

THE

920

MARITIME MONTHLY,

A MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

---

VOLUME II.

---

ST. JOHN, N. B.:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS AT THE STEAM PRINTING  
ESTABLISHMENT OF J. & A. McMILLAN.

1873.





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VOL. II.

JULY, 1873.

No. 1.

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ARCTIC AND WESTERN PLANTS IN  
CONTINENTAL ACADIA.

HOW THEY CAME HERE, AND WHY THEY REMAIN.

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

[Abridged from the Canadian Naturalist.]

BY G. F. MATTHEW.

TO the botanist this portion of the American continent presents an inviting field for research; for although one cannot expect to find new species in a region the greater part of which, when viewed from a geological standpoint, has but recently emerged from the ocean, and has therefore received its *flora* from countries older and better known; yet the many peculiarities which may be observed in the distribution of plants in Acadia, form of themselves a subject in the study of which leisure hours may be profitably spent.

From the correspondence of natural features in Maine and New Brunswick, and from their situation, being alike exposed to the same variations of temperature, we would naturally expect to find no very marked differences between the floras of the two countries. This, indeed, is in a great measure the case, if we look upon Maine as a whole; but if we separate from it that portion of the State northward of the mountains which crosses its centre, and eastward of the Penobscot River, a palpable difference in the vegetation of the section north and south of this divisional line is apparent.



The northern section, with the adjoining province of New Brunswick may be designated *Continental Acadia*. Apparently merging into New England on the south—for there is no conspicuous natural barrier between the two countries—it is, nevertheless, as regards the indigenous plants which grow within its borders, closely allied to the neighboring province of Quebec, although a mountain range intervenes. This portion of Acadia contains four principal districts, viz.: an *upper plain* or *plateau* varying from about 200 to 500 feet above the sea, watered by the Upper St. John and its tributaries, the northern affluents of the Penobscot and the River Restigouche. A triangular plain expands from a point within a few miles of the Maine boundary to a width of 150 miles or more, where it passes beneath the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This *lower plain* rarely rises more than 300 feet above the sea. Between the upper and lower plain lies a broken country rising into a knot of *high hills* in northern New Brunswick, and lastly, there is a series of parallel ridges in the south, forming a *hill-country* of less altitude than the last, lying along the north shore of the Bay of Fundy. About two-thirds of Continental Acadia is drained by the River St. John, which breaks from the level of the upper plains at the Grand Falls; and descending through several rapids and quick-waters, reaches tide-level at the western border of the lower plain, whence its course to the sea (distant ninety miles) is comparatively sluggish.

The rest of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, consisting of Nova Scotia and the twin islands of Prince Edward and Cape Breton, may be comprised under the term *Insular Acadia*.

Before describing in detail the peculiar groupings of species in the continental part of Acadia, it may not be amiss to mention a few of the agencies which have given rise to the diversified forms of vegetation now existing on the earth; and then to add some remarks upon their peculiar manifestation in that part of America to which these observations more particularly relate, and to show their influence upon the range of plants within it.

Of these agents perhaps the most important is *Variation of Temperature*. It is well known that there are two directions in which this variation occurs, one on going north or south from the Equator, and the other in ascending from the level of the ocean to the tops of mountains. In both of these the temperature becomes lower in proportion to the elevation in the one case, or to

the distance from the equatorial circle in the other. This decrease in temperature exerts so great an influence over plants that few species are found to be common to places widely differing either in latitude or altitude.

*Soil* is another influential agent in the limitation of species and the modification of individuals; some plants being peculiarly adapted to certain kinds of soil, and rarely found growing in any other, while others, although they may exist, present a puny and sickly appearance when found growing in soils not adapted in texture and composition to their nature.

*Moisture* also is of the utmost importance to the well-being of all cellular bodies, as well vegetable as animal; and is in fact so much a necessity that when deprived of it they cease to live. These three agencies are those which have played the most important part in diversifying the vegetation of the globe; but two of them, viz.: temperature and moisture, present themselves under a somewhat peculiar aspect in Acadia.

In its relation to the ocean, this region differs from all New England and Canada; and while holding an intermediate place between the two, is open to climatic influences peculiar to itself.

The renovation of the ocean by the interchange of waters throughout its vast expanse, is affected through the medium of ocean currents, flowing alternately to and from the poles. Such of these "ocean rivers" in the northern hemisphere as flow northward, are continually thrown further and further east as they approach the arctic circle, by the retarded rotation of the earth from west to east; while such as run southward are thrown to the west. Hence, while Europe is bathed in the warm waters of the Gulf stream, running in a long arc northward across the Atlantic, the polar current, having a westerly momentum, clings to the American coast, and Acadia not only shares the cool climate prevalent along this seaboard, but owing to its semi-insular position, has its temperature still further lowered. This is strikingly evident when the climate of St. John is compared with that of cities in Europe—such as Bordeaux, Turin and Venice,—under the same parallel of latitude. The principal cause of this difference of temperature is the fact that here we have on the north-east a refrigerator in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, traversed as it is by a branch of the polar current, which, entering at the Straits of Belleisle, sweeps around the shores of the Lower Provinces and



finds an outlet in the Gut of Canso and further east. We have also a cool vapor bath in the sea fogs, which in summer bathe our south-eastern shores, and whose influence on vegetation will be noticed in the sequel. Thus it may be seen that within the limits of these Maritime Provinces there are variations of temperature, which mere extent of surface or elevation of land will not account for, but which are mainly dependent on ocean currents and their concomitants.

Not only the coldness, however, but the humidity of the atmosphere in many parts of Acadia, exercises a powerful influence upon its flora.

It is a well-known fact that the land and sea breezes which alternately fan districts bordering the sea in inter-tropical regions, result from the periodical heating and cooling to which such lands are subject every twenty-four hours. Analogous to this is the prevalence of certain sets of wind on the coast of large areas of land in temperate latitudes, during the summer, and of others during the winter months.

Mr. G. Murdock, in a paper on the Meteorology of St. John, read before this Society in 1863, pointed to this phenomenon as exhibited in the vicinity of this city, in the following words: "In the wind columns, it is observed that the increase and duration of southerly weather follows very nearly that of the temperature. July is the month of *maximum* southerly weather, and December of *minimum*. From July to December, there is a constant diminution, and from this latter month to July again a steady increase." Of these southerly winds, the south-west is by far the most frequent, and, if continuous, sooner or later brings upon the southern coast of Acadia those fogs for which St. John is notorious.

During each of the two hottest months of the year, St. John is enveloped for nearly a week in constant fog; and this misty curtain, by its presence, not only excludes the direct rays of the sun, but by its coolness lowers perceptibly our summer temperature.

During the months of July and August there is also a large rainfall, and if we add to the rainy and foggy days those which are cloudy, but nineteen days out of the two mid-summer months remain during which the sun shines upon us in unclouded splendor.

If we give due weight to these sources of humidity and cold, and consider, also, that our position on the sea-side is an additional cause of a diminished temperature, we need feel no surprise at the



sub-arctic summers which prevail at St. John, nor at the sub-arctic type of vegetation which flourishes around us. It is well known that humidity, in its influence over the distribution of Arctic plants, in a limited degree represents cold. But when a climate is both cool and moist, as ours is, it presents a double attraction to these little northern adventurers.

Having seen what a chilling effect these south-west winds, with their accompanying fog and rain, have at the coast, let us now follow the same breezes into the interior.

