication with the United States. Had the proper machinery of the law been in operation these and similar proceedings could not occur.

second paragraph 3 (as quoted), *ni se dérangeant les échafaudages durant leur absence*, have always been strictly complied with by the British. But the treaty forbids the French "to erect any buildings besides stages made of boards and huts necessary and usual for the drying of fish." These terms they have egregiously violated; and the French cruisers have wrongfully usurped the power of the British authorities by destroying the nets, seines, timber, property and dwellings of British subjects without hearing or defence.

But I fear this disquisition may be deemed too tedious and dry for the columns of a monthly magazine; and I may be asked: What has it all to do with the future of Newfoundland? I reply, everything. This question must be understood, and the rights of British subjects in Newfoundland insisted on, before the island can ever expect to emerge from the bondage in which its people are now enthralled. It is not only the people of Newfoundland alone who suffer. The numerous fishermen of Quebec, and other provinces of the Dominion, who frequent the west coast of Newfoundland, are equal sufferers with the inhabitants of the island itself. The trade interests of the Dominion are seriously restrained by the non-population of this vast extent of fishing seaboard; and in view of the future incorporation of Newfoundland into the Confederation of Canada, the Government and people of the Dominion have the strongest reasons for demanding the removal and abatement of this intolerable nuisance. I learned in Newfoundland that petitions were being circulated and universally signed by the inhabitants of the west coast, praying for annexation to Canada; and it is hard to see how such a reasonable request can be refused. The advent of Newfoundland, or any part of it, into the Dominion, would at once put an end to these French assumptions and depredations. But to ensure the development of the immense agricultural and mineral wealth of Newfoundland, these unjustifiable and unendurable claims of the French must be resisted and overcome. Their operation is to keep the greater portion of a British colony teeming with the riches of the soil as well as of the sea, in a state of desolation, for the object of maintaining a nursery for the seamen with which to man the fleets of France. In case of a war with France it could then be truly said of England: "She winged the arrow which impelled the dart."

In 1763 the elder Pitt first negotiated the Treaty of Paris, concluded by Lord Bute. With statesman-like sagacity, Pitt contended for the whole exclusive fishery of Newfoundland, and when the preliminaries of the treaty were brought before Parliament, poured forth his oratory against them. Referring to his own views in relation thereto, he exclaimed: "I contended several times in vain for the whole exclusive fishery, but I was overruled; I repeat, I was overruled, not by the foreign enemy, but by another enemy."

It is gratifying to learn through the results of the researches prosecuted by Professor Henry Y. Hind during the year 1876, that new and more extensive banks have been discovered upon the shores of Northern Labrador, adding an area of over 7,000 square miles of fishing grounds to those hitherto known; and the Professor's services have been wisely secured by the Government for the prosecution of further research. These investigations will doubtless add vastly to the wealth in store for the great future of Newfoundland.

So long as the fishing interests continued to occupy the sole attention of the Government and people, the interior of this colony was almost unknown; and though in 1847, the Hon. Joseph Noad, then Surveyor-General, describes some districts he visited, "as being of wonderful fertility, capable of the highest description of cultivation,

and fit for any description of crop," it was not till the comparatively recent* appointment of Mr. Alexander Murray, F. G. S., (a colleague of the late Sir William Logan) as geological surveyor of the island, that either its agricultural or mineral resources were more fully ascertained. Mr. Murray's able reports of his several geological surveys have given him a claim to the gratitude of the country, as well as a world-wide reputation. He has recently published two very valuable maps of Newfoundland, the one representing the geological structure of the island, the other showing those portions of it adapted for agriculture as far as he has personally ascertained. To these reports and maps I must refer readers wishing to investigate this matter further.†

Among the pioneers of the mineral wealth of Newfoundland the names of Mr. Charles Fox Bennett and Mr. Smith Mackay will always stand foremost. Years ago under discouragements which would have deterred most other men, these gentlemen commenced operations in mining for copper at Tilt Cove, in Notre Dame Bay, on the north-eastern shore of the island. Their eventual success induced Mr. Ellershausen some three years ago to commence mining for copper at Bett's Cove, a few miles distant, where he has produced such wonderful results as to have shipped last year (1877), some 50,000 tons of copper ore of the value of nearly half a million pounds sterling. Smelting operations are soon to be carried out on a large scale, and then this manufacturing industry will give employment to large additional numbers of men. Nickel ore, yielding about 24 per cent. to the ton, has also been taken out of these mines, and the price realized was £140 per ton. Magnetic and specular iron, lead and sulphur ores, vast quantities of gypsum, and various kinds of marble and slate of the finest descriptions are abundant—there being also traces of the precious metals. There is no question as to the presence of coal.

In reference to the mining capabilities of Newfoundland, and to which His Excellency alludes at Notre Dame Bay, Mr. Murray observes in effect, that while the districts where the metallic ores are most likely to be developed are Notre Dame Bay and Hare Bay on the east and northern parts of the island, and between Bonne Bay and Port-a-Port on the Western shores, carboniferous measures extend over a great area around St. George's Bay, and there appear to be seams of coal of workable thickness on the south side of St. George's Bay, and possibly also on the north. There is also a considerable spread of carboniferous rocks on the Humber region, and upon the Grand and Sandy Ponds. A seam of coal seventeen inches in thickness has been seen upon Coal Brook of the Grand Pond.

In the interior, serpentine rocks, which seem invariably to accompany the metallic ores, are known through a very extensive region. They were seen on the Gander Lake, and traced for a long way up the upper streams of the Gander River. They occupy a wide range around Pipestone Pond, forming the Jamieson Hills, some of which country when opened up by roads, *will almost certainly develop mineral treasures.*

About the regions of St. George's Bay (west coast) I am assured by practical men, who have examined it, that coal equal to the best North Sydney (Cape Breton) exists in large and easily workable deposits. It would seem as if nature had placed it there on purpose to induce the construction of a railway across the island, as well as to supply

*Mr. Murray's invaluable services have since been recognized by the Imperial Government having bestowed upon him the order of C.M.G.

†These maps can be obtained of Messrs. Dawson, Brothers, Montreal.

the locomotive, steamship, manufacturing, and domestic wants of Newfoundland.

Another great source of future prosperity for Newfoundland will be the proper and legitimate cutting and manufacture of those vast treasure-stores of pine and other timber, unsurpassed in quality, if not in quantity, by any in America, which nature for centuries has been so industriously piling up in the great unknown interior; and perhaps on this head I cannot do better than quote Mr. Patterson's remarks on this subject; in the pamphlet before referred to, he says:

Exploratory surveys in the interior of the Island by Mr. Murray and by Mr. McLeod demonstrate what, as regards timber, are the resources of Newfoundland. With reference to regions on the Gambo and Gander rivers, the former gentleman says in one of his reports :—

"Upon the south-west arm, and at various parts of the lake, groves of pine may be seen where the average girth of the trees is not much, if anything, less than 9 feet, and where many individual trees will reach to 11, 12 and even 14 feet. On about one acre of surface I measured 15 or 20 trees, the diameters of which varied from 2½ to 4½ feet, and these, moreover, were straight, tall and sound, with stems running up symmetrically, for upwards of 50 feet, without knot or branch. What the entire extent of this timber country may be it is impossible to state with accuracy, without making a survey for that especial purpose; but, from what I have seen on the surveys I have already made, and from all that I could gather from the Indians and trappers who frequent these regions, I conceive there must be an area of not less than 5,000 square miles, worthy of being laid out as timber limits, where an immense lumber trade might be carried on successfully."

As respects the necessity for interference for protecting the rights of the Government against depredations upon the public domain, Mr. Murray recently wrote to the Governor of the Island, as follow :—

"It is a well-known fact that at this moment a great saw-mill is in active operation near the mouth of the Humber River in the Bay of Islands, where, while the proprietors are driving a most thriving and prosperous trade, they are so doing in utter defiance of law or authority, and the country is denuded of its most valuable timber without receiving in return the smallest advantage, directly or indirectly."

The mill in question is erected upon ground coming within the supposed limits of what is called the "French shore;" but the timber out of which the lumber is sawn is unlawfully taken from lands belonging to the Government, and about which there is no dispute.

And, with regard to the value of the business done by the Squatter Sovereigns who own that mill, he adds :—

"The owners of the saw-mill in question, without any right or title whatever, either to the land or its forests, are under contract with certain parties in Nova Scotia to provide three millions of feet of pine lumber annually for seven years, which is only a small item of the total supply, a large proportion of which goes to the United States and elsewhere, and for which neither the Crown nor the Colony derive the value of one single penny-piece in return. Nor is it the *quantity* alone of this valuable property, of which the colony is thus ruthlessly denuded, for the *quality* of a great proportion of it would appear to be of such extraordinary excellence as to command a higher market value than any ot the Continental lumber, having been quoted at from $80 to $100 per thousand feet."

But there is another, and perhaps even more serious, aspect of the reprehensible raids upon the public property of the colony, to which allusion has been made by Mr. Murray, as follows :—

"Of late years, it would appear that parties are equipped annually in the Bay of Chaleurs and other parts of the continent to cross over to Newfoundland, for the purpose of obtaining what is termed Ton Timber, which, according to my informant, is taken from the Bay of Islands and other parts of the French Shore in great quantity. Now it so happens that to answer the description required, this timber must be absolutely free from imperfection in its growth, and that, consequently, trees found on being cut down to have any flaw or discrepancy, are rejected and left to rot upon the ground; such trees, nevertheless, being all more or less suitable for ordinary lumber, some of them even for the first class quality. In this way, millions upon millions of feet of lumber are absolutely wasted, while the remainder is carried out of the country for the benefit ot those with whom it has no concern."

The following in regard to the climate of Newfoundland, which my own experience verifies, is also taken from Mr. Patterson's *brochure* :—

The common idea that Newfoundland is a cold, barren and inhospitable region is a mistaken one. With reference to temperature, some comparative tables now before me, for the year 1874, show the *mean* of that year, at Bay St. George, N. F., Windsor, N. S., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man., respectively to have been 43·8°, 42·7°, 44·3°, and 30·8°. The number of months in which, during the same year, the temperature did not reach the freezing-point were :—Bay St. George, 4; Windsor, 4; Toronto, 4; and Winnipeg, 3. The lowest temperature in 1874 at each point was :—Bay St. George, in February,—15·0°; Windsor, in

January,—15·0°; Toronto, in December,—7·5°; Winnipeg, in January,—43·5°. When to this is added the fact that the recorded rain-fall in the same year was favorable in the comparison to Newfoundland, and it will the more readily be believed that there are no climatic difficulties in the way of that colony becoming to a very considerable extent an agricultural one.

We come now to an element in the future of Newfoundland, perhaps more important to its true prosperity than the fisheries themselves.

In a late visit of the Governor of the Island to Notre Dame Bay, His Excellency in reply to an address from the inhabitants, stated :—

"My recent visit to Notre Dame Bay enabled me to realize its geographical importance. The comparative absence of fog, combined with the existence of numerous islands at the mouths of the rivers and fiords, tend to produce a modification of climate, favorably affecting those fertile lands in the neighborhood, and fairly lead to the conclusion that the large and increasing mining population may be supplied with the necessaries of life by agricultural settlers in these localities.

"I urge on your attention the probability that in three or four years the exports from your Bay will represent an annual value of £1,000,000, or nearly one-third of the amount of the whole of the exports of Newfoundland and Labrador, and that the settled population will in less than a decade amount to from five to seven persons for every miner engaged in the several mines."

Apropos of the reference to agricultural settlements in the vicinity of the mining districts of Notre Dame Bay, we have recently been favored by Mr. Alexander Murray with a rough estimate of lands which are more or less redeemable and suitable for settlement, viz :—

		In square miles of area.
No. 1.	—In the valley of the Gander River and Lake with the tributaries; in the Gambo Valley and the Terra Nova; together with tracts at the heads of the Bays.	about 1700
No. 2.	—Valley of the Exploits River, Red Indian Lake, and the upper Exploits waters — together with the lands surrounding the estuary of the Exploits, and some islands.	about 1620
No. 3.	—In the Grand Pond country—around Gander Pond, at Deer Pond and the Humber Valley.	" 600
No. 4.	—Regions near and surrounding St. George's Bay, Port-a-Port, &c.	" 728
	Making a total of...... or about 2,974,720 acres.	4648

As Mr. Murray states, in effect, this is without taking into account any of the available lands in the southern bays, river valleys and islands, of which there are considerable portions, and which in some cases may eventually be of importance as an auxiliary to other industries.

It is thus shewn that there are nearly three millions of acres of land capable of supporting settlement (as so far discovered by Mr. Murray—but how much more is as yet unknown)—and if we allow only one individual to one hundred acres, even then there might be a population of nearly 30,000 souls; but supposing five individuals can be supported on each one hundred acre lot, (by no means a large family—at least for Newfoundland,) the agricultural population alone would be almost equal to the total number of the present inhabitants; while by the employment of labor on such public works as our projected railway and other roads, mining, lumbering, and manufactures, Newfoundland would soon have a population of over one million.

I have not touched on the question of manufactures, because although there is no country in the world naturally better adapted for their largest development, there are other essentials first to be undertaken before the necessary capital, labor, and skill can be attained to warrant that of manufacturing

on any very large scale. But with the known existence of iron and coal, besides the unrivalled water powers of the country, the day will surely come when this island shall take high rank in all manufacturing industries.

In my humble opinion, the very first step to be taken by the country now, is, the establishment of means of communication by the construction of good roads. I have alluded to the existence of coal at St. George's Bay as an invitation from Nature herself to construct a railway thither from St. John's, for the sake, if no other, of supplying the manufacturing, shipping, and domestic interests of the country with fuel, as all coal supplies are now drawn from abroad. But if this inducement should be deemed insufficient, as not warranting the outlay, when we add those additional ones of opening up the country for settlement, and providing a means by which the shortest mail communication can be made between Europe and America, the three combined would seem to demand the railway as an absolute necessity. And to these (inducements) might be added the certainty of the speediest settlement of the vexed French fishery question.

Mr. Sanford Fleming, the Engineer of the Intercolonial Railway, and one of the foremost engineers of the day, has published a report of the preliminary survey for such a road, showing it not only to be perfectly feasible, but in the highest degree desirable, as well for the interests of Newfoundland as for those of Europe and America—more particularly of Canada in connection with the Intercolonial. In this view, I suggested to the Government of Newfoundland that as the road would as much benefit Great Britain and Canada as it would Newfoundland, those countries should be invited to join in its construction. Supposing, under Mr. Fleming's very high estimate of construction, the annual interest on the amount of cost necessary therefor to be £80,000—if England and Canada would join, each to the extent of one third—the amount Newfoundland would have to pay would be little over £26,000. Now, with the opening up and development of the country, especially the western shore, the Government would soon be in receipt of sufficient additional revenue to meet such expenditure; and in this regard the Honorable the Solicitor-General has handed me a printed copy of a bill which he intends introducing in the present session (1878) of the Legislature with such an object in view.

In a report made by Mr. Fleming in 1865, entitled the "Short Ocean Passage," he proves very conclusively that by the construction of a railway from St. John's to St. George's Bay, across Newfoundland, the ocean passage could be made by steamers connecting at the latter place with the Intercolonial Railway at Shippigan in the Gulf of St Lawrence, by from two to four days' less time between the commercial centres of Europe and America than by any other route.

Quoting from Mr. Fleming's report he states:—

"It will be seen that while the mean average of all the passages made between Liverpool and New York ranges from eleven up to thirteen days, it is estimated that by Ireland, Newfoundland, and Shippigan, the passage could be made in seven days three hours—nearly four days' less time than the lowest means average, and two days (1865) less than the very shortest passage on record."

Mr. Fleming goes on to state:—

"A reasonable hope may be entertained that the entire mail matter, and a large proportion of passengers passing between the two continents (Europe and America), may eventually be attracted to the Newfoundland route."

To meet the objections of transhipment from railway to steamship, and *vice versa*, Mr. Fleming states:

"For convenience of freight, they certainly would be objectionable, but most passengers would probably consider the transhipment, agreeable changes, as it would relieve the tedium of the journey."

He speaks also of the great advantages of the Newfoundland route in point of safety—the most dangerous part of the ocean voyage being along the coast lines of about 1,000 miles between New York and Cape Race, with their prevailing fogs. The mails and commercial portion of ocean passengers (by far the largest) would always take the shortest and safest route.

There can, however, be but little doubt, as Mr. Fleming also asserts, that with the railway across Newfoundland, we should have a daily line of fast steamships built expressly for speed in carrying the mails, passengers, and lighter kind of freight, touching at St. John's from Europe during the season of navigation, which extends over all but two or three months of the year.

It is gratifying to learn that the Government of Newfoundland stands fully committed to the construction of this railway, and have made it part of their policy, according to that portion of Governor Hill's speech, at the opening session of 1875, wherein he says:—

> "The period appears to have arrived when a question which has for some time engaged public discussion, viz: the construction of a railway across the Island to St. George Bay, should receive a practical solution. Independently of the benefits to flow from opening up the great resources of the interior of Newfoundland to the industry of its people, there is the well-founded expectation that a line of railway would attract to our shores the mail and passenger traffic of the Atlantic, for which this Island would afford the safest and most expeditious route between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres; and thus would be secured those vast commercial advantages which our geographical position manifestly entitles us to command. As a preliminary to this object, a proposition will be submitted to you for a thorough survey to ascertain the most eligible line, and with a view to the further enquiry whether the colony does not possess within itself the means of inducing capitalists to undertake this great enterprise of progress."

This has the ring of the true metal, especially in its concluding sentence. The survey for this railway, as before stated, has been completed, and the report of it published by Mr. Sanford Fleming, showing it to be not only perfectly feasible but highly desirable for the interest of Newfoundland. This survey has cost, as I understand, about £20,000 or £30,000, and Mr. Fleming's plans in connection with it have been sent home to the Colonial Office in Downing Street for the inspection of capitalists and contractors, in regard to its construction, and for the object, let us hope, of carrying into effect the last clause of that part of Governor Hill's speech already quoted, viz: "With a view to the further enquiry whether the colony does not possess within itself the means of inducing capitalists to undertake this great element of progress."

Re-glancing over the past, there is probably no colony of the British Empire in proportion to its population, which has so largely contributed to the general wealth of the British nation as Newfoundland; and certainly none which has retained so little of that surplus production within its own domain. If but a tithe of the wealth which has been drawn from those shores could have been kept in the island, instead of being classed among the most impoverished, it would rank among the richest of England's dependencies. Circumstances, and the previous system of occupancy, have necessarily been among the chief causes producing such undesirable effects. Besides the wealth, the very bone and sinew of the country seem to have left it on every available occasion. Than the Newfoundlander abroad, no class of men seems endowed with greater personal elements of success. Let us hope the time is coming, if it has not already arrived, when the improved attractions of his native land may offer better and brighter prospects than hitherto, for him to remain at *home*; that the wealth which has gone to improve and adorn other countries may find a more profitable and patriotic investment amid the scenes of daring enterprise and unremitting industry where it has been created; in, short, that all the inhabitants of the colony

individually and collectively, sinking distinctions of creed or faction, may unite in the intelligent and unanimous desire to promote the best and truest interests of the future of Newfoundland.

In the foregoing we have endeavored to point out the natural and other resources, the development of which would indicate a great future for Newfoundland; while referring to some of the causes which have so far retarded the progress she should have already made. Her situation, in case of warlike complications, constitutes her the key to America. With Newfoundland properly fortified and developed, Canada and the whole American coast lies at the mercy of any strong naval power who may possess it. The half-way house as it were to Europe from America, Newfoundland only needs the requisite docks and accommodation with railways and the opening up of her rich lands in the interior to render her a vast depot for the wealth of the two continents. Her relations to England as well as to the Dominion, render it absolutely necessary that she shall form a part of the Confederation of Canada. That question is for the present in abeyance. It must soon be forced upon public attention. Its solution or procrastination cannot much longer be left to the oligarchy which has already prevented its consummation. In speaking of this question a leading St. John's journal says:

"In spite of herself, England has been compelled to annex the Orange Free States, and the Transvaal Republic in South Africa, to preserve the rest of her dominion there. If we continue to shirk the responsibilities of our position and allegiance, in view of the safety and protection of her dominion in Canada, England would be as equally justified in annexing Newfoundland. It would be far more desirable for us to make arrangements voluntarily with Canada now, than to be forced to become a Crown colony of that Dominion hereafter. We cannot avoid the inevitable. The bugbears used by our anti-Confederates of increased taxation from our union with Canada, are fast losing their hold upon the minds of our people, and will entirely vanish when the subject becomes more intelligently considered. By Confederation, Canada would guarantee to pay all our present and increasing necessary expenditures, build our roads, railways, and lighthouses, and expend, as she has done in the other provinces, millions of dollars on great works of public advantage. The fisherman, farmer, laboring man, would get their gear, flour, butter, pork, salt, molasses, seines, nets, lines, and other utensils, *free of duty* from Canada; and the merchant's capital would be increased by from fifteen to twenty per cent., or to the extent of the duty abolition. Above all, by Confederation we should have our railway constructed at once, our coal mines opened, and our large agricultural districts filled with productive farmers, to give employment to our industry, and to prevent the recurrence of want from actual scarcity of food."

And with the question of the future of Newfoundland, the question of the future of the Dominion itself, and indeed of the whole British colonial empire, in relation to the mother country, is beginning to force itself upon public attention. That a change is needed is avowed on all sides; that it is impending is equally admitted. But what that change is, or ought to be, none—not even the Right Honorable Mr. Forster himself—can foretell, or even advise. At the close of his great oration in Edinburgh in 1875, in regard to the future probable association of Great Britain and her colonies, Mr. Forster said: "I am ready with no proposition. I believe any precise proposition would be premature." But the symptoms of parturition are undoubted, and the presence of skilful and scientific *accoucheurs* will soon be necessary. As of the Parliamentary constitution of England, may it be said of the new offspring, "Time was its parent, silence was its nurse."

JAMES WHITMAN, B. A.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, Nova Scotia.

DAYS AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GIRLS' VOYAGE."

From the fleet of yachts and smaller sail-boats that hover around the "Basin" of the Ancient City, one of the latter had been chosen for our excursion to Anastasia Island, and a party of nine embarked in it early on a bright morning. "Magnolia" was the name painted on her stern, and a fresh breeze, filling out the white canvas, gave her some resemblance to that royal Southern flower, while, careening until the waves dashed up to her gunwale, she sped across the river with bow directed seaward.

We were in a lively mood, and inclined to be social and festive; all but two people, who were completely engrossed with each other, and sat under an umbrella, conversing in low tones. There never were two spinsters better disposed toward romantic young beings than Phœbe and myself, or more ready to make allowance for their peculiar ways; yet—I appeal to all who engage in sailing parties—isn't it a little trying to see a gentleman so forgetful of all but *one* lady that the others would hardly feel at liberty to disturb him even if they fell overboard?

It was not so with our friend, however; Mr. Wheeler earned that title by proving himself friendly indeed towards us, and Phœbe, after that day, always mentioned him to me as "the Chevalier," with some idea of the good knight Bayard in her mind. He was one who would be helpful wherever he saw any need of his services, and attended to all the ladies with ready gallantry, but he seemed to consider us especially under his care.

Close to the beach on Anastasia Island stands "the old lighthouse," as it is called in distinction from the modern tower, striped black and white after the fashion of a barber's pole, that rises to the height of one hundred and sixty feet. The latter looks down upon the aged Spanish beacon with a provoking air of superiority, yet it is not half so interesting in the estimation of some visitors. The old lighthouse was built for a stronghold, and a lookout, as well as for a warning to vessels, and years ago the keeper used to light a bonfire on the top every night. A lamp supplied by the United States Government has now superseded the bonfire, and that is hardly necessary when its lofty neighbor is wide awake, with a bright, steady eye gazing through the darkness.

To the top of the new lighthouse the enterprising of our party climbed; and that included all but myself. Mr. Sterling, one of the kindest of elderly gentlemen, stayed below with me, not from dread of one hundred and sixty feet of winding stairs, but he would not leave me to wander about by myself, and entertained me with stories of his sheep-ranch in the Far West while I sketched. Then we went to the coquina quarry, and finally down a long avenue to the beach where our sail-boat lay, and there waited for the others. The two under the umbrella were slowly pacing up and down by the murmuring sea, continuing their own pleasant murmurs, which we heartlessly interrupted by asking them in a most practical manner if they had been up to the lighthouse top.

Not that day, they said, but this was not their first visit to the island, and they had seen all there was to see long before. I did not think the brightness of the morning was at all lost upon them; it was a part of the light that shone in their eyes, and seeing they were happy, I molested them no further, but rejoiced in sympathy with them and the white curlews that flew over the beach, glistening in the sunshine.

Soon our explorers joined us, having much to say of the fine view from the lighthouse over the level Florida mainland, the shining streams and inlets, and the great Atlantic stretching eastward. With palmetto leaves, trailing gray moss, lumps of coquina, and divers other relics were they laden, and when people and things were deposited in the boat, her captain set sail for the North Beach.

At that place it had been designed to unpack our dinner-baskets and make away with their contents, but the sea breeze had so sharpened the appetites of Mr. Wheeler and another young man, that they began to investigate those baskets long before the proper time. Mollie Chase discovered their purpose, and declared that they should not have a single crumb until she gave permission, for she was acquainted with their appetites, and knew well enough how quickly sandwiches and chicken would disappear before them. It was in vain that they pleaded for one doughnut apiece, and said they knew just the corner of a particular basket where those articles were stowed away. Mollie was sure their researches would not end with two doughnuts, and her anxiety about that very basket made them think it must hold some remarkable delicacy, and aroused curiosity even above hunger. She admitted this to be the case, and said she had with great pains procured something on purpose for Mr. Wheeler, but that he was not to smell, taste, or behold it until dinner had been set out for all the party. The merry warfare was still going on when the "Magnolia" touched the North Beach, and Mollie, instead of taking her turn with the other ladies to be assisted over a landing plank, dodged Mr. Wheeler, who evidently thought he had her at his mercy then, and with the basket held tightly in one hand, she sprang over the side of the boat. To take that jump as the waves retreated had been Mollie's calculation, but they were a little too quick for her, and her dress received enough salt water to make it rather more than damp. Her spirits, however, were not at all dampened, and the basket-cover had kept its place, though the mysterious contents were well shaken up.

We were all concerned at seeing her so wet, but she danced about on the beach, assuring us that the sun would dry her soon enough. Mr. Wheeler thought otherwise, and finding an old shovel in the skipper locker, he proceeded to dig a long, narrow hole in the dry sand above the water mark, telling her he was making a grave to bury her alive in. Then he pursued his victim, and realized the appropriateness of her name, he said, for it was a "chase," indeed, that he had both before and when he caught her. At last he made a swoop at her, and to the amazement of the bystanders, as well as herself, picked her up with one arm as if she had been a kitten, and deposited her in the newly-dug hole. There he held her, too breathless and indignant for many remonstrances, and called upon his friend Dacres to shovel on the sand.

"It is the quickest and safest way to dry her clothes," he declared to us all. "She can't take cold now, and we are treating her better than such a stony-hearted damsel deserves. Now, Miss Mollie, he added," "Dacres can open the basket, for you are our prisoner, and can't help yourself."

But this Mollie protested against with vehemence, and changed her tone to

one of pathos as she represented the hardship of having to stay buried alive (all but her head), and see her cherished basket despoiled before her eyes, so Mr. Wheeler relented, and promised that if she would remain in the sand for one hour he would not touch her treasure till dinner-time.

"You have got to stay there," he told her, "for I shall not let you get up within an hour—you won't be dry sooner than that—so you may as well make a virtue of necessity."

Seeing this very plainly, the young lady resigned herself to her position, and Mr. Wheeler and I mounted guard over her, while the other people walked to the end of the beach to look for shells. They were gone more than an hour, but Mollie and I were well entertained, and were almost surprised to see them returning, Phœbe and Mr. Sterling first, with a great collection of marine wonders, and the rest not far behind; and all more than ready for dinner.

"Miss Chase may make herself useful now if she will," said Mr. Wheeler, and he proceeded to scrape off her covering of sand. She saved him the trouble of removing much of it by springing up, and scattering it in a shower that nearly blinded him; then she flew at her basket, and began to help Phœbe "set the table," or rather, the beach.

None the worse for her drenching and subsequent baking was Mollie, although she did present a very crumpled appearance, and after summoning us to our seaside repast she got a large white shell in which to serve up the promised delicacy for her "enemy," Mr. Wheeler. He sat expectant, and was gravely presented with three slices of a pickled beet!

The joke connected with this viand was not appreciated by all the company, though everybody laughed at such a climax to the fuss about the basket. A few days before, at the dinner table, I had quoted some of Phœbe Cary's lines on "poor cold, pickled beets," and Mr. Wheeler then remarked that he had exactly the same opinion as the poetess concerning them. Mollie was greatly amused with the lines, and regularly quoted them herself, after that, whenever beets appeared on the table. She did so in handing the shell and its crimson contents to Mr. Wheeler, beginning—

"I'll name a dish *I* think is one
To which no justice can be done.
It isn't cheese, grown old and strong,
Or sausage kept a month too long;
It isn't beefsteak fried in lard
Or cold potatoes when they're hard.
It's *worse* than each and all of these
By just about sixteen degrees;
I ain't what Chinamen call nice
Although they dote on rats and mice;
For, speaking honestly and truly,
I wouldn't give it to a coolie."

The gentleman thus highly complimented arose, and with a low bow expressed his sense of Miss Chase's politeness in a few appropriate words.

After this little prelude we attacked our provisions, spread out upon the smooth, hard sand, while the sun's rays poured down upon us, browning our faces, yet scarcely heeded, because of the cool sea breeze that fanned us. Crabs surveyed us from a distance, then hurried away in their own convenient manner, without even taking the trouble to turn around. The receding tide left new wonders on the wet beach below us, and with much enjoyment on our part, pies, cake, sandwiches, and cold coffee gradually disappeared.

Amusing stories from one and another, and conundrums were given, when hunger had been satisfied, and the mirth was general. Then somebody proposed a conundrum taken from a Bible subject. I did not approve of that, and wanted to say so, but was hesitating, as I ought not to have done, when an example was set me by Mr. Wheeler, who said in his usual frank, pleasant manner, "Don't you think there are plenty of conundrums without

going to the Bible for them? That always seemed to me like making light of the most precious things."

There was a silence and some of our group stared at the speaker in surprise. One muttered remark that it was "nonsense to be so particular" might have been heard. If Phœbe had not been attending to something else just then, I know she would have given a hearty assent to Mr. Wheeler's words, and all that I said was, "I quite agree with you;" but this verse from the holy Book was in my mind: "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you."

He proposed then to go with Mollie and myself to the Point, saying there would be time enough before sailing, and we left the company laughing at a new conundrum given by him, which was acknowledged to be the best we had heard that afternoon.

The sun was sloping westward, and the sea wind freshening, as we walked along the beach to the point where the Atlantic casts her shells in great variety; not so eagerly sought by us, though, as the sea beans, those strange voyagers from some distant island. They are less beautiful when first washed ashore than when, after skilful polishing, they appear in the St. Augustine and Jacksonville stores, some of a rich brown color, some pearly gray or glowing crimson, and set in gold for brooches, earings, or watch chains. "It would be ever so much easier to find them if they were as lustrous in their native state as afterwards," Mollie said, but with diligent search her bright eyes discovered three; and she generously offered two of them to me.

The "Magnolia" was awaiting us, and the day's pleasures ended with a sunset sail back to the quaint old town.

"What is the fun for to-day?" I called from my window the next morning to Phœbe, who was holding a confab on the piazza with some of our friends.

"Orange groves," she answered, "also a wonderful garden, belonging to somebody or other, where there are fifteen kinds of tropical fruits to be seen."

"All growing at the same season! I'm sorry the garden belongs to 'somebody or other,' for if it didn't, we could spend the day in feasting on those fifteen fruits."

"Of course they are not all ripe this month," rejoined Phœbe, "but I mean this man raises them all in his garden."

"How many Mollie, and what are they?"

"Oranges, lemons, pomegranates, shaddocks, limes, papaws, figs, guavas, pineapples, citrons, peppers,"—rattled off Mollie. "I can't remember the names of any more, and perhaps there are not quite fifteen. Miss Mattie, here is a chameleon for you. I just caught him on that bough, Don't you want him? Keep him in your room, and he'll catch flies for you."

"And inhabit my slippers, or the pillow-cases? No, thank you, Mollie, I can catch more flies in one forenoon with a glass of molasses and water than he could digest in two days. Will Mr. Sterling take us to the orange groves this morning?"

"That he will be happy to do," replied the gentleman in question, and we set out at once with him, and with the additional escort of "the Chevalier."

Beyond the Maria Sanchey creek we found a lovely grove of wild orange trees, that, with their curving boughs and glossy leaves, arched over long, shady aisles, where the golden fruit lay on the ground, and seeing the less sedate of our party playing football with them, I asked if they were really good-for-nothing.

"They are sour and very bitter," Mr. Sterling told me, "but they make nice marmalade and orangeade. These trees are probably of the sweet orange stock, originally brought over from Spain, and since then they have run wild

from want of cultivation, like some children. The orange, you know, is not a native of this country, but they thrive so well here that the old Spaniards, I was told, used to think the St. Augustine oranges better than those of their own land."

"What a time poor Florida has had!" said Phœbe. "Shifted about from hand to hand, and distracted by Indian wars. The Spanish gave her to England in exchange for Cuba, and in twenty years the English gave her back again for the Bahamas, and then—what happened next, Mr. Sterling?"

"The United States bought her for five millions, and had to pay nineteen millions more in settling the Seminole difficulties; so Florida has proved an expensive luxury to the government."

"Don't say she isn't worth it, though," we cried, "when she yields us such rich, sweet oranges as these!" For we had come to another grove, one that was under careful cultivation, and there had purchased a large basketful of most delicious fruit. These trees stood erect and stately, bearing oranges both golden and green, large and small, and a few had even the white blossoms growing with the ripe and ripening fruit. Some of the trees bear about five thousand oranges annually, and we stood under them with great respect.

Then to the wonderful garden we directed our steps, and if we did not see fifteen different fruits suspended from the boughs above us, we beheld the trees or plants on which they appear in due time, and the owner of the grounds showed me a tree that has borne shaddocks weighing four pounds each.

Having satisfied our eyes and minds on the subject of horticulture, we retraced our steps, and a walk that seemed longer than it was, because of the hot sun and heavy sand, brought us to the Plaza, where thoughts of soda water attracted Mr. Wheeler, Mollie and myself to the little drug-store facing that shady resort. Phœbe had gone on ahead with Mr. Sterling, and we could not call her back to enjoy the cool draught we craved. Just as well for her, no doubt, for the druggist said his soda fountain was empty, but if we could wait a little——? "Oh yes! we could. What else was there to do?" But Phœbe might have denounced it as a reckless waste of time—that whole hour we spent on one of the Plaza seats waiting for three glasses of soda, as if our future comfort would materially depend on them.

"To think that a person of my age should have no better idea of the value of time than I seem to have now!" I exclaimed. "Such folly is more excusable in you, young people; but the air of St. Augustine has certainly demoralized me."

"You needn't talk as if you were our great-aunt, Miss Mattie," said Mr. Wheeler, "and you needn't apologize for yourself either, for we all know the effect of St. Augustine air; it makes people enjoy wasting their time, as you call it. *I* should think it uncomplimentary to my present company to say I was wasting mine!"

A laugh and another apology had to follow that speech, and then we got our sodas. They might have been more sparkling, but we found no fault, although they made us late for dinner at Mrs. Baretto's.

Phœbe's birthday came, and instead of greeting it with a cheerful countenance, she looked very sober. The reason of this was our dear old Mr. Sterling's departure for Jacksonville that morning, and it was truly a cause for sorrow to lose his pleasant and profitable society. I was grieved myself, but it would never do for my Phœbe to begin another year with such unwonted melancholy; so I proposed to her that we should set out for the famous Ponce de Leon Spring. "For what better occasion than one's birth-day could there be for visiting

the 'Fountain of Perpetual Youth?'" I said. "A Jesuit priest wrote long ago to the Pope of a fountain in Florida whereof the water maketh the old young again—and there it is, somewhere out in the pine-barrens, not many miles away. Let us go and find it and grow young again."

"Agreed," said Phœbe, with something like a return of her usual spirits. "But how do you propose to get there?"

"We will ask our Chevalier to drive us in Mr. Baretto's carriage, my dear."

"I never did ask a young man to take me to drive in all my life," Phœbe remarked, "and it is rather late to begin now."

"The later the better," I replied. "Indeed, I should be sorry if you had begun early to make such propositions. We won't tell Mollie Chase anything about it for fear of the example, but I shall go directly and see if Mr. Wheeler has any greater happiness in prospect for this morning than to be our driver."

Of course he had not. When did he ever fail to find happiness in being obliging? He had never seen the magical fountain, and had but a vague idea where it was to be found, and there was some delightful uncertainty before us as we started upon our expedition.

The first thing our friend did was to drive us straight into the Maria Sanchey creek, and with some surprise I enquired if there was no other way to the highway leading out to the pine-barrens.

"Oh certainly!" he replied, "but I thought you and Miss Phœbe preferred unusual ways of getting to places, so I brought you into the creek on purpose."

"In that you displayed remarkable sagacity," said Phœbe. "This is far better than that smooth avenue where everybody drives. Only bring us safely out of this muddy stream," she added, "for we don't want to fall a prey to the fiddler crabs."

Through the creek we passed to the highway, and turned off at last into the wide, lonely "barren," where are tall pines, hundreds of them, far as the eye can reach, their straight trunks standing like columns; and even where they are crowded together the scanty foliage (clusters of long glistening needles) does not hide the bright blue sky, or form a shield against the warm sunshine. In and out among them wind perplexing roads, that seem to wander aimlessly through the woods with no definite purpose of going anywhere. We *did* want to go somewhere, therefore it was desirable to find a road that had an aim similar to our own, if possible; still, being in no hurry, we pursued many of these wandering tracks, probably old Indian trails, or roads leading to military outposts during the Seminole war. As the outposts have disappeared, they may be truly said to go nowhere now, and occasionally we found ourselves in bogs, from which we emerged to try more new paths.