As soon as the fogs pass the coast, they are rapidly absorbed by the atmosphere (expanded by warmth radiated from the heated earth), and may be traced in their progress inland, in the long banks of cumuli-clouds which hang over the southern hills; and are finally dissipated entirely in the onward progress of the southerly winds, which now possess nearly the original warmth and most of the moisture that they had when first they began their journey from the Gulf Stream. Now pre-eminently invigorating and refreshing, these winds course onward toward the shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, stimulating the growth of many species of plants, which cannot abide their chilling influences at the coast. As may be inferred, they bear a very different reputation along the Gulf from that which attaches to them with us. In spring and early summer they blow down the valleys of the Miramichi, and other streams debouching on that coast, as warm breezes, prevalent during the night and morning, giving a great stimulus to vegetation; but in the evening they are pushed back, or forced upward by a strong, cold wind from the Gulf, but lately relieved from its wide fields of floe-ice. The latter (N. E. winds) often blow with much violence about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and such is their chilling influence that flowers which have been in bloom in Fredericton for a fortnight are (about 1st June) only opening their petals on the Miramichi. There is nearly the same difference between St. John and Fredericton at this period, although the first flowers of spring, such as the Mayflower (*Epigæa repens*) usually opens with us a little in advance of their time of flowering at the capital. The advent of spring is undoubtedly first felt at St. John, but the increase of fog and chilly winds in the month of May checks the growth of plants with us, while the very same winds give an increased impetus to their growth and expansion in the interior, where, at the 1st of June, vegetation,

in its summer development, is a fortnight in advance of the coast, and subsequently much more.

The valley of Cornwallis, in Nova Scotia, has a summer mean of sixty-five degrees, and it is probable that a large area in the interior of Continental Acadia will be found to have, at that period, a temperature equally high. At Fredericton "ninety degrees in the shade" is not rare, and at Woodstock the mercury is said to rise to one hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

As there is no systematic register of the heat of this region accessible, it is necessary to bear in mind the prevalence of the south-west winds in summer time, in order to judge of the diverse influences which this important agent exercises over the growth of plants in the interior as compared with its effect upon the vegetation of the coast.

Of *soils*, Continental Acadia possesses a great variety, which have a proportionate influence with the causes already noted upon the range of plants within its borders.

The Highlands, both north and south, being mainly made up of metamorphic rocks, which are comparatively impervious to water, the drainage of the soil upon them is thereby much impeded. Hence, it happens that, notwithstanding the hilliness of these districts, there are, especially in the southern hills, numerous peat-bogs, interspersed with bare rocky tracts known as "barrens." These barrens extend for many miles along the coast of the Bay of Fundy, where granite and hard metamorphic rocks prevail, and where the natural drainage is imperfect, and the soil scanty and unproductive. The drier portions are covered with a profusion of ericaceous shrubs, etc., such as blue-berries (*Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum*), Labrador Tea (*Ledum latifolium*), Leather Leaf (*Cassandra calyculata*), Sheep Laurel (*Kalmia angustifolia*), *Rhodora Canadensis*, etc. In the swamps, and on mossy slopes, knee-deep with sphagnum, grow the Sweet Gale (*Myrica Gale*), Marsh Rosemary (*Andromeda polifolia*), Cranberries (*Vaccinium oxycoccus*), etc. The larger depressions are occupied by peat bogs, or lakes and ponds, with which such tracts are often studded. There is a striking resemblance in the aspect of these barrens, dotted as they are with numerous little sheets of water, and interspersed with belts and clumps of evergreen trees, to the open tracts in Newfoundland, and to the region occupied by Laurentian rocks in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario.



The arable lands along this coast are chiefly clay flats, usually covered with terraced beds of sand. The soil on the ridges is mostly gravelly, and here the forest growth is of Black and Yellow Birch (*Betula lenta et excelsa*). Beech, Maple, and other forest trees of the interior are seldom or never seen. Beneath the shade of the evergreen growth on the clay flats we find the Twayblade (*Listera cordata*), the Mitrewort (*Mitella nuda*), the Rattlesnake plaintain (*Goodyera repens*), the Dwarf orchis (*Platanthera obtusata*), the one-flowered Pyrola (*Moneses uniflora*), and other shade-loving plants.

We have seen that the prevalence of a moist climate and impervious soil, coupled with a low temperature, give rise to thick evergreen forests, peat-bogs and swamps saturated with moisture; and while producing, even during clear weather, great radiation of heat and moisture, these causes have contributed to encourage the growth of such northern plants as those above mentioned on the maritime slopes of our southern hills.

On the declension of this hill-country toward the plains of the interior, however, another set of agencies comes into play. It has been already intimated that the summer skies of the central districts are clearer than those of the coast, and the precipitation of moisture less profuse. In the valleys, among the more northerly ranges of the southern hills, much of the soil is loamy, and naturally well drained, as well as fertile. These rich loams are co-extensive with the Lower Carboniferous and Middle Devonian formations in New Brunswick. They border the Lower Plain throughout, fill the valleys of the Kennebecasis and Petitcodiac Rivers, form islands on it along its north-west side, and re-appear in the valley of the Tobique among the northern hills. The fertility of other loams, such as those of the interval lands on the St. John river, and the upland tracts around Houlton and Woodstock (where the slates are of the Upper Silurian formation) on the Upper Plain, is evidenced by the growth of such species of plants as the Dwarf Ginseng or Ground Nut (*Aralia trifolia*), Closed Gentian (*Gentiana Andrewsii*), Showy Orchis (*Orchis spectabilis*), Bass Wood (*Tilia Americana*), *Desmodium Canadense*, the two Osmorrhizas, Wild Ginger (*Asarum Canadense*), and Butternut (*Juglans cinerea*.)

It is on these lands in going north from the coast that we meet with a new group of species which range thence up the St. John



river and its tributaries into Northern Maine. The influence of natural drainage of soils upon the distribution of species in the neighboring Province of Canada, has been observed by Professor Macoun, of Belleville, in some remarks drawing attention to the occurrence of certain western species on the dry gravel ridges in that neighborhood; and the presence of continental forms in certain parts of the interior of Acadia, such as the valleys of Kings County, in the southern hills, the dry terraced lands of the St. John river and its tributaries, and the rich calcareous districts in the south-west part of the upper plain, are but manifestations of the same law of distribution, lands thoroughly drained being in a condition to absorb and retain more heat than those which are wet. Were it not for the depressed position of a portion of the lower plain, along the base of the southern hills, which is little above sea-level, and the imperfect drainage which results from the flatness of this region, there would be a more decided exhibition of western species in the southern countries than we now find.

With these preliminary remarks upon the conditions of soil, temperature and moisture which attend the growth of vegetation in New Brunswick, let us turn to the plants themselves.

As foreign to the subject in hand, we at once pass by such plants as have had an *eastern* origin, and have come to Acadia in the train of European immigration. Nor will we dwell upon the characteristics of the New England *flora*, which forms the basis of vegetation in these Provinces, and of which, perhaps, three-fourths of any collection of species made in New Brunswick will consist. A knowledge of these plants may be readily had from the works on the Eastern and Middle States, and from the abundance of examples around us. So we confine ourselves to such forms as to a New England botanist would appear stragglers and waifs from distant lands. Among these may be recognized three principal groups, viz.:

- I. Arctic and Sub-Arctic.
- II. Boreal.
- III. Continental.

I. *Arctic and Sub-Arctic (or Alpine and Sub-Alpine.)*—This type, as being the most ancient flora of the country, and also being found at the sea-level on the parallel of 45° N., half way between the equator and the pole, deserves our first attention.

The species so far as known are the following :

- Alsine Grœnlandica (Greenland Sandwort.)
- Rubus Chamæmorus (Cloud-berry or Baked Apple.)
- Solidago virga-aurea (Mountain Golden Rod.)
- Solidago thyrsoidea (Thyrsoid Golden Rod.)
- Senecio pseudo-arnica.
- Calluna vulgaris (Common Heather)
- Vaccinium Vitis-Idea (Cow-berry or Hill Cranberry.)
- Euphrasia officinalis (Eyebright.)
- Carex capillaris.
- Asplenium viride (Green Spleenwort.)

Of these species *Senecio pseudo-arnica* occurs at Grand Manan, and the Mountain Sandwort (*Alsine* or *Stellaria Grœnlandica*), is found at the sea level on the coast of Eastern Maine. The common Scotch Heather (*Calluna vulgaris*), has been found near Halifax, and is more abundant at Cape Breton and Newfoundland. It was accredited to New Brunswick years ago by Loudon, but on whose authority is not known. Professor Bailey noticed the Bog Bilberry (*Vaccinium uliginosum*) and the Cow-berry (*Vaccinium Vitis-Idea*), growing on Bald Mountain, the culminating point of the Northern Highlands, but does not seem to have met with any other representatives of this type at the North. We may, perhaps, except the mountain Cinquefoil (*Potentilla tridentata*), gathered on the Tobique River, but which, although commonly considered Sub-Alpine, has such a range in Acadia as to show that it may, perhaps, with more propriety, be looked upon as a Boreal form. These, and the remaining species of the list, not noticed above, find a congenial climate at St. John. One very obvious cause of their presence here, as already observed, with regard to other species, is the abundance of cool sea fogs in summer time, and consequent low temperature and moist atmosphere. The more thoroughly Arctic species, such as the Cloud-berry (*Rubus Chamæmorus*) and the Crow-berry (*Empetrum nigrum*) show a partiality for the peat-bogs, so common in our "Barrens," where they grow in company with the Bastard Toad Flax (*Comandra livida*), and other high northern forms.

The Sub-Arctic species of our list, have been mostly gathered on the cliffs and terraced banks, bordering the Bay of Fundy. Of these, the Eyebright (*Euphrasia officinalis*), and the Thyrsoid Golden Rod (*Solidago thyrsoidea*) abound. The first of them



has also been met with at Dalhousie, on the Bay of Chaleur. The Mountain Cinquefoil has an extensive range throughout Acadia, having been seen near Mount Katahdin, on the Lower Tobique, at several points around the Bay of Fundy and on the coast of Maine. It even flourishes at Windsor, Nova Scotia, where the mean summer temperature cannot be far from sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. The Green Spleenwort (*Asplenium viride*) a rare native of Newfoundland, Gaspé, Labrador and the Rocky Mountains, grows on the sea cliffs near this city, in company with *Carex canescens* var. *vitalis*, *Cinna arundinacea* var. *pendula*, etc. I may add that the Cow-berry (*Vaccinium Vitis-Idea*) which goes by the name of Hill Cranberry with us, is not only quite common near the coast of the Bay of Fundy, but has also been met with at Richibucto.

The comparison of the position of this little group of Arctic forms, with that of a similar assemblage of Alpine plants on the White Mountains of New Hampshire, is one of great interest, when it is considered that the Acadian Sub-Arctic flora grows at the sea-level. Let us then look at the vertical range of some of the plants above named on those eminences, the highest peaks of North Eastern America.

Dr. Dawson gives 5,000 feet above the sea as the upper limit of evergreens in the White Mountains. Here firs cease to grow, and the mountain side is covered with small shrubs and herbs. On the Plateau between Mounts Washington and Munroe, at a height of 5,000 feet, the Arctic flora is in full possession, and extends thence to the summit. If we note the range of such of our own Arctic and Sub-Arctic species as grow there, we find that they come no lower down the mountain side than to points varying from 4,500 to 3,500 feet above the sea. It is supposed that the principal masses of rain clouds hang at a height of from half a mile to one mile above the earth, in regions near the sea level, encircling the mountain tops with their vapory masses; and the clouds clustering at such a height around Mount Washington, would wrap those little Alpine plants which grow towards the top of the mountain in those thick mists in which they delight. Need we wonder then that such lowly forms should find a congenial home on the cool mist-covered hills of the Acadian sea-coast.

By its cool summer temperature, its humid climate, and conse-



quently its vegetation, St. John, when compared with these New England mountains, may be looked upon from a botanical point of view, as standing upon an eminence nearly 4,000 feet high; for it is at this height on the White Mountains that evergreens cease and Alpine plants take their place. Fancying ourselves standing upon this elevation, and looking around us through the medium of Mr. Murdock's observations, and those of Acadian botanists, we see across "the Bay," and beyond the fertile valley of Annapolis, the hills of Nova Scotia, rising ridge upon ridge to a mountain range equal in height to our own, and our sister city of Halifax on its crest; for she has more fog and rain than we have. Around her grow the Scotch heather, the Mountain Cinquefoil, and other Alpine forms enumerated in the preceding list.

Immediately north of us, but, as regards its flora, about 1,000 feet below, is the elevated plain of the Kennebecasis Bay, beyond which we may look down another 1,000 feet into the sunny valley of Kings County, while, to the south-west our imaginary mountain top connects, by scattered peaks rising through the fogs of the Bay of Fundy, with a similar elevation in eastern Maine, whence it declines, and finally sinks beneath the waters of the Atlantic.

Our second group consists of plants which, on account of the regions in which they grow, may be denominated a Boreal or High-Northern type of vegetation. The individuals of this group may be seen mingling with the Arctic forms on the sea-coast of Acadia, but also extends over extensive areas where the latter group is not found. Of this boreal character there are about sixty species, which range north-westwardly through Northern Maine, the Province of Quebec and the Hudson's Bay territories to the Rocky Mountains.

So little is known of the flora of the northern counties of New Brunswick, with the single exception of Kent, that we know of the occurrence of but a limited number of these species on the streams flowing to the Gulf, but nevertheless feel satisfied that the majority of them will yet be gathered there. *Anemone multifida* have been met with on the Restigouche, and *Shepherdia Canadensis* at Grand Falls, on the St. John river. The last named species has also been gathered near Dalhousie. Mr. Fowler has collected in the Gulf Counties the sour Blueberry (*Vaccinium Canadense*) and the sweet Coltsfoot, *Nardosmia palmata* (common) the rare *Juncus Stygius*, *Carex lenticularis*, *Cinna*

*arundinacea* var. *pendula*, *Triticum caninum*, and *Elymus Mollis*. Professor Bailey observed the Wild Chive (*Allium Schænoprasum*) during his descent of the Nepissiquit.

Some of these, as well as the remaining species of this group (except about half a dozen species still known only on the Upper St. John) have been gathered in the southern highlands.

Near the outlet of the St. John river is a sheet of water known as the Kennebecasis Bay, which is as deep as Behring's Straits, and deeper than the Straits of Dover. This basin is bordered by mural cliffs, bold hills from four hundred to six hundred feet high, rising from the water's edge at some points, in and by sawmills, factories, shipyards, broad cultivated fields and scattered villages at others where the shores are lower. Hither the citizens of St. John resort in summer, not to avoid the heat, but to escape the fog.

In this basin the spring floods of the St. John river, unable to find free egress to the ocean, are pent up until the middle of June, exerting their chilling influence on the surrounding air. Even in midsummer should a bather more venturesome than his fellows swim out of the shallow coves which line the shore, he will soon find his limbs stiffened by the refrigerating power of these profound waters.

As there are here the conditions favorable to the growth of northern forms of vegetation, it will not excite surprise that the boreal type of Northern Acadia should re-appear around this Bay. Its shores have as yet received only an occasional summer glance from the botanist, and therefore the discovery of many more northern forms will probably reward the search of a diligent explorer. Among the species thus far recognized, I may instance a stone-crop or live-for-ever (*Sedum Rhodiola*), a Saxifrage (*Saxifrage Aizoon*), and the fern *Woodsia hyperborea* R. Br., as common on the perpendicular cliffs near Rothesay. The first-named species was gathered many years ago on Cape Blomiden, N. S., by the late Dr. Robb, and, strange to say, has recently been found on the cliffs of Delaware River, Pennsylvania. On the rocky ledges and gravelly beaches around Kennebecasis Bay flourish the American primrose (*Primula farinosa*) in great abundance; the Wild Chive (*Allium Schænoprasum*), a small *Aster graminifolius*, and Hooker's *Nabalus racamosus*. The Northern Green Orchis (*Habenaria hyperborea*) is also sparingly



met with. But the most conspicuous plant is the Northern Scrub or Princes Pine (*Pinus Banksiana*) which here attains gigantic dimensions, one individual noticed rising to the height of more than forty-five feet, with a girth of six and a half feet. This tree, in its elm-like habit of growth, is in striking contrast with all the other evergreens around. At the end of May the numerous pyramidal erect spikes of flowers give it the aspect of a chandelier studded with yellow wax-lights. In Acadia it has an extensive range, for it is not only abundant throughout the Gulf districts, whence it spreads over to Grand Lake and the Petitcodiac river, but Goodale also met with it in Northern Maine, where, however, it is scarce.