There were one or two negro cabins along the way, and their occupants might have told us the nearest route to Ponce de Leon's renowned waters, but we preferred to make our own discoveries, as he did, and drove on among the pine trees and an undergrowth of rustling saw-palmettos, looking on all sides for a sparkling fountain. At last, behold a dilapidated fence surrounding a kind of clearing! That betokened something, we agreed, and leaving our vehicle we continued our researches on foot. Result—a deserted house, several barrels, a wilderness of thistles—some water oozing from a muddy ditch, and a square well-curb of gray coquina. Within the last-named object was the "Fountain," not bubbling up in crystal spray, but very stagnant, and covered (I regret for the sake of romance to state it) with green slime. This being removed, our good knight seized a long pole that had a rusty tin can attached, and served us with water that was de-

cidedly tepid, to mention only the best of its qualities.

Phœbe and I sat down on a shaky bench placed there for the accommodation of thirsty tourists, and laughed until "the welkin rang." If the fountain itself did not renew our youth that day, I am sure its environs did so, for they touched our sense of the ridiculous to such a degree that we felt the weight of years rolling off from us at once; and when Phœbe, looking around that desolate spot for some memento beside thistles that she could carry away, discovered one flower of amazing ugliness, we felt it was quite in keeping with the reality, if not with our dreams of the Ponce de Leon Spring, and laughed louder than before. It seems strange, and almost wrong to call any flower ugly, but *this* one was undeniably. It had a fleshy, reddish stem, white at the top, where a stiff yellow spike joined it, and looked not unlike a dead caterpillar. There was one long ovate leaf growing with it, and the flower gave us the impression of a lily-pistil with the petals fallen off, but there were no petals, and never had been, to this strange production of Florida. We called it, ironically, "The Lily of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth."

One other memento did Phœbe bear away from that historic place—an old black bottle that she found lying near the well, and filled with the youth-reviving water to take home to our friends. "It will be such a joke!" was her reply to me when I represented the inconvenience that the bottle would be during subsequent packings and journeyings. It went North, in spite of me, and our friends made wry faces over it, for when uncorked after two months it certainly had not improved in flavor.

Our days at St. Augustine went on with walks upon the sea wall, visits to the Fort, which lost none of its fascinations, boating on the Matanzas, pleasant hours in the Library, and evening concerts by moonlight on the balcony. In these last there were vocal and instrumental performances (combs being the instruments) that were edifying to the passers on our quiet street; but there was still better music in town, that of the Charleston Post band, who enlivened the little city both day and night, and played in the Fort, on the Plaza, and chiefly on the parade ground before the barracks.

To the evening parade we went when it had been reluctantly decided that the next day must see us on our way northward, and while the sun's last glances fell with golden light over the soft green sward and the calm river, the thrilling, joyous music of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" filled the air. We thought it a fitting close to the glad days that had so refreshed and cheered us, and knew that in the future when winter winds and other stern realities forced themselves upon us, we should recall them, and go on our way with renewed strength and gratitude to the Giver of all truly good and pleasant things.

So farewell—our kind memories ever linger around thee, O dear St. Augustine!

CHILDREN OF SILENCE.

One fine day in the month of May, 1662, there was a large assembly of great persons in Whitehall, London. His Majesty King Charles I. was there, surrounded by nobles and fair ladies, by diplomatists and bishops, learned men of all kinds, and ambassadors from foreign lands. The thoroughfare leading to Whitehall was crowded with carriages and horses, and people on foot. Presently there appeared before the King and his grand assembly a learned doctor and profound philosopher, named John Wallis, who led by the hand a little boy, and all eyes were directed to them. There was nothing extraordinary in their appearance, and most of the people present wondered what was going to be done. No king was going to be crowned ; no royal marriage was to be solemnized ; no unfortunate culprit was to be executed,—then why this grand gathering ? Dr. Wallis had been invited to exhibit before the King his triumphant achievement in having successfully instructed a deaf-mute ! He had taught him to read and write, and the world wondered ! His name was Daniel Whalley. Let us cross the English Channel, and see what is going on in Paris about a century after Dr. Wallis's time. A benevolent-looking gentleman in the garb of a Roman Catholic priest, the Abbé L'Epée, was wending his way through the thronged streets of Paris to make his usual round of visits. In one house dwelt a lady and her two daughters, whom the good Abbé visited. He entered a room in which the two young ladies were seated at needlework. No response was made to his salutation, which much surprised him. In explanation of this apparent rudeness, he learned that these two lovely young ladies were both deaf and dumb. The Abbé's kind heart was touched to the quick, and he resolved to devote the remainder of his existence to their education. He soon found that there were many others similarly afflicted, and to devise means by which to reach their imprisoned minds became his sole thought day and night. His efforts were not in vain, for he soon found a way, by signs and gestures and the one-handed alphabet, to convey instruction to the children of silence in his country. He afterwards founded the institution for deaf-mutes at Paris.

We now cross the broad Atlantic and come nearer home. Towards the close of the last century, in a pleasant home near New Haven, Conn., a little girl was born deaf and dumb, and a few years after a second daughter was born, and she, alas! was found to be deaf and dumb also. It was a bitter trial to the Christian parents of these afflicted children, and they wondered why a loving God should afflict them so sorely. These little girls grew up to be beautiful young women. They were ladies in manner, but totally uninstructed. The Rev. T. H. Gallaudet had recently returned from Europe where he had learned how to teach deaf-mutes and founded the school for them at Hartford. These girls were then in their teens, and their parents hastened with them to Mr. Gallaudet. They were among those who formed his first class of deaf-mutes. The youngest made great progress in her studies, and when she completed her education became the wife and co-laborer of this distinguished gentleman. She bore him eight children, one of whom is the Principal of the present National College for Deaf-mutes at Washington, and another is the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet of

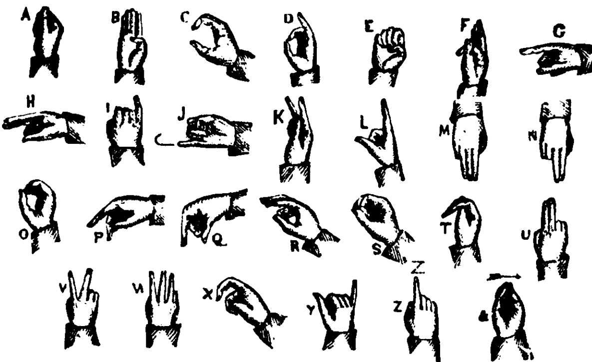
St. Ann's Church for Deaf-mutes in New York, who recently preached to the deaf-mutes in Montreal.

Now to return to Dr. Wallis. We find that he used a double-handed alphabet in teaching his first pupil, and this alphabet was invented by a very learned philosopher, named George Delgarno, a Scotchman by birth, who now lies in a nameless grave in St. Mary's Churchyard, Oxford, England.

THE ENGLISH TWO-HAND ALPHABET.

Delgarno wrote a valuable book about teaching deaf and dumb persons, but Wallis was the first to carry the idea of teaching them into practical effect. The vowels of this alphabet are formed by touching the tips of the fingers of the left hand by the index finger of the other. It is used in all the schools for deaf-mutes in Great Britain and the colonies to this day.

The one-handed alphabet used by Abbé L'Epée is different from the above. It was in use before his time. It is employed in the schools for deaf-mutes in the United States and France. The reader can study them both and compare their respective merits at his leisure.



THE FRENCH ONE-HAND ALPHABET.

With these alphabets the instruction of deaf-mutes became more general. Schools for them were established in most civilized countries. They became the key to the minds of these afflicted ones, and a kind of substitute for the potent "Ephphatha!" But to educate the deaf-mute appalling difficulties have to be surmounted. He knows *no language*, except a few gestures and simple signs. It is difficult for those not deaf to conceive of ideas without language. The most uncivilized savage has a language, and can express his ideas to those speaking his language. So the deaf-mute until he acquires a knowledge of language expresses his ideas in the sign and gestural language—the same as infants use. When a deaf-mute goes to a school for deaf and dumb children, his teacher has to supply both thought and language, and then to lay out and cultivate the many avenues to the mind over which thought goes and comes. His lessons involve much translation—first emotion into ideas, ideas into signs, and signs into written words, or words spelled out by the fingers letter for letter. Constant repetition is necessary to fix the words in the mind. The great difficulty is to get him to understand and remember *words enough to convey his ideas*, as he writes or

converses with hearing and speaking people. We here realize how much a child blessed with the gift of hearing and speech knows of language when he first goes to school—he has been taught by all the people he ever met by simply *hearing them speak.* But the only preparation the deaf-mute has received when he goes to school is his careful observation of the motions and behavior of people and things about him.

To illustrate this natural language of the deaf and dumb in order that the reader may better understand it, let us suppose, for instance, that an uneducated deaf-mute had witnessed a drunken man run over by a carriage and carried to the hospital or to his home; he would run home in a state of excitement, arrest his mother's attention, make the sign he had been using for man (probably by referring to his beard and showing his height), and then imitate his staggering gait as he went along; afterwards describing the galloping of a horse and the revolving of wheels as approaching the man, showing the shape of the vehicle as well as he could. He would then represent the man as being knocked down by it, showing over what part of the man's body they passed over by touching the part of his own. He would then make the sign for more men by holding up his fingers to denote the number; point to the door or shutter to describe the stretcher on which the injured man was carried, and imitating the carrying of something heavy on his shoulder, and the moving away of the crowd, by waving his hands in one direction. But he would not be able to tell the name of the street or place where this occurred, nor the name of the man injured, or that of the owner of the carriage;—nor would he be able to state anything that the people might have said about the affair, or any other details which a little hearing and speaking child would have been able to do. With such language the deaf-mute is unable to tell his own name or that of any of his friends, but he generally has signs for each by which he indicates them; and this sign is taken from prominent features in their appearance or action, viz., pointing to the place of the wedding ring for his mother, the whiskers for father, and indicating the several heights for his brothers and sisters; limping to indicate some lame friend, and the sharpening of the knife for the butcher. It will thus be seen that the deaf-mute needs *a language common to those around him* by which he can communicate with the world. This is the greatest difficulty in deaf-mute *instruction* and requires years of toil, patience and perseverance. They learn everything through the EYE, not by the *ear.* The first year at school is generally spent in teaching nouns and phrases and a little of arithmetic. The second year they go over the same nouns and phrases and learn to combine words into sentences. Most intelligent deaf-mutes can write a few sentences to express their ideas, or write a short letter to their friends, after being two or three years at school.

The following is the uncorrected letter from a boy deaf and dumb from infancy after being *three years* in the Protestant (now Mackay) Institution for Deaf-mutes, at Montreal:—

"I received your very kind letter from you and was glad to hear from you and know that you are getting better now. My father told me will go to Montreal next September 3rd. I will be glad to see you and your family. I went to the mines last Tuesday. There was a man kill, he fell forty feet at the mines. The men are working the mines. It is rainy now. I am very busy. The crops is good, the plums is plenty. My cousin and me will mow the oats soon. I think you will go to New York one week. I am happy with my parents at home. I send my love to you. Write soon again.—J. McC."

The writer of this article received another letter from a converted Armenian Mohammedan who had been spending *eight* years at a college in the United States learning the English language. The Armenian understood and used his native language, for he was not deaf and dumb. We will compare his letter with that of the deaf-mute's. It will help to give some idea of their difficulties in learning the English language. The Armenian had recently visited Montreal, and his impressions of the city and the people are curious:

"I am going Hamilton College, N. Y. Where am studying to return home Armenia, as I told you when your kind hospitality I was enjoying. I shook 3 times the dust of my foot just now against thise city, and again my brethren who herd me lest night in praree meating. I return my censer thank for loving kindness. 'I was a sturenger you took me in.' The Lord give you helthe to teach blesed Gospele to those who are unabl to hear yet Jesus Chrest dide for them for me and for aney bodey. Bible sed 'what me sow the same will me reap.' If I was verey rech the hall city would respect me. If I had nice dresses, stofe-pofe hat rengs on my fenger golden wach and chane and $. certainlly I could lechur on Koran and Mohammedanism. Brethren find plenety excuses just as faresees had when they sow the merecals which our Lord performe."

It is easy to teach a deaf-mute to write, but a very different thing to get him to understand what he writes or what is written to him. Parents and teachers in public schools often make mistakes in attempting to teach little deaf and dumb children without any knowledge of the proper way. Once a schoolmaster brought a little deaf-mute boy to an institution for deaf-mutes in England, and said he had already taught him some useful knowledge. He was asked what he had taught him. He said he had taught him to know that "the way of God was a good way." He was asked to show how he knew the boy understood the sentence, and he made the boy copy it. This was to him sufficient proof, but he had never tried to explain to the boy either what *God was*, or what the *way of God* was. It would be a long time before a good teacher of deaf-mutes would bring such a sentence for his pupil to understand. He would explain to him something of the nature of the Almighty, when the pupil could understand the language necessary to express it, and then the *way of God* would still have to be explained as a metaphorical expression. To teach a deaf-mute an idea of a Supreme Being, who is called "God," the teacher would begin thus: A desk is before the pupil. He asks him, "Who made it?" "A man,—a carpenter." "Of what is it made?" "Of wood." "Did man make the wood?" "No." "Where did he get it from?" "Trees." "Did man make the trees?" "No; they grow." "How?" "By the sun, rain, &c." "Does man make the sun shine, and the rain to fall?" "No." "*Who does?*" They must be told that it is GOD who does all these things. So on step by step, from the works of man to the works of God, and from the creature to the Creator.

Lessons in secular subjects come in their turn—geography, history, arithmetic, &c.; but the great aim of the teacher is to give them a knowledge of ordinary language that they may understand what they read, and to be able to write down their thoughts for others not able to understand their signs and the finger language. They make many mistakes, as will be seen by the letter of one of them, given in the previous page; but many of them do learn to write down their thoughts in correct language, and some of them learn to talk and read people's lips when they are spoken to orally. It would tire the reader to follow the deaf-mute through

all the stages of his instruction at school, and it will perhaps be more pleasant to read a few anecdotes of deaf-mutes that have lived since the days of good Dr. Wallis and his early co-laborers.

About fifty years ago, Lord Seaforth, who was born deaf and dumb, was to dine one day with Lord Melville in London. Just before the company ar-

The cut in this page represents a scene in the Mackay Deaf and Dumb Institute—Mr. Widd teaching a class the signification of words.

rived, Lady Melville sent a lady who could talk on her fingers to meet Lord Seaforth and talk to him on her fingers. Lord Guilford, who was not deaf and dumb, entered before Lord Seaforth and the lady mistook him for the dumb lord, and entered into conversation with him on her fingers. He did the same. After a few minutes Lady Melville came into the room and the lady said to her, "Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man." "Dumb!" exclaimed Lord Guilford, "Bless me, I thought you were dumb!"

Many great men have found the manual alphabet of the deaf and dumb useful at different times. On one occasion an English judge, while on one of his circuits, lost his way to the next assize town, and none of his party knew the road. A deaf and dumb woman came upon them at two cross roads. The judge eagerly enquired of her the way to the town he was destined to hold assizes at, but she pointed to her ears and mouth and shook her head, to tell him that she was deaf and dumb, and did not understand him. The judge was in despair and turned to retrace his steps, but one of his party who had learned the alphabet of the deaf and dumb, spelled the name of the town to her and she instantly pointed to the direction where the road led to the place. The judge gave her a shilling and rode on. He afterwards learned the alphabet himself, and soon found it useful in the trial of an unfortunate deaf-mute for robbery. He astonished all in the court by talking with the prisoner on his fingers and acting as interpreter for the lawyers.

The well-known English authoress, Charlotte Elizabeth, was quite deaf, like Dr. Kitto, the author of many valuable books on the Bible and Bible lands. Her husband became very expert in the use of the finger alphabet, and used to translate to her sermons and speeches in Parliament as quickly as they were delivered by the speakers.

Some years ago in a village church in Yorkshire, there might have been seen a very intelligent young girl interpreting the sermon to her deaf and dumb parents, between whom she sat during the service. The attention of the girl to the voice of the preacher, and the velocity with which she worked her fingers to convey to the eyes of her parents what she heard, excited great surprise in all who saw her thus employed.

The value of the deaf-mute alphabet to people not deaf and dumb has often been shown in different ways. We could write many interesting anecdotes illustrating the value of

"That wondrous bridge, no bigger than the hand,
By which truth travels to the silent land,"

had we time and space at our disposal. One more anecdote of the alphabet, and we will turn to something else.

Some years ago, a poor, homeless deaf and dumb girl in London was taken into service by a lady, and taught housework. Her mistress learned the alphabet to communicate with her, and soon became expert in its use. Her husband, who was a banker, also learned it, and the girl became as easily to manage as if she were not deaf and dumb. One day the husband was obliged to bring to his home the treasures of the bank on account of a fire there. This came to the knowledge of a burglar, who secreted himself in the bedroom of the lady, where the treasure was deposited. The lady retired to bed while the husband was absent on business. She soon heard sneezing under the bed, but remained quiet, as if asleep. The burglar then emerged from his hiding-place and demanded of the lady to know where the money was deposited. She was terrified at his threats and referred him to an iron safe in a corner. While he was trying to open it he heard the footsteps of the husband ascending the stairs, and he rushed to his former

hiding-place, threatening the lady with instant death if she said a word about him or left the room. The husband noticed his wife's paleness and asked her what was the matter. She answered aloud, "I have a bad headache," and immediately spelled on her fingers, "Hush, there is a robber under the bed." The husband answered, "My dear, I am sorry for your headache; you must have a cup of tea," and thrust the poker into the fire, saying it was a cold night. When the poker was red hot, he turned to the servant man who had come into the room, and said, "Thomas, there is a man under the bed. Do you think this hot poker will bring him out?" The burglar at once left his hiding-place and begged for mercy. "How did you know I was here?" he said. "The lady did not tell you,—I know she did not speak one word about me." He was given into custody and afterwards sent over the seas to a distant penal settlement, and never knew how his presence under the bed was revealed to the gentleman.

The sign language of the deaf and dumb in the hands of an experienced teacher often shows its vast importance in trying circumstances. One anecdote which came to the knowledge of the writer will sufficiently illustrate this:— A few years ago, the London police found a deaf and dumb woman, totally uneducated, wandering about the streets at midnight. She could give no account of herself, and the police kindly took her to the workhouse near by for safe keeping. Every effort of the officers of the workhouse to discover her name and residence failed. A missionary to the deaf and dumb was sent for to try to find out from where she had come. He found she was utterly ignorant of the alphabet, nor could she read or write. He soon found by her signs that she had been brought by railway to London by a man with whiskers and then deserted. Now, as no signs could discover her name and residence, the missionary was in a difficulty. He, however, did not give her case up as hopeless, but hired a cab and told the driver to drive wherever she might direct. She directed them on up one street and down another till they came to the London Bridge Station. The missionary asked her in signs if they were to get out. She shook her head to say "No." On they went till they came to the steamboat landing. She then told them to stop and get out. The sight of the steamboat gave her great pleasure, and the missionary understood by her signs that she was to go on board one of their steamers, and pointed towards Lambeth. Tickets were bought for that place, and on arrival there the young woman was overjoyed and jumped out of the boat, making eager signs to her kind friend to follow. They then hastened on foot through several streets, the young woman acting as guide, till they came to a house, which she entered. A ticket was in the window with "This House to Let" on it, which the missionary read with some misgiving, and presently the young woman returned with a sad countenance, signing to the missionary that her parents or friends had gone away! The missionary made enquiries of the neighbors, and they informed him that the occupants of the house had left a few days ago and gone to another part of London. He obtained their names and the address to which they had removed, and soon found the girl's parents, who were overwhelmed will joy at the recovery of their poor daughter, whom they said had been decoyed away by a bad man.

Deaf-mutes sometimes make funny sentences in trying to learn the English language. At one school a little deaf-mute boy was asked to show his skill in the use of the English language on his slate, and he wrote: "A man ran from a cow. He is a *coward*." He thus unconsciously perpetrated a pun, which caused the visitors great amusement.

A few years ago, an English lady was teaching a school for hearing children in Demerara; and a colored deaf and dumb girl came to learn to read and write. The missionary's wife and the teacher shook their heads, and thought that it was impossible, and signed for her to go home. Day by day she came to the school and would not be refused. At last the teacher wrote to England for the deaf and dumb alphabet. It was surprising how quickly the poor girl learned the English language. By-and-bye she could read the New Testament, from which she learned to love Jesus as her Saviour. One day she wrote to her kind teacher, "Missie, me too happy. You would think when me walk out that there were two peoples in the road, but it is *Jesus and me*. He talk and me talk, and we two too happy together."

A deaf and dumb pupil of the great French landscape painter Corot (who died in 1875), got from his master a paper on which was written "Conscience," which so impressed the deaf-mute that in copying one of his beautiful pencil drawings he even tried to imitate a stain of glue. Corot, when he saw it, smiled, and wrote to him: "Very well, my friend; but when you are before Nature you will not see any stains."

In speaking of deaf-mute artists, I would like to tell an anecdote of the Scotch deaf-mute artist, Walter Geikie, whose interesting biography was written by the late Sir T. D. Lauder, Bart. Geikie was a very clever artist, and has left many much-prized drawings. He died in 1837. An anecdote regarding an individual who makes a very conspicuous appearance among the characters found in his etchings, is worth relating, as an example of the difficulties he encountered in his ardent desire to collect the portraits of people whom he saw in the streets of Edinburgh. The porter of the Grassmarket was a singular character and arrested Geikie's attention. He was somewhat pot-bellied, and with that projection and hang of the nether lip, and elevation of nose that gives to the human countenance a certain air of vulgar importance. In this subject it seemed to say: "Though I'm a porter, I'm no fool." Geikie had made several attempts to get near enough to sketch this man. Day after day he hunted his intended victim with pencil and sketch-book, but failed to get a chance of him. The porter perceived him, and suspecting his intentions, at once moved on and plunged into the crowd. Like a young Highland sportsman, who wishes to get a shot at an old fox who may have dodged into cover, Geikie, with pencil and paper in hand, prowled about after his prey. But the porter was on his guard and took good care to keep behind other people, so as to defy the attempts of the young artist, until at last, when the market began to thin, and his hopes of defeating the foul intention against him ebbed away with the lessening crowd, he lost all patience, and abused and threatened his tormentor with great fury, both of words and of actions. The first were of course lost upon the poor deaf lad, although there was no mistaking the meaning shake of the porter's mutton fists. But as this only threw his subject into a more tempting attitude, the artist's fervor for his art rendered him utterly regardless of consequences, and he tried his pencil with great enthusiasm! This enraged the porter, who roared like an infuriated bull, and rushed at Geikie to punish him for his boldness; and before Geikie had time to apply his pencil to the paper, he was obliged to fly to save his bones. The porter's heavy weight prevented anything like an equal race, so Geikie kept ahead and made rapid sketches of his approaching foe at every stop he made, as they ran up the Grassmarket. The porter was all the time puffing and blowing and laboring after him, and his fury seemed to be increased at every step. He made use

of every nerve to catch the young artist, which prevented him making further use of his pencil. Fortunately an open stair of one of the large buildings most opportunely presented itself, into which Geikie rushed, and the porter remained outside watching for the return of his enemy. He stood outside with his hands under the tails of his coat. Geikie had a capital view of him from one of the windows, and immediately set to work with his pencil and executed an admirable sketching of one of the most curious men of Edinburgh, who has long since passed away. When the sketch was executed Geikie found that the porter still kept watch for him, so he had to remain in his hiding place for several hours. When, at last, the porter got tired of keeping sentinel and moved away, Geikie emerged from his retreat, went home, and saw him no more. In the collection of this clever deaf artist the reader will find the remarkable character above described in the plate entitled "Street Auctioneer," and he is in the act of consulting his old-fashioned chronometer.

Many more interesting and amusing anecdotes could be told of deaf-mute artists (for there are many of them in England), and of deaf-mutes in various other professions, but space is limited. Sometimes deaf-mutes display great intelligence and attain to a respectable niche of fame in art, science or literature. We will conclude this article by mentioning one instance of the extraordinary intellectual calibre of a congenital deaf-mute—a prodigy—which has never been in print before. Some years ago a benevolent gentleman found a red-headed, ragged little deaf-mute in the streets of Glasgow, and took him to the school for deaf-mutes in that city. He showed extraordinary intelligence, and the gentleman thought he was a rough diamond but capable of being highly polished by education and training. During the first session at school the boy shot ahead of every other pupil, and there were then more than a hundred, many of them having been there for seven or eight years. The rapidity with which he learned was amazing; indeed his memory was so retentive that what he once read he never forgot. Such was the calibre of his mind that nothing was too difficult for his comprehension. He read books on mathematics, metaphysics and the like, whether they were printed in English, foreign or dead languages, which he also read with ease. When school was over, he would rush to the library, take out a lot of books under his arms and make his way to the nearest fire to read them, while his schoolmates directed their steps to the play-ground. Such was the force of habit that he would sit near the fire even during summer while he studied. No wonder with a mind so well stored with knowledge, he was a capital story-teller and he never used signs since the day he could spell on his fingers. He was appointed an assistant teacher at the school, but he found the task too irksome, and left the institution to become a common laborer in order to make money more rapidly to purchase books. He spent all his money in books and neglected his bodily wants. His books increased in number very fast and they formed his table, chair and bed, by being piled one upon another in his lodgings. They were his only articles of furniture. The extraordinary learning of this deaf and dumb laborer attracted the attention of many gentlemen and his employers, who thought that he was not in his proper sphere. They determined to give him a better position so that his fund of knowledge might be put to some use. They visited his lodgings for this purpose one day when he was not at his work, and found him dead on his bed of books, having literally starved his body to death to feed his hungry mind. He had everything ready for writing a book, which he said would astonish the world. There were several

reams of paper and a large bottle of ink, showing that he fully intended to enter upon the work, but there was no indication of what work it would be. His stock of books were printed in several languages of the highest kind of literature. He was sixteen or eighteen years old when he died. He had a florid countenance, red hair, greenish eyes inclining to blue, which gave him a peculiar expression.

The following is an extract from a deaf-mute's letter to his teacher in Glasgow, Dr. Anderson:

"How graceful indeed is the very idea of placing some tangible token of our gratitude in the hands of our old teacher whilst bidding him welcome to the repose which he so greatly desiderates in the evening of his arduous life! For I firmly maintain that a simple address, however pregnant with the affecting pathos of a myriad of hearts overflowing with gratitude, such as that with which Dr. Keet was presented by his old pupils last year, would not do sufficient justice to our own real sentiments nor to our benefactor's merits."

Another writes in the following strain respecting the education of deaf-mutes, which contains much truth:

"The deaf-mute on leaving school, is a changed being, quite different from what he was before he went there; he is now so intelligent that he may resort to the society of the wise and good, maintain proper conduct towards his neighbors, and even hold an intercourse with that Being to whom he owes his life, with every enjoyment that can render life easy and comfortable. Under the circumstances, the education of the deaf and dumb must be among the most extraordinary and remarkable instances of philanthrophy in modern times."

Great changes for the better have taken place in the condition of the children of silence during the past few years. Churches and colleges have been founded for them; some of the deaf-mutes themselves have been ordained ministers of the Gospel to their afflicted brethren, and others have successfully passed university examinations in competition with their more favored brethren, and become lawyers and artists of no ordinary standing. The children of silence are still looking forward to greater benefits and anxiously await to hear the great Master say the all-powerful

"*Ephphatha!*"

THOMAS WIDD.

A FEW ODD WEDDINGS.

"'Marriages are made in heaven,' they say; it seems so in this case, for after all the obstacles in the way, Edward Gane has married Mary Meeke. I believe they were engaged nine years ago, and broke it off on account of Mary's family being so opposed to it."

"You would take a more mundane view of matrimony, if you had seen as many weddings as I have," remarked the clergyman's wife, one of our party, who had been listening to the gossip which serves to pass away the time when a number of young folks are collected together as we were, busily engaged in the vestry of the church making those pretty decorations of evergreens that adorn the church at Easter. Immediately we petitioned our pastor's lady to tell us about some of the odd weddings she must have witnessed.

"Very well, girls,"—it was in the afternoon, and the gentlemen being engaged in their various occupations could only assist us in the evening,—"but I must first get these festoons started. Let us go and measure the altar railing, and take the length of the gallery, and then we can sit down to our work without interruption."

In a short time we were all seated, some cutting the green twigs, and others wreathing them on the rope that formed the foundation of the festoons, working like busy bees, Mrs. Norse in the centre of the group narrating her tales and pausing now and again to give a novice some advice about the work.

"It would be impossible for me to give you an account of all the queer weddings I have seen in my lifetime, but I shall try to describe some that were peculiar, and others that were rather uncommon, which I recollect because the parties were known to me personally.

"The first year that Mr. Norse and I were married, we lived in a little country village in a northern county, and the population being sparse, my husband was not often called upon to unite a couple in the holy estate of matrimony, and the majority of those who presented themselves were from the rural districts. Usually the ceremony was performed in our little parlor; so whenever a number of buggies were drawn up before the front door, it was the signal for my sister-in-law and myself to enter the parlor, and take a seat on the sofa, where we could watch the proceedings and amuse ourselves criticising the bride and her friends. It was ludicrous, I assure you, to see the rural groom and his best man with their large hands encased in white kids, the fingers spread out like a fan, for they found the gloves most uncomfortable. After the conclusion of the ceremony, they released their hands from bondage, and re-entering the buggies drove off, followed by a number of friends who had been waiting outside for them. They spent about an hour driving up and down the principal street of our village, and then returned to their new home, where they entertained their guests to a supper, and perhaps a dance. Probably they were just as happy spending their honeymoon in their own home as those who go on a wedding tour.

"One morning we were surprised at two middle-aged, common-looking persons presenting themselves at our door, desiring to have the nuptial knot tied. I observed the woman was coarse-looking, and very tall; having an abundance of curls. They appeared in a hurry to get through the ceremony,

mumbling their words hastily; they explained they were in haste to be in time for the 10.20 train; neither could sign their name; after making their mark, they gave my husband a five dollar bill; on receiving three dollars in change, the man looked dissatisfied, and said he thought ''twas only a dollar for doing this 'ere business;' then he continued in a whining tone, 'I can't afford mor'n a dollar,' so Mr. Norse good-naturedly gave him another note.

"At dinner my sister-in-law asked if any tramps had been begging during the morning.

"I said I thought not; she must have mistaken the middle-aged lovers for tramps.

"She remarked that when she was sitting in the garden, reading, her attention was attracted towards a man and woman who walked stealthily along the hawthorn hedge unobserved, as they thought; then the woman went behind the barn and soon appeared again in men's clothing. She knew it was the same person, for when she rejoined the man she removed the curls and bonnet, and in their place she put a Scotch cap.

"When I heard their dress described my suspicions were aroused in a moment, and I asked Mr. Norse to examine the five-dollar bill. He compared it with another, and found it was a forged note, though cleverly executed. We made a search for the cheats, but they had left the village, and we were all quite assured that they were two men who had probably tried this little confidence game more than once.

"There resided at that time in our village a certain Mrs. Smith, a widow, and a member of Mr. Norse's church. She had long desired to marry an elderly bachelor, a man of property, who boarded with her. The old fellow often imbibed too freely, and at such times felt very jolly; he used then to ask the blooming widow to be his wife, but when the spree was over he always backed out of his engagement.

"On one stormy winter day this couple came to our house to be married, but my husband thought the old bachelor acted in a very strange manner, and smelt strong of whiskey; so he whispered to the widow that it would be better for them to come another time, as he feared her intended husband was not quite sober. She was very indignant, and went away in a huff. In about six weeks after she sent for Mr. Norse to go and marry them at her residence. When he arrived there he again found the bachelor in a muddled state, and had to refuse to perform the ceremony a second time. Mrs. Smith offered twenty dollars instead of two, if he would only marry them, for said she,—

"'You see, Mr. Norse, he ain't never been married before, and is a kind o' bashful, and then he thinks so much of his money he's scared a wife will spend too much. Now when he ain't quite sober it's easy to marry us, for he's always agreeable then. You needn't have no fear but that we'll get on together, for he is easy to please, and he has boarded so long with me I'm used to his odd way.'

"None of these arguments prevailed with Mr. Norse, and he told her plainly that he would marry no man while he was drunk.

"She was very angry and left the Church, and some months later joined the Plymouth Brethren."

"She thought of another plan of entrapping the wary bachelor. There was an excursion from a neighboring town to Detroit, so she persuaded her reluctant lover to take a trip over to Uncle Sam's dominions. Of course after the journey he had to refresh himself at a hotel, whither she brought an unscrupulous minister, who performed the ceremony, and they returned to Canada man and wife.

"The Bishop gave Mr. Norse the charge of another parish, and we re-

moved to C——, a county town. There was in this place a Mr. J——, a merchant who had an only daughter, on whom he lavished every luxury. She was a tall, fair-haired girl, about twenty-five years of age, and much liked in the society in which she moved. It was about a year after I made her acquaintance that rumor first whispered she was engaged to a young lawyer, the eldest son of a judge. To use the common expression, she was making a good match, for her betrothed belonged to an old and aristocratic family, who however were quite agreeable to the union, for she was an heiress, and an accomplished young lady worthy of him in every respect. Her parents were very pleased also, and spared no expense in getting her a magnificent trousseau, and as the wedding day approached, great preparations were made, and numerous invitations issued. On the day on which the ceremony was to take place, the church was crowded; not only were the friends of the bride there, but also a number of townspeople.

"The young lady had always seemed pleased with the contemplated union, and great was her mother's surprise on the wedding morning on hearing her daughter express great reluctance to dress for the occasion. After coaxing her for a time, she was persuaded to array herself in the white satin, point lace, and orange flowers. She reached the church an hour and a half late. Her lover and bridesmaids had become impatient at the delay, and their countenances brightened when she entered. The service commenced and had reached that part where the clergyman asks,

"'Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?' etc.,

"To the surprise and consternation of all present she answered No!

"In a hurried tone she told Mr. Norse she had changed her mind.

"With hasty steps she left the church by a side door, and re-entering the carriage, told the astonished servant to drive her home.

"The young lawyer, poor fellow, was dreadfully cut up about it. He went straight from the church to his hotel, put on his travelling suit, and left by the train alone, on which he had expected in the morning to depart on his wedding tour. He went to California, and never again entered his native town.

"Miss J——, on reaching home, put on her every-day clothes, and went about her usual daily occupations, giving no other explanation to her parents but that she had changed her mind.

"The next morning she was missing, having run away in the night, and her distressed father and mother could only conclude that she had suddenly become insane. They telegraphed a description of her appearance to various stations, but heard nothing about her for several days, when they received a note in her own handwriting, dated at a Roman Catholic convent, into which she told them she had entered, and no inducement would persuade her to leave. 'She was the bride of the Church, and had chosen her real vocation in life; she could be happy nowhere else.'

"She had been reading a Roman Catholic romance which had completely turned her head, and she determined to enter a nunnery,—so at least her friends said, and this seemed the only way to explain her wayward conduct, for to her parents' knowledge she had never entered a Romish church or convent before she left home.

"Another marriage occurs to my mind, which I may call a wedding at a washtub. We had a servant in our family for three years, a Sarah Jane Deene. She was in the habit occasionally of visiting her mother, who resided in a little hamlet some fifteen miles distant. There she was courted by a shoemaker, whom she promised to marry on a certain day, but by some mistake, her lover

understood the time to be a month earlier than Sarah Jane stated it to be.

"One Monday morning our servant commenced her washing as usual, and had about half completed it when there was a knock at the kitchen door. She opened it and admitted her mother and lover. They were both greatly surprised to see her washing instead of being dressed up and ready to leave. Her mother, a strong-minded sort of woman, looked very displeased, and exclaimed, 'Ain't you ready, Sary Jane? Ain't your things packed?'

"'Ready! What for?' said Sarah Jane.

"'To be married, of course.'

"'Why you know you promised to-to-be-a-a-married, you know,' remarked the bashful lover.

"'Dear me, it was this time next month, James,' said Sarah, rubbing the suds off her arms.

"Then the strong-minded parent remarked, 'We've mistook the time, I suppose, but it's not no matter, you can just as well be married to-day. James has giv' his 'prentice a holiday, and shut his store, and can't afford to lose another day.'

"'I don't care to, but in course if Sary's not ready.'

"'She can git ready, can't she?' said the old woman.

"'Dear me, what am I to do? Mrs. Norse will be left without no help.'

"'You needn't ask for your wages,' remarked the mother. 'I can tell you, Sary Jane, (in a whisper) 'tain't sich a match as this you'll make every day. He don't drink, and earns a good living; I can give up washing and can live comfortable with you, and (in a still lower tone) he'll do just as we tell him.'

"Sarah Jane considered the matter for a while, and then asked my advice.

"I told her I could not think of letting her go till I had found some one to supply her place. Her mother was determined to secure such a catch at once, and offered to take her daughter's place for three or four days, and in that time, I should be able to find another domestic. I could make no other objection, so Mr. Norse was called in, and the pair were made one, to the great satisfaction of the girl's mother, who thereby not only secured a home for her daughter but also one for herself.

"On one occasion the bridegroom forgot to bring a ring, and the key of the church door was used to encircle the lady's finger.

"I recollect a sad case where the lady dropped dead of heart disease while Mr. Norse was performing the wedding ceremony. I can never forget the look of agony on her lover's face when the doctor pronounced her quite dead. He hoped, poor fellow, she had either fainted or fallen in a fit. Such a sudden turning of rejoicing into sorrow, I hope I may never again witness, but I must not end with such a sad tale unless I wish to see you all wear long faces during the rest of the afternoon.

"On another occasion, contrary to the usual custom, a lady drove to the door, and asked Mr. Norse to accompany her to her residence, as she wished him to marry her. She told him she had procured the license herself, and led him into the house to an upstairs sitting-room. There seated, writing at a table, was a middle-aged, nervous-looking gentleman. He never rose up, and apparently did not see any one enter.

"'Sylvester,' said the strong-minded lady, 'here's the minister.'

"He looked up, said, 'How do you do, sir?' and then bent his head over the manuscript.

"The lady deliberately walked over to the table, removed the writing materials, and put them on the mantel-piece.

"'The minister is going to marry us; are you ready, Sylvester?'

"'Oh! excuse me, Jemima, I was so engrossed in the article that I quite forgot.'

"Several times during the ceremony

the man's mind wandered, but the woman soon recalled him to his senses.

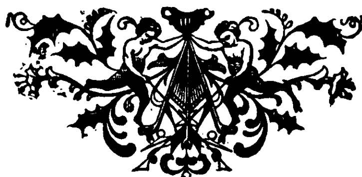
"When the rite was concluded, he asked Mr. Norse if he had ever heard of the scheme for the equalization of property. He had not.

"Then he began to unfold a plan whereby there would be neither rich nor poor,—all were to share property equally. It was easy to perceive by the excited way he talked that he was one of those monomaniacs who have a pet hobby that they ride to death. He was sensible enough on other subjects, but believed that were all property divided, there would be no more want and suffering. I learned afterwards that he delivered lectures to audiences of a baker's dozen, whom he invited himself, and to whom he expounded his philanthropical scheme.

"The lady whom he married was a person of comfortable means, who had been attending his lectures, and was converted so far, that she divided her property with him,—but no further, for she would not allow him to speculate with her money by buying a farm and then selling it in two-acre lots to poor people, who were to pay the rent for five years, and then own the land, a nice plan for the poor people.

"And now we will go and nail these festoons in their places; maybe, another time, I will relate some more tales from real life."

A. M. L.



UP THE NECKAR.

A TALE.

BY T. M. A. B.

Amidst all its wealth of natural beauty and picturesque remains of olden time, Germany has nothing more charming to offer to the discerning eye than the scenery on the Neckar between Heidelberg and Heilbronn. Here, when the river is not too shallow, the tiny Neckar steamers pass up and down, bearing you through a land of enchantment. Forest-clothed mountain and hoary ruin succeed each other on either hand, at almost every turn of the rapid, shining river, and in the lovely, sheltered valleys, opening upon it, you see such quaint and old-world villages and little towns, as make the lover of the picturesque sigh for a nearer acquaintance.

On the deck of one of these toy-steamers, one cloudless summer afternoon, a very few years since, two Englishmen were standing. Dressed in careless tourist-costume, in easy, indolent attitudes, you would have put them down as men tolerably unburthened with care, and with golden leisure to fill up as they listed. And such indeed was the case. They were friends of long standing, and with tastes sufficiently in common to make the society of each generally acceptable to the other. The younger of the two, we will call him Edward Singleton, was the heir to a fine estate in one of the Midland counties; in person, a handsome athlete, with well-cut features, comely beard and hair and fine blue eyes, an Oxford man, stronger in sport than in study, though far from lacking ability, an amateur artist, good-natured, self-indulgent, yet with fine qualities, had his life been of a kind to call them forth. The other, Paul Northcote, was an Oxford man likewise, but one who had gone thither with the knowledge that he had his way to make in life, and possessed of talent, energy and ambition to make it. A few years only the senior of the other, he had, in comparison, lived through a lifetime of hard, successful work and knowledge of mankind. Lines of thought on the forehead, a dark eye, keen, but yet kindly, firm lips and square chin, a slight, spare figure formed a decided but not unpleasing contrast to his handsome friend.

"I would not have missed this for a good deal," he was saying. "It was a happy thought of yours, Singleton, and my holiday will still leave me time for the Tyrol. Is it not wonderful how the mass of people follow the beaten track and miss so much that is really unique? Why this is the very home of romance!" he exclaimed. "Look yonder." As he spoke the boat swept round a curve and brought in full view a majestic ruin, whose iron-grey walls stood out in bold relief against the deep, luxuriant green of the forests behind it.

"I knew you would be delighted," replied Singleton, with the ready smile on his lip, as he spoke; "and you will thank me still more when we reach Hirschhorn, and I have given you a peep at that idyllic life I told you of. I am longing to introduce you to my charming little friend Christel; she seems to belong so entirely to her surroundings, you could scarcely imagine her existing anywhere else. Sweet little

woman, how she will open those brown eyes of hers when she sees Herr Singleton again!"

There was such unconscious, good-humored self-complacency in his tone, that Paul Northcote laughed a low, short laugh of amusement. "Seriously, Northcote, she is in some respects the most charming woman I know, not to be classed with other women; pretty—in a style of her own—good and sweet and generous, but of course utterly un-English." The last words were uttered in a tone which conveyed more perhaps than they were intended to express. "Not such a woman, in short, as you could imagine to yourself, being the lady of Brantford Manor? No, most certainly. I can fancy my mother and sisters looking with dismay at the little hands which have seen service, and comparing them with their own white fingers; and how their ears would be shocked at the innocent German-English—and how the ladies of B—shire would look in polite wonder at the little un-English ways! Besides, she is older than myself. No, I have never really thought of her in that light."

"I feel quite curious to see her; I have almost forgotten how you came to be so intimately acquainted."

"It was quite a romantic incident. Le Grange and I were up here sketching and fishing, three years since, in the early summer. One day we lost our road and were overtaken by a terrific thunder-storm up among the mountains; we took refuge in a charcoal-burner's hut, where we found a sick child, and Christel bending over it, like a ministering angel. She was dressed in a pale blue, clinging sort of gown, and, as the lightning flashed in and out of the little room, we caught wonderfully artistic glimpses of her. She was trying to reassure the frightened child, and her face looked like that of a pretty saint, so earnest and tender. When the storm was over the old woman of the hut suggested that Fräulein Christel should show us the way to Hirschhorn, to which she cheerfully assented, saying that from thence we could easily retrace our way to the village we had started from in the morning. So we set off for Hirschhorn through the dripping woods. It was a charming walk; the sun broke out, I remember, and played on the boles of the beech-trees and sparkled on the rain-drops everywhere, and Christel walked fleetly along beside us, talking as if we had gone through all the proper formalities, and giving us all kinds of information about the country. If *die Herren* were artists they could not have come to a better place, she said; there were hundreds of views about Hirschhorn which must be invaluable to artists. Then we spoke of music, and it came out that Christel was a passionate lover of it, and evidently somewhat of a musician herself. Half-way to Hirschhorn her father met us—a fine, old man, with a forehead like Beethoven; he had been anxious about his daughter and had come in quest of her. He evinced a little mild surprise at seeing us in her company, but she laughingly introduced us, and we found the old gentleman as bright and courteous as his daughter. It appeared that he was the Lutheran pastor of Hirschhorn, and Christel his only child. To make a long story a short one, Le Grange and myself were charmed with them, and with Hirschhorn, when we came to it and saw its red roofs and many-shaped houses and curious tower nestling in the sunset under the hill, and we made Hirschhorn our headquarters, for nearly a month. Le Grange, you know, is great in portraits, and he painted Christel and her father, the former to be a St. Cecilia, the old man some character I have forgotten. *I* only go in for landscapes, but I played and sang with St. Cecilia, as I called her, and became better acquainted with her than Le Grange. In fact, we became close friends, and you know how sincerely attached I am to this dear

little German saint of the nineteenth century."

"And since then you have paid Hirschhorn another visit?" asked Northcote, who had listened not without interest to his friend's little history.

"Yes, the following summer I came again. Le Grange was married and settled down then; you could not spare the time, so I came alone and spent three weeks; and very pleasant weeks they were."

"That was two years since?"

"Yes; last summer I intended paying Hirschhorn another visit—in fact I had promised to do so, but you know I came abroad with the Delawares and they persuaded me to go with them to Florence, and," he added, with some little hesitation, "perhaps it was as well."

"Why?"

"Well, you know, women will take things into their heads, and perhaps little Christel might have thought that my liking and admiration for her were something more."

Northcote was silent for a moment and then said, somewhat coldly:

"Liking and admiration may be perhaps so freely expressed that a woman might be pardoned for thinking that they meant something more."

Singleton laughed, perhaps a trifle uneasily. "I am no subject for a sermon, Northcote, but, as for that, 'my bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;' I was never sentimental with Christel; she is not the sort of woman to encourage it, even had I been that way inclined."

Then the two relapsed into silence, and the steamer sped on its way, as the river ran its course through leafy solitudes or past villages frowned down on by the ruined fortress which had once held dominion over them, by pastures where some village girl, barefoot and with scanty drapery, but with well-ordered coils of shining hair about her head, was driving the meek cows to their milking-places. Shadows were lengthening and the summer sunlight was mellowing, as the little boat, with much play of paddle-wheels and hissing and puffing forth of black smoke, stopped at the small landing-place of our friends' destination.

Hirschhorn was a very nest for cosiness and compactness; it had its castle, rising from the hillside above it, not altogether in ruins and partially inhabited; it had its ancient church and its snow-white Pfarrhaus, or parsonage, in the midst of a luxuriant garden, filled with things pleasant to the sight and good for food, and on three sides surrounded by a lovely grove of lindens and beeches. This was the home of Christel. It lay a little to the right of the village and was approached by a narrow lane from the river.

The girl who had been the subject of the Englishmen's conversation was standing with a basket of fruit which she had been gathering, in her hand, leaning on the garden gate and following with her eyes the steamer, as it lessened in the distance. At the first glance you would have scarcely called her pretty,—her face was too pale, though its pallor was not suggestive of ill-health, her features not of the correct type; but she had eyes which you could not forget and a smile so sweet, though not without a touch of sadness, that you could not but wish to see it again and again. The boat on the river or the sunset light must have suggested some painful or perplexing memory, for now she did not smile, and a look, almost of distress, stole into her eyes; a half sigh parted her lips, and she turned abruptly towards the house. But there were footsteps in the lane, approaching her, and she paused and looked back. As she did so the two tourists came in sight, within a few yards of the spot where she stood. A faint exclamation escaped her, the color rose suddenly to cheek and forehead, and for a moment she

fixed her eyes on Singleton as if to assure herself that she saw aright. Then she walked forward to meet them.

"Is it indeed Herr Singleton?" she said, in a tone of intense surprise; then with a smile which to Northcote's observant eye was not one of pure satisfaction, though it was very sweet, she held out her hand. "Welcome once more to Hirschhorn."

"Oh, Fräulein Christel, how long it seems since I saw you last. You see I could not let another summer go by without a visit to the Neckar. But let me introduce my friend, Mr. Northcote, who will thoroughly appreciate your lovely country."

And now she gave her hand to Northcote also, of whose presence she had scarcely been conscious, and as she met his look, she blushed once more. She almost felt as if the penetrating eye of this stranger could read a certain secret of hers—a secret of the past it was true, but one over which this calm-faced little St. Cecilia had shed tears of untold bitterness.

Then she endeavored instinctively to assume a manner more cordial and light-hearted, as she spoke her pretty welcome to Northcote also, and led the way to the house. Almost before reaching it she called, using the endearing diminutive of which the Germans are so fond, "Vaterchen, Vaterchen! where are you? I have brought you an old friend." "Who is it, daughter," said a cheery voice from within, and the Pastor came out of his study, meerschaum in hand, clad in his long grey dressing-gown. A fine, old gentleman he appeared to Northcote, whom, after having greeted Singleton with affectionate surprise, he courteously addressed. The room into which Christel ushered them struck Northcote as a charming one, though, as Singleton had said of the lady, utterly un-English. The floor was of dark polished wood, uncarpeted, save for a few soft rugs here and there, the furniture of a very simple kind, but tastefully disposed; climbing ivy-like plants were trained inside the windows, a few vases of lovely flowers stood here and there; two or three excellent paintings hung upon the walls; at one end stood a piano, at the other a well-filled bookcase. Northcote was somewhat of a German scholar, and while Singleton and the Pastor were putting and answering each other's questions, the stranger was taking the first steps in his acquaintance with the young lady. He could well understand his friend having been so favorably impressed at his first interview with her. She quickly recovered her self-possession and spoke very sweetly and intelligently, and with a gentle dignity of manner which combined with a child-like modesty formed her chief charm, and what a trustful look there was in the large, clear eyes! "Loving, good and brave," thus Northcote mentally registered Christel Mansfeld.

"Of course they must sup with them," the Pastor declared in his cheery way, when half an hour had slipt pleasantly by. "It seems like old times to see Herr Singleton. Come, Christel, see what you have in the larder, and after supper we will have some music. First, the wants of the body, then the refreshment of the soul. Eh, Herr Nortcot?" and he laughed a good, honest laugh. So Christel went, and in due time called them to the meal she had herself principally prepared, and which was so pleasing to the eye and agreeable to the palate that, as Singleton observed, the most inveterate Englishman must become a convert to the German *cuisine*.

Christel smiled and did the honors, but Northcote observed that she tasted nothing.

"And now for some music," said the Pastor, when they rose from the table.

"We ought to have one of our duets, Fräulein Christel," said Singleton. "I have never sung one of them since I was

here last; I find no voice like yours among my friends in England."

"Perhaps, Schubert's songs suit German voices best," replied Christel, quietly putting aside the compliment. "We will have something of Beethoven's first," and she sat down at the instrument and played with exquisite precision and expression, the "Moonlight Sonata." Singleton was rapturous in his applause; Northcote said little, not being demonstrative, but he was greatly surprised and pleased.

"Something more, Christel," said the Pastor, and she played now a thrilling Adagio, now something light and tender as the moonlight which began to steal in through the leafage-shaded windows, and finally she sang, not the duets to-night, she would find them to-morrow, but some simple *Volkslieder*—national ballads, which to Northcote's ears sounded more beautiful than any he had ever heard. Doubtless the quiet beauty of the night outside heightened the effect, for they had sat on through the twilight, until the moonlight came, and it was too beautiful to be shut out and replaced with lamplight. Song after song, some bright, some pathetic, until the clock in the old grey steeple, across the garden, struck eleven, and good-night was said, and Singleton led the way, well remembered, to the old-fashioned hostelry of Hirschhorn.

That night, when all the village, including our two tourists, was deep in slumber, the moon looked down on Christel kneeling by the open window of her little room, her head resting on her folded arms. She had seen him again. He had come, as any friend might come, without a thought, without the smallest consciousness that he had ever been more to her than a friend. It had been complete self-deception on her part to suppose that he had ever felt for her anything but friendship. She was herself alone to blame for all that she had suffered, she told herself, and yet—and yet—was it strange that she should have been deceived? She was not weakly sentimental, not fanciful or susceptible, but he had been so constant in attention, so evidently drawn towards her, so pleased in her presence, and then, the young, bright, manly face and form had seemed like an embodiment of some dream that lay somewhere deep down in the girl's warm heart. And he had seemed to feel parting from her so much, and, above all, had promised to return ere long. And that was two years since, years which had brought the first bitterness to Christel's life, containing long, weary months of hope deferred, of brave effort to keep from her father the faintest suspicion that his little daughter, the apple of his eye, was a heavy-hearted woman whose pillow was often wet with tears of passionate regret and self-reproach. But prayer and earnest endeavor had helped Christel through her trial, and she had come out from it victorious and with a character strengthened by suffering. And now when the battle was won, and she had begun to feel the old serenity and peaceful brightness and be content with her lot, he crossed her path again. She would have spared herself this trial if she could, but, now that it had come, she could feel with intense gratitude that the struggle was over, and that she ran no risk of its being renewed.

So on the morrow when the two friends found their way to the Pfarrhaus, Christel's face was serene and sweet as the day itself, and the calm of which she felt conscious in her heart seemed the greater by contrast with the storms which had once disturbed it.

Northcote was an acute observer. It was to this quality that was chiefly due his success in life and rapid rise in his profession of barrister, and he was constantly exercising it, often unconsciously to himself. He had drawn his own conclusions from Singleton's story, and his quick perception had read a

corroboration of them in Christel's face, as she had greeted Singleton the previous evening. He had noticed the blush, the startled look in the soft eyes, and as he had observed the girl through the evening he became convinced that he had surprised her secret, and a mixed sensation of admiring pity for Christel, so sweet and womanly, and perhaps, unreasonable indignation at Singleton possessed him.

But to-day the eyes were so serene, the girl's manner so bright and calm that he, not without satisfaction to himself, began to change his opinion. He did not wonder at his friend's being attracted by her, and ere long wondered somewhat that he had stopped short of loving her. Had he really done so? had he not returned to Hirschhorn feeling after all that all considerations tending in the opposite direction weighed too light in the balance?

Christel had found the duets,—they lay ready on the piano when the friends entered, and presently they sang them together. The voices blended well, and Northcote with a volume of Heine in his hand, now reading a page, now looking out upon the silver Neckar, murmuring over a stony little beach and upon the mountains lifting their heads in all the wealth of summer greenery, listened to the music and fell into one of the rare day-dreams which visited this clear-headed, hard-working man in whose practical life there lay, far out of sight, a well-spring of deep tenderness.

It was no easy matter to Christel to sing these duets. When they had sung them before, her feelings had been widely different; Singleton had been the hero of an innocent romance and invested by her loving imagination with every beautiful and noble quality. He had not told her his love, but every action seemed to betray it, to one so little versed in the ways of the world as was this simple German Pastor's daughter. The voice blending so well with her own was the same; the same thrilling expression rang through it all, and the past *would* recur to Christel; how could it be otherwise? But she had learned a helpful lesson, though a hard one, and her voice rang out true and clear, and she could smile without constraint. To Singleton it was unmixed enjoyment; he felt even more than the old pleasure in her rich, cultured tones and in the pale, pure face with its Saint Cecelia eyes. He would have been well content to spend the whole afternoon at the instrument, turning the leaves as of old, but Christel was mindful of her other visitor, her father being absent, and after a time proposed a walk to show Herr Northcote some of their scenery.

"Perhaps, you will not think very highly of it," she said, looking up brightly at him. "Doubtless, you have seen some far finer, but to me it is the most beautiful in all the world, and indeed I have not seen much to compare it with,—I am no great traveller. You English would think it dreadful I suppose to have seen so little of the world."

"And have you no desire to see more, Fräulein?"

"Oh, yes, if wishing could avail, I should see and know a great deal; but we are poor, and you know we Germans are a modest people and seldom let our ideas of travel range beyond a visit to one of our spas for a few weeks in the summer. I have been more fortunate than many in my circumstances, for I was at school at Dresden and have lived in Munich."

While speaking, Christel had reached down her garden-hat, tied it on, thrown a shawl over her arm and announced herself ready. If Northcote had beheld grander scenes, he insisted that he had never seen any more charming than those through which Christel led them that summer day. The beech forests were in their glory; above in the thick canopy of green birds sang and sunbeams glinted, falling on the brown car-

pet of last year's leaves beneath their feet, and touching the grey, massive trunks with shifting radiance.

"Is not this beautiful?" exclaimed Christel, "almost too beautiful to speak?"

"Nothing can be more impressive," said Northcote. "I can well understand how *your* forefathers and *mine*, Fräulein, celebrated their religious mysteries in groves like these."

"Yes," she said, "I have often thought of that. I know that I myself have often felt nearer God in these temples of his own building than in those made with hands." So they walked on without saying much, but in great enjoyment, and she led them up to the top of a ridge where the wood ceased, and from whence a view extensive as it was delightful stretched before them. They looked, as it were, into the very heart of Neckarland; mountains far and near, valleys running between them, each with its glistening tributary stream hastening to join the larger river, villages and hamlets with their touches of color and heaven-pointing spires, cornfields and vineyards everywhere,—all flooded with the glad sunlight. Immediately below them a small white church stood amidst a cluster of houses, and the bell in its modest steeple was tolling forth slow, sad sounds, which the breeze carried up to where they stood. On a slope of the hill upon the other side of the deep valley lay a small cemetery, and, winding up to it, they could see a funeral train. "Look," said Christel, as she pointed it out to her companions; "only for that this might seem almost a Paradise."

"And yet, it adds to the beauty," said Singleton, "gives just the right touch of sadness to all this brightness."

"Ah, you look at it altogether with the artist's eye," said Christel.

Then they walked on to the "nun's well," a wonderful little pool of unknown depth, with a group of weird rocks standing about it, and to the "giant's altar," a gigantic block of stone, lying in a deep hollow of the woods, and which bore the traces of human hands, hands which had perhaps toiled or been uplifted in adoration thousands of years ago. But, tempting as it is to dwell on the banks of the lovely Neckar, we must not let our sketch become too long. It had been a delightful day, Northcote said, at its close, and he found himself, with true tourist's enjoyment, looking for the morrow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LITTLE HEALTH OF LADIES.*

BY MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE.

In the following pages I propose to speak, not of any definite form of disease, but of that condition of *petite santé*, valetudinarianism, and general readiness to break down under pressure, wherein a sadly large proportion of women of the higher classes pass their years. It is unnecessary, I think, to adduce any evidence of the prevalence of this semi-invalidism among ladies in England, or its still greater frequency abroad, and (emphatically) in America. In a very moderate circle of acquaintance every one knows a score of cases of it, of that confirmed kind which has scarcely any analogue in the physical condition of men. If we take a state of perfect soundness to be represented by one hundred, the health of few ladies will be found to rise above eighty or ninety—that of the majority will be, I fear, about seventy-five—and a large contingent, with which we are now specially concerned, about fifty or sixty. In short, the health of women of the upper class is, I think, unquestionably far *below par*. Whatever light their burners were calculated to shed on the world, *the gas is half turned down* and cannot afford anything beyond a feeble glimmer.

Of the wide-extending wretchedness entailed by this *petite santé* of ladies it would be easy to speak for hours. There are the husbands whose homes are made miserable by unsettled habits, irregular hours, a cheerless and depressed, or else, perhaps, an hysterically excitable or peevish companion; the maximum of expenditure in their households with the minimum of enjoyment. I think men, in such cases, are most sincerely to be pitied, and I earnestly wish that the moans which they, and also their mothers and sisters, not unnaturally spend over their hard lot, could be turned into short, sharp words, resolutely providing that their daughters should not adopt the unhealthful habits and fall into the same miserable state, perpetuating the evil from generation to generation.

As to the poor children of a feeble mother, their case is even worse than that of the husband, as any one may judge who sees how delightful and blessed a thing it is for a mother to be the real, cheerful, energetic companion of her sons and daughters. Not only is all this lost, but the presence of a nervous, *exigeante* invalid in the dwelling-room of the family is a perpetual damper on the healthful spirits of the children; and, in the case of the girls, the mother's demands on their attention (if she be not a miracle of unselfishness) often break up their whole time for study into fragments too small to be of practical use. The *desultoriness* of a home wherein the mistress spends half the day in bed is ruinous to the young, unless a most unusual degree of care be taken to secure them from its ill effects.

Pitiable, however, as are the conditions of the husband and children of the lady of little health, her own lot—if she be not a mere malingerer—is surely still more deserving of sympathy. She loses, to begin with, all the keen happiness of health, the inexplicable, indefinable *bien-être* of natural vigor,

> the joy of morning's active zeal,
> The calm delight, blessing and blest,
> To sink at night to dreamless rest.

She knows nothing of the glorious

*To avoid misapprehension, it may be well to say that this word is here used in its older sense of the "*loaf-givers.*" The ill-health of women who are *loaf-winners* is, alas! another and still more sorrowful subject.

freedom of the hills and woods and rocky shore; she misses all the relief which lonely rides and walks afford from those petty worries which, like the wasps and ants in the dreadful old Persian torture, are sure to fasten on the poor wretch pinned to the ground. "To be weak is to be miserable." There is no truer maxim; and when we reflect how many women are weak—not merely in comparison to men, which is nothing to the purpose, but weak absolutely and judged by the standard of nature—we have before us a vast low-lying field of dull wretchedness profoundly mournful to contemplate. Out of it, what evil vapors of morbid feelings, jealousies. suspicions, hysterical passions, religious terrors, melancholy, and even insanity are generated, who shall estimate? To preserve the *mens sana* otherwhere than in the *corpore sano* is a task of almost superhuman wisdom and conscientiousness. The marvel is, not that so many fail, as that a few succeed in performing it.

Be it noted further, that it is the chronic *petite santé* much more than any positive disease, which is morally so injurious to the sufferer and all around her. I have heard one whose long years of pain seem each to have lifted her nearer to heaven remark with a smile, that "actual pain is always, in a sense, *entertaining!*" She intended, no doubt, to say that it tasked the powers of will and religious trust to bear it firmly. Out of such contests and such triumphs over either bodily or mental suffering, spring (as we all recognize) that which is most precious in human experience,—the gold purified in the furnace, the wheat threshed with the flail.

Only upon some cross of pain and woe
God's Son may lie,
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
Its Calvary.

But the high moral results of positive pain and danger seem unattainable by such a mere negation of health as we are considering. The sunshine is good and the storm is good, but the grey, dull drizzle of November—how is any one to gain much from it? Some beautiful souls do so, no doubt; but far more often chronic *petite santé* leads to self-indulgence; and self-indulgence to selfishness; and selfishness (invariably) to deceit and affectation, till the whole character crumbles to pieces with dry rot.

Now I must say at once that I consider the frequency of this valetudinarianism among women to be a monstrous state of things, totally opposed to any conception I can form of the intentions of Providence or the laws of beneficent nature; and the contented way in which it is accepted, as if it were a matter of course, by society and the poor sufferers themselves, and even by such well-meaning friends of women as M. Michelet, strikes me as both absurd and deplorable. That the Creator should have planned a whole sex of patients—that the normal condition of the female of the human species should be to have legs which walk not, and brains which can only work on pain of disturbing the rest of the ill-adjusted machine—this is to me simply incredible. The theory would seem to have been suggested by a study, not of the woman's *body*, framed by the great Maker's wisdom, but from that of her silly *clothes* sent home from the milliner, with tags, and buttons, and flounces, meant for show, not use, and a feather and an artificial flower by way of a head-gear.

Nay, my scepticism goes further, even into the stronghold of the enemy. I do not believe that even the holy claims of motherhood ought to involve—or, if women's lives were better regulated, *would* involve—so often as they do, a state of invalidism for the larger part of married life; or that a woman ought to be disabled from performing the supreme moral and intellectual duties of a parent towards her first-born children, when she fulfils the lower physical part of her sacred office towards those who come afterwards. Were this to be inevitably the case, I do not see how a woman who has undertaken the tremendous res-

ponsibilities of a mother towards the opening soul of a child could venture to burden herself with fresh duties which will incapacitate her from performing them with all her heart, and soul, and strength.

One of the exasperating things about this evil of female valetudinarianism is that the women who are its victims are precisely the human beings who of our whole mortal race seem naturally most exempt from physical want or danger, and *ought* to have enjoyed immunity from disease or pain of any kind. Such ladies have probably never from their birth been exposed to hardship, or toil, or ill-ventilation, or bad or scanty food, fuel, or raiment. They have fed on the fatness of the earth and been clothed in purple and fine linen. They are the true lotos-eaters whom the material cares of the world reach not. They

live and lie reclined.

in a land where (in a very literal sense)

it seemeth always afternoon,

and where they find a certain soothing æsthetic emotion in reading in novels the doleful tale of wrong of the "ill-used race of men that cleave the soil," —without dreaming of going down amongst them to make that tale less dismal.

That these women, these epicurean goddesses of the drawing-room, should be so often the poor, fragile, suffering creatures we behold them, unable to perform half the duties of life, or taste a third part of its pleasures,—this is a pure perversity of things which ought surely to provoke revolt.

What are the causes of the valetudinarianism of ladies?

First, of course, there is a considerable class of inherited mischief, feeble constitutions, congenital tendencies to chronic troubles, gout, dyspepsia, and so on, due to the errors of either parent, or to *their* evil heritage of the same. All that need be said here on this topic is that such cases must necessarily go on multiplying *ad infinitum* till mothers regain the vigor which alone permits them to transmit a healthy constitution to their children.

Next to hereditary *petite santé*, we come to cases where the habits of the sufferers themselves are the cause of the mischief; and these are of two kinds—one resulting from what is good and unselfish, and one from what is bad and frivolous, in the disposition of women.

Women are generally prudent enough about their money; that is, of their own money, not that of their husbands. I have heard an observant man remark that he never knew a well-conducted woman who, of her own fault, became bankrupt. But as regards their health the very best of women have a propensity to *live on their capital.* Their nervous energy, stimulated either by conscience or affection or intellectual interests, suffices to enable them to postpone perpetually the calls of their bodies for food, sleep, or exercise. They draw large drafts on their physical strength, and fail to lodge corresponding sums of restoring rest and nutriment. Their physical instincts are not imperious, like those of men; and they habitually disregard them when they make themselves felt, till poor Nature, continually snubbed when she makes her modest requests, ceases to press for daily settlement of her little bill, and reserves herself to put in an execution by-and-by. The vegetative and the spiritual part of these women flourish well enough; but (as Kingsley's Old Sandy says) "there is a lack of healthy animalism," between the two. They seem to consider themselves as fireflies issuing out of a rose, flitting hither and thither to brighten the world, not creatures of flesh and blood, needing to go to bed and eat roast mutton.

If we study the condition of Mr. John Bull in his robust middle age, we shall notice that for forty years, with few interruptions, he has enjoyed those "reg'lar meals," on which Tennyson's Northern Farmer lays such stress as the foundation of general stability of character. He has also

walked, ridden, rowed, skated, smoked his cigar, and gone to his bed (as nearly as circumstances permitted) when the inclination seized him. If now and again he has omitted to gratify his instincts, it has been for a business-like reason, and not merely because somebody did not happen to wish to do the same thing at the same time. He has not often waited for an hour, half fainting for want of his breakfast, from motives of mere domestic courtesy; nor sat moped in a hot room through a long, bright day to keep some old person company; nor resolved his dinner into tea and muffins because he was alone and it was not worth while to trouble the servants; nor sat up cold and weary till three in the morning to hear about a Parliamentary debate wherein he took only a vicarious interest. At the end of the forty years of wholesome indulgence, the man's instincts are more imperious and plain-spoken than ever, and, as a reward for his obedience to them, his organs perform their respective offices with alacrity, to the great benefit of himself and of all dependent upon him. Pretty nearly the reverse of this has happened in the case of Mrs. Bull. Almost her first lesson in childhood was to check, control, and conceal her wants and miseries; and by the time she has grown up she has acquired the habit of postponing them, as a matter of course, to the smallest convenience of A, B, C, and D, father, mother, brothers, even servants, whom she will not "put out of their way" for herself, though no one would so much as think whether they had a way to be put out of, for her brothers. The more strain there is upon her strength, by sickness in the house or any misfortune, the more completely she effaces and forgets herself and her physical wants, recklessly relinquishing sleep and neglecting food. When the pressure is relieved, and the nervous tension which supported her relaxed, the woman breaks down as a matter of course, perhaps never to enjoy health again.

It must be borne in mind, also, in estimating a woman's chances of health that if she neglect to think of herself, there is seldom anybody to do for her what she does for her husband. Nobody reminds her to change her boots when they are damp; nobody jogs her memory as to the unwholesomeness of this or that beverage or comestible, or gives her the little cossetings which so often ward off colds and similar petty ills. Unless the woman live with a sister or friend, it must be scored one against her chances as compared to a man, that she *has no wife*.

There must, of course, be set against all this the two facts, that the imperiousness of men's wishes and wants leads them often not *only* to do such wholesome things, as those of which we have been speaking, but into sundry unwholesome excesses beside, for which in due time they pay by various diseases, from gout up to *delirium tremens*. And correspondingly, women's comparative indifference to the pleasures of the table keeps them clear of the ills to which gormandizing and bibulous flesh is heir. We all know scores of estimable gentlemen who can scarcely be prevailed on, by the prayers and tears of their wives, to refrain from drinking a glass of beer or port wine which will in all probability entail a fit of the gout next day; but in my whole life I have never known a woman who consciously ate or drank things likely to make her ill, save one mild and sweet old lady, whose predilection for buttered toast overcome every motive of prudence, and, alas! even of religion, which I have reason to believe she endeavored to bring to bear against the soft temptation. But for the purpose we have now in hand, namely, that of tracing the origin, not of acute diseases, but of general *petite santé*, this aspect of the subject is unimportant. It is precisely *petite santé*, which comes of the perpetual neglect of Nature's hints—that she wants air, bread, meat, fruit, tea, sleep, a scamper or a canter. It is definite *disease* which results from over-exercise, over-feeding, and over-drinking.

Would it not be possible, I venture to ask, to cut off *this* source of feminine invalidism, at all events, by a somewhat more respectful attention to the calls of healthful instinct ? I am very far from wishing that women should grow more selfish, or less tenderly regardful of the convenience and pleasure of those around them. Even sound health of body—immeasurable blessing that it is—would be purchased too dearly if this should happen. But there ought surely to be an adequate reason, not a mere excuse of whim and caprice of her own or of anybody else, why a woman should do herself hurt or incapacitate herself for future usefulness.

Another source of *petite santé*, I fear, may be found resulting from a lingering survival amongst us of the idiotic notion that there is something peculiarly "lady-like" in invalidism, pallor, small appetite, and a languid mode of speech and manners. The very word "delicacy," properly a term of praise, being applied vulgarly to a valetudinary condition, is evidence that the impression of the "dandies" of sixty years ago that refinement and sickliness were convertible terms, is not yet wholly exploded. "Tremaine" thought *morbidezza*—a "*charming morbidezza*"—the choicest epithet he could apply to the cheek of beauty ; and the heroines in all the other fashionable novels of the period drank hartshorn almost daily, and died of broken hearts, while the pious young Protestants who converted Roman Catholics in the religious tales, uniformly perished of consumption. Byron's admiring biographer records how, at a large dinner-party, he refused all viands except potatoes and vinegar (horrid combination !) and then retired to an eating-house to assuage with a beefsteak those cravings which even Childe Harold could not silence with "chameleon's food" of "light and air."

We have advanced indeed somewhat beyond this wretched affectation in our day, and young ladies are not required by *les bienséances* to exhibit at table the public habits of a ghoul. In a few cases perhaps we may opine that women have gone to the opposite extreme and both eat and drink more than is desirable. But yet we are obviously not wholly free from the "delicacy" delusion. We are not so clear as we ought to be on the point that, though beauty includes *other* elements, yet health is its *sine quâ non*, and that no statuesque nobility of form (much less a pinched waist and a painted face) can constitute a beautiful living human creature, who lacks the tokens of health—clear eyes, clear skin, rich hair, good teeth, a cool, soft hand, a breath like a bunch of cowslips, and a free and joyous carriage of the head and limbs.

Have we not, in the senseless admiration of feebleness and pallor (to obtain which a fashionable lady not long ago literally bled herself by degrees to death), an illustration of the curious fact pointed out by Miss de Rothschild in her admirable essay on "The Hebrew Women,"* namely, that the homage which Christianity won for weakness has tempted women to cultivate weakness to secure the homage? Just as Christian charity to the poor has fostered mendicancy, so has chivalrous tenderness to the feeble inspired a whole sex with the fatal ambition of becoming feeble (or of simulating feebleness) to obtain the tenderness. The misconstruction and abuse of the beatitudes of the Gospel, as manifested in the rise of the mendicant order of friars, is notoriously a sad chapter of history. I do not think it a less sorrowful one that an analogous abuse has led to a sort of canonization of bodily and mental feebleness, cowardice, and helplessness among women. Can we question which is the nobler ideal,—the modern, nervous, pallid, tight-laced fine lady of little health, or the "valiant woman' (as the Vulgate calls her) of whom King Lemuel saith, "She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. Strength and honor are her clothing ; and she shall rejoice in time to come."†

**New Quarterly Magazine*, No. X.

†Proverbs xxxi.

We have now touched on the subject of dress, which plays so important a part in the health of women that it must here be treated somewhat at length. A little girl in a London Sunday-school, being asked by a visitor "why God made the flowers of the field," replied (not unconscious of the gorgeous paper poppy in her own bonnet), "Please, ma'am, I suppose for patterns for artificial flowers." One might anticipate some answer scarcely less wide of the mark than that of this unsophisticated little damsel, were the question to be put to not a few grown women, "Why do you wear clothes?" Their most natural response would obviously be, "To be in the fashion." When we have visibly wandered a long way from the path of reason, the best thing we can do is to look back to the starting-point and find out, if possible, where we have diverged. In the matter of raiment that starting-point is not hard to find—indeed, to mark it is only to stake a series of truisms.

Human clothing has three *raisons d'être*, which in order of precedence, are these:—

I.—HEALTH.
II.—DECENCY.
III.—BEAUTY.

HEALTH demands,—

1. Maintenance of proper temperature of the body by exclusion of excessive heat and cold.

2. Protection from injury by rain, snow, dust, dirt, stones to the feet, insects, etc.

3. Preservation of liberty of action to all the organs of the body and freedom from pressure.

DECENCY demands,—

4. Concealment of some portions of the human frame.

5. Distinction between the habiliments of men and women sufficient to avert mistake.

6. Fitness to the age and character of the wearer.

7. Concealment, when possible, of any disgusting personal defect.

BEAUTY demands,—

8. Truthfulness. The dress must be genuine throughout, without any false pads, false hair, or false anything.

9. Graceful forms of drapery.

10. Harmonious colors.

11. Such moderate consistency with prevailing modes of dress as shall produce the impression of sociability and suavity, and avoid that of self-assertion.

12. Individuality—the dress suiting the wearer as if it were an outer body belonging to the same soul.

[Be it noted that the fulfilment of this highest condition of tasteful dress necessarily limits the number of costumes which each person should wear on similar occasions. No one body can be adorned in several *equally suitable* suits of clothes, any more than one soul could be fittingly housed in twenty different bodies].

Glancing back over the above table, we find this curious fact. The dress of *men* in all Western nations meets fairly all the conditions of health and decency, and fails only on the side of beauty. The dress of *women*, on the contrary, ever variable as it is, persistently misses the conditions of health; frequently violates the rules of decency; and instead of securing beauty, at which it aims first instead of last, achieves usually—ugliness.

It is to be remembered for our consolation and encouragement that men have arrived at their present good sense in dress only within two or three generations. A hundred years ago the lords of creation set beauty above health or convenience, just as the ladies do now, and peacocked about in their peach-blossom coats and embroidered waistcoats, surmounted by wigs, for whose stupendous discomfort even a seat on the judicial bench can scarcely reconcile the modern Englishman. Now, when the men of every European nation have abjured such fantastic apparel, we naturally ask, Why have not the women followed their example? Why is the husband, father, and brother

habited like a being who has serious interests in life, and knows that his personal dignity would be forfeited were he to dress himself in parti-colored, beribboned garments, and why is the wife, mother, sister bedizened like a macaw, challenging every observer to note how much of her time, thoughts and money must have been spent on this futile object? The answer is one which it is not pleasant to make, discreditable as it is to both sexes. The women who set the fashions dress for admiration; and men like women who dress to be admired; and the admiration given and received is a very poor and unworthy admiration, not much better than a salmon gives to a glittering artificial fly, and having very little more to do with any real æsthetic gratification—as is proved too clearly by the thoroughly un-beautiful devices to which fashion has recourse. It is the *well-got-up* woman (to borrow a very expressive phrase), not the really well-dressed woman, who receives by far the largest share of homage.

And now let us see how all this concerns the health of women—how much of their *petite santé* is due to their general neglect to make health the first object of dress, or even an object at all compared to fashion.