Around the shores on the upper part of Kennebecasis Bay, where the waters are shallow, species of a more southern type grow, such as the Nodding Wake Robin (*Trillium cernuum*), the Yellow Violet (*Viola pubescens*), and the two Anemones (*A. nemorosa* and *A. Pennsylvanica*.) The shrubby cinquefoil (*Potentilla fruticosa*) also is very abundant.

There are two other positions in which the species of this type are found in Southern New Brunswick. One beneath the cool shade of evergreen trees which cover the abrupt hills between Kennebecasis Bay and the sea-coast. On the mossy slopes under these trees the sweet Coltsfoot (*Nardosmia palmata*) opens its flowers in early spring; and the Round-leaved Orchis (*Habenaria rotundifolia*) may be found in bloom at a later period. Kalm's Lobelia (*L. Kalmii*) and the spurred gentian (*Halenia deflexa*) intermingled with other sub-Arctic forms, abound in the open pastures. Other species, such as the swamp chickweed (*Stellaria uliginosa*), for which, like *Sedum Rhodiola*, a station in Pennsylvania is known; the large-leaved Geum (*G. macrophyllum*), and the willow-leaved dock (*Rumex salicifolius*), have been found at the sea-side, on the borders of salt marshes, near St. John.

Looking at the known range of this type throughout Acadia, we may fairly suppose that the whole of its northern continental portion (except the Tobique valley and part of the Miramichi) will be characterized by the presence of the foregoing and other boreal forms; and that these may also be looked for around the whole southern bight of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In Insular Acadia it probably occupies Prince Edward Island, mantles over the hills

of northern Nova Scotia, and in Cape Breton blends with the sub-Arctic flora of the Atlantic coast.

III. *Continental Type*.—In the Interior of Continental Acadia there is a large area overspread by a group of plants of a more southern type than those we have been considering. West of the Alleghanies they range as far south as New York, Ohio, and the south-west part of the Province of Ontario. Many of them, however, cross the Appalachian range, and are found more or less abundantly in west New England. The valley of the Connecticut river generally limits their range eastward.

This group includes many of the species found by Mr. Goodale to characterize the rich lands of the Aroostook valley, which he mentions in his report on the Botany of Northern Maine; but the range of others is such as to exclude them from this eastern fragment of a flora which finds its home west of the Green Mountains of New England. The following are the principal species :

*Dicentra Canadensis*.

*Adlumia cirrhosa*.

*Nasturtium palustre* var. *hispidum*.

*Lathyrus palustris* var. *myrtifolius*.

*Oenothera chrysantha* (Evening Primrose.)

*Hippuris vulgaris* (Marsetail.)

*Artemisia biennis* (Wormwood.)

*Blitum capitatum* (Strawberry plate.)

*Listera convallarioides* (Tway blade.)

*Carex cylindrica*.

*Anemone Pennsylvanica* (Pennsylvanian Anemone.)

*Claytonia Caroliniana* (Spring beauty, Mayflower of the Loyalists.)

*Conosilenum Canadense*.

*Aralia quinquefolia* (Dwarf ginseng.)

*Pogonia verticillata*.

Goodale's remarks on the vegetation of the Aroostook country apply well to the valley of the main St. John river from Eel river to the southern hills, and represent with almost equal fidelity the aspect of the western and central part of the Lower Acadian Plain, where the soil is deep and drainage good. In approaching the Gulf this type of vegetation gives place to a collection of species having a more northerly range. In the valleys of the southern highlands, in King's County, it mingles with the New England



flora prevalent to the south-west, of which several species appear to be rare or wanting along that part of the Lower Acadian Plain facing the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

In concluding this division of the subject, it may be added that our present knowledge of Acadian botany would lead us to suppose that the *Continental* type, besides occupying the southern half of the Plateau of Continental Acadia, also spreads throughout the valley of the St. John and its tributaries, to the heart of the Southern hills, and reappears in the valley of the South-west Miramichi. That the *Boreal* type lies around it to the north-east and to the south-east, as far as the outlet of the St. John river. Here it mingles with the few sub-Arctic species which still hold their ground along this coast, and in like manner flourishes in company with these same species on the low points of land jutting into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The *sub-Arctic* species form, as it were, a fringe to the general vegetation of the country skirting the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy. The occurrence of an Alpine group in the northern highlands seems as yet scarcely established, since, on the highest of those hills, Professor Bailey met with but one species which could be referred to this type, viz., *Vaccinium uliginosum*. The plants of New England are widely spread throughout Acadia, but appear to be more especially prevalent in the south-western counties. Several species, such as the Blue-bell (*Campanula rotundifolia*), and Hemlock (*Abies Canadensis*), are reported by Mr. Fowler as scarce or wanting in many districts along the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the Cedar (*Thuja Occidentalis*) appears to be a rare tree in Nova Scotia, and even entirely wanting in most parts of that Province.

## A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

## CHAPTER IX.

“**Y**E SEE!” said Barney, “It was just this way: I was sittin’ mendin’ my net on the gunwale av the bit coble that was lyin’ half out from the tide, when I see them come ridin’ down wid Mounseer Divvle at the head av’ them, an’ the minnit I clapped eyes an him, says I, “Here’s himself to pay, sure enough, this time anyhow! He’s up to some divilment, I know by the looks av’ him! Well, who cares? An’ if he *be* a roarin’ up an’ down the arth seekin’ whom he may devour, isn’t the *say* left, sure? An’ with that I gin the boat a shove aff, an’ jumped in. Next thing he rides up, rampagin’, an’ says he:

“‘Surrindher, Barney Bralligan! I arrist ye in the Queen’s name.’”

“An’ fwhat for?” says I.

“For the crime o’ murdher,” says he.

“I jist dhrap at the word.”

“Come out o’ that,” roars he, “this minnit, or I’ll put a bullet through yez.”

Thinks I, “It’s betther shootin’ than hangin’ anyway.” So I grips the oar, slid it aisy over the fur side, and gave a hard shove that sent her flyin’ out. An’ if I did, sure enough, he blazes away, but as luck ’ud have it, he didn’t hit me.”

Who’s the murdherer now?” says I, givin’ another shove. “Isn’t it yerself, jist, Mither Divvle, that’s the murdherer from the beginnin’, as the good word says? An’ more nor that, I fling the durty lie back in yer own black troat, where it belongs, for it’s well seen ye’re the father of lies, and there’s Scriptur’ for that too!”

Wi’ that he rips out a sthring o’ Frinch oaths, an’ shakes his fist at me, for I was out av’ range av his popper. Thin, he turns round an’ speaks to the men, an’ I saw one start off, full split, to the village beyant.”

“That’s for another boat, I reckon,” says I.

“An’ then, I sees him jump fram his harse, an’ start for the house ‘to sarch it,’ I heard him say.

“Pullin’ in shore I axes the boys what it wor all about, ‘an’



they ups an' tells me how the Colonel was shot, an' all about yer ride. An' I wor wild wid the grief, an' how at all they'd put it an me. In a minnit or two I sees the Frencher come out again, flourishin' my ould tin cap-box,—ye mind it, Masther Calvert?"

"'There's enough there to hang ye,' says he. Whatever did he mane by it, I dunno, at all, at all?"

Unobservant of the meaning glances interchanged between his three listeners, Barney went on.