Tight-lacing among habits resembles envy among the passions. We take pride in all the rest, even the idlest and worst, but tight-lacing and an envious heart are things to which no one ever confesses. A small waist, I suppose, is understood to belong to that order of virtues which Aristotle decides ought to be natural and not acquired, and the most miserable girl who spends her days in a machine more cruel (because more slowly murderous) than the old "maiden" of Seville, yet always assures us, smiling through her martyrdom, that her clothes are "really hanging about her!" It would be waste of time to dwell on this supreme folly. Mrs. Haweis, in her very noteworthy new book, "The Art of Beauty," has given some exceedingly useful diagrams, showing the effects of the practice on the internal organs and skeleton*—diagrams which I earnestly recommend to the study of ladies who may feel a "call" to perform this sort of English suttee for a *living* husband. Mrs. Haweis says that sensible men do not love wasps, and have expressed to her their "overallishness" when they behold them. Considering how effectively they have hitherto managed to display their disapproval whenever women have attempted to introduce rational attire, it is a pity, I think, that they do not "pronounce" a little more distinctly against this, literally mortal, folly.

I have already alluded to the brain-heating chignons, just gone out of fashion after a long reign of mischief; and along with them should be classed the bonnets which expose the forehead to the cold, while the back of the head is stewed under its cushion of false hair, and which have the still more serious disadvantage of affording no

*Pp. 49 and 50. The preceding pages on what I conceive to be the *raisons d'être* of dress were written before I had seen this exceedingly clever, brilliant, and learned little book. While giving the authoress thanks for her most sensible reprobation of many senseless fashions, and not presuming for a moment to question her judgment in the matters of taste, on which she speaks with authority, I must here enter my humble but earnest protest against the over-importance which, I think, she is inclined to attach to the art of dress, among the pursuits of women; and (most emphatically) against her readiness to condone—if it be only committed in moderation—the offence against both truth and cleanliness of wearing false hair (see p. 173). It seems to me quite clear, that here the whole principle of honesty in attire is sacrificed. If no woman would wish it to be known that the hair on her head never grew there, but on the scalp of some poor French girl, so poor as to be bribed to part with it, or of some unkempt Russian peasant who rarely used a comb in her life—then the wearing of that false hair is an act of *deception*, and in so far, I hold, both morally, and even æsthetically wrong. I cannot conceive why the *lamp of truth*, which we are now perpetually told must shine on our architecture and furniture, so that nothing must appear stone that is iron, and so on *ad infinitum*, should not shine equally lucidly over the dress of women. Where no deception is meant, and where the object is to supply a want, not to forge a claim to beauty—*e. g.*, in the case of artificial teeth—there is no harm involved.

shelter to the eyes. To women to whom the glare of the sun is permanently hurtful to the sight, the necessity for wearing these bonnets on pain of appearing singular, or affectedly youthful, constitutes almost a valid reason against living in London. And the remedy, forsooth, is to hold up perpetually a parasol!—a yet further incumbrance to add to the care of the draggling train, so that both arms may be occupied during a whole walk, and of course all natural ease of motion rendered impossible. In this, as in a dozen other silly fashions, the women who have serious concerns in life are hampered by the practice of those who think of nothing but exhibiting their persons; and ladies of limited fortune, who live in small rooms and go about the streets on foot or in cabs, are compelled (if they wish to avoid being pointed at) to adopt modes of dress whose sole *raison d'être* is that they suit wealthy *grandes dames* who lounge in their barouches or display their trains over the carpets of forty-feet-long drawing-rooms. What *snobbery* all this implies in our whole social structure! Some ten millions of women dress, as nearly as they can afford, in the style fit at the most for five thousand!

The practice of wearing *décolletée* dresses, sinning equally as it does against health and decency, seems to be gradually receding—from ordinary dinners, where it was universal twenty years ago, to special occasions, balls, and court drawing-rooms. But it dies hard, and it may kill a good many poor creatures yet, and entail on others the lifelong bad health so naturally resulting from the exposure of a large surface of the skin to sudden chills.

The thin, paper-soled boots which leave the wearer to feel the chill of the pavement or the damp of the grass wherever she may walk, must have shortened thousands of lives in Europe and even more in America. Combined with these, we have now the high heels, which, in a short period, convert the foot into a shapeless deformity, no longer available for purposes of healthful exercise. An experienced shoemaker informed the writer that between the results of tight boots and high heels, he scarcely knew a lady of fifty who had *what he could call a foot at all*—they had mere clubs. And this is done, all this anguish endured, for the sake of—beauty!

Bad as stays, and chignons, and high heels, and paint, and low dresses, and all the other follies of dress are, I am, however, of opinion that the culminating folly of fashion, the one which has most wide-spread and durable consequences, is the mode in which for ages back women have contrived that their skirts should act as drags and swaddling clothes, weighing down their hips and obstructing the natural motion of the legs. Two hundred years ago the immortal Perrette, when she wanted to carry her milk-pail swiftly to market, was obliged to dress specially for the purpose.

> Légère et court vêtue, elle allait á grands pas,
> Ayant mis ce jour-là, pour être plus agile,
> Cotillon simple et souliers plats.

From that time to this the "*cotillon simple*,"—modest, graceful, and rational,—has been the rare exception, and every kind of flounce and furbelow, hoops and crinolines, panniers and trains, "tied back" costume, and *robe collante* has been successively the bane of women's lives, and the slow destroyer of their activity.

It has been often remarked that the sagacity of Romish seminarists is exhibited by their practice of compelling boys destined for the priesthood to flounder along the streets in their long gowns, and never permitting them to cast them aside or play in the close-fitting clothes wherein English lads enjoy their cricket and foot-ball. The obstruction to free action, though perhaps slight in itself, yet constantly maintained, gradually tames down the wildest spirits to the level of ecclesiastical decorum. But the lengthiest of *soutanes* is a joke compared to the multitudinous petticoats which, up to the last year or two, every lady was compelled to wear, swathing and flow-

ing about her ankles as if she were walking through the sea. Nor is the fashion of these later days much better, when the scantier dress is "tied back" —as I am informed—with an elastic band, much on the principle that a horse is "hobbled" in a field; and to this a tail a yard long is added, which must either be left to draggle in the mud or must occupy an arm exclusively to hold it up. In youth these skirts are bad enough, as exercising a constant check on free and healthful movement; but the moment that the elastic steps begin to give place to the lassitude of middle life, the case is desperate. There is no longer energy to overcome the impediments created by the ridiculous *spancels;* and the poor donkey of a woman hobbles daily round a shorter and shorter course till at forty or fifty she tells her friends with a sigh that she finds (she cannot imagine why) that she cannot walk at all!

Does decency require such a sacrifice as this? Does the utmost strain of feminine modesty ask for it? If it were so, I for one, should leave the matter with a sigh, as not to be remedied. But who in their senses, dreams that such is the case? Who in the age of *robes collantes* and *décolletée* dresses, can pretend that a reasonably full, simply-cut silk or cloth skirt, reaching to the ankles and *no longer*, would not fulfil immeasurably *better* than any fashion we have seen for many a day the requirements of true womanly delicacy? It is for *fashion*, not decency, that the activity of women is thus crushed, their health ruined, and (through them) the health of their children. I hold it to be an indubitable fact that if twenty years ago a rational and modest style of dress had been adopted by English women and encouraged by English men, instead of being sneered down by fops and fools, the health not only of women but of the sons of women, *i. e.*, of the entire nation, would now be on altogether a different plane from what we find it.*

Reviewing all these deplorable follies, we may learn to make excuses for legislators who classify women with "criminals, lunatics, idiots, and minors." It needs all a woman's knowledge of the pernicious processes to which the opening minds of girls are commonly subjected—the false and base aims in life set before them, the perverse distribution towards them of approval and blame, admiration and neglect, and even of love and dislike, from parents, teachers, servants, brothers, and finally from the ball-room world into which they are now launched in childhood—to enable us to make allowances for them, and retain faith that there sometimes beats a real woman's heart under the ribs of a tightly laced corset, and that a head surmounted by a pile of dead women's hair is not invariably devoid of brains.

How is the remedy for this dreary round of silly fashions ever to be attained? No woman who knows the world and how severe is the penalty of eccentricity in attire, will ever counsel her sisters to incur it for any motive short of a distinct duty. But if the hundreds of ladies who recognize the tyranny of senseless and unhealthful fashions were to combine forces to obey these fashions *just as little as may be*, to go as near the wind in the direction of simplicity, wholesomeness, and ease in their dress as they dare, there

*The enquiry, How fashions originate and *with whom?* would lead us too far from the subject in hand, but some light is thrown on the way in which complicated arrangements of dress are maintained under every variation and in defiance of the true principles of taste, as well as of health and economy, by the reflection that it would never pay drapers and dressmakers that their customers should readily calculate how much stuff they require for each garment. For further criticism of the follies of female dress—the *torrid and frigid* zones of body and limbs—the "panniers" or "bustles" creating kidney disease; the skewering down of the arms by tight armholes; the veils which cause amaurosis, etc., etc.—and also for some excellent suggestions of reform, see "Dress and Health," a little book printed by Dougall & Son, Montreal, to be obtained in London for the present only by sending 1*s*. 6*d*. in stamps to B., 15, Belsize Square, N. W.

[A new and revised edition of this book will shortly be published. J. D. & Son.]

would by degrees be formed a public opinion, rising year by year with the numbers and social standing of the representatives of common sense. It must have been in some such way that our great-grandfathers dropped their swords and bag wigs and ruffles and embroidery, and took to dressing—as even the silliest and vainest men do in these days—like rational beings.

Next to unhealthful dress, women may lay their *petite santé* at the door of their excessive addiction to pursuits giving exercise neither to the brain nor yet to the limbs. If the problem had been set to devise something, the doing of which would engage the very fewest and smallest powers of the mind or body, I know not whether we should give the prize for solving it to the inventor of knitting, netting, crochet, or worsted work. Pursued for a reasonable period in the day, these employments are no doubt quite harmless, and even perhaps, as some have urged, may be useful as sedatives. But that a woman who is driven by no dire necessity to "stitch, stitch, stitch," who has plenty of books to read, and two legs and feet to walk withal, should voluntarily limit the exercise of her body to the little niggling motion of the fingers required by these works, and the labor of her mind to counting stitches, is all but incomprehensible. That the consequences should be sickliness and feebleness seems to follow of course. In old times the ever-revolving spinning-wheel had its full justification in its abundant usefulness, and also in the dearth of intellectual pursuits for women. But it is marvellous that a well-educated Englishwoman, not yet sinking into the natural indolence of age, should choose to spend about a fifth or fourth of the hours God has given her on this beautiful earth in embroidery or worsted work. A drawing-room crammed with these useless fads—chairs, cushions, screens, and antimacassars—is simply a mausoleum of the wasted hours of the female part of the family. Happily there is a sensible diminution in this perpetual needling, and no future Mrs. Somerville will be kept for the best hours of her girlhood "shewing" her daily seam. More intelligent and more active pursuits are multiplying, and the great philanthropist who invented lawn-tennis has done more to remedy the little health of ladies than ten thousand doctors together.

We have now glanced over a number of causes of *petite santé* for which the sufferers themselves are more or less responsible. Let us turn to some others regarding which they are merely passive.

It is many years since in my early youth, I was struck by a singular coincidence. Several of my married acquaintances were liable to a peculiar sort of headache. They were obliged, owing to these distressing attacks, to remain very frequently in bed at breakfast-time, and later in the day to lie on the sofa with darkened blinds and a considerable exhibition of *eau-de-cologne*. A singular immunity from the seizures seemed to be enjoyed when any pleasant society was expected, or when their husbands happened to be in a different part of the country. By degrees, putting my little observations together, I came in my own mind to call these the "bad-husband headaches," and I have since seen no reason to alter my diagnosis. On the contrary, I am of opinion that an incalculable amount of feminine invalidism arises from nothing but the depressing influences of an unhappy home. Sometimes, of course, it is positive unkindness and cruelty which the poor creatures endure. Much more often it is the mere lack of the affection and care and tenderness for which they pine as sickly plants for sunshine. Sometimes it is the simple oppression of an iron will over them which bruises their pleasant fancies, and lops off their innocent whims, till there is no sap left in them to bud or blossom any more. Not seldom the misery comes of frequent storms in the household atmosphere,—for which the woman is probably as often to blame as her companion, but from which she suffers doubly, since, when they have

passed, he goes out to his field or his merchandise with what spirit he can muster, poor fellow! while she sits still where the blighting words fell on her, to feel all their bitterness. Of course it is only unkind *husbands* who make women downhearted. There are unkind people in every relation, and the only speciality of a woman's suffering from unkindness is, that she is commonly almost like a bed-ridden creature, for whom a single thorn or even a hard lump in her bed, is enough to create a soreness. To those who can get up and walk away, the importance which she attaches to the thorn or the lump seems inexplicable.

This balking of the heart is, I suppose, the worst evil in life to nine women out of ten, whether it take place after marriage in finding an uncongenial husband, or before marriage when a lover leaves them in the lurch and causes them a "disappointment." This word, I observe, is always significantly used with reference to such events among a certain class of women, as *the* disappointment *par eminence*. When a lady fails to get her book published or her picture hung at the Academy, nobody speaks of her as having undergone a "disappointment." I have no doubt the grief of losing the lover is generally worse than these; but I wish that pride would teach every woman under such circumstances not to assume the attitude of an Ariadne, or settle down after a course of sal volatile into languor and little health till she is found at sixty, as M. About deliciously describes an English old maid, "*tant soit peu dessêchée par les langueurs du célibat.*" Of this kind of thing I would fain hope we might soon see the end, as well as of the actions for breach of promise, which are a disgrace to the whole womanhood of the country.

But beside heart sorrows, real and imaginary, there are other departments of women's natures wherein the balking of their activities has a deplorable effect on their physical as well as mental condition. Dr. Bridges once gave an admirable lecture at the Royal Institution, concerning the laboring and pauper class of Englishmen. He made the remark (which was received with emotion by the audience) that it was not enough to supply a human being with food and shelter. "Man," he said, "does not live by bread alone, he must have *hope*." May we not say likewise, "Woman does not live by bread alone—nay, nor by the richest *cake?*" She, too, must have hope—something to live for, something which she may look to accomplish for herself or others in God's world of work, ere her night shall fall. A Hindoo lady, lately speaking at a meeting in India, compared Mary Carpenter's beneficent existence to a river bearing fertility to many lands, while the life of a woman in the zenana, she said, resembled rather a pond. Surely every woman worthy of the name would desire to be something more than the pool, were it only a little trickling rill! But in endless cases she is *dammed up* on all sides, and none the less effectually that the soft mud of affectionate prejudice forms the dam. If her friends be rich, she is sickened with excess of luxury, but prohibited from stooping down out of the empyrean of her drawing-room to lend a finger to lift the burdens of a groaning world. If the family income be small, and the family pride proportionately great, she is required to spend her life—not in inspiriting, honorable money-*earning*, but in depressing, heart-narrowing money-*saving*. When the poor soul has borne this sort of pecuniary stay-lacing for a dozen years, and her forehead has grown narrow, and her lips pinched, and her eyes have acquired a certain anxious look (which I often fancy I recognize) as if of concern about sixpences, then, forsooth, the world laughs at her and says, "Women are so stingy!" How gladly, in a hundred cases, would that poor lady have toiled to *earn*—and not to *save*—and have been nobly generous with the proceeds of her industry!

We have heard a great deal of late of the danger to women's health of over mental strain or intellectual labor.

I do not say there is never danger in this direction, that girls never study too much or too early, or that the daughters of women who have never used their brains may not have inherited rather soft and tender organs of cogitation to start with. I am no enthusiast for excessive book-learning for either women or men, though in books read and books written I have found some of the chief pleasures of a happy life. Perhaps if it were my duty to supervise the education of girls I should be rather inclined to say, like the hero of "Locksley Hall"—

> They shall ride and they shall run,
> ....leap the rainbows of the brooks,
> Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books.

But of one thing I am sure, and that is, that for one woman whose health is injured by excessive study (that is, by *study itself*, not the baneful anxiety of examinations superadded to study), there are hundreds whose health is deteriorated by *want* of wholesome mental exercise. Sometimes the vacuity in the brains of girls simply leaves them dull and spiritless. More often into those swept and empty chambers of their skulls enter many small imps of evil omen. "The exercise of the intellectual powers," says an able lady M.D., "is the best means of preventing and counteracting an undue development of the emotional nature. The extravagances of imagination and feeling engendered in an idle brain have much to do with the ill-health of girls." Another observer, an eminent teacher, says, "I am persuaded, and my experience has been confirmed by experienced physicians, that the want of wholesome occupation lies at the root of the languid debility, of which we hear so much, after girls have left school"* And another, the principal of one of the largest colleges for women in England, adds, "There is no doubt whatever that sound study is an eminent advantage to young women's health; provided, of course, that the general laws of health be attended to at the same time."

Let women have larger interests and nobler pursuits, and their affections will become, not less strong and deep, but less sickly, less craving for demonstrative tenderness in return, less variable in their manifestions. Let women have sounder mental culture, and their emotions—so long exclusively fostered—will return to the calmness of health, and we shall hear no more of the intermittent feverish spirits, the causeless depressions, and all the long train of symptons which belong to Protean-formed hysteria, and open the way to madness on one side and to sin on the other.

And now, in conclusion, I must touch on a difficult part of my subject. Who is to blame for all the misery resulting from the little health of ladies?

Of course a large portion of the evil must be impartially distributed throughout society, with its false ideals of womanhood. Another portion rests on parents and teachers; and of course no inconsiderable part on the actual sufferers, who, in many cases, might find healthful aims in life, if they had the spirit to look for them, and certainly need not carry the destructive fashions of dress to the climax they reach in the red-hot race of vanity. There remains yet a share of guilt with the childish and silly men who systematically sneer down every attempt to make women something better than the dolls they play with (just as if they would be at a loss for toys, were the dolls to be transformed into rational creatures), and those others, even more cruelly selfish, who deliberately bar every door at which women knock in search of honorable employment. After all these, I find one class more.

There is no denying the power of the great medical order in these days. It occupies, with strangely close analogy, the position of the priesthood of former times, assumes the same airs of authority, claims its victims for torture (this time among the lower animals), and enters every family with

*The Education of American Girls, p. 229.

a latch-key of private information, only comparable to that obtained by the confessional. If Michelet had written for England instead of for France, he should have made a book, not on "Priests, Women, and Families," but on "Doctors, Women, and Families." The influence of the family medical man on wives and mothers, and, through them, on husbands and children, is almost unbounded, and if it were ever to be exerted uniformly in any matter of physical education, there is little doubt that it would be effective.

What, then, we may reasonably ask, have these omnipotent doctors done to prevent the repetition of deadly follies in the training of girls generation after generation? Now and then we have heard feeble cautions, given in an Eli-like manner, against tight-lacing, late hours, and excitement; and a grand display of virtuous indignation was, if I remember rightly, exhibited about a year ago in a medical round-robin, against feminine dram-drinking —a vice for which the doctors' own prescriptions are in too many cases responsible. But the steadily determined pressure on mothers and young women, the insistence on free, light petticoats, soundly-shod feet, loose stays, and well-sheltered heads—when has it been exercised? An American medical lady says that at a *post-mortem* examination of several women killed by accident in Vienna, she found the internal organs of nearly all affected by tight-lacing. "Some ribs overlapped each other; one had been found to pierce the liver; and almost without exception that organ was displaced below the ribs.... The spleen in some cases was much enlarged, in others it was atrophied," * and so on. Do the male doctors, who behold these and other hideous sights continually, go out to warn the mothers who encourage girls to this ghastly self-destruction, as they do denounce the poor, misguided Peculiar People and anti-vaccinators who cheat Science of her dues?

*Dress and Health, p. 20.

At last, after the follies of luxury and fashion have gone on in a sort of *crescendo* like the descent of Vathek into the Hall of Eblis, till we seem nearly to have reached the bottom, a voice of warning is heard! It has pealed across the Atlantic, and been re-echoed on the shores of England with a cordiality of response which our men of science do not often give to American "notions." "Women, beware!" it cries. "Beware! you are on the brink of destruction! You have hitherto been engaged only in crushing your waists; now you are attempting to cultivate your minds! You have been merely dancing all night in the foul air of ball-rooms; now you are beginning to spend your mornings in study! You have been incessantly stimulating your emotions with concerts and operas, with French plays and French novels; now you are exerting your understanding to learn Greek and solve propositions in Euclid! Beware, oh beware! Science pronounces that the woman who—*studies*—is lost!"

Perhaps there are some women, now alive, who did study a little in youth, who even spent their nights occasionally over their books while their contemporaries were running from one evening party to another—who now in middle and advanced life enjoy a vigor which it would be very well for their old companions if they could share. These women know precisely *à quoi s'en tenir* concerning these terrific denunciations.

There is another point on which it seems to me that a suspicion of blame must attach to the medical profession. We all believe that our doctors do the utmost in their power to cure *acute* diseases. When any patient has scarlet fever or small pox or bronchitis, he may be sure that his medical attendant will exert all his skill and care to pull him through. But is it equally certain that out of the twenty thousand men, or thereabouts, who are qualified to practise medicine and surgery in this kingdom, there are not a few who feel only a modified interest in the perfect recovery of chronic

sufferers who represent to them an annual income of £50 or perhaps £200? A few months ago there appeared an article in one of the magazines expounding the way in which *legal* business was made to grow in hydra fashion. We have all heard similar accusations against slaters and plumbers, who mend one hole in a roof and leave another. In short, we unhesitatingly suspect almost every other trade and profession of *making work for itself*. Is it clearly proved that doctors are in this respect quite different from lawyers and other men, or that the temptation to keep a wealthy patient coddling comfortably with an occasional *placebo* for twenty years is invariably resisted? The question is not easy to answer unhesitatingly in the affirmative—"Suppose a really radical cure were discovered whereby all the neuralgic and dyspeptic and gouty patients could be made in an hour as sound as so many trivets, do we believe implicitly and *au fond du cœur* that that heaven-sent remedy would be rapturously welcomed by the whole medical profession?" Is there no truth at all in the familiar legend of the elderly lady whose physician, after many years of not unprofitable attendance, advised her to go to Bath, promising to give her a letter to the most eminent local doctor, his intimate friend, to whom he would thoroughly explain her case? The lady, armed with the introductory letter, it is said, proceeded on her way; but the curiosity of a daughter of Eve unhappily overcome her discretion. "It is only about myself after all," she said to pacify her scruples; "and once for all I will learn what dear Dr. D—— *does* think is my complaint. If I am doomed to die, it is better than this prolonged uncertainty." The seal was broken, and the lady read: "Keep the old fool for six weeks, and be sure to send her back to me at the end. Yours truly."

There are at this day in Mayfair and Belgravia, in Bayswater and South Kensington, a dozen houses in every street and square at the doors of which the doctor's carriage stops as regularly as the milkman's cart; and apparently there is just as little likelihood that either should cease to stop. If the old Chinese custom were introduced amongst us, and patients were to pay their physicians a salary *so long as they were in health*, and ceased to pay whenever they required medical attendance, I very much question whether we should see quite so many of those broughams about those doors. I cannot help fancying that if the clockmakers who undertake to wind up our domestic timepieces were to keep them in the same unsatisfactory and perpetually running-down condition as the inner machineries of these doctors' patients, we should in most cases bring our contract with the clockmaker to a close, and wind up our timepieces in future for ourselves.

But more, and in a yet more serious way, the doctors have, I conceive, failed, not only as guardians of the health of women, but as having (as a body) opposed with determined and acrimonious resistance an innovation which—*if medical science be good for anything*—they could scarcely doubt would have been of immense benefit to them.

No one is ignorant how often the most agonizing diseases to which female nature is liable follow from the neglect of early premonitory symptons, and how often, likewise, lifelong invalidism results from disregard of the ailments of youth. It is almost equally notorious how often these deplorable catastrophes are traceable directly to the poor victim's modest shrinking from disclosing her troubles to a male adviser. When such events are spoken of with bated breath among friends, it is sometimes said that it was the sufferer's own fault, that she *ought not* to have felt any shyness about consulting a doctor, and that it is proper for everybody to "look on a doctor as an old woman." I confess I do not understand precisely such playing fast and loose with any genuine sentiment of modesty. The members of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons and of the Society of Apothe-

caries are *not* "old women." They are not even all old, nor all good men. A few months before they begin to practise—while they are in the "Bob Sawyer" stage—they are commonly supposed to be among the least steady or well-conducted of youths; and where a number of them congregate together—as in Edinburgh, for example—they are apt to obtain an unenviable notoriety for "rowdyism." I have more than once myself witnessed conduct on the part of these lads at public meetings which every man on the platform denounced as disgraceful. I could not but reflect as I watched them: "And *these* youths a year hence will be called to the bedsides of ladies to minister at hours of uttermost trial, when the extremest refinement of tact and delicacy must scarce make the presence of a man endurable! Nay, they *now* attend in crowds the clinical instructions in the female wards of the hospitals, and are invited to inspect miseries of disease and horrible operations on women, who, if of humbler class, are often as sensitive and modest as the noblest lady in the land!"

The feelings of Englishwomen on all matters of delicacy are probably keener than those of the women of any other Western country, and in some particulars may possibly be now and then overstrained. But who could wish them to be changed? Who questions their almost infinite value? In every instance, except the one we are discussing, they receive from Englishmen the respect which they deserve. To propose deliberately to teach girls to set those sacred feelings aside on one point, and that point the one where they are necessarily touched immeasurably more closely than anywhere else, is simply absurd. They could not do it if they would, and they ought not to do it if they could. A girl who would willingly go to a man doctor and consult him freely about one of the many ills to which female flesh is heir, would be an odious young woman. Violence must be done to her natural instincts, either by the pressure of the mother's persuasion (who has undergone the same *peine forte et dure* before her), or else by unendurable anguish, before she will have recourse to aid which she thinks worse than disease, or even death. And so the time when health and life might be saved is lost by delay, and when the sacrifice is made at last, the doctor observes compassionately, "If you had come to me long ago I might have restored you to health—or an operation could have been performed which might have saved your life. Now, I grieve to say, it is too late."

That the admission of qualified women to practise medicine is the proper and only effectual remedy for this evil is of course obvious to all. In opposing such admission relentlessly, as they have generally done, medical men have incurred a responsibility which to me seems nothing short of tremendous. Whatever motive we may be willing to assign to them above mere pitiful rivalry for practice and profit, it is scarcely possible to suggest one which is not grossly injurious and insulting to women, or which ought for a moment to weigh in the balance against the cruel woes to which I have referred, or the just claim of all women to receive, if they prefer them, the ministrations of their own sex in their hours of suffering and weakness.

Doctors are wont to speak—apparently with profound feeling—of the sympathy they entertain for their patients, and to express their readiness (in a phrase which has passed into cant) "to sacrifice a hecatomb of brutes to relieve the smallest pain of a human being." May not women justly challenge them to sacrifice something a little nearer to themselves,—their professional pride, their trades-unionism, and a certain fraction of their practice,—to relieve their entire sex of enormous pain, mental and physical?

I rejoice to believe that the long contest draws to a close, and that, thanks to men like Mr. Stansfeld and Mr. Cowper Temple, there will soon be women doctors, and women's hospitals attended by women doctors, in every

town in the kingdom. I rejoice to know that we possess already a few qualified ladies who every day, without wound to feelings of the most sensitive, receive the full and free confidence of girls and women, and give in return counsels to which many attribute the preservation of life and health; and which—if medical science have any practical value—must afford the rising generation a better chance than ever their mothers have had of escaping the endless miseries to themselves and all belonging to them attendant on the little health of ladies.—*Contemporary Review.*

Young Folks.

BLANCHETTE; OR, THE WHITE HEN.

(From the French.)

"Godliness with contentment is great gain."—I. Timothy, vi. 6.

(*Concluded.*)

That day, the poor grandmother was sitting in her solitary room. She was sad at first, but her Saviour had comforted her. He took all her cross away, giving her His peace in exchange. Dame Gründler was also alone in her house, but the thoughts which passed through her mind were not similar to those of Idalette, for, as we say of the goats on our mountains, when she was not doing wrong, she was thinking of doing wrong. Suddenly an idea struck her—would it not be a famous opportunity to seize the suspected book, and place it in the hands of the authorities? There was no one in the street but herself and the hated "Frenchwoman;" for old Ulrich, who was left to guard the mill, was snoring by the stove, and besides, his deafness prevented his hearing anything. Chained to her old chair by the gout, Idalette was unable to move; before she had with difficulty raised herself on her crutches, her wicked neighbor, active for her age, would have time to do the work, and fly off with the book. So thought, so done! Slipping through the deserted street, as deftly as a cat lying in wait for a mouse, she reached Idalette's room, casting a hawk's eye into every corner. Idalette saluted her civilly, and asked what she wanted. The reply was that finding it dull at home, she had come to beg her neighbor for a sight of the big book which was in such constant use, and to hear some verses read. Idalette answered that she was very sorry she could not comply with the request, for she had lent the book to a friend who had asked for it. Upon this, the wicked woman, furious at being out in her reckoning, became so violent that she overwhelmed poor Idalette with insults. Idalette did not answer, whereupon the shrew ransacked every corner of the room. Not finding what she sought, she turned a box upside down scattering all the contents over the floor. She then left the house, in a storm of rage, uttering fearful imprecations, and banging the door so violently that the poor little house tottered on its foundations. Idalette, however, remained seated, her hands clasped, her face pale, but serene. Raising her eyes to heaven while tears flowed over her cheeks she said, "I thank Thee, O God, that Thou didst take my treasure under Thy holy keeping." So far, all was well; but, unhappily, Blanchette was in the yard, where she had just laid an egg, whereupon she raised a cry of triumph, after the custom of hens, at the very moment Dame Gründler was leaving the house. The woman in her disappointment and malice, was rejoiced to see a living thing on which to wreak her vengeance. "Ah, you horrid wretch," she cried, "you are just what I want. Beggars have nothing else to do but to eat eggs and keep hens!"

So saying, she seized Blanchette by the wings, put her in her apron with the egg just laid, and made off with the prize.

Poor Blanchette! if you had but held your tongue! Alas! we often do the same; how many griefs and annoyances we should be spared by refraining from idle and vain-glorious words! "Speech is silver and silence golden," says the Arab proverb, and we should do well to remember it! In the school of her Divine Master, Idalette had learned to suffer and to be silent, so she did not tell Franz and Thérèse that evening, of her unwelcome visitor; she merely said that she had heard Blanchette cackle loudly, and then scream with fright, and she thought some one must have carried her off. The poor woman had more motives than one for not speaking of her neighbor's inroad into her peaceful home—first, she did not want to increase Thérèse's anxiety, for the child was already in great terror of the wicked woman, and trembled from head to foot when she saw her,—also, Idalette feared to excite Franz and the miller's wife's angry resentment against Dame Gründler, for she knew that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." She preferred pouring out her sorrows to her Saviour, and praying for her enemy; but this did not prevent her feeling acutely the loss of her little companion. Thus she almost regretfully partook of the beautiful grapes Thérèse had brought back, thinking of the dear little hen who would never more peck them out of her hand. Thérèse was inconsolable, and was unable to restrain bitter tears at the disappearance of her cherished pet. After a vain search in the street and all over the mill, she wandered into the yard, sobbing so bitterly that old Ulrich's heart was quite touched. He made a sign to Franz, who descended from the hay-loft, where he too had been seeking Blanchette. "Listen to me, my boy; I think I am on the track. This morning, I saw that accursed witch slip into her house hiding something under her apron, just like a fox carrying off a fat goose. Do you know, Franz, she must have stolen your white hen! However, we must play a cautious game if we want to get back Blanchette, for without doubt that woman is in league with the Evil One, and she would not fail to do us an injury. So let me alone, Franz, and do you be mute as a fish! Ah! they think because old Ulrich is deaf, that he sees and hears nothing. Well, I will convince you that with my two eyes, I hear more than you with your two ears."

Franz went home full of thought, and did not reveal a word of what Ulrich had said. That evening at tea, the three sat sadly round their little table. The grandmother certainly had an egg for her supper, the miller's wife having seen to that, but no one cared to eat. Franz talked less than usual, but Thérèse having pronounced Dame Gründler's name, his face assumed a menacing expression, and he cast such fierce and threatening glances towards her house that Idalette alarmed, put her hand into her grandson's with such a supplicating look, that Franz was quite melted!

Some days afterwards, Captain Georges d'Audlan was staying at the Hotel de Ville. A sudden noise drew him to the window. On this day, the inhabitants of Mulhouse were bringing their contributions in money or in kind, to help towards the heavy expenses contracted by the municipal council in erecting new buildings and embellishing the town. Among those who brought produce, was our old acquaintance, Dame Gründler, with a basket which she wished to present to the collector. Barring her way stood Franz, his cheeks in a flame, and loudly declaring that the hen in the basket had been stolen from his grandmother. In spite of the vehement denials of the thief, Ulrich and another miller's boy

affirmed that they knew the hen by its crossed beak, and that it belonged to the Hugudins, and not to its present possessor. The latter stoutly persisted that the hen was her property, for the grandmother had sold it to her, without the knowledge of the children, while they were at the vintage. At this fresh falsehood, Franz could no longer contain himself. "You lie, you old witch!" cried he beside himself, snatching the basket out of her hands. The tumult was at its height, when the captain, fearing worse disorders, went down to the square to restore peace. Just at this moment the lid of the basket was raised. The white hen, revived by the fresh air, spread her wings and flew with a cry of joy into the arms of Thérèse, who pale, and her eyes red with weeping, just came up with Father Bernard. Thérèse in an ecstasy of delight at beholding her pet once more, could only exclaim: "Blanchette! my dear Blanchette!" and hold out her arms to receive the lost treasure.

On the approach of Father Bernard, who was beloved by every one, and the captain, who was greatly respected, the crowd separated. Silence reigned as by enchantment, and while the knight and the monk exchanged some words in Latin, more than one look of interest was cast on Thérèse, who laughed and wept by turns. Her brother drew near to protect her. Though his angry face was calmer in the presence of the lord of Audlan and Father Bernard, he could ill-disguise the pride he felt in his victory. The judgment of King Solomon could scarcely have been awaited with greater impatience than was the captain's decision at that moment. He, after turning a severe look on the dame, and a friendly glance at Thérèse, said at last to the former:—

"You then maintain, before God and man, that this fowl belongs to you, and you wish to give it to the collector in part payment of your tax?"

Dame Gründler affirmed it, and supported her oath by a volley of curses against the beggarly foreigners who had thus dared to slander an honorable townswoman. But the knight silenced her by saying:

"Very well, you have paid what is due. The fowl is accepted and your account made up; you may retire." Then turning to the collector,

"How much," said he, "is that hen worth?"

"At the most a shilling, noble sir," replied the collector.

Then the captain, drawing out his purse, said, "There are two shillings; put them in your box. Before all these witnesses I ask, is not the fowl now mine? I have bought it and paid for it, and I can do what I like with my own? Well, I give it back to you, my poor child," he continued addressing Thérèse kindly, and placing his hand on her bent head. "Take it, and go in peace."

For a moment, all the auditors remained as if spell-bound by this unexpected sentence, but soon a dull murmur of approbation swelled from the crowd. "Well spoken, well judged!" was heard on all sides. "The old woman has found her match." Franz advanced respectfully, and kissed the captain's hand, and said in a voice trembling with emotion,

"May Heaven reward you, noble lord! You have judged according unto right! If ever you need the aid of two strong arms and a faithful heart, think cf Franz Hugudin, who with them is at your service, for life and death!"

Then he drew his young sister gently away. She, with the white hen in her arms, and still trembling with joy, but bashful in the presence of the lord of Audlan, could only murmur some broken, almost inaudible words:

"May God reward you, sir, in time and eternity!" Then both the children hurried away, as fast as if they had wings, in the midst of the approving murmur of the crowd.

"I have taken quite a fancy to that boy and his sister," said the captain to the father, as they walked away together.

All this time Dame Gründler gave free vent to her wrath, and abused the vagabond foreigners, who with rosy cheeks and soft words, had got round their superiors and made her a nobody, though she was an *honorable* and *old* townswoman. Those who surrounded her tried in vain to calm her; but old Ulrich, who was obstinate as a mule, and the second miller's boy and other townsmen, who made common cause against the old witch, told her plainly that instead of grumbling she ought to be very grateful to the lord of Audlan for paying for the hen out of his own pocket, and for not sifting the matter to the bottom, as if the affair had been taken before the judges, things might have turned out badly for her, because it would soon be apparent she was the thief. In the face of such a direct accusation the woman's rage became ungovernable, and with a frightful oath she exclaimed:

"May God deprive me of the use of my limbs, if it is not true that the Frenchwoman sold me that white hen!"

Then, trembling with anger, and still uttering imprecations, she returned to her public-house.

"And now," said the captain to Father Bernard, when they were alone together, "what is the truth about this widow in Blaülatten street? Why is she accused of heresy? Have you seen the book which is so much talked of, and which helps her, they say, in her witchcraft?"

"Oh yes, I have seen it," replied the father smiling; "indeed, for several days it has been in my keeping."

"Really, and what is the book?"

"An old French translation of the Bible, by Peter Valdo. It has always been transmitted from father to son in Idalette's family, as one of its choicest treasures."

"So she is a *Vaudoise!*" said the knight in a serious tone. "Well, the best way will be to send her on the other side of our frontier, for we cannot allow this weed to take root in our city."

"Do men gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles?" asked Father Bernard?

"What do you mean, my father?"

"I mean, Sir Knight, that the conduct of those two children you saw to-day proves in what spirit they are brought up. The Saviour tells us a tree is known by its fruits."

"Yes, certainly, but if she be really a Vaudoise?"

"I cannot tell you whether she is or not, as I have never questioned her on the subject. All I know is, that seeing the submissive piety of this much-tried woman, I behold a living proof that the Gospel is indeed 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.'"

The captain did not answer, but walked several times rapidly up and down the room. Stopping suddenly in front of the good father, he laid his hand on his shoulder and said in a tone of grave interest,

"Bernard Boemer, Bernard Boemer, beware! You walk on slippery ground."

"This ground, Sir Knight, is the *Word of God!* It is the rock on which He has built His Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her."

They understood each other; with a long, steadfast look, they shook hands, and separated *friends*.

That same evening, in the little house in Blaülatten street, the happy family were united to offer, from grateful hearts, a joyous sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. The grandmother was beside herself with happiness, not only at regaining Blanchette, but above all that the Lord had watched over Franz and not allowed him to commit any act of violence which might have led to fatal results.

"Now, grandmother," said Thérèse, joyously, "I am going to prepare a good supper; we are rich to-day, for my good mistress has sent us butter, eggs and milk, and Blanchette has resumed her place at our table."

"What is that noise in the street?" asked Idalette. "Don't you hear cries of pain?"

Thérèse's look of joy changed into one of terror. Franz rushed out of doors, but soon reappeared with the miller's wife, who, pale as death, sank into a chair.

"Has some misfortune happened?" asked Thérèse and her grandmother together.

"It is a *judgment of God!*" slowly replied the miller's wife. "I am still trembling from head to foot. Yes, the Lord has judged her."

"Who do you mean?" said Idalette, anxiously.

"Dame Gründler! Before the Hotel de Ville she swore, taking God to witness that He might deprive her of the use of her limbs, if she had not spoken truly when she said she had bought the white hen from you. She went through the street uttering terrible imprecations, when, at her own door, as she entered it, she made a false step, and fell down, unable to rise. There she is, writhing like a worm, groaning and crying out that she suffers the torments of hell—in short, it is a stroke from God!"

"She must be helped directly," said the kind-hearted woman. "The poor creature's leg is perhaps broken, or her thigh out of joint, and at her age an accident is very serious. Thérèse, run to Father Bernard, and beg him to bring the doctor. And you, Franz, go with Dame Catherine, and help to carry the invalid to bed."

But the grandmother's words fell on deaf ears; no one moved. Franz and the miller's wife pretended that the Evil One himself flashed from Dame Gründler's eyes, and that she was uttering such fearful maledictions against Thérèse and the children that it would be unwise to go very near her. Just then Father Bernard appeared, bringing back to the *Vaudoise* her big book, and assuring her of the favor of the governor. Crossing the street, he was not a little astonished to see a crowd assembled before the public-house. "It is a judgment of God!" everyone was exclaiming. Some looked at Dame Gründler with malevolent curiosity, others with fear and mistrust, but no one would help Father Bernard to raise her. Instead of responding to his appeal, they all went away, and at last left him alone with the wretched woman. He then resolved to go to the little house, feeling sure that he would find there hearts to pity and hands to help. He sent Thérèse for the doctor, and called upon Franz and the miller's wife to aid him. Seeing their unwillingness to accede to his request, he solemnly repeated the Lord's Prayer, emphasizing the words, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

The arrow reached the mark—each one heartily joined in helping the poor sick woman, and thus fulfilled a Christian duty, to Idalette's great joy. Unable to act, she prayed earnestly that God would put His love into the minds of Franz and his mistress, and soften the hard heart of her once bitter enemy.

What was passing all this time through Dame Gründler's mind? A judgment had certainly overtaken her, for God had taken her at her word, and with her thigh dislocated, she would be a cripple for life.

It was indeed a hard struggle in the wicked woman's heart. For a long time, she refused to humble herself under the Lord's chastisement, nor would she allow Idalette's children or Dame Catherine to come near her; but as no one else took any notice of her, as even the most charitable of her

neighbors had a superstitious fear of her—in short, as the miserable servants whom she hired at high wages, robbed and neglected her, she ended by following Father Bernard's advice. She sold her establishment, and gave herself into the loving care of Thérèse and the good miller's wife.

And when, instead of the well-merited reproaches and sermons she expected, she found her nurses full of love and charity; when Thérèse, having overcome the instinctive fear inspired by the wicked woman, bathed the wounded thigh with such care and tenderness that the pain seemed to vanish under her hands; when even Franz, won over by his grandmother's pleadings, showed a tender interest in her; when Idalette was carried to her bedside to read out of the great book such beautiful words about the love of Jesus, who to redeem her lost soul had come down from heaven, and died upon the cross,—with all this fervor of Christian love, the poor woman's icy, hard heart was melted. The heavenly Physician ended by casting out of her soul, as out of that of Mary Magdalen, the seven devils which so long possessed it!

The healing, doubtless, was attended by frequent relapses. The old Adam always keeps a very tight hold on our hearts, and more than once he raised his crest in the poor invalid, and tested the patience of her nurses very severely. The good miller's wife often felt tempted to leave her to her fate, but Idalette was of a different mind. The Lord had taught her "to render good for evil, and in so doing, to heap coals of fire on her enemy's head." When we heartily and ceaselessly pray for any one who has done us harm, it results, as a natural consequence, that we end by loving them, and thus dear Idalette, in praying for her mortal enemy, began to feel a real affection for her. Now, love is like heat,—it is felt even when it is not visible. Dame Gründler, had long resisted, but even her stubborn heart could not help yielding to the beneficent, loving atmosphere which surrounded her. Willing or not, she began by loving Thérèse, then Idalette, and afterwards Franz and Dame Catherine.

With love, new life came into that withered heart. The Lord, who listened to Idalette's silent daily petitions, had taught the sinner to hate her sins, and by faith and prayer, He enabled her to fight against her wayward disposition.

Those who had formerly known her would scarcely have recognized her, so much was the expression of her face changed. She was not allowed to rise from her bed for more than a year after the accident. Then, in the beautiful autumn days, you would have rejoiced to see her seated by the grandmother on a little bench in the street, basking in the sun. It was the first time she had left her room; Franz had carried her down in his strong arms, hoping that the fresh air would restore her strength. The hen, Blanchette, was there, and she, too, seemed to have forgiven her old enemy, for she graciously accepted the crumbs which Dame Gründler held out, caressingly stroking the crossed beak of the favorite.

"Who would have thought all this would come to pass a year ago?" cried Thérèse involuntarily, as she prepared to go to the vintage fêtes with the miller's wife.

"Ah, yes, Thérèse," replied Dame Gründler, "I can as little understand the change as yourself; and each time I see the white hen, I say to myself, 'You wished to do wickedly, but God has turned the evil into good!'"

"To Him alone be honor, and praise, and glory," said the grandmother, raising her clasped hands towards heaven. A fervent, grateful Amen escaped from the lips and hearts of all present.

Our old chronicle does not tell us anything more about the inhabitants of the little house in Blaülattan, and so we take leave of them with great regret.

Before we bid them a final adieu, let us ask ourselves a solemn question: Do we value our Book of books as Idalette prized hers? do we daily read *our* Bible as she did *hers?* do we walk by its light, do we obey its commandments, do we believe and love as Idalette believed and loved?

JACK GRANGER'S COUSIN.

BY JULIA A MATTHEWS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MAIMED ACROBAT.

"There is your father, just driving in," said Clara, as they came in sight of Jack's home. "He sees us, I think. Yes he does! And he's waiting for us!" she exclaimed, as the doctor's horses paused at the gateway, and the doctor himself, turning in the carriage, took off his hat and waved it above his head.

"All back, safe and sound, eh?" he said, as the little group of boys and girls approached. "I have not felt very easy in my mind about you; for I heard, after I went out this afternoon, that an excursion train was to run down to the city, on the Tiverton branch; and I was afraid, as I had not heard my boys speak of it, that you had not known anything about it. Why! Louise, my child, this walk has been far too much for you. Let me put you right into the carriage, and drive you up to the house;" and the next moment, the doctor, very much startled by Louise's pale looks, had sprung from the carriage, and was in the midst of the party.

"And Jack?" he exclaimed, interrogatively, as he caught a view of his son's face which was in no wise ruddy. "Are you hurt? Did you meet the train after all?" he asked suddenly, the truth flashing upon him.

"Yes, sir, we did meet it, right upon the bridge, and it gave us all a pretty serious start," said Jack.

"And, doctor," broke in Clara impetuously, "Jack's the bravest, noblest fellow you ever knew! The train was right upon us before we heard it, but we had time to jump down, only Paul was frightened to death and couldn't seem to move; and Jack stayed with him till the very last second, and then caught him in his arms and flung himself over the side of the bridge, clasping one of those great timbers that run under the sleepers, and held on there by one arm till the train had passed; I never saw such a brave thing done in my life! You're perfectly splendid, Jack!" and the eager girl, fairly breathless with excitement, caught Jack's arm in both her hands, and looked up into his face with a loving, admiring glance which must have half repaid him for the strain which he had endured, and the pain which he was now suffering.

But there was a greater reward for him in his father's look, as Dr. Granger turned to him, and in his father's quiet words

"I am not surprised, my dear; I knew what my boy was, before. Jack, you are really hurt, my son. You are in great pain;" and Dr. Granger laid his hand upon the boy with a tender; a very tender touch.

"Yes, I'm hurt a little, but not badly," said Jack. "It's my shoulder; and my arm was a little cut on the timber,

too, I think. Take the girls and Paul up in the carriage, father, and we boys will walk after you. I rather think that Louise and Paul are more hurt than I am; they were both so fearfully frightened."

"Well, Paul, my boy. How is it with you?" said the doctor. "You look pretty well used up."

"It is a wonder that any of us are left alive," replied Paul, in a tone of injured dignity. "I cannot conceive how any one could think of going to such a place when there was a possibility of a train passing over the road. Even Philip Ward says that he would not have thought of going except to be of assistance to me."

"Where was Philip when the train came upon you?" asked the doctor significantly.

"Safe down in the ditch, leaving the friend to whom he is so devoted to take care of himself," exclaimed Clara. "Paul Stuyvesant, you're just jealous! You know you are; because we think so much of Jack! If you—!"

"Clara! Clara," said the doctor gently. "This is no time for jealousy, or ill feeling of any kind. We have to thank God most earnestly that you have all been saved from an awful death. Girls, let me put you into the carriage, as Jack suggests, for some of the party look more fit to be in bed than standing here in the road. Up with you, chatterer," and he lifted Clara into the carriage. "Now, Louise, and Annie. Paul, you shall sit in front with me, and we will let Sam walk up to the house. I will take the reins, Sam. Jack, are you sure that you prefer to walk?"

"Yes, sir, quite sure," said the boy; and with a farewell nod the doctor drove off; the boys following close behind the carriage.

When they reached the house, however, there was one missing from their number, Philip having slipped away, quite unnoticed by the rest.

"Now, Jack," said the doctor, as soon as his son entered the house, "let us look into this thing. First and foremost, mother, after you have done kissing the youngster, give us a big pair of scissors, and let us cut up his sleeve; for if matters are as I think, it would be some trouble for him to take off his coat in the ordinary way. Tom, come into the office with us. The rest of you may stay here until we come back."

They had all trooped into the parlor, where Mrs. Granger had been sitting, waiting for them; and not a moment had been lost by Clara in telling her the story of their afternoon's experiences. Mother-like, Mrs. Granger had not even waited for the end of the recital, but had rushed out to meet her boy, and was now pouring out kisses, and questions, and thanksgivings in breathless confusion.

"Is his arm broken?" she asked hurriedly. "Oh, Jack, dear!"

"No, not broken, at all, mother. Father will set it all right in a minute. But I don't believe I can take off my coat. You stay with the rest, and let us go into the office, and see to things."

Mrs. Granger said nothing, but she procured the needed scissors, and following the three into the library, cut Jack's sleeve away with her own gentle hands.

"Just as I thought," said the doctor, as he touched the bare arm. "You'll have to stand a long pull and a strong pull. But you can do that, Jacky. Your arm is out; but we'll have it in place again, in just about a minute; I'll call Sam in to help us. Mother, hadn't you better go back to the parlor?"

"No, I had better stay by my boy," said Mrs. Granger, taking her stand close beside Jack.

The next moment, the coachman, summoned by a shrill whistle, entered the room. Jack sat up very straight, with a grim determination in his face. The doctor gave a few clear directions to Tom Brewster, and the man; there was a dead silence in the room for a few seconds, and then a sharp snapping sound.

"All over, and all right, my boy,"

said the doctor. "You aren't going to faint, are you?"

"Not a bit of it, sir," said Jack. But his voice was not very rich and full, nor his face particularly rosy; and the doctor turned away, with a little laugh, to bring him a restorative.

"Did it hurt horribly, Jack?" asked Tom.

"As much as I cared about," said Jack, trying to smile at his mother, who did not seem inclined to say very much just then. "You and Sam have something of a good grip between you; and father can pull a pretty good stroke, too."

"Here, take this," said the doctor, handing Jack a glass. "Then we'll bandage up this unruly member, and put you on the sofa for the evening. You shall play invalid, and receive your friends in state to-night. Of course you are going to keep all these young people here to dinner, mother."

"Of course. But I really don't believe that I said one word to any of them. I will run in and tell them to take off their things, and stay. Sam, you may go over to Mr. Brewster's and to Mr. Haydon's, and tell them, with my compliments, that I shall keep the young ladies and gentlemen for the evening. I must go in right away and see to Paul, too. He looked most wretchedly."

"Yes, poor fellow," said the doctor, "and he needs soothing. Clara came down upon him like an army with banners for being jealous, as she said, of Jack; but I think he is more nervous than jealous, poor boy! Perhaps you had better see him now, for Tom and I can make Jack comfortable without any further help."

The company in the parlor were not in a very jubilant state of mind, when Mrs. Granger made her appearance among them. Clara was standing by the fire, which was blazing brightly on the broad hearth (for wood-fires were one of the necessaries of life in Dr. Granger's estimation) the image of silent indignation; Louise sat at the centre-table looking worried and anxious; and as Mrs. Granger entered the room, Will Haydon was saying in a tone of great vexation:

"Oh, well, do let the whole matter drop. We all know Jack, and we all know Ward. If Stuyvesant chooses to make such a curious selection, it's none of our business, I suppose."

"It is some of our business too—" interrupted Clara angrily. But turning at the sound of Mrs Granger's step, she became suddenly silent.

Mrs. Granger looked enquiringly around the room. Paul was lying back in an easy chair, looking very pale and weak, but looking also most obstinately determined and immovable.

"How is Jack, Mrs. Granger?" asked Louise, rising instantly with an air of great relief, and going forward to meet the new-comer. "Is his arm in a very bad condition?"

"No, the doctor thinks not. It was dislocated; but it has been set already. Jack stood it very well, and his father says it will be nothing very serious. Paul, dear, how do you feel after all this? You look pretty palish."

"Oh, don't worry yourself at all about me," said Paul. "I shall do very well. I am only sorry that my cousin should have injured himself in my behalf. It would seem that it would have been better if he had left me to take care of myself."

"He does not think so," said Mrs. Granger kindly. "I am very sure that he would have borne a far more serious injury than this to have saved you from that dreadful fate."

"If he does not think so there are others that do," returned Paul petulantly.

"We don't think so at all, Mrs. Granger," said Clara impetuously, unable any longer to control her impatience. "Paul is only vexed because we have said out plainly what we think of his beautiful friend Philip Ward. The coward flew down the bank, into the ditch, almost before the rest of us heard the train, and left us all to take care of ourselves, Paul included; after saying, too, that he had only come to take care of Paul. He

can't bear us to speak a word in praise of our lovely Jack, nor in contempt of that mean coward. It's perfectly outrageous! I can't help it if I am rude; I think it's too horrid for anything! And Jack having saved his very life, too, at such awful risk to himself."

"Clara, dear—

"Please to let me interrupt you for one moment, Aunt Nellie," said Paul very loftily. "I am perfectly aware that I owe my life to my cousin's courage and quickness, and I am most heartily grateful to him, but I do not consider that my gratitude to him need make me unjust to another. Philip Ward had no responsibility in the case, and it was perfectly natural for him to seek his own safety."

"Perfectly natural," said Clara. "It was exactly what we should all have expected of him, if we had had time to think."

"Now, young people," said Mrs. Granger quietly, but very firmly, "let us put a stop at once to this discussion. You are all excited, and—nervous, I was going to say; but I believe I will speak more honestly and truly, and say *cross*. This experience has been a pretty sharp trial of your nerves, and they have given way under it, and the result is not good. There is Mary, coming to announce dinner. Come in. A plate of hot soup will put you all into good humor. We have sent word to your homes that you will spend the evening with us. Trot into the dining-room, now, every one of you. I don't want to hear another word about this dreadful afternoon, unless it is a promise that you will not walk to Tiverton Bridge again. I never could feel quite easy to have you go there, and now I shall be more anxious than ever."

"I shall never go again, for one," said Louise.

"Nor I," said Annie and Paul, in a breath.

Will and Clara prudently said nothing. The probabilities were that they, at least, would repeat the experiment on the first opportunity, if the matter were left to their own decision.

"Halloa, there, Paul! come in and see a fellow," called Jack, as the party passed the office-door on their way to the dining-room. "I might just as well go in to dinner as not, I think; at least, I feel as if I might, but father is afraid of my getting a knock, so he has laid me up here. How are you? We had a pretty stout kind of a scare, hadn't we?"

"I am well," said Paul, "and very sorry that I have been the means of your suffering so much."

"Oh, it wasn't so very bad," replied Jack, looking up in some surprise at Paul's constrained tone and manner. Father says it won't amount to anything, if I am careful for a few days. I certainly don't feel very ill, and I'm as hungry as a bear; so that don't look as if I were in a very bad case. Go in and get your own dinner; you look as if you needed it, you poor old chap."

The cloud on Paul's face lightened a little. "I had far rather remain here with you," he said in a low voice. "You are the only person who seems to have the least idea that I have endured anything; one might almost wish that they had suffered a manifest injury, to be so much sympathized with, and so much thought of. Not that I would have any one think any less of you," he added, in a hurried sort of manner. "I know that you risked your life for me; that I should have been killed but for your courage and your strength. I am not ungrateful."

"Why, no one thought you were," said Jack. "But you needn't be burdened with that sort of feeling. Any other fellow would have done just the same. Don't be bothering yourself with gratitude, and that sort of stuff. I'm heartily glad I was there to help you."

Jack stretched out his free hand and grasped Paul's, which hung at his side, little thinking that his blunt disavowal of anything which called for praise was only adding to his cousin's unhappy state of mind. That he was

unhappy and discontented, he saw very plainly; and thinking that he was unnecessarily overburdened by his sense of obligation to himself, he was trying, in his brusque way, to set him at his ease.

Paul gave but a feeble pressure in return for the hearty grasp of his hand, and Mrs. Granger at that moment calling to him that his soup would be cold, he turned away from Jack with a formal—"Thank you," at which the latter shrugged his shoulders,—a bit of thoughtlessness which changed the comical smile which had accompanied the gesture, to a grimace of sharp pain.

"What a most curious, incomprehensible animal it is!" he said to himself. "I do honestly believe he's sorry I had a hand in it, at all. What are we going to do with such a chap?"

But his reflections did not worry him very deeply, apparently, for the next moment he called out cheerily, through the open door-way between the two rooms—"If you are waiting for me to recover from our little flow of sentiment, Mrs. Granger, you may send in my soup now; for I am half starved, and growing so rampant that I shall be in there in another moment."

"Very well," said his mother, "I did not want to disturb you and Paul before you were ready. Mary is just coming in; so you shall be saved from actual starvation."

And when his dinner was brought to him, the hero of the day was able to do ample justice to it, although he was forced to accept a larger measure of assistance in that duty than he had ever received since he was old enough to be trusted with his own knife and fork.

But if Paul were slow to give Jack his full meed of praise, the same accusation could not be filed against any other member of the party which gathered in the office after dinner, especially the younger portion of the company. Clara and Annie were devotion personified to "the maimed acrobat," as Tom Brewster called him; while Louise, a little less demonstrative in her attentions than the two younger girls, was yet in a seeming fever of anxiety lest his cushions were not arranged as comfortably as they might be, the light were not suited to his eyes, or some other circumstance not fitted to his liking; and even Will and Tom treated him as if he were rather above the ordinary range of mortals. Jack was not, as a general thing, very amenable to petting or coddling; but to-night he submitted to it condescendingly, enjoying his temporary sovereignty (if the whole truth were told) most thoroughly, although he did tease Louise more than a little for a fussy old grandmother.

But all the while there was an undercurrent of annoyance and discomfort beneath his pleasure, in the thought of Paul. It is wonderful how entirely the unsympathizing mood of one person in a company may mar the full enjoyment of the rest, and spoil the happiness in which it silently refuses to join. Paul did not utter a word of fault-finding or dissatisfaction with the existing state of affairs, but every one knew that he was discontented as surely as if he had relieved his pent-up feelings by an outburst of indignant remonstrance. To do the boy justice, he was ashamed of his unworthy feelings; he knew that he was ungrateful and ill-tempered, and told himself so again and again; but he was accustomed to be first in everything, and his original half dislike of Jack was fast growing into a morbid jealousy which, just now, physically exhausted as he was, he could not seem to combat. The very fact that he was so ill-satisfied with himself gave an additional gloom to his face, and an added tone of discontent to every word he spoke.

"Paul, you are quite tired out," Mrs. Granger said at last. "Why don't you go up to your room? Our young friends will excuse you. You really do not look as if you were able to sit up any longer."

"Yes, a soft bed is the very best medicine for you, my boy," said the doctor. "I have to go upstairs for a

moment; come with me, and I will see that everything is comfortable in your room."

Paul knew, as well as did the good doctor himself, that this was only an excuse to pay him a little extra attention; but, with the strange perversity with which a jealous humor often throws aside the very love and consideration for which it is fretting, he answered coldly,

"Please don't take any trouble about me. I have everything that I need. I believe that I will bid you all good-night, however."

Dr. Granger followed him out of the office, and up to his own room, despite his refusal of his overtures; lit a lamp for him, and then throwing himself into an easy chair, said kindly, "I wanted to come up with you, to make quite sure that you were entirely unhurt."

"Oh, yes, entirely. I think I have not a scratch nor a bruise to complain of. I wish that Jack could say the same; but he tells me that you do not think his injury serious."

"No, with a little care he will have no trouble of any consequence. I thank God, with my whole heart, that he has preserved you both through such terrible danger; and I hope that this may seal the love and friendship that should sweeten the lives of my two boys."

"I hope that we shall be good friends," said Paul, as the doctor paused for an answer.

But a few moments later, when his uncle had bade him good-night and left the room, he wished most earnestly that he had responded more heartily and affectionately.

It is such a difficult matter to come easily and gracefully out of our disagreeable moods, that the wonder is that we should let ourselves slip into them with so little thought of the consequences, even from a selfish point of view.

CHAPTER VIII.

JACK'S THORN.

The winter had rolled by, week after week; Christmas-tide, with its thousand plans, surprises, and enjoyments, had come and gone; and spring-time was drawing near, with its very different employments and pleasures.

Little by little Paul was becoming accustomed to his new life, and learning to find much happiness in it. Physically he scarcely seemed the same boy who had come so suddenly, on that cold November night, to share Jack's home, and even the love that had so long been Jack's alone. His small, slender figure had spread and rounded; his pale, fair face had gained color and fullness; and although still far from being robust, he had lost entirely that look of extreme delicacy and fragility which had characterized him on his first appearance at Camlot. Otherwise he was but little altered, less so than one would have expected him to be by so entire a change in his life.

Underlying Paul's softness and gentleness, there was a strata of obstinacy and self-will which had been strengthened and encouraged most carefully by his friend and almost constant companion, Philip Ward. The outspoken contempt of Jack after the ducking affair, and the openly avowed scorn of both Tom and Clara Brewster on the afternoon of the Tiverton Bridge expedition, had roused in Philip's heart feelings of the most bitter hatred against the three friends, and a revengeful purpose to do them some injury. Against the two boys he dared not make any attack, open or covert, which should bring them physical harm; but he saw with quick sagacity that there was one point on which Jack could easily be wounded; and he hoped that Tom, also, from his strong sympathy with Granger, might be, at least, worried and annoyed by the same means. Philip was quick to see and to appreciate Jack's dislike of his cousin, and his efforts, not only to overcome his dislike, but to be a real friend to Paul; and with malicious ingenuity, he set himself deliberately to work to fan into a flame Paul's smouldering jealousy of Jack, and to foster

and encourage all the faults and weaknesses which Jack would have helped to overcome.

Not once, since the day of the boating party, had Philip spoken an unkind or teasing word to the sensitive boy. All that Paul did or said was admired and praised, not fulsomely, but delicately and affectionately, for Philip saw that, with all his weaknesses, there was a large leaven of common-sense in Stuyvesant's composition, and he never went too far in his adulation. And more than all, he sympathized with his friend most tenderly in the absence of congenial feeling between himself and the family in which he lived. He was careful never to say a word derogatory to Dr. or Mrs. Granger, for there, as he knew, Paul would have silenced him; and even of Jack he seldom uttered a complaint, or spoke a rough word; yet he managed to convey to Paul's consciousness an almost unspoken sympathy and pity which did more to strengthen the boy's affection for him, and dependence upon him, than anything else could have done.

It had been a very trying experience for Jack throughout; accustomed to express unrestrainedly all his thoughts and feelings, the necessity of checking his impulses to speak his mind plainly on every occasion, and of hiding his constantly recurring annoyance and vexation under a kind and gentle manner, was a very troublesome task. But he made a stout and patient struggle for the right; and though he failed again and again, his quick and impatient tongue leading him into many a discouraging difficulty, he always renewed the battle, hopefully and determinedly; no one, not even his father and mother, knowing how hard was the duty which he had imposed upon himself. Perhaps his father, whose temper was somewhat like his own, appreciated his efforts more than any one else could do; but even he, with the quick, ardent impulses of his youth sobered by the weight of years, could scarcely comprehend how earnest and incessant a warfare Jack waged with himself.

Least of all was Paul able to understand in any degree the cost of the mere silence which often followed acts or words of his which vexed and fretted his cousin. His calm and quiet nature could not begin to appreciate the strength of the temptations which he was constantly—but generally most innocently—placing in Jack's path. Often and often when he thought Jack unsympathizing and disagreeable, he would have seen, if he could have looked into the boy's heart, that the simple effort to keep his temper, and preserve a peaceful exterior, was costing him a struggle, such as Paul himself had never dreamed of making under any conditions or circumstances.

Things had gone on in this way until the early spring. Philip Ward had gradually become quite a frequent visitor at the house, and outwardly there was a greater degree of peace between himself and Jack than had ever existed before. But Jack was far from being in ignorance of Philip's feelings toward himself, nor did Ward fail to see that Granger's tolerance of his society was due entirely to consideration for his cousin.

Meanwhile Paul had made for himself, despite his peculiarities, a position in the school which was by no means to be despised. The boys who laughed at his "queernesses," as they termed them, jeered at his quaint manners, and mockingly imitated his ceremonious speech, were yet forced to acknowledge his superiority in almost all branches of study, and gradually to yield to him the first place in nearly every class of which he was a member. With professors and teachers he was a great favorite, and every master in the school was loud in his praises.

Dr. Granger watched the boy carefully, fearful that the love of commendation (which amounted almost to a passion with him) and his ambition combined, would lead him to work too hard for his strength; but he looked in vain for any evidence that his school-life was at all injurious to his health. Study seemed more a pastime than a labor for him, and the stimulus

of competition with his companions was apparently as healthful for body as for mind. Every day added to his strength and vigor; while little by little he began to slip into the ways and manners of the life which surrounded him, losing by slow degrees many of the idiosyncracies which had so marked him out from other boys of his age and class.

It was with far less satisfaction and peace of mind that the doctor watched the constantly growing intimacy between his young charge and his chosen friend. Philip was, as Dr. Granger well knew, an unfit associate for so impressionable and easily-led a boy as his ward; and although he was far from suspecting Philip's revengful purpose to injure Jack through Paul, he was still very uneasy with regard to the existing friendship between the two. Still, there was nothing that could well be done to interfere with it. The Ward family were on terms of pleasant acquaintance with the Grangers, and Philip's faults were not of so flagrant a nature that the doctor could feel himself justified in forbidding any intercourse between him and his nephew. The most that he could do was to endeavor to make Paul's home so happy that he should love those within it more dearly than any one without, and to fortify him against all temptation to evil by making him strong and valiant for the right. Paul's affectionate disposition made the first effort no very difficult task; but his self-satisfaction and conceit interfered very greatly with the second. Indeed, he had so little idea that Paul Stuyvesant could fall into wrong-doing of any kind that advice and warning fell almost unheeded on his ears.

"Jack," said Tom Brewster, one evening, as they sat together in Jack's room, chatting over matters and things in general, "have you heard anything about the prizes this year?"

"Yes, I have," replied Jack, with a spice of indignation in his tone. "Phil Ward was saying to Paul, just before you came in, that Mr. Martin, the mean old curmudgeon, was only going to give two: one for drawing, and one for general excellence. I think it's too shabby for anything."

"He must be hard up this term," said Tom. "How does Ward know? Did Mr. Martin tell him?"

"No; what's-his-name—the new drawing-master—Mr. Hilton, told him. It's the biggest sham I ever knew. Why, there have always been nine or ten prizes, at least."

"Well, you needn't stew, old man; for you'll get the one for drawing, anyway," said Tom. "Unless I set out for the general excellence I can't be famous; but you're sure."

"Not so sure, either," said Jack. "Paul and Philip will both be strong rivals; and then there is Haydon, too. He has more talent than either of the others, but I heard Mr. Hilton telling Mr. Martin, yesterday, that they had both made wonderful strides forward since he came here. I can see the improvement in Paul's drawing very plainly, myself; no, old chap, if I have the prize at all, it will be only by the hardest kind of working for it. I want it, too, awfully; for I've had it every year since I have been in the school. Now that there is to be only one for the whole establishment, instead of one for each class, as usual, I want it the worst way."

"Oh, you'll get it." said Tom, with easy confidence in the powers of his beloved friend. "Don't you fret."

"I'll try for it, anyway," replied Jack; "but I wish I could feel as sure as you feel for me. I think father would be really disappointed, too, if I failed. He has all my prize-drawings since I was eight years old (that was my first year, you know,) framed, and hung up in his room. I think he'd feel real badly if I lost the first prize offered to the whole school."

"Jack," said Tom, looking up suddenly into his friend's face, "you do think lots of your father, don't you?"

"I rather think I do," said Jack, laughing. "Do you know any good reason why I shouldn't?"

"No," said Tom quite soberly, "I don't. But you and your father al-

ways seem to be different—together, I mean—from most other boys and their fathers. You are more like two friends; like you and me, for instance."

"Well," said Jack reflectively, "I've thought of that very often, myself. And I've often thought, too, when I've been in some other fellows' houses, and seen them with their fathers and mothers, that mine were kind of different. Father never orders me around, or finds fault with me before people, as lots of men do to their boys. Why, only the other night, I was at the Jacksons' and there was some talk going on about the election, and Sam said something, (rather sticking in his word, to be sure,),but do you know, his father said to him, 'Be quiet, sir, and let older people speak?' The idea of any fellow being slapped in the face like that, before a room full of people! And yesterday Mr. Ward came in here, with Phil; and Phil, as he always does, pitched himself down into the big easy-chair; and Mr. Ward —instead of telling him quietly to take some other seat, or waiting until they had left the house to reprove him—gives him a fillip on the side of the head and says, 'Get up at once ! What do you mean by taking the best chair in the room!' I don't stand up much for Phil Ward, and he's as selfish and rude a chap as lives, I think; but if that's the kind of treatment he has, I don't wonder. Yes, I do think my father is different from most other men about such things. He has given it to me, hot and heavy, sometimes; and when he means to have a thing done, it isn't of much use for me to plant my foot down, I tell you. I found that out before I was six years old. My! Don't I remember a battle we had one day. I'd been saucy to mother, and he told me to go and beg her pardon, and I wouldn't do it. And—never mind. I won't tell even you about it, either. It makes my cheeks burn to think of it, yet; but I went to bed that night loving my father better than I had ever done, and feeling more ashamed of myself than I ever did before or since. Yet he never spoke a rough word to me, all through, impudent little scamp that I was! The fact is, Tom—and the older I grow, the more I love and honor my father for it—the fact is, I can't remember that in all my life he ever spoke a cross, hard word to me; nor ever reproved me for misbehaving myself before any one, except my mother. He always treats me as politely as he expects me to treat him; and I tell you, Tom, there are lots of fathers in the world who don't do that thing by a long shot."

"Indeed there are," said Tom; "and there are lots of sisters, too, who think we boys are so rude and coarse, who don't make any bones, at all, of telling us that we're horrid, and disagreeable and all that sort of stuff. You know I don't mean Louise and Clara; and you know I do mean Fanny, for one. She don't often say anything to me; I rather try to smooth her down, you know, for she isn't very strong, and we all ought to consider her a little. But poor old Hal! He's full of his pranks, and noisy, and pretty rough; and she does come down upon him like a thousand of brick. Don't he catch it, though, sometimes! And Fan never seems to think that there is any rudeness in telling him to his very face that he is 'horrid' and 'a nuisance,' and I don't know what all, beside; or, in calling him a 'disgusting boy,' when he comes in dirty, or with his hands full of worms for bait; or with some bug or beast which he thinks perfectly splendid. She would cut her head off before she would say such a word to any visitor, if she disliked him ever so much; but because Hal is her brother, she seems to think she can say what she pleases to him. Girls are awfully queer, Jack. They think that boys are funny; but if they could see their own streaks as plainly as they can see ours, they'd be surprised at themselves, I think."

"Fanny is quite fond of Paul, though. She told me the other day that she thought he was 'perfectly lovely;'" and Jack breathed out the last two

words in a long-drawn tone of concentrated delight,

Tom laughed heartily.

"Yes, she just dotes on him," he said. "I believe that he is the only really enjoyable boy she has ever seen. He reads to her, and admires her fancy-work, and picks up her various dropped articles, and so forth, and so on, and waits on her generally, until Miss Fan almost worships the ground he treads on. Jack, that fellow will make just the softest kind of a lady's-man that ever was manufactured, when he grows up."

"No, he won't, either," said Jack. "I'm just determined he shan't. And he has improved since he's been here. Don't you think he has?"

"Of course I do; Phil Ward to the contrary, notwithstanding," added Tom, with a mischievous glance.

"Phil Ward to the contrary, indeed," replied Jack, without returning his friend's half smile. "I tell you, Tom, that chap tries the stuff that I'm made of more than you know. If I haven't knocked him over a dozen times or more since Paul came, it hasn't been because I haven't wanted to do it."

"I know that, old boy. I've seen it often enough. I believe you've done harder work for Paul, many a time since, than you did that afternoon at Tiverton Bridge. You're a regular old brick, Granger! I've thought so for ever so long, though I never said it before. And I'm just proud of being your chum. There's my hand on it!"

"Hallo! You seem to be breaking out in a new spot, old boy," said Jack, with affected carelessness; but there was a light in his eyes, and an unusual flush on his cheek, which told Tom as plainly as any words could have done that his kindly sympathy had gone far to encourage his friend in his hard task.

"But the truth is, Tom," Jack went on, after a moment, "that Ward has simply set himself to turn Paul against me, if he possibly can. There is no end to the shabby little things he says and does; things that one can't take hold of, or if one could—are too mean to touch. My tongue fairly leaps in my mouth sometimes to answer him, and tell him what I think of him; and my fingers burn to take him by the throat and just give him one tolerably good shaking. I—Oh, well," and Jack laughed out at his own indignation, "we won't waste time and breath on him. He just hates us two, and as he's afraid of a good square fight, this is his way of showing it. Everybody must have their thorn in the flesh, I suppose, and he's mine. But he's got the stiffest prickers of any thorn I ever saw. Come in."

The last two words were called out in answer to a knock at the door, and the next instant the door was opened and Paul's face looked in.

"Shall I disturb you?" he asked, pausing for an instant before entering the room. "Philip told me that he was afraid that I should break into some confidence if I came up; but I wanted very much to ask you a question."

"Philip knows more than is good for him," said Jack. "*I* have told you over and over again that I am always glad to have you come up here. It's a great pity, Paul, that Ward should always stand between you and me, and interpret all that I say and do to you. Can't you take me at my own word without going to him for a definition?"

Paul's soft eyes were lifted to his cousin's face with a look of blank amazement at his vexed and almost angry tone. He had not intended any harm, but the little vexation had come just when Jack was unprepared, the sore place in his heart having been opened afresh by his talk over his grievances. The next moment he had repented of his irritability, and was ready to make amends for it. Yet he was not ready to take back his words, for he knew in his honest young heart that what he had said was true, if he had only said it in the right way.

"Speak out," he said, in a far more pleasant tone than he had used before. "You look as if you thought I was cross, and so I was. But, Paul"—and

with a sudden impulse Jack rose from his seat and walked across the room toward his cousin, with his hand outstretched, and a very winning look in his eyes—"Paul, it is true, if I did say it crossly. I set out when you first came here—no, it was two nights after; but I did set out, almost from the first, to be good friends, first-rate friends with you; and we aren't real good friends yet; there's something always between us; and that something is Phil Ward. He twists and turns everything I say and do, and gives you dirty little motives for it all; and you believe what he says; and think as he does, (or pretends to), until you can't even come up to my room, when Tom and I are talking together, without feeling as if you were bothering us, because he makes you think that we had rather be alone. Instead of that, we are glad to have you come. We don't like Ward, that's true, and I don't care to have him in my room, but we do like to have you come up, and the oftener you come the better. Take me at my own word, Paul, not at Ward's showing of me."

Paul looked up into the frank face, took the outstretched hand; and, led as usual by the feelings of the moment, returned the warm grasp of Jack's fingers.

"You are very kind," he said, with a pleased but somewhat surprised expression on his face.

"Well," said Jack, "that's what I want to be; that's what I always mean to be, only I don't always know how to do the thing just right. You are rather particular, you know, and I'm not. Now, if you could just once understand that I mean to do the right kind thing by you, even when I am a bit rough, we'd get on a great deal better. Let Ward say what he pleases, you just believe what I tell you."

"Philip doesn't say"—

But there Paul paused. He was a very truthful boy.

Jack laughed pleasantly.

"Never mind Ward," he said. "You are too true a chap, with all your funny ways, to stand up for him as you would like to. Just let's, you and I, work and play together without any Ward for a go-between. All this time you haven't asked your question."

(To be continued).

MAKING A FIRE.

BY J. F. PACKARD.

Were we to ask our youthful readers how they would make a fire they would reply that they would do so by using a lucifer match. But the lucifer match is of but recent date, previous to which time the people had to resort to various methods in producing a fire. It would be difficult to conceive of men without fire, or the knowledge of the means of producing it. There are stories of a fireless people, but they are apocryphal. Commodore Wilkes, the explorer, states that when he visited Fakaafof or Bowdish Island, in 1841, he found neither places for cooking nor signs of fire, and that the natives evinced alarm when they saw sparks from flint and steel, and smoke from cigars. But that is only negative evidence. Mr. Hale, the philologist of the expedition, gives us a vocabulary of the language of these

islanders, in which we find that they had a name for fire—*afi*—even if they did not possess it in fact.

The question, How did man obtain

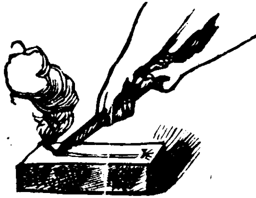


Fig. 1.—SANDWICH ISLAND METHOD.

his knowledge of fire? is without an answer. Whether he obtained it from the lightning's vivid flash, or from the volcano's fiery upheaval, or from some other source, we have no means of knowing. The Greeks attempted to solve the problem in the fable of Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven, where it was the special possession of the gods

It matters but little, however, how the first knowledge of fire was obtained. We only know that all races and tribes of men possessed, and possess, the knowledge, although they have various ways of kindling the genial flame. And it is of these various ways that we propose to speak.