"'An' will ye come ashore, or will ye not?' roars he. 'If ye don't, I know a thrick will bring ye!' An' sayin' something to the men, he starts for the cabin again.

"What's he after?" says I, seein' the boys kind o' hang back.

"'It's to put a turf to the thatch!'" says they.

"I backs in my boat in a hurry, for I heard the schrames o' the wife an' childher. But, first thing I saw, there was the Frinchman racin' out like mad, an' Biddy after him, wid the ould rusty baggonet that she has stuck on a broom-handle for a poker, an' it red hot. An' atune whiles, she'd kape givin' him the t'other prod behind,—savin' yer presence, an' wint on tratin' him to the nate-spaches I was tellin' ye av." And at the recollection of his wife's gallantry, the tears stood in the poor fellow's eyes, as he led off the general laugh that greeted the recital.

"Well done, Biddy!" cried Harvey. "But let us hear the upshot, Barney."

"Well, ye see, Sir," resumed he, "the Frinchman jumps on his harse in a hurry, an' dhraws his pistol and levels it at her, an' even the men round cried 'shame!' whilst I yelled wid the tirror.

"'Hould back, thin, ye ould faggot!' says he, 'or I'll shoot ye.'

"'The Divil thank ye!' says Biddy, noways daunted: 'It's yer thrade, ye murdherin' villain,' and wid that she let's dhrive at the harse, and it rairs an' runs for half a mile afore it 'ud shtop.

"'More power to yer elbow! Mrs. Bralligan,' says the rest ov them, laughin', an' rode away.

"But that minnit I spies a boat comin' round the point, an' I takes to my oars, an' Biddy she schrames the blissins after me. A tough pull it was I had for my life afore I got into the Dog's Mouth anunder here! But there's none o' them all daur folly me there, for it takes a quick eye an' a sure stroke to tap the wave that'll land ye safe over the grinnin' teeth that 'ud tear yer boat

like a wet rag, if ye gave but wan scrape in the by-goin'. There's few knows the thrick av it like me: an' none knows the road I tuk to get up here but them that's sworn nivr to let mortal know. Mind yez don't let out about that stone slab though."

With this caution Barney concluded his narrative.

"Now Barney," said the American, "I have something to ask you. Everything depends on your answer,—your own innocence and the discovery of the guilty party. You spoke of Delaval's shewing a tin-box."

"Throth did he! An' said that was enough to hang me."

"Just so. Where did he say he found it?"

"In the cabin, sure."

"Was the lid with it?"

"Sartin'! But throth I didn't give a look."

"No. The lid was not with it. The lid was found where the murderer was in hiding, found in the brush behind the boulder by Calvert when he charged up the hill—found and hid at the peril of his own life, because he knew it belonged to his friend. Would you know it?"

And at a sign Calvert drew it from his bosom, and held it out.

Dumb, and pallid as a corpse, with the sweat-drops of agony on his brow, and the grey eyes distended in horror, Barney glared at the damning proof of his guilt.

"That lid was not left there by you, however; neither was the box it fits found in your dwelling. That is all a cunning pretence. Calvert saw a concealed hand fling it to Delaval, as he started on his mission to arrest you. Who got hold of it, and employed it as a blind to throw suspicion on you? That is the question."

"Augh! the murdherin' villains! an' they'd swear away a poor boy's life that-a-way!" ejaculated the bewildered Irishman.

"But, Barney, remember," continued Harvey: "Did you lend the box to any one of late?"

"Sure an' I nivr linds it. The bla'gards has stole it, whoever they were, on purpose to rinate me!"

"Calvert tells me you had an alarm this morning with some ruffian lurking about."

"Tare-an-ages! an' is it yon *omadhaun* that's in it?"

"Calvert swears it is the very same that tossed the box to Delaval:—he chased, and all but captured the villain. You didn't make out who he was this morning, did you?"



"No; the spalpeen! He ran too fast. I thought for a minnit I had seen the gallows face av him somewheres afore; but I couldn't be sure."

"Describe him, Calvert; perhaps that will help Barney to the clue."

As nearly as he could remember, the young man gave the description, and Barney sat with his hands run through his grizzling hair, and his elbows supported on his knees, trying vainly to fit the sketch to some one or other of his acquaintance whom he judged capable of such a deed.

Suddenly a voice rang out in the gathering darkness:

"Yield! I arrest you in the Queen's name!"

## CHAPTER X.

"WHO goes there?" cried Calvert, leaping up and drawing his revolver, but it was dashed out of his hands before he could see a foe, and a strong gripe withheld him whilst a desperate struggle went on before his eyes.

Barney formed the centre of a tumultuous group. Though his collar was grasped by two powerful men, he was far from considering himself arrested.

First, however, he had commenced parleying. At the words, "I arrest you in the Queen's name," pronounced in both his ears at once by his two captors, he had answered:

"Arrist me, is it? An' what for?"

"No nonsense! You know well enough. You had better come along quietly," was the reply.

"Nivir a ha'porth av me knows what ye mane," said Barney, casting a glance right and left on his two guardians, as if measuring the chances of resistance.

Whilst speaking, his hand had been feeling in his bosom. Suddenly the gleam of a knife was seen, and death would have followed, swift as the thunder-clap follows the lightning flash, if one of his two captors had not seen and anticipated the stroke by seizing the uplifted arm with both hands.

Though foiled in this, he had small thought of yielding, nevertheless. Summoning up all the force that a determined will can lend in a moment of extremity, he broke loose from the double

grasp, and with a bound stood defiantly flourishing his weapon in the midst of his foes. A dozen bludgeons were lifted, and he would doubtless have fallen like a bull under the butcher's cleaver had not a voice cried:

"Alive! Take him alive!"

Feeling they were fighting under the eye of their leader, the police-agents rushed altogether on their prisoner.

For an instant there was a frightful *mêlée*. One man stood fighting in the midst of a dozen; then he fell on one knee; then in the midst of his captors.

The American, by no means an uninterested spectator, now stepped forward, and repeated with emphasis Barney's question:

"On what ground is this man arrested?"

"For the attempted murder of Colonel Ansdell then, if you wish to know," said a voice in the background.

"*Attimpted* murder! It's not *finished* it was thin," broke in the irrepressible Barney. "Sure an' the Colonel is much beholden to yez for lettin' him aff so aisy, Mounseer Divvle. But indade an' indade an' was it the Colonel's silf that sint yez afther me?"

"Of course it was," replied the former voice.

"That's a lie and you know it, Delaval!" shouted Calvert indignantly. "My father is opposed, as you very well know, to any proceedings against this man."

"The son is opposed, at all events, it seems," was the rejoinder.

"Gentlemen, this matter is a grave one," said Harvey, addressing himself for the second time to the intruders. "I oppose myself formally to any further proceedings until a legal warrant be shewn."

"And who are you?" said Delaval, stepping forward.

"I am an American citizen, Sir."

"By name Harvey, and resident for the present at the Queen's Arms' Hotel?"

"Just so."

"Then you, Harvey, confessedly an alien, and by common report styled General of the Fenian organization, stand chargeable with the guilt of inciting to sedition Her Majesty's liege subjects. I myself assume the responsibility of this person's arrest. Gentlemen," said the Frenchman, turning to the *posse* surrounding him, "Gentlemen, do your duty."

"Beware how you lay a finger on me, lightly. The first motion



and I fire," said Harvey, drawing up his lengthy form and steadily covering Delaval with his revolver.

Though the Frenchman's was also levelled, yet, so determined was this new antagonist's aspect, that the former, without lowering his weapon, motioned with his other hand to the men to fall back.

"It is madness to resist," said he, with set teeth.

"I shall no longer resist when satisfied that your proceedings are legal. Produce your warrant for my arrest," rejoined Harvey, still with the fire-arm extended.

"That is not necessary in a case of suspected treason. In such case, by English law a formal warrant may be dispensed with, and is so now. Again I summon you to surrender," said the Frenchman, furiously.