Probably the friction of two pieces of wood was the original means of fire-making, used by man. The Patagonians employed this method. Two thoroughly dry sticks were selected, and the bark removed; one end of one of them rested upon the ground, while the other end rested against the stomach of the performer. Holding the other stick firmly at right angles against the first, fire was produced by vigorously rubbing it up and down its length.

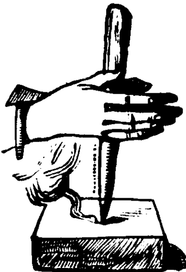


Fig. 2. — DRILLING PROCESS.

One of the simplest means of producing fire, is by what may be called the stick and groove method (see fig. 1). A blunt stick is run along back and forth, in a groove of its own making, in a piece of wood lying on the ground. Mr. Darwin, the great naturalist, tells us that this was at one time the common method in the Sandwich Islands, where a very light wood is used for the purpose. This process is also common in some of the South Sea or Polynesian Islands. A practised native can, by this method, produce fire in a few seconds, although Mr. Darwin says that he found it rather hard work, and it took him much longer.

Another, and more widely different process, is what may be called "fire-drilling," represented in its simplest form in fig. 2. This has been found, a little more or less modified, in every quarter of the globe. Captain Cook found it in both Alaska and Australia,

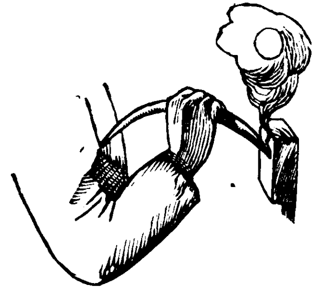


Fig. 3.—GAUCHO METHOD.

and it was in use in Ceylon and Central America. In the rude paintings of the Mexicans we find some striking illustrations of this process. Captain Cook thus describes it, as he found it in Australia:

"They produce fire with great facility, and spread it in a wonderful manner. They take two sticks of dry, soft wood, one eight or nine inches long, the other five; the first they shape into an obtuse point at one end, and pressing it on the other, turn it nimbly between their hands, after moving them up and down, to increase the pressure. By this means they get fire in less than two minutes, and from the smallest spark, they increase it with great speed and dexterity."

An improvement was made on this

process, by a contrivance devised on the principle of the common carpenter's brace, with which he works his centre-bit, as shown in fig. 3. This method is still in use among the *gauchos* of the Pampas of Buenos

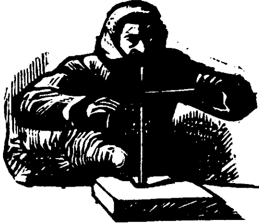


Fig. 4.—ESQUIMAUX METHOD.

Ayres, and hence is called the "Gaucho method." One of them takes an elastic stick, eighteen inches long, against one end of which he presses firmly with his breast, placing the other end, which is pointed, in a hole in a piece of dry wood, and then rapidly twirls it as the carpenter does his brace.

The next advance on this process was to wind a thong or cord around the drill, and then, by pulling the two ends alternately, make it revolve much faster than if rolled between the hands. In some parts of India butter-churns are worked in this way, instead of by the up and down dasher used in other parts of the country. And the Brahmins, although they have simpler and easier processes, still employ this method of producing fire upon sacred occasions.

The Esquimaux, when first brought in contact with the Europeans, employed a method like that last described, in producing fire. Davis, the navi-

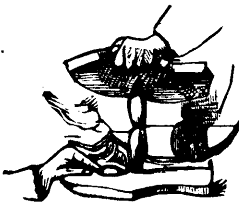


Fig. 5.—SIOUX METHOD.

gator, after whom Davis' Straits were named, describes how, in 1586, a Greenlander "beganne to kindle a fire in this maner: he took a piece of a board, wherein was a hole halfe throw; into that hole he put the end of a round sticke, like unto a beddestaffe, dipping the ende thereof in traine-oil, and in fashion of a turner, with a piece of lether, by his violent motion, did speedily produce fire." This was only used in making fire; but when the shaft was pointed with stone, it was used for drilling holes in stone and wood (see fig. 4). The thong being passed twice around the drill, the upper end is steadied by a mouth-piece of wood, having a piece of the same stone imbedded with a counter-sunk cavity. This, firmly held between the teeth, directs the tool.

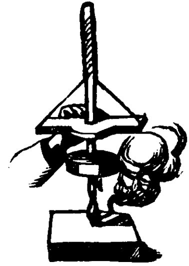


Fig. 6.—SWISS PUMP-DRILL.

The next advance was the mere thong or cord of a bow, by which one hand can be made to do the work of two in driving the spindle. The bow-drill thus formed was used by the ancient Egyptians, and is employed at the present day in our own country by certain artisans. The apparatus lately, and possibly still used for making fire by the Sioux Indians of the North-West, which was constructed on this principle, is shown in fig. 5.

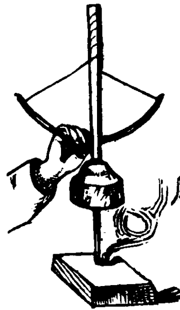


Fig. 7.—IROQUOIS METHOD.

There is another contrivance, used equally for drilling and fire-making, and which is termed the "Pump-drill." That which is used in Switzerland, and elsewhere for drilling, armed with a steel point, and weighted with a wooden disc is shown in fig. 6.

As the hand brings the cross-piece down, it unwinds the cord, driving the

spindle round; as the hand is lifted again, the disc, acting as a fly-wheel, runs on and rewinds the cord, and so on. This apparatus is used in several of the South Sea Islands, only the spindle is armed with a hard stone, instead of a steel point. A similar instrument is also used among the Iroquois Indians of New York (see fig. 7).

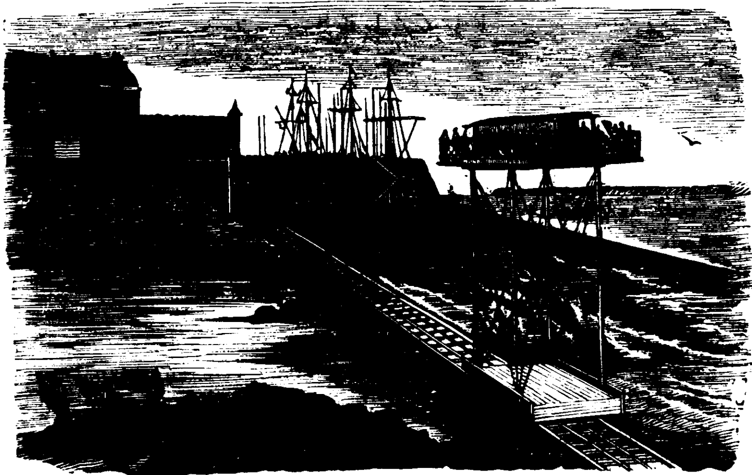
The natives of Terra del Fuego (if we credit Magalhaens, from whom the Straits of Magellan take their name) made fire from a flint on a piece of iron pyrites, the sparks being received on some kind of tinder. This method was also used by the Slave and Dog Kib Indians, near the Arctic Circle, as also by the Greeks and Romans.

There are certain varieties of cane, or bamboo, which contain large proportions of silica, which is the same substance that, in another form, we call flint. The natives of Sumatra, Borneo, and the surrounding islands, produce fire by striking or rubbing together splints of bamboo, the silicious coating of which renders ignition possible. Producing fire by means of what is termed a "sun-glass" is not, by any manner of means, of modern origin. Pliny mentions "glass globes" (practically what we call double convex lenses), with water put in them, which, when set opposite the sun, would so concentrate its rays as to set clothes on fire. The story of Archimedes informs us that the fleet besieging Syracuse was set on fire by means of "burning mirrors." In a like manner the vestal virgins lighted the fire it was their study to keep forever burning in the fane of Vesta, on the banks of the Tiber. If these virgins allowed the eternal fire to go out, they were whipped by the priests, "whose custom it was to drill into a board of auspicious wood till the fire came, which was carried to the temple in a brazier." Inca, who acted as "prophet, priest and king" of Peru, lighted the fires of his nation annually, "on the occasion of the winter solstice," by means of concave mirrors fashioned out of nodules of iron pyrites, which are capable of being polished to the brilliancy of silver or steel. When, however, the sun failed to shine on the festival given in his honor—for the Incas were sun-worshippers,—then the new fire was kindled by means of friction.

In our own country we have in turn lighted our fires with flint, steel and tinder, with the sun-glass, and of late with the friction-match. Before the invention of the match, if one's fire went out, it was a common practice to run to the neighbor's to borrow some; and, years ago, during the intermission between the services upon the Sabbath, there might be seen, upon the sunny side of the church, groups of men endeavoring to light their pipes with a sun glass.

But all of these methods have been supplanted by the friction match. Such is the progress of Science.—*Wide Awake.*

THE ROLLING BRIDGE OF ST. MALO.



ROLLING-BRIDGE OF ST. MALO, FRANCE (TIDE OUT).

It was formerly customary, when the tide was out, for people to cross over by way of the beach from St. Malo to St. Servan, two villages on opposite sides of a narrow inlet on the northern coast of France; but when the tide was in, passengers were compelled to make a considerable *détour* to reach their destination. We need hardly be surprised to find, therefore, that in course of time some more direct means of communication between the two places, which should be available at all seasons, soon became a felt want.

First of all, a line of rails was laid down on the beach. Next, a large carriage-platform was constructed for carrying passengers, vehicles, and cattle. This stood on long iron pillars or shafts, and was otherwise supported by a lattice-work of metal spars. The wheels were made with a strong clip that firmly gripped each rail, and prevented the carriage from being knocked over or pushed up by tempest or waves. When the contrivance was placed in position on the rails, the carriage stood perfectly clear of the highest tides and rough seas. At the St. Servan side, a steam engine was set up, and a long, stout, endless chain connected the carriage with the engine. As soon as it was ready to start, the "prime mover" was set going, and "hauled" the carriage from one end of the journey to the other by means of the chain.

—*Cassell's Magazine.*

HAROUN AL RASCHID.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

One day, Haroun Al Raschid read
A book wherein the poet said:

"Where are the kings, and where the rest
Of men who once the world possessed?

"They're gone with all their pomp and show,
They're gone the way that thou shalt go.

"O thou who choosest for thy share
The world, and what the world calls fair,

"Take all that it can give or lend,
But know that death is at the end!"

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head;
Tears fell upon the page he read.

—*St. Nicholas.*

PUZZLES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

I.

CHARADE.

The tented Arab, wild and free,
Scorns the restraints, my *First* of thee ;
The savage red-man loathes thee, too,
And all the wandering Gipsy crew,
Who dearly love, by tree and spring,
Their tales to tell, their songs to sing.

My *Next*—a savory root, is found
Where rich spontaneous growths abound,
Even in our forest land 'tis seen
With spreading leaf of shining green ;
And once in ages past we know,
When Israel fled from Pharaoh—
The murmuring tribes, while wandering o'er
The dreary waste, its loss deplore.

My *Whole*, 'tis said, will cling to life,
Though severed by the keenest knife,
Though mangled by the spade or hoe
Its scattered fragments root and grow.

E. H. N.

II.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

Four heads have I, but body none,
And without any legs I run,
'Midst bliss supreme my lot was cast,
And joys that could not be surpassed.
Yet these delights did I forsake,
And far away my course I take ;
Yet, while I wander far or nigh,
Still ever in my bed I lie.

III.

BLANKS.

1. I went to that——and caught a large——.
2. He——among the rocks seeking for the ——.
3. He——by——vote.
4. As I was looking at my——I was surprised by a——of robbers.

IV.

A CHARADE.

My first is a profession ; my second is a pronoun ; my third is to strangle. My whole is a vegetable.

V.

A PROLIFIC WORD.

Entire I am found in the depths of the sea.
Behead me and I am a title.
Curtail me and I am a fruit.
Curtail again and I become a vegetable.

Behead and curtail me and I am part of the body.

Behead and curtail still again and without me adamant could not exist.

From my letters can be made words meaning to knock, to spring, true, a grassy bank, a defense, to gather, and to peel.

VI.

GEOGRAPHICAL QUESTIONS.

1. What mountain is a head-covering?
2. What mountain is a piece of furniture ?
3. What mountains are astronomical ?
4. What river is round at both ends and high in the middle ?

VII.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a man's name and leave another.
2. Behead a man's name and leave a mother.
3. Behead a man's name and leave a line of men.
4. Behead a man's name and leave a mark.
5. Behead a man's name and leave a tumor.
6. Behead a man's name and leave a kind of waggon.
7. Behead a man's name and leave part of the body.
8. Behead a man's name and leave a vessel.

The Home.

A YEAR'S SCHOOL TEACHING IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

A TRUE STORY.

How well I remember the day I left home to take charge of a school about thirty miles away! My father was far from rich; so I was compelled to earn my own living in this way, as soon as my education was far enough advanced, without considering my fitness as to age or worldly wisdom.

It was a dark morning, and after I was a few miles from home it commenced to rain. This continued without cessation till I reached my destination. I was drenched to the skin, and the small amount of finery I did possess was totally destroyed. I was not acquainted with a single person in the neighborhood—had never seen any of them. My appearance that day among strangers could not have been prepossessing. I received a welcome at the house of Mr. J. Burton, to whom I had been directed. In spite of my wet and miserable condition, all the arrangements for the succeeding twelve months were completed that day, with the exception of a suitable boarding-place. My agreement was to teach twelve months for the sum of one hundred and sixty dollars without board. For the next two or three weeks I was to remain at Mr. Burton's till I could find a boarding-place. My duties were to commence next day, which was the second of July, 187--. It being summer the number of pupils were small, averaging about twenty. I had a talent for teaching, and got along very well at school for some time. Meanwhile the neighbors were making use of all sorts of plans to get sight of the "new mistress," and above all to get acquainted with me. I was told that there had not been such a number at prayer-meeting for three years, as there was at the first one held after my arrival. I received numerous invitations to visit in the neighborhood before I was there many days. One lady, who had given me an urgent invitation, particularly interested me. I learned afterwards that she was Mr. Burton's sister, though there was very little resemblance between them. He was a pleasant-faced, good-natured man, while Mrs. Skinner was a sharp-featured, disagreeable-looking woman. Her eyes were small, dark and wilful looking, and her complexion was a pale iron-grey tinted with pale yellow. But the principal object of attraction about her was a solitary tooth, keeping sentinel in the front of her mouth. This dental appendage looked as if it had been intended for a small-sized horse-rake. Added to these attractions she possessed a loud, shrill, piercing voice, which could make itself heard at an astonishing distance. I have said that this woman interested me; and she seemed likewise to be attracted by me. Her invitations became daily more pressing; as she lived only a short distance from Mr. Burton's, I started one evening after school-hours to see her. She received me kindly, though her manner was very condescending. She had two daughters, called respectively Emeline and Caroline. Emeline impressed me as being a slightly modified image of her mother; while Caroline, who was about twelve, appeared to possess her mother's endearing looks and qualities in a double degree, in addition to being as impudent and tyrannizing as it was possible

for a young girl to be. Before I went away, Mrs. Skinner managed to let me know that, as she had a large house, I might come and board with her if I was so disposed. I need scarcely say that her "manners, looks and airs" did not impress me very favorably, so I inwardly determined if I could get another place I would not board with her. During the next few days I searched for a boarding-place, but in vain; every one seemed to have as many inmates as they could accommodate. I felt that I was trespassing on Mr. Burton's hospitality, and saw that I had no other alternative than accept Mrs. Skinner's offer. This I did, though not without dread of what the future might contain. The first evening I spent there Mrs. Skinner rendered far from lonely by the lively manner in which she questioned me about my past life. Nor did her enquiries cease till she was about as intimate with my past, present and future as I was myself. At last, after being silent for a few moments, she exclaimed, "Dear me, I never thought of asking what your Christian name is." "Jane," I replied, briefly. "Good mercy, what a hideous, old-fashioned name!" she cried or rather shrieked. "Well, well," she continued after a minute, "as I don't want to be troubled with calling you 'Miss,' at every turn, I shall just call you Jennie." To all her proposals I quietly assented.

But I soon found that, with Mrs. Skinner and her family, I was to be considered a sort of maid-of-all-work, though I was paying well for my board out of my small salary. For every evening she would have a piece of work prepared in the shape of holed stockings or kneeless pants. When these failed there was quite a supply of kitchen candlesticks and rusty pot-lids to be cleaned, and various other inviting things to be done. Then, as she found that I was not quite a new beginner in the art of sewing, she supplied me with other work in the form of a new costume for Miss Caroline. This was to be completed in a very short time, as that young lady was to wear it to a concert the following week. To all these demands I yielded a submissive obedience for the sake of peace. I foresaw a storm if I once refused to concede. I also hoped that her demands would surely, if not cease, at least become less as time wore on. I always went home for my noonday meal, as her house was not far from the school-room. She would be generally commencing to pre pare dinner on such occasions, and as she would require a much longer time than I could spare, I mostly returned minus my dinner.

The concert was fast approaching, and Caroline's dress was far from completed, so that Mrs. Skinner was very much annoyed. About four o'clock every morning she would get up, and just as soon I would be aroused by repeated calls of, "Jennie, Jen-nie, get up or you will be late for school." Even this formed a not unpleasant change from the incessant "Emeline, Em-e-line," which with her seemed to be the "key of the morning and the bolt of the evening." As soon as my morning duties would be performed, I would be obliged to take up the dress and stitch away till within a few minutes to nine.

It wanted two days till the time appointed for the concert; the dress still required much work, and Mrs. Skinner was nearly frantic. I forgot my watch when I came down stairs that morning, but knowing that the clock in the dining-room and it corresponded on the preceding evening, I did not return for it till, by the clock, it wanted a few minutes to nine. I was surprised to find it nearly ten o'clock; and started to school, feeling ashamed and uneasy at my late appearance. That day all my good feelings gave way when, unknown to that young lady, I overheard Caroline informing some of her schoolmates of the fine trick her mother had played on me, by stopping the clock,

and thus hastening the completion of her dress. Thus every spare minute was fully occupied for about three weeks. Fortunately I did not require to do any work for myself during that time, otherwise it might have remained undone.

I had been notified to attend a school meeting to be held the third Saturday after my arrival at Mrs. Skinner's. The meeting was to be held in the village of K., which was about six miles distant. That morning, Mrs. Skinner announced her intention of driving to the village. I hastened to get ready in time, concluding that she must have at least a little respect for me, else she would not go to K. just when I was going. She must be doing so in order to save me the long walk, which I felt very reluctant to undertake, as I had been slightly indisposed for some days. After hastily dressing I went down-stairs. There I found Mrs. Skinner, just ready to start. When her buggy, which she drove herself, was brought to the door, she stepped in, and left me standing there, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry. I walked along that dark, lonely road that day, with a heavy, disconsolate heart; had I not learned to lean on the God of Jacob, and to trust myself to His keeping, I would never have returned to that unkindly region. Having finished my business at K., I returned that evening, to find that Mrs. Skinner had arrived already. My pocket-money was scanty then, so I had not bought any dinner. I now felt so sick and weak that I could hardly proceed farther than the kitchen. Dinner had been over some time, and no one seemed to think that I would require anything to eat I would not dare to get any myself, so I made the best of my way upstairs. I had rested a short time, and had then proceeded to do some work for myself which I had brought from the village, when I heard my name shrieked out several times by Mrs. Skinner, who was half-way up the stairs. I opened my door and answered her. "Jennie," said she, "I am going down to Mr. Burton's, and Emeline is going to scrub the kitchen, and will have no one to help her; so I want you to shake off laziness and come down and assist her." I made no reply; but had I been ever so well inclined, I was not able at that time; so I paid no attention to her command. The next thing I remember was, about an hour afterwards, hearing my name called by Mrs. Skinner much louder than before. This time she was at the top of the stairs. Then followed a torrent of abuse mingled with vile epithets, not fit to be repeated, which were hurled at my unlucky head. I do not know how long she indulged in this frolic, for very soon her words died away on my ear—I was unconscious. Some two hours, afterwards, Caroline, coming up-stairs, saw blood streaming from under the door of my room, and on opening the door found me still unconscious, lying on the floor, the blood flowing out of my mouth and nose. Mrs. Skinner was summoned, and by their united efforts restored me to consciousness, though some time elapsed before the flow of blood was stopped.

Who can imagine the gloomy, revengeful thoughts that, encouraged by physical weakness, occupied my mind during those days that succeeded my prostration! The illness proved to be bleeding of the lungs, brought on, no doubt, by fatigue and fright; but no mother ever nursed a sick child more tenderly than Mrs. S—— nursed me. She did this, not because she cared for me, but partly from a sense of duty, and partly because she fancied herself to be the cause of it. But though she was kind as she knew how the very sight of her was enough to drive me nearly frantic for some days. When I was slowly recovering she, one day, said to me: "You must be a strange kind of a girl to be so easily excited. I am sure I did not say anything to

you but what was meant for your good."

"Mrs. Skinner," I replied, as calmly as I could, "I came here to board with you; I agreed to pay you as much as you asked me; but I did not expect to be abused and called vile names that I have never merited."

"Then I see you are spiteful; after all my care and trouble, this is the way you reward me!" she fairly screamed.

"You brought that care and trouble on yourself," I answered, coldly. "But you might not have troubled yourself so," I continued, "for I would be well just as soon if I were sure I would never see you again."

She was silent for some minutes, and then proceeded more calmly, though I could see it was by a great effort.

"Now," said she, "I want to make a proposal to you. When you get better everybody will want to know the cause of your illness, which of course you will tell. Now," she continued, "if you promise me that you will never mention what has passed, I will not charge you anything for your board the next month, on condition that you will make yourself a little more useful about the house."

"You are mistaken," I answered, indignantly, "when you take me for a tale-bearer. Do you think that I would repeat what you said to me that evening? And, again, you are mistaken when you think I could accept your home and board on such conditions."

"Well, well," returned my hostess, "then I suppose you must go on as you have, since you won't accept a favor," and she rose to go.

"Stop a moment, we must have a perfect understanding now, Mrs. Skinner," said I, determined to end the conversation. "As soon as I am able to leave this bed you need not consider me your boarder any longer."

She stood as if thunder-struck.

"What do you mean?" she asked, at last.

"Only this, that I am not going to remain here as your menial any longer."

"You must,—I have you in my power; no other person in the district can accommodate you."

"Well, perhaps not, but if they cannot, my father can, and I will return home."

Her eyes flashed, her thin face showed every sign of suppressed anger. I was expecting another outburst, when she suddenly opened the door and went out, closing the door very easily after her. I lay, wondering what the next scene would be, angry with myself for my hasty and revengeful words, and wondering if I would be able to find another boarding-place, or if I would be compelled to return home. The last was the worst. I had never taught school before, and to be compelled to return after a trial of about two months would mean failure, and to me disgrace. No, I must not go home; I must spend that year at all costs. Yet I was too proud to stay any longer with Mrs. Skinner, even if she would permit me, which was very doubtful, for I saw by the quiet way she went out that there was more yet to come, and partly expected to be ordered to leave immediately. Shortly after, Emeline came in, and informed me that her mother wanted to be paid for the time I had boarded with her, as I was not going to remain any longer. Here was a new dilemma: I did not possess money enough in the world to pay for a month's board; and it was not likely the Commissioners would be able or willing to advance even a small part of my salary at such at an early date. I almost wished, during those days of weakness and misery, that some good spirit would miraculously transport me to the North Pole, or some other out-of-the-way place, where I would be out of Mrs. Skinner's power. But such an event did not occur, and I had to face the realities as they were. In a few days I was well again, and the first

thing I did was to go over to Mr. Burton's. When I spoke to them of changing my boarding-place, they did not seem surprised; on the contrary, they said they did not expect when I went there that I would have remained half as long. To my great relief they also informed me that, as Mr. Burton was to be away the greater part of the year, I might go and board with them if I could dispose of myself in very small quarters. Anywhere would be better than Mrs. Skinner's, and any alternative better than returning home; so I accepted the proposal, and left poor Mrs. Skinner foaming with rage and revenge. I had induced her to wait a month for her pay, hoping that by that time I might by some means or other get the necessary sum for her.

CHAPTER II.

After I returned to Mr. Burton's I was not much surprised to find that Caroline, who still came to school, ceased either to show regard or respect for me. She became so unruly that she paid no attention to the rules of the school, any more than she did to me. I knew that punishment was out of the question; I tried to reason with her, but with no other effect than to make her even more insolent. I soon saw the effect of her conduct on the other children, who were fast adopting her disrespectful manners. I wrote to her mother, but only to receive an abusive reply. This was the "last straw that broke the camel's back." I instantly determined that she or I must be mistress; and wrote to the Commissioners, stating that as she was past my control they must take charge of her; otherwise I would leave my situation. The following Monday, just as Miss Caroline was taking a walk around the stove trailing an old necktie after her, to my discomfiture and the amusement of the others, who should step in but one of the Commissioners! She was somewhat surprised when he told her that the Board of Commissioners had suspended her for a year, or until I was willing to receive her as a pupil again.

Never before did Mrs. Skinner gather all her mingled disgust, envy, and hatred together, and hurl them with such force at the head of any poor unfortunate as she did at me; and not without success. She informed the neighbors of things concerning me as scandalous as they were untrue. I was a stranger, and there, as in every other place, were some only too glad to get something to fill their gossip-loving souls with. These disgraceful stories were invariable conveyed to me, and many were the heartaches they occasioned. Most of the neighbors believed her reports, and from being such warm friends of mine, grew so disdainful that they would scarcely notice me if we chanced to meet. A few did not credit her vile tales, or if they did, did not change towards me. There I was among strangers, who with very few exceptions regarded me as too low and mean for their society, and all this through no fault of mine. Never till then did I realize the blessing of a clear conscience and the consolation that the presence of an all-seeing God affords. Many an hour did I then struggle with myself for power to forgive her who had wrought all this misery. Even Mr. Burton's family grew cold and distant towards me. This was worse than all; I had to live in their house, to meet with the members of the family in closest intercourse, and all the time to feel that I was not respected, not even trusted and if, sometimes, I forgot that they regarded me thus, I would be forcibly reminded of what "Aunt Maria" (meaning Mrs. Skinner) had said concerning me.

I had by great exertions secured money enough to pay for my board while with Mrs. Skinner, and now to mend matters Mrs. Burton demanded

pay for the time I had been with them. I applied to the Commissioners for money to meet my expenses, but was refused on the ground that their funds were too scant to pay me before the end of the year. They, however, agreed, after learning how the matter stood, to give me an order to Mrs. D—'s store if Mrs. Burton would accept it. I returned, and, after a great many angry speeches, she did agree to accept their order for a three months' board bill; this put an end to her grumbling for that time. During all this winter, being unable to purchase any, I was obliged to wear the clothes of the preceding year. Many of them had grown much the worse of wear, and what was worse, grown so small that, arrayed in them, I must have been a most uncanny looking creature. I suppose this helped to place me at a greater distance from the "aristocracy" of the neighborhood, as a few of the leading families were pleased to term themselves. The chief of these were the Burton family, now composed of several families, all having descended from a paternal ancestor whom they were never tired of talking and boasting of. Many and wonderful were the stories they told of his wealth and power, and above all, of his aristocratic origin (for did not the latter constitute all the young Burtons members of a long-tailed family). Upon being more correctly informed by disinterested parties, I learned that this wonderful person was a Dutchman of uncertain parentage who had worked his way up in the world, and who kept a number of families, or serfs, under his absolute control, subject to his slightest wish,—that, in fact, he as nearly corresponded to the Dutch Boor of South Africa as a resident of America could resemble a native of that place. But to return to myself: matters continued much the same all winter, only I gradually ceased to be the chief subject of discourse. After the first, I had trusted that somehow these things would all work together for my good. I could not tell how, but still I trusted.

Twice that winter and once in the spring I was again compelled to seek more money from the Commissioners to pay my board bill, but with only partial success. As the spring wore on, I began to see a change in most of those who had regarded me with disgust. Soon, I again became the leading topic of the day. I had never openly contradicted Mrs. Skinner's reports, feeling certain that it would be useless; and now people began to ask themselves and others what foundation she had for what she had said concerning me. Both she and I were frequently interviewed on the subject; but I refused to give them any information, preferring to let them find out the cause as best they could, and then judge for themselves of the real state of affairs. I don't know if they ever found out the truth, but this I know, that many apologized for their conduct to me, and soon all vied with each other who could do me the greatest favors. I took as little notice of their kindness as I had done of their anger, feeling just kindly enough disposed towards them to be neighbors, but I felt that they and I never could be friends.

In the school I had succeeded even beyond my expectation, though that cool indifference I met with everywhere was frequently visible there. Now that I had spent most of this toilsome year unnoticed, except as the object of derision, the people became suddenly aware that the teacher they had engaged had tried to do her duty by their children and had been wonderfully successful. For this notice I was indebted to our worthy inspector, who first mentioned the fact to the Commissioners. But now their gratitude made small amends for their former cruelty, though it was pleasant to be permitted to speak to any of them without fear of a fresh disclosure.

In May of that year Mr. Skinner died;

and as Emeline had married the previous winter, Mrs. Skinner was left alone with Caroline, who, by-the-way, was obliged to come and ask permission of me to return to school, having spent two or three months at another in the neighboring village. Mrs. Gossip, always busy, had reported that Mrs. Skinner had been very unkind to her husband while he lived; be that as it may, she now dreaded the idea of being left alone, and kept Caroline constantly by her. That young lady, tired of restraint, rebelled at last, and one evening left her mother alone, and went to a party in the village. That evening, as I was engaged with some work, who should come in but Mrs. Skinner! She and I had never met since the time I had left her house. I was now much surprised by the kindness of her manner towards me. After talking for a while, she invited me up to spend the night with her, and when I refused I could see that she grew much excited. At last she told me that she was alone, and that though she must stop there all night, she dare not remain alone; and although she had begged of all her nieces to stay with her, none of them would comply.

"But why are you afraid to remain alone?" I asked, at length.

"Oh!" said she, in a whisper—and I shall never forget the fearful look of her eyes—"I am sure Mr. Skinner is there yet. Every night I can hear noises, see lights, and hear him talking."

"I tried to persuade her that this was only imagination, but in vain. She still pleaded for me to go, and at last commenced to weep and declare that "all her friends had forsaken her in her extremity." The sight of this old, gray-headed woman in tears was too much for me, though I inwardly wondered if she treated all her friends as she did me. Should I now go with her who had done all that lay in her power to disgrace me and ruin my prospects, who had declared publicly that she despised me, as she would despise one of the most degraded outcasts that earth could produce? and now perhaps she only wanted to repeat that or invent something else. Now, in her hour of extremity she came to me; should I now despise her, that she was in my power, or should I live up to what I professed, and render good for evil? All that was best and highest within me bade me submit to the latter, and trust Him who doeth all things well with the result.

That night was only the beginning of a series of nights to be spent with that fearful, timorous, old woman, whom I at last came to regard with less bitter feelings. But though all my outward conduct, and I trust my heart, too, said, "I forgive;" still there was always something present in my bosom which said, "I never can forget."

When my long twelve months were ended, I had to wait nearly a month longer before I could get my salary or come to any kind of settlement. I had neglected to notify the Commissioners of my intended resignation, two months previously, as distinctly commanded by the Quebec School Laws. The Commissioners took it for granted, therefore, that I intended to remain another year. This they made a pretence for not settling with me. When I would succeed in finding the Secretary-Treasurer, which was mostly a difficult business, he would declare that he had no power to settle with me without permission from the Chairman. Upon consulting that gentleman I would be informed that he had no power of himself till a school meeting would be held. A school meeting did at last put an end to the suspense. At this meeting the Commissioners tried to compel me to remain another year, and declared that they would prevent me from taking charge of another school as I had not complied with the law. But I was fully determined that I would not go back,

let them do their best. When they saw that I was not to be frightened, they informed me that as their funds were nearly all spent (this seemed to be their natural condition) they were unable to pay me in full. So I was put off with barely enough money to finish paying my board bill, and a note of three months to balance. This was a great disappointment, for I needed the money badly, still it was the brightest day of that memorable year when I felt that I was free. Free from Mrs. Skinner's grasp! Out of reach of her dangerous tongue—independent of the whole community.

Next day I started home with a light heart and a lighter purse, feeling that I had gained only one thing during the year; this was experience,—and real, bought experience too, which during four years since passed in teaching I have found was not earned in vain. Now as I look back on it all I think, had I the last five years to live over again, and were the future, as it has been, revealed to me, I would not order one event otherwise than He has who "doeth all things well." J. W.

MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE.

CHAPTER I.

Shortly after our marriage I am ashamed to say we found ourselves in difficulties. We had begun life on our own account very comfortably. Jack had saved enough to furnish a home, and I had put aside from my salary as a governess as much money as bought us ever so many little elegancies and comforts which we must otherwise have been without. When our friends came to see us, as they looked at our cozy dining-room, and charming little drawing-room; at the garden, bright with flowers, which was to be kept in its present state of perfection by our own unassisted efforts; at the neat little maid-servant who waited on us, and who, under my supervision, was to be our only help, I could see with pride that they admired our surroundings very much.

And yet we had only £250 a year.

"How are we to arrange about the money, little woman?" said my husband, as we were having a quiet talk together soon after we had settled down.

"How do you mean about the money?" said I.

"Well, as you know, the house has been furnished out of our mutual savings. The expenses of the wedding and honeymoon trip have been paid out of the £50 note your uncle John gave you as a wedding present. That £50 is now nearly spent, and I think we ought to arrange together about how we are to lay out our income for the future. I should like to make both ends meet."

"Oh, of course, so should I," I answered; "but at the same time I should like to have things nice. We can do just as we like now, and everything depends upon the way in which we begin. If we make a good start we shall keep it up; if we begin having things commonly done, we shall grow worse and worse. I should like your friends to see that you have improved

your position by marrying, not lowered it."

"That is all very well," said Jack, "but we must be economical too."

"This is not a question of economy, it is a question of resolution. With management things may be done properly with as little expense as it will cost to do them badly. I wish Mary Anne could cook a little better, though," I added in an undertone, as the remembrance of the dinners we had partaken of since our marriage, which had been cooked and served anything but properly, flashed across my mind—"that leg of mutton on Sunday was horrible."

"Yes," said Jack with a sigh, "I have tasted dinners better cooked than that one was. I was sorry that we had asked Jenkins to dine with us, because he is such a particular fellow about his food. However, my dear, you must teach Mary Anne."

"That is just it," I said; "I am afraid I do not know myself, and so cannot teach her. You see, Jack," I continued in a deprecating tone, seeing that my husband looked rather blank, "I went out as a governess almost as soon as I left school, and I only left to be married."

"I thought all young ladies knew how to cook as a matter of course," said Jack. "But to return to the money question. How is that to be arranged? I want to settle it, because the day after to-morrow is the day the quarterly salaries are paid at our place. Let us begin as we mean to go on."

"Well, dear, as far as I am concerned, I can only tell you that I will be very economical. I can but do my best."

"But would you not like to have a certain sum put aside for household expenditure every quarter?" said Jack, "and then you will know how far you can go."

"No," I answered decidedly, "that I could *not* bear. I have seen the working of that system again and again. The husband doles out a pittance to his wife, very likely quite inadequate to the necessities of the case, and begins to consider himself quite an aggrieved party if the wife goes at all beyond it. Then in a little time the wife gets to look upon her husband as a tyrant and a master, as one who is continually disappointed in her. This feeling leads her to hide her difficulties from him, and love and confidence between the two become unknown quantities. You would not like me to tremble before you every time I spent half-a-sovereign more than usual, would you, Jack?"

"Of course I should not," said Jack, "and I should not think there is much fear of that sort of feeling growing up between us."

"I would not say so," I answered. "I should soon get terrified of you if you were to 'allowance' me. No! what I should propose would be this: we will both determine that we will be as economical as we possibly can be, knowing that it is right and necessary and wise that we should be so. That being the understanding, we will keep the money in a locked drawer, of which we will each have a key, and we will take out what we find is necessary."

"Very well," said Jack, after thinking a minute, "so it shall be." "I have a very great dread of getting wrong in money matters, but I think I have even a greater dread of any cloud rising between you and me, and I would never willingly do anything to cause that."

At the appointed time, Jack brought home his pile of sovereigns, £62 10s.; together we placed them in the drawer, and took possession of the respective keys. It seemed as if we could do so much with all that money.

"There are no bills to pay, are there?" said I, feeling very wise and prudent as I spoke; "if there are, let us pay them first—'Out of debt, out of danger.'"

"No, there are not," said Jack.

"I should rather like to have a few friends to dinner," said Jack, a day or two after; "what do you say, my dear? I feel so proud of my little wife and my comfortable home, that I want my friends to know what a lucky fellow I am."

"Very well, dear, I will make your friends welcome, you may be quite sure. Whom do you wish to ask?"

"Oh, Jones, and Thomson, and Smith, and Robinson, and Jenkins. I should like Jenkins to come again, becase we were so unfortunate with that leg of mutton when he was here. I hope Mary Anne will distinguish herself in a different way."

"I shall not leave it to Mary Anne. I shall engage a professed cook, and then we shall have no fear but that the thing will be a success."

"Won't that be a great expense?" said Jack.

"No. Mrs. Dentor told me she knew of a woman, a very good cook, who would come for five shillings a day. It would be well worth while to pay five shillings in order to know that everything was right."

"If only five shillings is to be the extent of it," said Jack.

The woman came, and with her assistance the dinner passed off very successfully. Everything was good and excellently cooked, and even the fastidious Mr. Jenkins seemed to enjoy his dinner very much, after he had once got over the uneasiness that he evidently felt at the beginning of the evening, lest every dish should be dressed in a similar style to the never-to-be-forgotten leg of mutton.

Both Jack and I felt that the dinner was a great triumph, and Jack told me in confidence how glad he was to find that his wife was domesticated. He confessed that he had had misgivings, but that this delightful dinner had removed them entirely, and had proved to him beyond a doubt that I was equal to anything, and that from this time he should leave the domestic management entirely in my hands.

I could not but feel that I did not quite merit this trust, but determined that I would try to improve, so that I might do so in the future. As a step in the right direction, I devoted myself to learning to cook, and, after placing before my patient Jack a few most extraordinary dishes really began to make a little progress in the art. Still, whenever we had "a few friends," which happened rather frequently, the services of the professed cook were called into requisition, and as my knowledge of cookery increased I began to see that she went about her work in the most expensive way. Also, Mary Anne drew my attention to the fact that she took away with her, each time she came, "broken victuals" that would, economically prepared, have made many a good meal for us.