"That stale trick will not avail you here, Sir," said Harvey, calm and contemptuous. "I recognize no British law, even if this were law, as authority in the case of an American citizen. I claim the protection of the nearest United States Consul. So now, touch me at your peril. Meanwhile, with respect to this poor man, Can you shew any warrant against him?"

With a bow, Delaval, now considerably sobered, lowered his weapon, and produced the document in question.

After a careful inspection, "All seems perfectly regular, with one slight exception," said Harvey, handing it back: "The instrument purports to be issued by Colonel Ansdell as magistrate, but only through yourself as claiming to be his acting deputy, and only on the ground of information sworn before *you*. Now who are *you*? And on what ground do you assume to act in his name?"

"That you and your tools will soon discover to your cost," replied the Frenchman, irritated at the last taunting remark.

"I insist upon it. Until you produce your commission, that warrant has no legal value whatever," said Harvey.

Apprehensive that after all his prey might escape him, Delaval broke in roughly:

"We have no time to waste on these refinements, Sir. The man is an all but convicted felon, and with or without warrant, it is the duty of every honest man to make sure that he shall not escape justice. As to yourself, you are simply under detention for the moment, pending investigation. Ample opportunity and all legal means for clearing yourself will be afforded you. Whilst

under surveillance you will not be treated as a prisoner. Comfortable apartments will be provided you at the Hall, and Mademoiselle, your sister, I trust, will not consider it an indignity to be invited to form one of the household until these painful complications be unravelled!" A graceful inclination to the maiden pointed the last part of this speech.

"I shall certainly not leave my brother," was her quiet rejoinder, whilst Harvey simply answered :

"You may use your pleasure, Sir, and take the consequences. I only yield to force. Whilst I do not fear investigation, I reiterate my protest against your whole procedure as illegal."

"You're a precious scoundrel, Delaval," said Calvert, burning with rage at the turn affairs had taken, "to use my father's name as stalking-horse for your rascally doings. But I'll put the Governor up to your tricks, never fear!"

"You will have enough to do, young man, to explain away your own connection with this murderous assassin and his instigators," said Delaval. "If I refrain from clapping the irons on you it is only through respect for your father."

A sudden dash forward and a buffet on the cheek of the insulter marked the youth's resentment.

The Frenchman turned livid, and was aiming a blow at the temple of the unarmed youth, when his wrist was caught in the strong grasp of the sergeant commanding the little troop that had accompanied the constabulary.

"Come, come! Fair play's a jewel!" said the fine fellow. "So long as you have paper to shew for it, all right! But I don't see no warrant for either insulting or using force against this here young chap."

"Never mind. This shall cost you dear!" said Delaval in hissing French, and he turned away with a dark scowl.

"Threatened men live long, my amiable cousin!" retorted Calvert, and forthwith went in search of his beast, which all this while had been contentedly grazing around the old courtyard.

The animal was speedily secured, and being offered by him for the accommodation of the young lady, was by her gratefully accepted.

The youth seized the rein; but ere they left the enclosure they both turned, as by a simultaneous impulse, and cast a long, eager gaze over this, the scene of their first meeting.



The fair moonlight was silvering the old ruins, and sweeping broad shadows from the ivy-mantled walls, and a network of rich tracery from the ornate oriel over the green sward; her shining sickle seemed to have swept up the diffused light of the heavens into one broad swath of glory, which stretched from the silver thread marking the horizon down to where the long Atlantic swell struck against the rocks beneath, with a heavy measured boom like minute guns at sea!

After a long survey of the bewitching scene, the eyes of the youth and the maiden met, and each read in the gaze of the other that this recollection was to be a marked page in the record of their lives' memories, one to be pored over in joy and in sorrow, to be reverently cherished henceforth as the most sacred *souvenir* of their youth.

Candid, pure, trustful, mutually admiring, the blue eyes gazed lovingly into one another's depths, and the pressure of the linked palms tacitly ratified the compact that henceforth, through all coming time, their lives were indissolubly bound up together!

And the silent stars, like attendant spirits, and the still, calm moon, like the eye of the Eternal, served as sole witnesses of the solemn contract. No blush of consciousness, no tremor of passion served to mar the sanctity of that first soul-betrothal, where spirit, meeting spirit, recognised its affinity.

The earthly and the sensual have small space in those ethereal ecstasies that kind Heaven sends the innocent alone!

\* \* \* \* \*

A shrill bugle-blast sounding "the boot and saddle" for the troop, loud at first and then re-echoed faint and far from the heights and headlands around, and the clanking of the men's military accoutrements as they wound down the steep causeway, warned the young couple to hasten their departure.

They had passed the old gateway, and the youth, after cautioning the maiden against being flurried at leaping the narrow chasm before them, had flung her the reins, when a shriek of agony and a hubbub of voices raised in alarm, told of some dreadful catastrophe ahead.

One glimpse of a falling figure, with wild face turned up to the sky, and two clasped hands flung aloft that the flash of the moon-beam shewed were manacled, revealed the too probable fate of poor Barney!

By accident (or was it possibly by design?) their hapless friend had tripped his foot, at the instant his guards on either hand had made the spring, and after vainly struggling a moment, had fallen down the black abyss!

Now in all probability he lay a mangled mass in some crevice of the rocks, or had been sucked in by the lashing swirl of the waves that they could hear sobbing and gurgling far below.

A few snap-shots fired by the men as they peered downwards, only brought out into more terrible relief the jagged protuberances that lined the horrid pit of darkness that had just swallowed up a life.

The men were evidently sick of their work. As they, one after another, gave over the hopeless search, their blanched faces, and the sweat-drops starting on their brows, told that conscience accused them of having assisted at a judicial murder.

Poignant regrets, and keen emotions of any sort, in the vulgar mind soon assume the form of anger. And so, as they gathered around their unprincipled leader, many were the threatening glances, and many the muttered curses, momentarily growing louder and deeper, that were levelled at him.

With an air of bravado, Delaval tried to face them down, and drawing forth his purse, flung it among them, saying:

“The fool has saved us the price of a halter. Go and drink confusion to all Fenian rebels and cut-throats.”

A general groan of execration greeted the unfeeling speech, and one of the police advanced, crying:

“Don’t touch it, boys; it’s the price of blood. It’s blasted wid Heaven’s curse and burnin’ wid the fires of hell. Away wid it!” and with a powerful kick he sent the proffered gold flying down the gulf.

So great was the excitement of the men, that had not Delaval prudently retired behind the soldiery, he himself might have shared the same fate.

As it was, a storm of imprecations burst forth against him, and then by ones and twos the constabulary dispersed, leaving the military detachment alone in charge of the captured party.

(To be continued.)



## DOMINION BALLADS—No. 2.

## I.

## ST. EUSTACHE.

“JEAN-BAPTISTE, go not to the war;  
 What booteth it to such as thee?  
 No matter what these troubles are,  
 They've nought to do with you and me.  
 You have your little woodland farm  
 That grows us both of wheat and rye;  
 You have your axe and strong right arm,  
 And those you love,—your Jeanne and I.

“Think of the time,—so quick to pass,—  
 When I, a little maid, like Jeanne,  
 Oft thought the gayest dancer was  
 My Jean-Battiste upon the green:  
 Since then, my friend, this peaceful cot  
 Hath been my happy home with you,  
 Where proud I've been to share your lot,—  
 Think twice, dear Jean, what is 't you do.”

“Mon pere,” cried Janette, “do remain,  
 I'll be so very kind and good,—  
 Who would we have to thrash the grain,  
 And plough our land, and chop the wood,  
 And go with us to church and fair,  
 And drive our sleigh when comes the snow?  
 If bad men fight, what need you care?  
 O do not from our mother go!”

Jean slowly stepped towards the wall  
 And took his long, light fusil down,  
 “Tush! Margôt, tush! 't is honor's call,  
 And I must muster at the town:  
 To guard you well and work the farm,  
 I wish our Jeanne had been a boy;  
 But tyrants rage, and Frenchmen arm,  
 And I must go,—I, too, Leroy.”

He went ; and on the battle ground  
 For what he fought he knew not well,  
 Yet fought,—until a bullet found  
 Its billet, and Jean-Baptiste fell.  
 His fate each kind heart must deplore,  
 Unlettered, brave, misguided, rash,  
 For poor Veuve Margôt mourneth sore  
 The fight in the mill at St. Eustache.

## II.

## AFTER ST. EUSTACHE.

THE curé in his easy chair  
 Felt it was time to take his ease,  
 For past the hour of evening prayer,  
 A ponderous tome was on his knees,—  
 Thomas Aquinas,—rather tough  
 He found the Father's labored strain,  
 But as—helped by a pinch of snuff—  
 He caught the tangled clue again  
 To doctrine of original sin,—  
 His ancient housekeeper came in.

“Two strangers, travelling o'er the plain,  
 Are standing at the gate, alone,  
 Amid the heavy-falling rain,  
 And tired they seem and woe-begone.”  
 “Admit them straight, Bettine!” said he,  
 “Heap on the maple billets higher ;  
 On night like this, whoe'er they be,  
 They're welcome to my study fire,—  
 Who would refuse a bed and bone  
 Must surely have a heart of stone.”

Two weary men came dripping in  
 And gladly took the proffered seat,  
 For soiled their garments were, and thin  
 The shoes half worn from off their feet.  
 When Bettine spread the frugal fare,  
 Near famished, too, they must have been,



So quick they swept their trenchers bare :

Then, much improved in look and mien,  
They thanked their host in courtly phrase,  
And sat and warmed them by the blaze.

The curé was a worthy soul,

Yet loved a little gossip well ;  
So to his guests he made parole :

“As you are travellers, can you tell  
How go affairs? I fear but ill,—

Indeed have heard some men below  
Are out in arms, and march and drill,

But Heaven grant it be not so !  
Sad, sad to think how wicked men  
Can mischief work by tongue and pen !”

“Doctor,” said one, “do you relate,—  
I have no heart to tell the tale.”

He they called Doctor said : “Too late !

The soldiers everywhere prevail ;  
The patriots bravely stood in arms ;  
The half are ta'en, the rest are dead ;

The troops are ravaging the farms ;  
The widowed wives and children fled ;—

Too true ! and, all that need be said,  
The canton is in ashes laid.”

“Just Heaven, forgive !” the curé cried,

“Those men who led these people on !

Would that the only one who died  
Were Papineau, that master one,—

A price is on his head even now ;  
On him this bloodshed rests alone.”

One of the guests, with troubled brow,  
Said gloomily in broken tone,

“You would be less hard if you knew :  
I am that Joseph Papineau.”

“Unhappy man !”—a gathering tear,  
Bedimmed the curé's honest eye,—

“Be safe with me this night, but hear,  
Even by the mouth of such as I,

The solemn truth: On you the guilt!—  
 Heaven save me if I judge you wrong,—  
 Too much blood is already spilt;  
 You suffer and had needs be strong,  
 So take some rest, whate'er betide,  
 And e'er day dawns I'll be your guide."

Next evening fell ere old Bettine  
 Saw the good priest come down the way,  
 Who to her questions said "he'd been  
 Engaged in duty all the day."  
 When once more in his easy chair,  
 With good St. Thomas on his knee,  
 His face wore quite a pleasant air,  
 And he would smile benignantly;  
 For both his guests, as I divine,  
 Were safe beyond the British line.

HUNTER DUVAR.

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## FACTS IN THE CASE OF THE GREAT MORIARTY ESTATE.

WRITTEN FROM ORIGINAL PAPERS BY THE ESTATE SOLICITOR.

WHEN my too ambitious parents made a solicitor of me, little did they think of the trouble they were entailing on the Hope of the House, or of the steepness and crowded state of the ladder, on the lowest rung of which they so proudly placed me. Visions of a Judgeship floated before their eyes, and the path to the Paradise of the Bench was strewn with bulky briefs, and crowded with importunate clients. How I survived my four years of honest study I hardly know. Perhaps the tobacco that shut out the vision of the money-demanding world, and the whiskey in moderation that moistened the dryness of the statutes, may have been the means of preserving for mankind a life that but for them might have terminated in a fit of the blues; but which is destined, perhaps, if not to add to the lustre of the Bench, at least to give dignity to the place of the crier.



Up to this time the briefs have not been either bulky or numerous, and clients have not, I may add, jostled one another in their struggle to reach my chambers. My friends in other lines of business have passed me on the road, some of them in their carriages, others on swifter feet and with more pushing shoulders. Brown, whose Latin I corrected at school, and whose English themes were mainly of my composition, now revels in the elevating pastime of groceries, lives in a stone house, and pities my professional impecuniosity. Smith has "turned his attention to coals" in a manner that promises him a speedy fortune now that coal stock is rising in the market. I, in the meantime, am wasting years in waiting for clients who do not come, and for a success to which, perhaps, I shall never attain.

But I have not been altogether without clients, as the following veracious history, taken from "original documents now in my possession," will testify.

Deborah Moriarty, *nee* O'Hoolihan, died suddenly on the blank day of the blank month, at Blanktown, in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Blank-ty One, intestate.

If that had been all that had happened, this history would never have been written. Deborah would have been dumped into her grave after a hearty and hilarious "wake," and the family solicitor, meaning me, would never have made out of the transaction the sum of seven pounds three and fourpence halfpenny, sterling money of Great Britain, besides collecting the materials for this veracious story. As a matter of fact, the descent of Deborah into the shades caused the rising up of a host of evil spirits. No sooner was her breath out of her body than her "frinds" took possession of the corpse, of the corpse's rooms, and the corpse's general belongings. One female "frind" undertook to "lay out" the poor craythure, and took possession of the poor craythure's clothes. Another bound herself benevolently to look after the "little things," meaning the business affairs of the deceased, who had kept a little shop in a poor quarter of the town. In the process of looking after these "little things," a wonder came to light. First, it was whispered in corners of houses; then it was mooted at corners of streets; then it began to be a regular topic of conversation in the quarter; the utmost excitement, in fine, prevailed over the startling fact that Deborah Moriarty had left a  
BANK BOOK!!

It was a hundred pounds! It was a thousand pounds!! It was a fortune for all her relations!!! The excitement grew so great that the chief creditor of the deceased, a merchant of standing, stepped in, and the landlord, an Alderman, took out administration. I was retained in the affairs of the "Estate." That Deborah should have had a bank book, and that Deborah should have an "estate," were two such remarkable things that the neighbourhood did not recover from the shock for a month. Every old woman who kept a shop became the object of popular adulation. Several elderly women set up shops instantly. And it was the dream of every little girl in the ward, as she knelt with her hands in the scrubbing tub, that she would be an old woman and keep a shop, and die leaving an estate to perpetuate her memory forever.

As soon as the necessary advertisements appeared, the claims upon the "estate" of Deborah were sent in. For a poor old woman with money in the Bank, it was wonderful how deeply in debt she was. For a poor old woman who had never had the reputation of having money in the Bank, it was wonderful how people had trusted her. For a poor old woman with a rather vixenish temper, it was wonderful what a "power" of nursing she had got. For a poor old woman who had no backing up at all in a financial way, it was wonderful how many people had lent her cash without any acknowledgment.

When we gathered in the bills against Deborah's estate, we found that her baker had a long account against her; that several of her female "frinds" had been retained to nurse her for ever so long at so much per week,—they all swore to it solemnly; that all her nurses had lent her cash in sums of four or five dollars at a time; that she had "promised to pay" her boarders for splitting up kindling wood; and, in fine, that a man who had never been known to do anything o' nights but hang round Deborah's store, had a large bill against her for "helping her in the shop."