These considerations, added to the fact that the pile of sovereigns was becoming sensibly diminished, made me resolve to dispense with her services. I told her so, and at first she seemed inclined to remonstrate, but seeing I was determined, she looked insolently at me and saying, "I didn't think it would be over *quite* so soon," withdrew in high dudgeon. Things were going on in this way, and we were drawing near the end of the quarter, when one day my husband, who had not many expenses and consequently did not very frequently pay a visit to the money-drawer, went to it to get a few shillings, and in a minute or two came down looking very white and agitated.

"We have been robbed!" he said.

"Oh, Jack! what do you mean?"

"There are only £15 in the money-drawer. Are you quite sure Mary Anne is honest?"

"I believe she is thoroughly honest. I have no doubt the money has been taken by ourselves only. I was thinking of speaking to you, dear Jack. We cannot have friends to dinner so frequently as we have had lately without paying for it, and really for the last two months we have denied ourselves nothing."

"I thought you would speak if we went too fast," said Jack, looking very much annoyed.

"And I thought you knew best," I answered. "Then you must remember I have paid for everything. There are no bills owing."

"There will be bills owing now," said Jack. "However," he added bitterly, "I have no doubt that can

be easily arranged. After the lavish way in which you have bought things, the tradespeople will give you any amount of credit."

"Oh, they have all said they would be glad to open an account," I said; "but I did not want to do it."

Once more quarter-day came, and Jack brought home his sovereigns. But there was no question how to dispose of them this time. The rent was due, so were the taxes; Jack's insurance had to be paid; the gas-man had called twice for his money; the coal was out, and now was the time to lay in our winter stock, unless we wished to pay a very high price for it; Mary Anne wanted her wages; and cold winds were beginning to blow, and Jack sorely needed a new overcoat.

The overcoat did not receive a second thought. Jack said it was impossible he could have it. The bills were all to be paid, and when that was done we had only £25 wherewith to begin the quarter.

"We must remember that these bills will fall due every time," said Jack. "We have had a bitter lesson; let us profit by it."

But unfortunately it was very difficult to profit by it. Our lavish hospitality had brought round us a number of butterfly friends, who were continually dropping in upon us just about meal-times, and they added very considerably to our expenses The third quarter opened upon us more darkly than ever. We had no ready-money in hand, and after paying our bills we had only £18 left. The fourth quarter was still worse, and our anxieties were considerably increased by the prospect that was now before us.

I am afraid I was not much of a help to Jack at this time, for I was continually crying. Jack was very patient with me, but his face grew every day more and more anxious. He used to come in, in his shabby overcoat, he who was always so neat and tidy in his bachelor days, and try to talk brightly to me, till my heart ached. At last, Baby came. The doctor received his fee, and terrible extravagance went on downstairs under nurse's management. I knew the drawer must be almost empty; I knew that the tradespeople were getting quite anxious about their money; and I was so anxious about their bills, that it prevented me from getting well. One day the doctor came, and seeing I was very weak, ordered me to have beef-tea and mutton chops, and everything wholesome and nourishing. When Jack came home, he was told what the doctor had said. He looked very grave and went to the drawer, but came back without taking anything out of it. I knew the reason. At last he said—

"I suppose the tradespeople won't supply us any more?"

"Not till they are paid," I answered. "I am terrified now every time I hear a knock at the door, for fear it should be one of them coming for his money."

"I have only fourpence-halfpenny in the world," he said, after a pause.

"Poor Jack!" I answered. "Never mind, dear. Don't trouble about me. It is quite a mistake; I really don't want the things."

"Whether you want them or not, you shall have them," he replied as he rose, then went down-stairs. In a short time I heard him open the front door and shut it gently after him.

In about an hour he returned, bringing me everything I needed. He had procured the money, but at such a cost to his pride and self-respect, that he told me afterwards he made a vow on the spot that, at whatever cost, we would free ourselves from the entanglements which were about us.

CHAPTER II.

"How soon will you come home at the right time, Jack?" I said to my husband one evening when he came home, as he had done for some time, at about half past eleven o'clock, looking almost too weary to crawl to bed.

"About the end of next week I hope to have finished," he answered, "and I am very glad, for I could not keep this up much longer. When will you be ready to take your old place again, little woman?" he continued gently.

"I am ready to take it at any time, though I hope I shall never fill it in the same way again. Jack, I am afraid I was the cause of our trouble."

"I think the blame may be divided between us very equally," said Jack. "You went on spending money without much thought, and I was to blame for leaving it to you. I had no business to throw the entire responsibility on you, as I did. However, we must try to do better for the future."

"But you forget we are so behindhand. How are we to get straight? I don't know how you have managed to keep us going at all."

"I will tell you all about it," said Jack, "and then we will arrange our plans for the future. You remember that night when we were talking together, I told you I had only 4½d.?"

"Yes, I remember."

"I felt then that something must be done, and that the difficulty must be faced. I managed to raise £4, and this gave me breathing-time. Then I collected together the tradesmen's bills, and looked them carefully over."

"They did not come to much," said I. "There was very little owing when I was laid aside."

"They amounted altogether to £20 14s."

"How could that be?" said I. "I am sure it was wrong. We had had very few things indeed; certainly not enough to make up such a sum as that."

"Ah, little woman!" said my husband, "you forget how quickly small sums mount up. Let one of the lessons we have learnt be, not to run up bills; and another be, to buy nothing that we cannot spare the money immediately to pay for."

"Whatever did you do?" I asked.

"I found we were in this position," said Jack: "we owed £20 14s. It was six weeks to quarter-day. It was an unusually expensive time with us, and we had £3 12s. in hand. This being the case, I determined to borrow a few pounds from the friends with whom we have been so intimate lately, and——"

"Well," I said, "I suppose it was the best thing to do. After all, it is better to owe money to friends than to tradespeople whom one knows nothing about."

"So I thought," said Jack bitterly. "However, I can tell you this—amongst them all, there was not one who would lend us even £5 to help us out of our difficulties."

"Jack, you don't say so! Would not Mr——?"

"Don't let us go over the names," said Jack; "and let us try and forget the fact. Amongst those who were most intimate with us, and who we thought were our friends, there was not one who would help us to the extent of £5. One or two of them did kindly volunteer the information that they thought 'we had been going too fast,' and that 'the kind of thing we had been indulging in generally ended in one way;' but that was all."

I was so much astonished at hearing this that I could scarcely speak.

"There is no good in making a long story of it," said Jack. "The end of it was that I was obliged to go to the tradespeople, and tell them that I was in difficulties, but if they would wait a short time they should certainly be paid. It was a very disagreeable piece of business, but I got through it. On the whole, they were very forbearing. I believe they saw I meant honestly; and, at any rate, it put a stop to their applying constantly at the house for their money, which was so annoying to you. One day I was walking down to business, feeling very anxious, when I met Uncle Dick——"

"Cross old Uncle Dick?" said I. "He was sure to be disagreeable."

"Don't speak of him like that," said Jack. "He doesn't deserve it. He began talking about ordinary things; and I don't know how it was, but before I knew what I was about I had told him our trouble. He said he had been afraid

there was something of the sort; and then he told me that, though he could not afford to help me, he could recommend me to three or four people who wanted their books kept, so that, if I would work out of office hours, I might earn a little extra money to get us out of the scrape."

"And that is why you have been working so late?" said I.

"Yes, it is," said Jack; "and I was very fortunate to get the chance. I have worked harder than ever I did before, but I think we are nearly straight again, or shall be at the end of next week, when my work will be finished. And now, dear, I want us to arrange together again, and in a different way, how we will lay out our income."

"What do you think will be the best plan, then?" said I. "We won't have any thing more to do with the drawer with two keys."

"I propose that we first put down everything that *must* be paid. We will see what is left, and give a certain portion to housekeeping expenses, and a certain portion to dress. I have drawn out a rough list, and here it is. You see if I have got everything. Rent, £35; taxes and rates. £10, I think" —Jack here interrupted himself by saying—"that we are paying more rent than we ought to do with an income of £250 a year; but here we are, and it would cost a good deal to move."

"Besides," I said, "our house is very cheap, considering where we live."

"Nothing is cheap that we have not got money to pay for," said Jack, sternly resolute. "However, rents are high here, and I daresay we should have difficulty in getting one for much less.—Coal, £8.

"What have you founded your estimates on?" said I.

"I have collected our bills of last year, and I have knocked a little off each one, because I consider we were then exceedingly extravagant."

"What did we spend upon coal last year?" said I.

"Why, £10," said Jack.

"So we are to burn £2-worth less Go on."

"Gas, £5; wages, £12; insurance (life and fire), £25. Are there any more regular expenses that you think of?"

"Dress," I suggested.

"Wait," said Jack; "we must not give anything out for dress till we see what we can afford. The sums in this list amount to £95; that leaves us £155 for dress and housekeeping expenses."

"£20 a year each is not much for dress. Could we afford that?" said I.

"I don't think we could," said Jack. "We had better say £15 a year each, and £5 for baby; you have a good many things to get for him, I know; that will be £35. Now. before we can say anything about what we are to spend over housekeeping, we must remember something else. Supposing we go on a railway journey, or have sickness, and need to call in the doctor, or Mary Anne breaks the crockery, and it has to be replaced—where is the money to come from for these things?"

"It must not come out of the housekeeping," said I, "or I shall never know where I am."

"No, that will never do," said Jack; "it will be as bad as the drawer with two keys. I am sure the secret of making both ends meet is to find out how much you can afford to spend *in detail.*"

"And to spend that and no more, of course," said I, laughing.

"No," said Jack; "to spend a little less than that, so as to be on the safe side. We think we have calculated everything; there is sure to be something we have forgotten, and that, coming upon us unexpectedly, may upset all our schemes. There is another consideration, too; are we to save nothing? We are both young, both strong; I don't suppose we shall ever be in a better position for saving than we are now. We shall not be wise if we spend every halfpenny we have, and put nothing away for a rainy day."

"You are gradually reducing my prospects for housekeeping," said I; "but let me know what you propose." Jack thought a few moments, and made some calculations with his pencil, then said—

"We have £155 left to work upon. Out of that we must give £35 a year to dress. I propose that we give £10 for incidental and unforeseen expenses, and that we save £12, which will be £1 per month. If we *can* save more, all the better; but we will try for that first. That will leave you little more than £1 17s. 8d. a week for housekeeping expenses."

"And out of that I have to pay for provisions and laundry."

"Yes."

"Well, I will try my best."

"That won't do," said Jack. "It *must* be done. I have no doubt you will find it hard, but we will work together. What we cannot afford we will go without. I am quite willing to accept whatever you provide, and to dispense with what you do not provide; and I would very much rather eat dry bread only from Monday morning till Saturday night than get into the trouble we were in before."

"Then we will both begin in that spirit," said I, half laughing and half crying, as I held out my hand to my husband. "I will try hard to get clever, and to make the money go a long way; but I promise you I will never spend what I have not got."

We shook hands over the agreement. We set to work *together* (and that was one great secret of our success). Again and again we had to go without things which we should have liked, and things, too, which sometimes seemed necessaries. Three more children were given to us, and as our family increased, the difficulty of making both ends meet increased too. We kept to our plans, however. I should have given in, and got wrong again and again, but Jack was firm. Our former difficulties had taught him a lesson he never forgot. After two or three years I gained a little wisdom from experience, and was able to lay out the money far more advantageously than I had done at first. The result of our endeavors was, that we never repeated our one great failure. We *did* manage to make both ends meet; more than that, we managed to save out of our income. The very fact that there was a nest-egg was an inducement to us to add to it; for, as every one with a little experience knows, the people who spend money extravagantly are those who live from hand to mouth, not those who have something laid by for a rainy day. Jack's position gradually improved; and in a few years we came to be glad that we so early had that short, sharp, and bitter experience from which we had learnt so much.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

COMMON SENSE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

When you're writing or reading or sewing, it's right
To sit, if you can, with your back to the light;
And then, it is patent to every beholder,
The light will fall gracefully over your shoulder.

Now here is a family, sensible, wise,
Who all have the greatest regard for their eyes;
They first say, "Excuse me," which also is right,
And then all sit down with their backs to the light.
But their neighbors, most unhygienic, can't see
Why they do it, and think that they cannot agree,
And always decide they've been having a fight,
When they merely are turning their backs to the light.—*St. Nicholas.*

Literary Notices.

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME: The Testimony of an Eye-Witness. By Victor Hugo, Author of "The Toilers of the Sea," &c. New York: Harper Bros.

There is no need to describe this volume as the preface which we copy does so sufficiently. Our extracts will give an idea of the dramatic style of the book. We follow principally the fortunes of the writer:

PREFACE.

This work is more than opportune; it is imperative. I publish it.

V. H. Paris, October 1, 1877.

NOTE.—This work was written twenty-six years ago at Brussels, during the first months of exile. It was begun on the 14th December, 1851, and on the day following the Author's arrival in Belgium, and was finished on the 5th May, 1852, as though Chance had willed that the anniversary of the death of the First Bonaparte should be countersigned by the condemnation of the Second. It is also Chance which, through a combination of work, of cares, and of bereavements, has delayed the publication of this History until this extraordinary year 1877. In causing the recital of events of the past to coincide with the events of to-day, has Chance had any purpose? We hope not. As we have just said, the story of the Coup d'État was written by a hand still hot from the combat against the Coup d'État. The exile immediately became an historian. He carried away this crime in his angered memory, and he was resolved to lose nothing of it. Hence this book. The manuscript of 1851 has been very little revised. It remains what it was, abounding in details, and living, it might be said bleeding, with real facts. The author constituted himself an interrogating judge; all his companions of the struggle and of exile came to give evidence before him. He has added his testimony to theirs. Now History is in possession of it. It will judge. If God wills, the publication of this book will shortly be terminated. The continuation and conclusion will appear on the Second of December. An appropriate date.

LOUIS BONAPARTE.

Be it as it may, the Legitimist party, taken as a whole, entertained no horror of the *Coup d'Etat.* It feared nothing. In truth, should the Royalists fear Louis Bonaparte? Why?

Indifference does not inspire fear. Louis Bonaparte was indifferent. He only recognized one thing—his object. To break through the road in order to reach it, that was quite plain; the rest might be left alone. There lay the whole of his policy—to crush the Republicans, to disdain the Royalists.

Louis Bonaparte had no passion. He who writes these lines, talking one day about Louis Bonaparte with the ex-King of Westphalia, remarked, "In him the Dutchman tones down the Corsican." "If there be any Corsican," answered Jérôme."

Louis Bonaparte has never been other than a man who has lain in wait for fortune—a spy trying to dupe God. He had that livid dreaminess of the gambler who cheats. Cheating admits audacity, but excludes anger. In his prison at Ham he only read one book—*The Prince.* He belonged to no family, as he could hesitate between Bonaparte and Verhuell; he had no country, as he could hesitate between France and Holland.

This Napoleon had taken St. Helena in good part. He admired England. Resentment! To what purpose? For him on earth there only existed his interests. He pardoned, because he speculated; he forgot everything because he calculated upon everything. What did his uncle matter to him? He did not serve him; he made use of him. He rested his shabby enterprise upon Austerlitz. He stuffed the eagle.

Malice is an unproductive outlay. Louis Bonaparte only possessed as much memory as is useful. Hudson Lowe did not prevent him from smiling upon Englishmen; the Marquis of Montchenu did not prevent him from smiling upon the Royalists.

He was a man of earnest politics, of good company, wrapped in his own scheming, not impulsive, doing nothing beyond that which he intended, without abruptness, without hard words, discreet, accurate, learned, talking smoothly of a necessary massacre, a slaughterer because it served his purpose.

All this we repeat, without passion and without anger.

Louis Bonaparte was one of those men who had been influenced by the profound iciness of Machiavel.

It was through being a man of that nature that he succeeded in submerging the name of Napoleon by superadding December upon Brumaire.

HUGO ESCAPES FROM ARREST.

In order to reach the Rue Caumartin from the Rue Popincourt, all Paris has to be crossed. We found a great apparent calm everywhere. It was one o'clock in the morning when we reached M. De la R——'s house. The *fiacre* stopped near a grated door, which M. De la R——opened with a latch-key; on the right, under the archway, a staircase ascended to the first floor of a solitary detached building, which M. De la R——inhabited, and into which he led me. We entered a little drawing-room very richly furnished, lighted with a night-lamp and separated from the bedroom by a tapestry curtain two-thirds drawn. M. De la R—— went into the bedroom, and a few minutes afterward came back again, accompanied by a charming woman, pale and fair, in a dressing-gown, her hair down, handsome, fresh, bewildered, gentle nevertheless, and looking at me with that alarm which in a young face confers an additional grace. Madame De la R—— had just been awoke by her husband. She remained a moment on the threshold of her chamber, smiling, half asleep, greatly astonished, somewhat frightened, looking by turns at her husband and at me, never having dreamed, perhaps, what civil war really meant, and seeing it enter abruptly into her rooms in the middle of the night under this disquieting form of an unknown person who asks for a refuge.

I made Madame De la R——a thousand apologies, which she received with perfect kindness, and the charming woman profited by the incident to go and caress a pretty little girl of two years old who was sleeping at the end of the room in her cot, and the child whom she kissed caused her to forgive the refugee who had awakened her.

While chatting M. De la R——lighted a capital fire in the grate, and his wife, with a pillow and cushions, a hooded cloak belonging to him, and a pelisse belonging to herself, improvised opposite the fire a bed on a sofa somewhat short, and which we lengthened by means of an arm-chair.

During the deliberation in the Rue Popincourt, at which I had just presided, Baudin had lent me his pencil to jot down some names. I still had this pencil with me. I made use of it to write a letter to my wife, which Madame De la R——undertook to convey herself to Madame Victor Hugo the next day. While emptying my pockets, I found a box for the "Italiens," which I offered to Madame De la R——. On that evening (Tuesday, December 2) they were to play *Ernani*.

I looked at that cot, these two handsome, happy young people, and at myself, my disordered hair and clothes, my boots covered with mud, gloomy thoughts in my mind, and I felt like an owl in the nest of nightingales.

A few moments afterward M. and Madame De la R——had disappeared into their bedroom, and the half-opened curtain was closed. I stretched myself fully dressed as I was, upon the sofa, and this gentle nest disturbed by me had subsided into its graceful silence.

One can sleep on the eve of a battle between two armies, but on the eve of a battle between citizens there can be no sleep. I counted each hour as it sounded from a neighboring church; throughout the night there passed down the street, which was beneath the windows of the room where I was lying, carriages which were fleeing from Paris. They succeeded each other rapidly and hurriedly, one might have imagined it was the exit from a ball. Not being able to sleep, I got up. I had slightly parted the muslin curtains of a window, and I tried to look outside; the darkness was complete. No stars; clouds were flying by with the turbulent violence of a winter night. A melancholy wind howled. This wind of clouds resembled the wind of events.

I watched the sleeping baby. I waited for dawn. It came. M. De la R——had explained at my request in what manner I could go out without disturbing any one. I kissed the child's forehead, and left the room. I went down stairs, closing the doors behind me as gently as I could, so as not to wake Madame De la R——. I opened the iron door and went out into the street. It was deserted, the shops were still shut, and a milk-woman, with her donkey by her side, was quietly arranging her cans on the pavement.

I did not see M. De la R—— again. I learned since that he wrote to me in my exile, and that his letter was intercepted. He has, I believe, quitted France. May this touching page convey to him my kind remembrances!

The Rue Caumartin leads into the Rue St. Lazare. I went toward it. It was broad daylight. At every moment I was overtaken and passed by *fiacres* laden with trunks and packages, which were hastening toward the Havre railway station. Passers-by began to appear. Some baggage trains were mounting the Rue St. Lazare at the same time as myself. Opposite No. 42, formerly inhabited by Mlle. Mars, I saw a new bill posted on the wall. I went up to it; I recognized the type of the National Printing-office, and I read:

"COMPOSITION OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

"*Interior*—M. De Morny.
"*War*—The General of Division St. Arnaud.
"*Foreign Affairs*—M. De Turgot.
"*Justice*—M. Rouher.
"*Finance*—M. Fould.
"*Marine*—M. Ducos.
"*Public Works.*—M. Magne.
"*Public Instruction*—M. H. Fortoul.
"*Commerce*—M. Lefebvre-Duruflé."

I tore down the bill and threw it into the gutter; the soldiers of the party who were leading the wagons watched me do it, and went their way.

In the Rue St. Georges, near a side door, there was another bill. It was the "Appeal to the People." Some persons were reading it. I tore it down, notwithstanding the resistance of

the porter, who appeared to me to be intrusted with the duty of protecting it.

As I passed by the Place Bréda some *fiacres* had already arrived there. I took one. I was near home; the temptation was too great; I went there. On seeing me cross the court-yard, the porter looked at me with a stupefied air. I rang the bell. My servant Isidore opened the door, and exclaimed, with a great cry, "Ah! it is you, sir! They came during the night to arrest you." I went into my wife's room. She was in bed, but not asleep, and she told me what had happened.

She had gone to bed at eleven o'clock. Toward half-past twelve, during that species of drowsiness which resembles sleeplessness, she heard men's voices. It seemed to her that Isidore was speaking to some one in the antechamber. At first she did not take any notice, and tried to go to sleep again, but the noise of voices continued. She sat up, and rang the bell.

Isidore came in; she asked him:

"Is any one there?"

"Yes, madam."

"Who is it?"

"A man who wishes to speak to master."

"Your master is out."

"That is what I have told him, madam."

"Well, is not the gentleman going?"

"No madam. He says that he urgently needs to speak to Monsieur Victor Hugo, and that he will wait for him."

Isidore had stopped on the threshold of the bedroom. While he spoke, a fat, fresh-looking man in an overcoat, under which could be seen a black coat, appeared at the door behind him.

Madame Victor Hugo noticed this man, who was silently listening.

"Is it you, sir, who wish to speak to Monsieur Victor Hugo?"

"Yes, madam."

"He is out."

"I shall have the honor of waiting for him, madam."

"He will not come back."

"Nevertheless I must speak to him."

"Monsieur, if it is anything which will be useful for him to know, you can confide it to me in perfect security; I will faithfully tell him."

"Madam, it is to himself that I must speak."

"But what is it about? Is it regarding politics?"

The man did not answer.

"As to politics," continued my wife, "what is happening?"

"I believe, madam, that all is at an end."

"In what sense?"

"In the sense of the President."

My wife looked fixedly at the man, and said to him:

"You have come to arrest my husband, sir."

"It is true, madam," answered the man, opening his overcoat, which revealed the sash of a Commissary of Police.

He added after a pause: "I am a Commissary of Police, and I am the bearer of a warrant to arrest M. Victor Hugo. I must institute a search and look through the house."

"What is your name, sir?" asked Madame Victor Hugo.

"My name is Hivert."

"You know the terms of the Constitution?"

"Yes, madam."

"You know that the Representatives of the People are inviolable?"

"Yes, madam."

"Very well, sir," she said coldly, "you know that you are committing a crime. Days like this have a to-morrow: proceed."

The Sieur Hivert attempted a few words of explanation, or, we should rather say, justification; he muttered the word "conscience;" he stammered the word "honor." Madame Victor Hugo, who had been calm until then, could not help interrupting him with some abruptness.

"Do your business, sir, and do not argue; you know that every official who lays a hand on a Representative of the People commits an act of treason. You know that in presence of the Representatives the President is only an official like the others—the chief charged with carrying out their orders. You dare to come to arrest a Representative in his own home like a criminal! There is, in truth, a criminal here who ought to be arrested—yourself."

The Sieur Hivert looked sheepish and left the room, and through the half open door my wife could see, behind the well-fed, well-clothed, and bald Commissary, seven or eight poor raw-boned devils, wearing dirty coats which reached to their feet, and shocking old hats jammed down over their eyes—wolves led by a dog. They examined the room, opened here and there a few cupboards, and went away with a sorrowful air, as Isidore said to me.

The Commissary Hivert, above all, hung his head; he raised it, however, for one moment. Isidore, indignant at seeing these men thus hunt for his master in every corner, ventured to defy them. He opened a drawer and said, "Look and see if he is not in here!" The Commissary of Police darted a furious glance at him: "Lackey, take care!" The lackey was himself.

These men having gone, it was noticed that several of my papers were missing. Fragments of manuscripts had been stolen, among others, one dated July, 1848, and directed against the military dictatorship of Cavaignac, and in which there were verses written respecting the Censorship, the councils of war, and the suppression of the newspapers, and in particular respecting the imprisonment of a great journalist—Emile de Girardin:

> ....O honte, un lansquenet
> Gauche, et parodiant César dont il hérite,
> Gouverne les esprit du fond de sa guérite!

These manuscripts are lost.

The police might come back at any moment: in fact, they did come back a few minutes after I had left. I kissed my wife: I would not wake my daughter, who had just fallen asleep, and I went down stairs again. Some affrighted neighbors were waiting for me in the court-yard. I cried out to them, laughingly, "Not caught yet!"

A quarter of an hour afterward I reached No. 10 Rue des Moulins. It was not then eight o'clock in the morning, and thinking that my colleagues of the Committee of Insurrection had passed the night there, I thought it might be useful to go and fetch them, so that we might proceed all together to the Salle Roysin.

I found only Madam Landrin in the Rue des Moulins. It was thought that the house was denounced and watched, and my colleagues had changed their quarters to No. 7 Rue Villedo, the house of the ex-Constituent Leblond, legal adviser to the Workmen's Association. Jules Favre had passed the night there. Madam Landrin was breakfasting. She offered me a place by her side, but time pressed. I carried off a morsel of bread and left.

At No. 7 Rue Villedo the maid-servant who opened the door to me ushered me into a room where were Carnot, Michel de Bourges, Jules Favre, and the master of the house, our former colleague, Constituent Leblond.

"I have a carriage down stairs," I said to them. "The rendezvous is at the Salle Roysin, in the Faubourg St. Antoine; let us go."

This, however, was not their opinion. According to them, the attempts made on the previous evening in the Faubourg St. Antoine had revealed this portion of the situation. They sufficed; it was useless to persist; it was obvious that the working-class districts would not rise; we must turn to the side of the tradesmen's districts, renounce our attempts to rouse the extremities of the city, and agitate the centre. We were the Committee of Resistance, the soul of the insurrection. If we were to go to the Faubourg St. Antoine, which was occupied by a considerable force, we should give ourselves up to Louis Bonaparte. They reminded me of what I myself had said on the subject the previous evening in the Rue Blanche. We must immediately organize the insurrection against the *Coup d'Etat*, and organize it in practicable districts, that is to say, in the old labyrinths of the streets St. Denis and St. Martin; we must draw up proclamations, prepare decrees, create some method of publicity; they were waiting for important communications from workmen's associations and secret societies. The great blow which I wished to strike by our solemn meeting at the Salle Roysin would prove a failure; they thought it their duty to remain where they were; and the Committee being few in number, and the work to be done being enormous, they begged me not to leave them.

They were men of great hearts and great courage who spoke to me; they were evidently right; but for myself I could not fail to go to the rendezvous which I myself had fixed. All the reasons which they had given me were good, nevertheless I could have opposed some doubts, but the discussion would have taken too much time, and the hour drew nigh. I did not make any objections, and I went out of the room, making some excuse. My hat was in the ante-chamber, my *fiacre* was waiting for me, and I drove off to the Faubourg St. Antoine.

The centre of Paris seemed to have retained its every-day appearance. People came and went, bought and sold, chatted and laughed, as usual. In the Rue Montorgueil I heard a street organ. Only on nearing the Faubourg St. Antoine the phenomenon which I had already noticed on the previous evening became more and more apparent; solitude reigned, and a certain dreary peacefulness.

We reached the Place de la Bastille.

My driver stopped.

"Go on," I said to him.

The Place de la Bastille was at the same time empty and filled. Three regiments in battle array were there; not one passer-by.

Four harnessed batteries were drawn up at the foot of the column. Here and there knots of officers talked together in a low voice—sinister men.

One of these groups, the principal, attracted my attention. That one was silent; there was no talking. There were several men on horseback; one in front of the others, in a General's uniform, with a hat surmounted with black feathers; behind this man were two colonels, and behind the colonels a party of *aides-de-camp* and staff officers. This lace-trimmed company remained immovable, and as though pointing like a dog between the column and the entrance to the Faubourg. At a short distance from the group, spread out, and occupying the whole of the square, were the regiments drawn up and the cannon in their batteries.

My driver again stopped.

"Go on," I said; "drive into the Faubourg."

"But they will prevent us, sir."

"We shall see."

The truth was that they did not prevent us.

The driver continued on his way, but hesitatingly, and at a walking pace. The apearance of a *fiacre* in the square had caused some surprise, and the inhabitants began to come out of their houses. Several came up to my carriage.

We passed by a group of men with huge epaulets. These men, whose tactics we understood later on, did not even appear to see us.

The emotion which I had felt on the previous day before a regiment of cuirassiers again seized me. To see before me the assassins of the country, at a few steps, standing upright in the insolence of a peaceful triumph, was beyond my strength; I could not contain myself. I drew out my sash. I held it in my hand; and, putting my arm and head out of the window of the *fiacre*, and shaking the sash, I shouted:

"Soldiers! Look at this sash! It is the symbol of law, it is the National Assembly vis-

ible. Where this sash is, there is Right. Well, then, this is what Right commands you. They deceive you. Go back to your duty. It is a Representative of the People who is speaking to you, and he who represents the People represents the Army. Soldiers, before becoming soldiers you have been peasants, you have been workmen, you have been and you are still citizens. Citizens, listen to me when I speak to you. The Law alone has the right to command you. Well, to-day the law is violated. By whom? By you. Louis Bonaparte draws you into a crime. Soldiers, you who are Honor, listen to me, for I am Duty. Soldiers, Louis Bonaparte assassinates the Republic. Defend it. Louis Bonaparte is a bandit; all his accomplices will follow him to the galleys. They are there already. He who is worthy of the galleys is in the galleys. To merit fetters is to wear them. Look at that man who is at your head, and who dares to command you. You take him for a general; he is a convict."

The soldiers seemed petrified.

Some one who was there (I thank this generous, devoted spirit) touched my arm, and whispered in my ear, "You will get yourself shot."

But I did not heed,—I listened to nothing.

I continued, still waving my sash:

"You, who are there, dressed up like a general, it is you to whom I speak, sir. You know who I am; I am a Representative of the People, and I know who you are. I have told you you are a criminal. Now, do you wish to know my name? This is it."

And I called out my name to him.

And I added:

"Now tell me yours."

He did not answer.

I continued:

"Very well; I do not want to know your name as a general, I shall know your number as a galley-slave."

The man in the general's uniform hung his head, the others were silent. I could read all their looks, however, although they did not raise their eyes. I saw them cast down, and I felt that they were furious. I had an overwhelming contempt for them, and I passed on.

What was the name of this general? I did not know then, and I do not know now.

One of the apologists for the *Coup d'Etat*, in relating this incident, and characterizing it as "an insensate and culpable provocation," states that "the moderation shown by the military leaders on this occasion did honor to General ——" We leave to the author of this panegyric the responsibility of that name and of this eulogium.

I entered the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine.

My driver, who now knew my name, hesitated no longer, and whipped up his horse. These Paris coachmen are a brave and intelligent race.

As I passed the first shops of the main street, nine o'clock sounded from the Church of St. Paul.

"Good!" I said to myself, "I am in time."

The Faubourg presented an extraordinary asdect. The entrance was guarded, but not closed, by two companies of infantry. Two other companies were drawn up in echelons farther on, at short distances, occupying the street, but leaving a free passage. The shops which were open at the end of the Faubourg, were half closed a hundred yards further up. The inhabitants, among whom I noticed numerous workmen in blouses, were talking together at their doors, and watching the proceedings. I noticed at each step the placards of the *Coup d'Etat* untouched.

Beyond the fountain which stands at the corner of the Rue de Charonne the shops were closed. Two lines of soldiers extended on either side of the street of the Faubourg on the curb of the pavement; the soldiers were stationed at every five paces, with the butts of their muskets resting on their hips, their chests drawn in, their right hand on the trigger, ready to bring to the present, keeping silence in the attitude of expectation. From that point a piece of cannon was stationed at the mouth of each of the side streets which open out of the main road of the Faubourg. Occasionally there was a mortar. To obtain a clear idea of this military arrangement one must imagine two rosaries, extending along the two sides of the Faubourg St. Antoine, of which the soldiers should form the links and the cannon the beads.

Meanwhile my driver became uneasy. He turned round to me and said, "It looks as though we should find barricades out there, sir; shall we turn back?"

"Keep on," I replied.

He continued to drive straight on.

Suddenly it became impossible to do so. A company of infantry, ranged three deep, occupied the whole of the street, from one pavement to the other. On the right there was a small street. I said to the driver:

"Take that turning."

He turned to the right, and then to the left. We turned into a labyrinth of streets.

Suddenly I heard a shot.

The driver asked me:

"Which way are we to go, sir?"

"In the direction in which you hear the shots."

We were in a narrow street. On my left I saw the inscription above a door, "Grand Lavoir," and on my right a square with a central building which looked like a market. The square and the street were deserted. I asked the driver:

"What street are we in?"

"In the Rue de Cotte."

"Where is the Café Roysin?"

"Straight before us."

"Drive there."

He drove on, but slowly. There was another explosion, this time close by us; the end of the street became filled with smoke. At the moment we were passing No. 22, which has a side door, above which I read "Petit Lavoir."

Suddenly a voice called out to the driver:

"Stop!"

The driver pulled up, and the window of the *fiacre* being down, a hand was stretched toward mine. I recognized Alexandre Rey.

This daring man was pale.

"Go no further," said he; "all is at an end."

"What do you mean—all at an end?"

"Yes; they must have anticipated the time appointed. The barricade is taken; I have just come from it. It is a few steps from here, straight before us."

And he added,

"Baudin is killed."

The smoke rolled away from the end of the street.

"Look," said Alexandre Rey to me

I saw, a hundred steps before us, at the junction of the Rue de Cotte and the Rue St. Marguerite, a low barricade, which the soldiers were pulling down. A corpse was being borne away.

It was Baudin.

HUGO'S PROCLAMATION.

Versigny, with a copy of the Proclamation and of the Decree, left in search of Hetzel. Labrousse also left with the same object. They settled to meet at eight o'clock in the evening at the house of the former member of the Provisional Government, Marie, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs.

As the members of the Committee and the Representatives withdrew, I was told that some one had asked to speak to me. I went into a sort of little room attached to the large meeting-room, and I found there a man in a blouse, with an intelligent and sympathetic air. This man had a roll of paper in his hand.

"Citizen Victor Hugo," he said to me, "you have no printing-office. Here are the means which will enable you to dispense with one."

He unfolded on the mantel-piece the roll which he had in his hand. It was a species of blotting-book, made of very thin blue paper, and which seemed to me to be slightly oiled. Between each sheet of the blue paper there was a sheet of white paper. He took out of his pocket a sort of blunt bodkin, saying "The first thing to hand will serve your purpose, a nail, or a match," and he traced with his bodkin on the first leaf of the book the word "Republic." Then, turning over the leaves, he said, "Look at this."

The word "Republic" was reproduced upon the fifteen or twenty white leaves which the book contained.

He added: "This paper is usually used to trace the designs of manufactured fabrics. I thought that it might be useful at a moment like this. I have at home a hundred books like this on which I can make a hundred copies of what you want—a proclamation, for instance—in the same space of time that it takes to write four or five. Write something, whatever you may think useful at the present moment, and to-morrow morning five hundred copies shall be posted throughout Paris."

I had none of the documents with me which we had just drawn up. Versigny had gone away with the copies. I took a sheet of paper, and, leaning on the corner of the chimney-piece, I wrote the following Proclamation:

"TO THE ARMY.

"Soldiers!

"A man has just broken the Constitution. He tears up the oath which he had sworn to the people; he suppresses the Law, stifles Right, stains Paris with blood, chokes France, betrays the Republic.

"Soldiers! this man involves you in his crime.

"There are two things holy: the flag, which represents military honor; and the law, which represents the National Right. Soldiers, the greatest of outrages is the flag raised against the Law! Follow no longer the wretched man who misleads you. Of such a crime French soldiers should be the avengers, not the accomplices.

"This man says he is named Bonaparte. He lies; for Bonaparte is a word which means glory. This man says that he is named Napoleon. He lies; for Napoleon is a word which means genius. As for him, he is obscure and insignificant. Give this wretch up to the law. Soldiers, he is a false Napoleon. A true Napoleon would once more give you a Marengo; he will once more give you a Transnonain.

"Look toward the true function of the French army; to protect the country, to propagate the Revolution, to free the people, to sustain the nationalities, to emancipate the continent, to break chains everywhere, to protect Right everywhere; this is your part among the armies of Europe. You are worthy of great battle-fields.

"Soldiers! the French army is the advanced guard of humanity.

"Become yourselves again—reflect—acknowledge your faults—rise up! Think of your generals arrested, taken by the collar by galley sergeants, and thrown, handcuffed, into robbers' cells! The malefactor who is at the Elysée thinks that the Army of France is a band of mercenaries; that, if they are paid and intoxicated, they will obey. He sets you an infamous task; he causes you to strangle, in this nineteenth century, and in Paris itself, Liberty, Progress, and Civilization. He makes you—you, the children of France—destroy all that France has so gloriously and laboriously built up during three centuries of light and in sixty years of Revolution! Soldiers! you are the 'Grand Army!' Respect the 'Grand Nation!'

"We, citizens; we, Representatives of the People and of yourselves; we, your friends, your brothers; we, who are Law and Right; we, who rise up before you, holding out our arms to you, and whom you strike blindly with your swords—do you know what drives us to despair? It is not to see our blood which flows; it is to see your honor which vanishes.

"Soldiers! one step more in the outrage, one day more with Louis Bonaparte, and you are lost before universal conscience. The men who command you are outlaws. They are not

generals—they are criminals. The garb of the galley-slave awaits them ; see it already on their shoulders. Soldiers ! there is yet time—stop ! Come back to the country ! Come back to the Republic ! If you continue, do you know what History will say of you ? It will say, 'They have trampled under the feet of their horses and crushed beneath the wheels of their cannon all the laws of their country ; they, French soldiers, they have dishonored the anniversary of Austerlitz, and by their fault, by their crime, the name of Napoleon sprinkles as much shame to-day upon France as in other times it has showered glory !'

"French soldiers ! cease to render assistance to crime !"

My colleagues of the Committee having left, I could not consult them. Time pressed ; I signed :

"For the Representatives of the People remaining at liberty, the Representative member of the Committee of Resistance.

"VICTOR HUGO."

The man in the blouse took away the Proclamation, saying.

"You will see it again to-morrow morning." He kept his word. I found it the next day placarded in the Rue Rambuteau, at the corner of the Rue de l'Homme-Armé and the Chapelle Saint-Denis. To those who were not in the secret of the process it seemed to be written by hand in blue ink.

I thought of going home. When I reached the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, opposite my door, it happened curiously, and by some chance, to be half open. I pushed it, and entered. I crossed the court-yard, and went up stairs without meeting any one.

My wife and my daughter were in the drawing-room round the fire with Madame Paul Meurice. I entered noiselessly ; they were conversing in a low tone. They were talking of Pierre Dupont, the popular song-writer, who had come to me to ask for arms. Isidore, who had been a soldier, had some pistols by him, and had lent three to Pierre Dupont for the conflict.

Suddenly these ladies turned their heads, and saw me close to them. My daughter screamed. "Oh, go away," cried my wife, throwing her arms round my neck ; "you are lost if you remain here a moment. You will be arrested here !" Madame Paul Meurice added, "They are looking for you. The police were here a quarter of an hour ago." I could not succeed in re-assuring them. They gave me a packet of letters offering me places of refuge for the night, some of them signed with names unknown to me. After some moments, seeing them more and more frightened, I went away. My wife said to me : "What you are doing you are doing for justice. Go—continue !" I embraced my wife and my daughter ; five months have elapsed at the time when I am writing these lines. When I went into exile they remained near my son Victor in prison ; I have not seen them since that day.

I left as I had entered. In the porter's lodge there were only two or three little children seated round a lamp, laughing and looking at pictures in a book.

LITERARY NOTES.

FIVE PRESBYTERIAN ministers of the United States are at work preparing what they propose to call "A Bible Index to Modern English Literature," and one of them, writing to the New York *Independent*, invites others to join in the work, being, he says, especially desirous to obtain the co-operation of ministers of other denominations. It is intended to give ten years to the preparation of the materials alone. The idea is that each helper in the work should choose which volumes of standard literature he will read, and should then note in a blank-paged Bible every striking thought or fact under some verse with which it associates itself in his mind. In the course of time all the notes of the Association upon each book of the Bible will be revised and published ; every passage quoted, every fact cited, every opinion stated, every sermon outlined will be referred to its author by edition, volume, and page ; and the *importance of the context indicated* by typographical signs. It is intended to be an index of every school of religious thought.

"APPLETON'S JOURNAL" quotes two opinions from high sources upon Turner's famous painting of the "Slave-Ship," recently exhibited in the United States, as being calculated to give people of ordinary critical acumen great comfort and confidence. One distinguished American painter declares that Turner's much-discussed "Slave-Ship" is the most infernal piece of claptrap ever painted ;" that it has "as much to do with human affection and thought as a ghost," while "the color is harsh, disagreeable, and discordant." Another artist, perhaps equally famous, affirms this same "Slave-Ship" to be "a wonderful piece of painting," which, while having no story to tell, "is simply an effect of color and of light and dark, and, as such, is the very cream and poetry of painting."

THE AUTHORITIES of the British Museum have purchased a compendium of Chinese literature in six thousand volumes, after negotiations which have lasted upwards of a year. A Shanghai paper states that this compilation was prepared under the auspices of the Emperor Kang Hi, and was printed with a font of movable type cast for the purpose, under the direction of the Jesuit missionaries, and was published in 1726. The information in this work, which is carefully arranged under thirty-two sections, divided into six grand categories, will now be for the first time made accessible to students.

"THE EDINBURGH REVIEW," in an article upon the *Cromartie Papers*, quotes the following curious letter from Lord Cromartie to Lord Mar, written shortly after the passing of the Act of Union, so bitterly regretted by some in Scotland:

"May wee be Brittains, and down goe the old ignominious names of Scotland and of England. Scot or Scotland are words not known in our native language; and England is a dishonorable name, imposed on Brittains by Jutland pirats and mercinaries. Brittain is our true, our honorable denomination."

VICTOR HUGO, now seventy-six years of age, has recently published a story which he has had lying by him for twenty-seven years. Its title is "The History of a Crime," and he assures us that it is the testimony of an eye-witness concerning the celebrated *coup d'état* of December, 1851. M. Hugo wrote it at the beginning of his exile, with "a hand still hot from the combat," and his account of the drama is startlingly vivid.

SPEAKING OF Mr. Martin's "Memoir of the Prince Consort," the same Review suggests that a cheap edition of the book, to be sold at cost price, "would be the most acceptable gift which Queen Victoria could make to her people, and perhaps the most enduring monument of her Consort's fame."

TWENTY YEARS ago an art critic strongly recommended to American artists the importance of drawing on the block if they wished to achieve more than a local reputation. His advice was scorned at the time, but now, as he triumphantly points out, the best artists are devoting themselves to this very work, and reaching the hearts of their countrymen through the pages of *Scribner's Monthly*. He enumerates no less than sixteen artists who draw upon wood.

THE LEAFLETS containing sections of Sir William Gull's testimony before the House of Lords on intemperance, are getting an immense circulation in the United Kingdom, and are likely to carry conviction where nothing else will.

A SERIES of articles on America, from the pen of the Rev. R. W. Dale, are to appear in the *Nineteenth Century*. The first is in the March number, and is entitled "Society and Politics."

AN INTERESTING old manuscript has been found in the covers of a volume of the statutes of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The leaves, which were somewhat mutilated, when arranged were found to belong to Robert of Gloucester's metrical "Lives of the Saints," and were written during the latter part of the fourteenth century.

Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor of the "New Dominion Monthly," Box 37, P. O., Montreal.

E. J.—Solution to Problem 16 correct.

MAUD.—Declined with thanks.

J. W. SHAW.—This column, as usual, is much indebted to your courtesy and labors.

APPENDIX.—Never permit a draw unless you are certain you will *lose.* The fact of your knowing it is impossible to win is no excuse for your making a drawn game.

GAME 28.

Played some time ago at the rooms of the Montreal Chess Club.

Philidor's Defence.

WHITE. (*Ascher*).	BLACK. *P.—H.—*
1. P. to K. 4.	1. P. to K. 4.
2. K. Kt. to B. 3.	2. P. to Q. 3.
3. P. to Q. 4.	3. Q. B. to Kt. 5 (*a*)
4. K. B. to B. 4.	4. K. P. × Q. P.
5. P. to K. R. 3.	5. B. to R. 4. (*b*)
6. Castles.	6. P. to Q. B. 4.
7. P. to Q. B. 3.	7. P. × P. (*c*)
8. Q. Kt. × P.	8. Q. Kt. to B. 3.
9. Q. to Q. 5.	9. K. Kt. to B. 3
10. Q. to Q. sq.	10. Q. Kt. to Q. 5.
11. P. to K. Kt. 4.	11. Kt. × Kt. (ch)
12. Q. × Kt.	12. B. to Kt. 3.
13. P. to K. 5. (*d*)	13. P. × P.
14. B. to Kt. 5. (ch)	14. K. to K. 2 (*e*)
15. Q. B. to K. Kt. 5.	15. P. to K. 5.
16. K. R. to K. sq.	16. Q. to Q. 5.
17. Q. R. to Q. sq.	17. Q. to K. 4.
18. Kt. to Q. 5. (ch)	18. K. to K. 3 (*g*)
19. Kt. to B. 4. (ch)	19. K. to K. 2.
20. R. to Q. 7 (ch)	20. K. to K. sq.
21. R. to Q. 5 (dis. ch)	21. Kt. to Q. 2.
22. B. × Kt. mate.	

NOTES TO GAME 28.

(*a*) P × P is we think sounder.

(*b*) Better than taking Kt.

(*c*) Playing White's game.

(*d*) A strong move, as the sequel shows.

(*e*) If K. Kt. to Q. 2 then follows R. to Q. square, &c, &c.

(*f*) The best, though bad.

(*g*) K. to Q. 3 looks more like salvation, but everywhere the meshes are thick, foreshadowing the speedy doom of the poor King, which now soon follows.

THE COMPROMISE DEFENSE OF THE EVANS GAMBIT.

On account of the great interest manifested in the above gambit we give place to the following article, which is worthy of a careful study by those who fancy this ever-varying and beautiful opening:

There is a feeling growing up among the lovers of the Evans Gambit that the resources of the attack, when met by the compromised defense, have never been satisfactorily analyzed. It has been the theory of late, based mainly upon the elaborate examination which Herr Zukertort gave to the opening in his "Forty Years in the Life of a Favorite," that the compromised defense, though it led to positions of great difficulty and embarrassment, was perfectly safe, and that the two pawns which the second player won by it were enough to compel an ultimate victory in his favor. But a move has been suggested —whether new or old I cannot say with certainty, though I incline to the belief that Mr. Stanley, the American player, was the first to recommend it—which, it is said, completely upsets the compromised defense, and I have certainly been very much struck with its strength, and with the thorough fashion in which it disorganizes the defense as at present conducted. In order that your readers may try their skill upon it, I forward the moves:

1. P. to K. 4th.	P. to K. 4th.
2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.	Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.
3. B. to B. 4th.	B. to B. 4th.
4. P. to Q. Kt. 4th.	B. takes P.
5. P. to Q. B. 3rd.	B. to R. 4th.
6. P. to Q. 4th.	P. takes P.
Castles.	P. takes P.

This constitutes the compromised defense, and the book continuation is for the first player to move his Q. to Kt. 3rd, which leads to Q. to B. 3rd in reply. The move now given (not new in itself, but only leading to a novelty in the after-play) is P. to K. 5th instead of Q. to Kt. 3rd, which prevents Black from bringing out his Q. It is suggested that the game would proceed as follows :

8. P. to K. 5th.	K. Kt. to K. 2nd.
9. Kt. to Kt. 5th.	Kt. takes P.
10. Kt. takes K. B. P.	Kt. takes Kt.
11. B. takes K. (ch)	K. takes B.
12. Q. to R. 5th. (ch)	P. to Kt. 3rd. (best)
13. Q. takes B.	Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.
14. Q. tks P. on her 3rd.	P. to Q. 4th.
15. B. to K. Kt. 5th.	

This is the novelty, and it is certainly difficult to parry. If Black takes the B., White replies by taking the K. R., and when Black plays B. to R. 6th, threatening mate, White takes the R. P. and wins the B. If Black plays P. to Q. 5th, White checks at K. B. 3rd and wins the Q. The move is certainly worth examining, and it is much superior to the one given, I believe, by Zukertort, of 15 B. to Kt. 2nd, which leads to a won game for Black.—*London Correspondence of the Glasgow Herald.*

THE FAMOUS "CLIPPER TOURNEY" CUP GAME.

Played at the "Café International," New York, Oct., 1876, between Messrs. Bird and Mason, and won by the English player, to whom was awarded the prize—an elegant silver cup—for the most brilliant game of the Tourney.

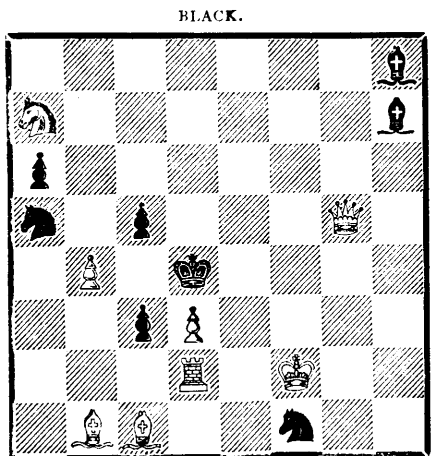
WHITE. *Mr. Bird.*	BLACK. *Mr. Mason.*
1. P. K. 4.	1. P. K. 3.
2. P. Q. 4.	2. P. Q. 4.
3. Kt. Q. B. 3.	3. Kt. K. B. 3.
4. P. × P.	4. P. × P.
5. Kt. K. B. 3.	5. B. Q. 3.
6. B. Q. 3.	6. P. K. R. 3.
7. Castles.	7. Castles.
8. R. K. sq.	8. B. K. Kt. 5.
9. Kt. Q. Kt. 5.	9. B. Q. Kt. 5.
10. P. Q. B. 3.	10. B. Q. R. 4.
11. Kt. Q. R. 3.	11. Kt. Q. B. 3.
12. Kt. Q. B. 2.	12. R. K. Sq.
13. Kt. K. 3.	13. Q. Q. 2.
14. P. K. R. 3.	14. B. K. R. 4.
15. P. K. Kt. 4.	15. B. K. Kt. 3.
16. P. Q. Kt. 4.	16. B. Q. Kt. 3.
17. P. Q. Kt. 5.	17. Kt. K. 2.
18. P. Q. R. 4.	18. P. Q. B. 3.
19. P × P.	19. P. × P.
20. Kt. K. 5.	20. Q. Q. B. sq.
21. B. Q. R. 3.	21. Kt. K. 5.
22. Q. Q. B. 2.	22. Kt. K. Kt. 4.
23. B. × Kt.	23. R. × B.
24. B. × B.	24. P. × B.
25. Q. × P.	25. Kt. × R. P. (ch.)
26. K. R. 2.	26. Kt. B. 5.
27. Q. B. 5.	27. Kt. K. 3.
28. Kt. K. Kt. 2.	28. Q. Q. B. 2.
29. P. Q. R. 5.	29. B × P.
30. R. × B.	30. Q. R. K. B. sq.
31. R. R. 6.	31. R. × Q.
32. P. × R.	32. Kt. Q. sq.
33. Q. Kt. B. 4.	33. Q. Q. B. sq.
34. Q. Kt. Kt. 6.	34. R. K. sq.
35. K. Kt. × P.	35. Q. B. 2. (ch.)
36. K. Kt. K. 5.	36. Q. × B. P.
37. R. K. 3.	37. Q. Q. 7.
38. K. Kt. 2.	38. Q. takes Q. P.
39. P. B. 6.	39. P. takes P.
40. R. × P.	40. Kt. K. 3.
41. R. K. Kt. 3.	41. Kt. Kt. 4.
42. K. Kt. Kt. 4.	42. K. Kt. 2.
43. Q. Kt. B. 4.	43. Q. K. 5. (ch.)
44. K. R. 2.	44. Kt. R. 2.
45. Q. Kt. R. 5. (ch.)	45. K. R. sq.
46. R. × R. P.	46. Q. Q. B. 7.
47. Q. Kt. B. 6.	47. R. K. 2.
48. K. Kt. 2.	48. P. Q. 5.
49. K. Kt. K. 5.	49. Q. Q. B. sq.
50. Kt. Kt. 6. (ch).	50. K. Kt. 2.
51. Kt. × R.	

Dis : ch : and wins.

PROBLEM NO. 19.

BY F. W. MARTINDALE, PETERBORO, N Y.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The above masterly problem is well worth the attention of the student in Chess.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 19.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q. to B. 2. ÷	P. to Kt. 6 (a)
2. P. × P. +	K. K. 4.
3. Kt. Kt. 4. dis. +	P. K. 6.
4. B. × K. P. +	K. K. 5.
5. Kt. R8. +	K. R 2.
6. Kt. × Kt.	P. × P.
7. Q. B. home.	P. to Kt. 5.
8. B. K. B. 4.	K. B. 4.
9. P. K. 4. +	K. × P.
10. Q. her B2. +	K. Q. 5.
11. Kt. B6. [Q. E. D.]	

(a) If Black 1. K. to R. 4., the required mates are given in 10 moves.

CHESS WAIFS.

It is with a great deal of pleasure we publish the subjoined communication referring to the "*Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney*"—the idea of which Tourney has emanated from our indefatigable correspondent, J. W. Shaw, Esq., and which at present bids fair to prove a great success in stimulating the chess world of Canada to an exciting and laudable rivalry. Although (owing to press of work) we are unable personally to take an active part in the "battle," our full sympathies and co-operation as far as this column extends are with the projector, his coadjutors and their brave work.

We shall be happy to send in the names of intending players to the conductor (J. W. S.), who informs us that the entrance fee will not be required till the list of players is complete and all arrangements made for actual play.

MONTREAL, March 11, 1878.

To the Chess Editor of the New Dominion Monthly Magazine :—

The present seems to be an age of tournaments in the Chess World. The International Postal Card Tourney may be the first to notice as occupying the largest measure of public attention. The leading amateurs of England and the United States are here pitted against each other in generous rivalry, and as is fitting where nations strive for the mastery, honor alone is the stake for which both sides are contending. We are now able to announce the result of the first game concluded as a victory for the United States; however unpalatable such a commencement may be regarded by those sympathizing with the British team, we are very sure its effect, so far from being discouraging to the latter, will only stimulate them to increased effort. A first-rate collection of games should be the outcome of this contest, nerved as the players must be by the knowledge that the boon for which they are striving is the championship of Anglo-Saxon Chess !

Next in order we may name the Chess-players' Chronicle Handicap Tourney, a unique feature of which is the determining of the value to be assigned to the won game of each player. Those taking part in this tourney will require to have recourse to the algebra and Euclid of their school-boy days for the computation of such value. Thus : X may score eight-ninths of a game, and Y one one-seventh, while these two playing together, and a draw being the result, X would score four-ninths and Y four-sevenths ! We fear such complexity of calculation will prove so great a hindrance to the ordinary Chess player as to seriously interfere with the more legitimate calculations in the games themselves.

Next comes a private Correspondence Tourney, established by Mr. W. Nash, of St. Neots, in which many English players of repute are taking part.

There are also tournaments in progress between various provincial English clubs, and news has just come to hand of so interesting a character as showing how wide-spread is the progress of the Royal Game, as to call for more than a passing notice. A Chess Club has been established at Patumahoc, a small settlement in the far-off province of New Zealand—Auckland, *forty miles in the bush !* Although only five or six families at present form the population, fifteen members have been enrolled, and a tournament is decided to commence with. A Staunton or a Morphy may yet arise from these antipodean regions to astonish and delight the world with their chess skill.

No wonder, after this, that the mania has extended to Canada, and this brings us to the subject in hand, which has prompted the writing of this letter.

We beg to call the attention of our readers, and chess-players generally throughout the Dominion, to a Correspondence Tourney, now in process of arrangement by our enthusiastic friend, J. W. Shaw, Esq., of the Montreal Chess Club. The scheme is intended to be a comprehensive one, embracing competitors from all sections of the country ; it is proposed to consist of twenty-one players, who will play one

game each with every other, and conduct four games simultaneously. An entrance-fee of five dollars is asked, to constitute a list of prizes, five in number, more with a view of symbolizing the winning scores by suitable trophies to commemorate the undertaking than for the mere gain of a few dollars in money.

For the details of the scheme, list of rules, &c., we beg to refer our readers to the columns of a weekly illustrated contemporary, merely premising that Mr. Shaw, as the director and leading spirit of the enterprise, is the "right man in the right place;" an ardent lover of the game, and an indefatigable correspondent, he possesses administrative abilities which eminently adapt him for the management of such a tourney as is proposed.

Chess is essentially a game of reflection and study, and reaches its highest stage of development when played by correspondence.* The utmost facilities are here afforded for the practice of those habits of patient and vigilant attention, cautious circumspection, *accurate calculation* and *forecasting of consequences*, which are so essential to the proper and thorough study of this King of Games.

The stern law of "touch and move" has no terrors for the player by correspondence; in a game over the board, every chess-player knows well how often he is confronted with the uncompromising demand, "*Anywhere with that fellow!*" on touching a piece inadvertently while absorbed in the direction of a fierce assault on the adverse King. Your opponent, deaf to all protestations and appeals on your part, exclaims, "No matter! I saw you touch him! Come, anywhere with him!" This penalty, the enforcement of which has ruined many a fine combination, is banished utterly from the board of the player by correspondence. The advantages afforded by this method of play to the patient, quiet, modest amateur of chess, are strikingly apparent when applied in the case of the "genus," ycleped the *brilliant player*, who has here an immense field for the exercise of his sacrificial powers—his stirring surprises, his overwhelming attacks with "horse, foot and artillery," and his triumphant announcement of a *Mrs. Gilbert*—like mate in eighteen moves more or less! Let us throw a veil of charity over the feelings of the unfortunate victim of such dire combinations and vaticinations!

* With due deference to the ability of our correspondent, we must take exception to this statement. Consultation as well as correspondence games have ever been characterized by dulness and *want* of that brilliancy which hand to hand encounters provoke and so often produce.—(ED. CHESS, NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.)

Enough has been said to demonstrate the peculiar advantages attached to the playing of chess by correspondence.

We will conclude by cordially recommending our readers to join Mr. Shaw's Correspondence Tourney, and may add that a prominent member of the Montreal Chess Club has generously offered an extra prize in the shape of a gold medal, of the value of twenty dollars to the winner of the best game in the tournament.

Yours, truly,

CHESS.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

The following are the rules and regulations of a Correspondence Tourney proposed to be shortly commenced under the direction of Mr. J. W. Shaw, of the Montreal Chess Club:

I. The Tourney to consist of 21 players, at an entrance fee of five dollars each.

II. The prizes will be:

1st. A Silver Cup, value..........$50
2nd. A Set of Chess-men and Board value.......................... 20
3rd. " " " 15
4th. A Chess-table (inlaid squares)....10
5th. Works on Chess..................5

III. The entrance fees (P. O. order or cheque) to be sent to the Conductor of the Tourney, J. W. Shaw, 26 Windsor street, Montreal, who will be responsible for the management of the Tourney, and who shall settle any dispute that may arise.

IV. Each player to play one game with every other, and conduct four games simultaneously (drawn games counting one-half to each).

V. A time-limit of 72 hours between receipt and posting of moves (Sundays not being counted), to be strictly observed, the penalty for exceeding which shall be settled before play in the Tourney is commenced. One postponement of a week will be allowed to each player during each game, but a further postponement may be permitted under exceptional circumstances, leave for which can only be obtained from the Conductor of the Tourney.

VI. The games whilst in progress must not be set up in any Club-room, or shown to any one

under any circumstances (except, when necessary, to the Conductor of the Tourney) *under penalty of forfeiture.*

VII. The winner of any game, and the first player in any drawn game, to send a copy of such game, immediately on its completion, to the conductor of the Tourney, but to have the option of sending such games for publication to any one of the journals designated as follows :

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal, Q.
Toronto Globe, Toronto, Ont.
New Dominion Monthly Magazine, Montreal, Q.
L'Opinion Publique, Montreal, Q.
Western Advertiser, London, Ont.
The Torch, St. John, N. B.

Such selection to be notified to the Conductor of the Tourney.

VIII. Any private arrangement between the players as to clerical or other errors will not be recognized in case of *appeal* to the Conductor of the Tourney, who shall render his decision in such cases in accordance with the "Rules of the Game by Correspondence," as laid down in "Staunton's Chess Praxis."

IX. The player making the best score to win first prize ; second best score, second prize, and so on. The prizes may be changed at the option of the winners for anything of equal value (or for the money, if desired).

X. The Conductor will take the opinion of the players as to the way in which the games, both played and unplayed, of retiring players (if any) shall be dealt with, and the wish of the majority shall guide him to a decision in the matter.

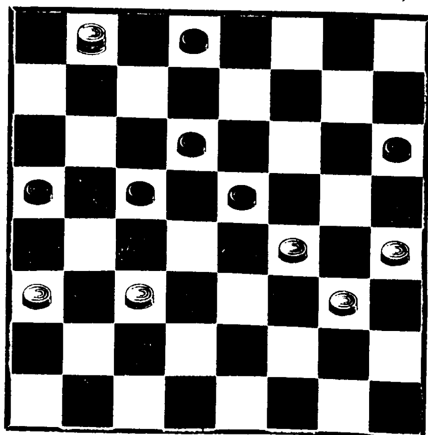
N. B.—The entrance fees will not be called for until completion of the list of players, and settlement of all preliminary questions connected with the Tournament.

Draughts.

PROBLEM No. 5.

(End game from "Defiance.")

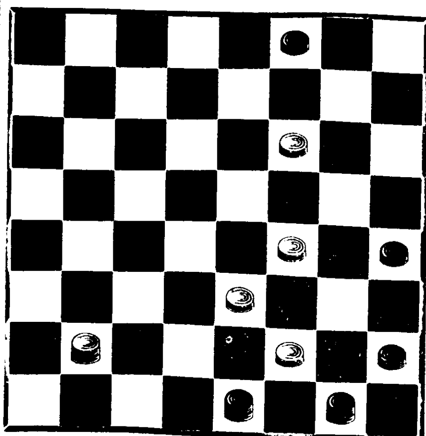
Contributed by L. E. Breck, Garden Island, O.



White to move and Draw.

PROBLEM No. 6.

By W. J. W., Port Huron, Mich.



White to move and win.

All communications to be addressed to Mr. Andrew Whyte, Draughts Editor of the "NEW DOMINION MONTHLY," *Bolton Forest, Que.*

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 3.

16.20	14. 5	6.15	22.17	25.21
17.14	27.31	25.21	26.30	B. wins.
20.27	17.14	19.23	17.14	
21.17	15.19	14.10	30.25	
5. 9	29.25	23.26	21.17	

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 4.

3. 7	3.10	13.29
12. 3	5.14	B. wins.
1. 5	10.17	

GAME No. 13.—KELSO.

Played at the late Tournament in Montreal between Messrs. Seath and Rattray.

Seath's Move.

10.15	13. 6	11.16	9.13	7.11
21.17	1.17	14. 9	25.29	22.26
9.13	19.15	16.23	18.15 (a)	11.16
17.14	3. 7	9. 2	27.31	26.22
15.18	23.18	12.16	15.10	16.19
22.15	5. 9	15.11	31.26	22.26
11.18	27.24	8.15	10. 6	19.24
24.19	16.20	18.11	20.24	25.22
13.17	24.19	16.19	6. 2	24.27
28.24	17.21	11. 8	24.27	29.25
8.11	26.22	19.24	3. 8	27.18
24.20	9.13	7. 3	27.31	22.15
11.16	31.27	24.27	8.12	30.23
20.11	4. 8	22.18	26.22	25.22
7.16	27.23	13.17	12.16	32.28
25.22	2. 6	2. 6	31.26	
18.25	18.14	17.22	16.20	
29.13	7.11	6. 9	22.25	
6. 9	23.18	22.25	2. 7	

Rattray wins.

(a). The game can be drawn after this move. 13.17 is the proper move to win.

GAME No. 14.—DYKE.

Played by correspondence between Messrs. Stuart of Ottawa, and Rattray of Montreal.

Stuart's Move.

11.15	9.13	6. 9.	2.18	25.22
22.17	18.14	25.22	17.14	17.13
15.19	13.22	1. 6	18.22	22.18
23.16	25.18	22.17	20.16	7. 3
12.19	8.12	9.13	22.25	18.23
24.15	29.25	18.15	21.17	3. 7
10.19	11.16	13.22	25.30	19.24
25.22	27.23	26.17	16.11	28.19
8.11	16.20	20.24	30.25	23.16
30.25	23.16	27.20	11. 7	
4. 8	12.19	7.10	3.10	
22.18	32.27	14. 7	14. 7	

Drawn.

GAME 15.—AYRSHIRE LASSIE.

Between Messrs. J. Wormwell and L. W. Breck.
Wormwell's move.

11.15	30.26	1.10	28.19	11.15
24.20	10.14	22.17	5. 9	3. 7
8.11	25.22	13.22	22.17	18.23
28.24	18.25	26.17	14.18	7.11
4. 8	29.22	8.11	17.21	14.18
23.19	2. 7	31.26	9.14	11.16
15.18	32.28	10.15	19.16	18.22
22.15	9.13	17.10	11.15	16.11
11.18	27.23	7.14	16.12	15.18
26.22	6.10	26.22	8.11	11.15
7.11	19.16	3. 8	12. 8	19.24
22.15	12.19	23.19	15.19	15.19
11.18	24. 6	18.24	8. 3	

White wins.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. A. MABEE, Odessa,—You will now have seen the correct solution to problem 1. Your suggested moves in "Fife" would not be any stronger than those given, but send your continuation and we will examine—Your problem is on file for examination.

J. G. TRELEAVEN, Lucknow,—Your solutions are correct and problems filed for publication. We are much obliged for them.

L. E. BRECK, Garden Island, Ont.,—Positions and games received with thanks. We hope to hear from you again.

W. I. W., Port Huron, Mich.,—Your letter is received and have written you as requested.

*** All communications for this department should be mailed to arrive here before the last day of the month, as the copy has to be sent in the first week of the month for the month following.

SINGLE CORNER—WITH VARIATIONS.

GAME.

11.15	12.16	3. 7	10.14	18.14
22.18	* 21.17	24.19	18. 9	28.32
15.22	3 8.12	15.24	5.14	5 23.18
25.18	4 17.13	28.19	27.24	32.27
1 8.11	7.10	14.17	14.17	8. 3

29.25	27.24	22.18	22.18	6. 9
4. 8	9.14	1. 5	19.26	3.10
2 24.20	18. 9	26.22	19.15	27.23
10.15	5.14	17.26	15. 8	14. 5
25.22	32.27	31.22	19.28	Drawn.

Anderson.

(1.)

12.16	19.16	5.14	30.26	13.22
29.25	4. 8	23.19	20.24	26.17
10.14	16.12	16.23	17.14	32.28
25.22	11.16	27. 9	10.17	17.13
16.20	22.17	20.27	21.14	28.24
24.19	8.11	32.23	24.28	9. 6
6.10	26.22	11.16	14. 9	
28.24	6 9.13	9. 5	28.32	Drawn,—
8.11	18. 9	16.20	22.17	Sturges.

(2.)

25.22	31.27	26.23	19.16	12. 8
11.16	10.15	19.26	3. 7	25.30
24.20	19.10	30.23	23.19	8. 3
8.11	6.15	9.13	1. 5	30.26
27.24	27.24	24.19	16.12	19.16
7 10.15	2. 7	15.24	9.14	13.17
24.19	32.28	28.19	18. 9	3. 8
15.24	16.19	5. 9	5.21	26.22
28.19	23.16	21.17	22.18	8. 6
7.10	12.19	7.10	21.25	22.15

Drawn,—Anderson.

(3.)

7.10	5. 9	17.21	16.20	25.22
17.14	13. 6	18.14	6.11	24.19
10.17	1.10	21.25	13.17	31.24
22.13	30.26	14. 9	1. 6	15.10
15.22	2. 6	25.30	17.22	24.15
26.17	26.22	19.15	9. 5	10.19
9.14	6. 9	11.18	22.25	22.26
17.10	32.28	23.14	5. 1	6.10
6.15	9.13	30.26	25.30	26.31
27.24	28.24	20.11	11. 7	10.14
8.12	10.14	26.31	3.10	31.27
a 24.19	22.18	14.10	6.15	14.18
15.24	14.17	12.16	30.25	White
28.19	31.27	10. 6	1. 6	wins

by first position.

(A.)

31.26	30.25	13. 9	26.22	32.28
2. 7	6.10	3. 7	7.10	23.27
24.19	25.21	9. 6	22.17	28.24
15.24	10.15	16.19	11.15	27.32
28.19	19.10	23.16	6. 2	2. 6
1. 5	7.14	12.19	19.23	White

wins.

(4.)

17.14	18.11	31.15	b 15.10	10. 7	9.13	6. 9	17.22	7.16	wins.
16.19	7.16	16.19	13.22	3.10	20.16	27.24	26.17	21.17	
23.16	22.18	32.27	24.15	14.17	11.20	20.27	9.13	26.31	
12.19	2. 7	13.17	22.26	31.26					
30.25	25.21	27.24	15.11	Black					

Anderson.

(B.)

24.20	15.11	20.11	21.17	11. 7
13.22	7.16	22.26	26.31	Drawn.

Drummond.

(5.)

8. 3	2. 7	13. 6	9.14	8. 4
7.11	8.15	22.26	16.11	7.11
23.19	7.10	30.23	14.10	Black
32.27	14. 7	27. 9	11. 8	wins.
3. 8	6. 9	20.16	10. 7	

American draught player.

(6.)

c 1.6	11.15	14.18	10.28	White
30.25	18.11	22.15	11. 8	wins.

(C.)

2.6	12. 8	3.12	24.19

White wins,—Sturges.

(7.)

9.13	23.19	9.14	24.19	31.26
24.19	16.23	18. 9	15 24	19 15
5. 9	26.10	5.14	22.18	26.23
28.24	7.23	8 30.26	24.27	15.11
10.15	31.27	11.15	18. 9	
19.10	1. 5	26.23	27.31	
6.15	27.18	3. 7	23.19	Drawn.

Drummond.

(8.)

9 32.27	27.23	23.19	Black
11.15	3. 7	7.10	wins.

Drummond.

(9.)

32.28	16.23	18. 9	31.27	1. 5
12.16	22.18	27.31	5. 1	23.19
24.19	23.27	9. 5	27.23	Black

wins.
Drummond.

*

27.24 loses here, *e.g.*

27.24	5.14	26.17	7.16	24.20
16.19	27.23	11.15	20.11	27.23
23.16	6.10	20.16	18.23	8.11
15.19	16.12	15.18	11. 8	23.18
24.15	8.11	24.20	23.27	11. 8
9.14	28.24	18.27	8. 4	18.15
18. 9	25.29	31.24	27.31	Black
11.25	30.25	14.18	4. 8	wins.
32.27	29.22	16.11	31.27	Sturges.

Notice.

THE MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF-MUTES.

Amongst the institutions which have rapidly grown from small beginnings to positions of great usefulness and favor, is the Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf-mutes, until recently known as the Protestant Institution for Deaf-mutes, under which name it was originated and passed through its chrysalis state of existence. In January, 1869, it was first decided at a public meeting in Montreal that an institution for the instruction of Protestant deaf-mutes should be established, and means were at once taken to accomplish that end.

At this time it had been ascertained that there were about 3,500 deaf-mutes in the Dominion, of whom some 1,300 were from Quebec Province, and of these probably 200 would be Protestants, and perhaps seventy-five of school age. After considerable work and difficulty, funds for the proposed institution were raised and a building rented at Cote St. Antoine. From the first it grew in favor and soon became much too small for the demands upon it, and although economically managed was constantly in financial difficulties. But it did good work under the supervision of Mr. Thomas Widd as principal, and Mrs. Widd as matron.

During the year 1876, when the depression in business circles had become very great, and the needs of the institution were growing also greater because of the increased number of pupils, a chance word raised up for it a very powerful friend. Joseph Mackay, Esquire, had been for some time considering the needs of the institution, and on mentioning the necessity of erecting a new building and the difficulty of obtaining funds therefor received the answer: "Why not do it yourself?" He did "do it," and now on one of the most picturesque sites of the Island of Montreal stands the handsome and substantial building represented in our frontispiece. Its style is Gothic, and it has four façades of rock-faced courses, with trimmings and openings, water table belts, courses and bands of cut stone. It measures 95 x 50 feet, is three stories in height, having a well-elevated basement and mansard roof. There are two towers, one at each end, and three entrances, the main one being in the centre, with a handsome flight of stone steps, portico, &c. Internally it is well adapted for the purpose for which it is intended, and will afford accommodation for eighty pupils and their teachers.

This magnificent building was formally opened during the Governor-General's recent visit to Montreal. At the present, some thirty pupils receive instruction within its walls. The frontispiece gives a good view of the Institute, while the picture of Mr. Widd, teaching a class, on page 425, shows a room in the *old* building, not of the new one as there stated. The former was drawn and both were engraved by a deaf-mute, in the employ of the *Witness* Office, whose facility in this respect is wonderful, he having but a few months' experience in the engraver's art.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF DARWINISM.

Without use, an Organ dwindles; with use, it increases. For instance, the Organ of a Grinder who, in the struggle for existence, relies entirely on his Instrument, is invariably larger than that of the Grinder who, in addition, uses a Monkey. Most of our readers must have noticed this.—*Punch.*

AFTER **TWENTY YEARS** EXPERIENCE

THE

COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

IS STILL THE

FAVORITE

WITH A DISCERNING PUBLIC.

Its quality is **NOT SURPASSED**; avoid disappointments by using it for all kinds of raising.

TRADE MARK. TRADE MARK.

Look for the Trade Mark on every package without which none is genuine.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine propertiesof well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."--*Civil Service Gazette.*

JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS, London.

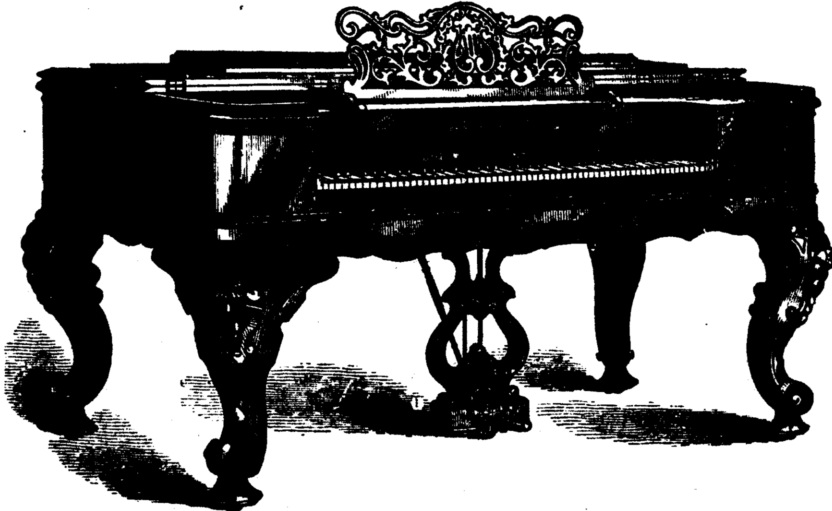
QUEBEC QUE
H Alford
Dec78

JOSEPH GOUL

PIANO WAREROOMS.

211 ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL.



THE LARGE ASSORTMENT AND VARIETY OF

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Always to be found at the above establishment are unequalled in the Dominion.

PRICES RANGE FROM $50. to $1,400,

and all tastes and requirements can be suited.

The Pianos of **STEINWAY, CHICKERING, GABLER** and **EMERSON,** and the **MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS,** are fully represented. Also the **McCAMMON "Little Beauties,"** small, but very handsome seven octave Pianos of excellent tone and construction, and suitable for small rooms.

PRICE OF LATTER ONLY $275.

Every instrument sold warranted to be *First Class.*

No Split Veneers, Shoddy Felt for Hammers, Iron Plates cast from old stoves, Culls from first class makers' lumber yards for frames and sounding-boards, in these instruments. They are all from the factories of well known and long established manufacturers, and will be good instruments after the rubbish so freely offered in the Canadian market at the present time has collapsed and been consigned to the garret or the kitchen stove.

Prices and terms very liberal.

Illustrated Catalogues, Price Lists, and full information furnished on application, and mailed free to all parts of the Dominion.

JOSEPH GOULD.