But that wasn't all. As soon as it became known that Deborah Moriarty had died intestate, leaving an estate, every Moriarty in the city discovered that he or she was a cousin or half-brother, an uncle or a "frind" who had lent her cash. The rumor spread wider and wider. The Moriartys in this country, with diabolically litigious propensities, communicated with the Moriartys in the old country. The truth of the matter was not, as a matter of course, strictly adhered to; and the fortune that had been left in



America by Deborah Moriarty became the talk of every village in which a single Moriarty resided, and of every city in which the Moriartys had congregated.

Does the reader remember Thackeray's little essay in the Cornhill on "Thorns in the Cushion," and how pathetically he bewailed the postman that brought him so many letters? Well, there were thorns in my legal cushion too. All the Moriartys wrote out to me:

Brothers, sisters, uncles, cousins,  
Moriartys by the dozens,  
Grave old plodders and gay young friskers,

all poured out their gushing tenderness on the man who was supposed to have the wealth of the "Injies" left by Deborah in his hands for distribution. Some of them had got the story in an awfully twisted shape, and wrote to me for information. Some dropped private little letters full of rascality and flattery, desiring to be preferred in the distribution. Others got up meetings of the tribe; and, like the heirs of Anneke Jans, raised subscriptions, and appointed agents to negotiate the distribution of the great fortune of the defunct Deborah. Sim Moriarty wrote that he was informed that a man named Moriarty had died in our city, leaving a great fortune to his brother, and as he "onct" had a brother whose name was Moriarty, and who went to America, there was no doubt he was the same party that died, and he hoped I would send him the money. Thade Moriarty, Mike Moriarty, Tom Moriarty, Kate and Bridget and Maggie Moriarty all wrote to me, telling me of the relations they had in America, and requesting me to send them the money that had been left to them by the return of the mail. Every post from England brought me a file of letters from pestilent Moriartys. The postman grinned as he staggered playfully (like those facetious Eastern slaves that stagger woefully under the pretended gifts that guests *should* have brought to their masters) coming in with "another" batch of letters from those incendiary Moriartys. My sleep was disturbed by visions of armed factions of Moriartys, with double-barreled, breech-loading shillelahs. My very prayers were distracted by those blasphemous Moriartys; and when I invoked, after a fashion I had learned from a pious grandmother, "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John," to "bless the bed that I lay on," I did so with a hideous desire to grin, for I couldn't help associating even the

blessed saints with those maledictory Moriartys. And to complete my disgust with the case and the family and the estate, an event now occurred which for insolent audacity I have never seen surpassed. Up to this time the chief human characteristics that had been exhibited by the "claimants" of the estate were greed, falsehood, meanness, malice; but at last a fellow bearing the family name appeared with a letter from the deceased Deborah, written freshly on new fashioned paper, though Deborah had been dead now nearly two years, and acknowledging her indebtedness to him, this blackguard Moriarty, in the sum of five hundred pounds or thereabouts. Thus forgery came in to crown the edifice of evil which the estate had reared. At this period we, that is the administrator and myself, concluded to hasten on the settlement of Deborah's "estate" in the Probate Court. An account was submitted, vouchers were examined, and the Judge of Probates approved of our dealings. And in order to give the reader a better idea of the value of this remarkable estate, and of the howl of disappointment there was in all Moriarty-dom, I submit a copy of the circular I addressed to the chief correspondents among that nation at the conclusion of the business:

SIR (or MADAM.)

Your frequent communications on the subject of the Moriarty estate have been neglected till now. I have the honor to inform you that the estate has at length been passed upon; and your share amounts to—nothing. In fact, you will be surprised, perhaps, to learn that the deceased had been for ten years or more a widow; that her family name was O'Hoolihan; and that the proper relations of the deceased have been paid their shares out of the estate, amounting, each share, to the sum of fifteen dollars and forty-seven cents. Hoping that this will be satisfactory to you, I remain,

Yours, &c.,

PHILIP FIRMIN, *Solicitor.*

This concluded my dealings with the great estate of the Moriartys. Since that time I have had and seen a good deal of litigation of one kind and another, but never a case that afforded me so fine an opportunity of currying favor with the anti-legal parties who quote scripture against going to law. There is a passage in the Golden Legend, the exact words of which I do not at this moment remember; but which includes the idea that a priest who has passed years in the confessional cannot have any



faith in human virtue. Surely a lawyer's case is as bad. He deals with the bad side of human nature. He comes constantly into contact with meanness and malice, with falsehoods, with deceit, with petty trickery, with forgery, with perjury, with all "the passions that make earth hell;" and often he has to labor for men who are influenced by all evil feelings, and to give them his time and his brains.

All that is bad enough to be sure; but it is worse to have to think, as many do think, that much of all these evils might be prevented by the profession which is afflicted by them. Yet no attempt seems to be made to prevent the evil operation of evil passions. How much malice is encouraged by lawyers! How much meanness is supported by lawyers! How much petty trickery is developed by lawyers! How much forgery is concealed by lawyers! How much perjury (and this is a serious matter, gentlemen) is suborned by lawyers! These are questions that might have a little discussion; and if I can provoke the partial ventilation of the condition of a profession that is socially on the decline, for the chief reason that it is also professionally on the decline, it will be to some purpose that the story of the facts in the case of the Moriarty estate has been told so boldly, but not, it is to be hoped, so uninterestingly, by

PHILIP FIRMAN.

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PHILIP BLAIR;

OR,

School Days in the Dominion.

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

CHAPTER IV.

THE clocks of Winder were solemnly booming out the hour of nine when the volunteers, dusty and travel-stained, passed through on their way to the camping ground situated just outside the town.

Our youthful adventurers, feeling very tired and looking quite as sleepy, trudged along wearily. Phil's opinion in reference to the fun of walking fifteen miles had undergone a very material

change; in fact he had become a willing convert to his companion's view of the matter. But it was, as McLeod said, looking exceedingly disgusted, "after you had lugged a fellow all the way here to find that out."

"Well;" replied Phil philosophically, "we're here, so it's no use to grumble."

"Does your aunt live near here?" asked McLeod anxiously; "I am awful tired."

"So am I, and hungry."

"Well then, let us go. We can go over to the camp to-morrow."

"It's too far," objected Phil. "She lives away across in the other side of the town; besides, it's too late now; I'm going over to the camp. Come on!"

"Look here;" exclaimed McLeod indignantly, abruptly halting before a shop window, the light from which streamed over the two boys, "you have just been cramming me about having relations here;" and he looked steadfastly at Phil. "It's just like you though. I ought to know you by this time; I'll find a place to stay;" and he turned and strode away.

"See here, Cloudy;" said Phil, hastening after him, and laying his hands on his companion's arm, "it's no use having a row here; you can believe me or not, but I won't go there to-night. Come along over to the camp! I'll risk finding a place to sleep; come on;" slipping his hand into his companion's arm.

McLeod suffered himself to be led along, grumbling at being used so shabbily, Phil wisely not replying, fearing another hitch.

They had proceeded this way for some time when, by mere good fortune, they came upon the camping-ground. Having been so intent upon their differences as to have allowed the company to pass completely out of sight, they were hunting for the place from very general directions obtained from a person they had met just on the verge of the town.

"We're all right now;" exclaimed Phil, turning aside to climb a fence that separated the muster-ground from the road. "See the tents, what a slew!"

"Are we all right though;" grunted McLeod, incredulously, as he followed Phil. "I won't be all right till I'm asleep. I wonder where the company is?"

"It's no use to try and find that now," said Phil. "Just look



at the tents; we might hunt all night and then not find it. Let us turn in the first good chance."

"I *would* like to punch your head;" said McLeod suddenly, after they had been walking for some time in silence.

"Would you?" Phil replied grimly.

"Yes I would, for lugging a fellow about."

"Well what did you want to go for first? I wouldn't have thought of it only for you; so stop your growling. Here is a bully place," he continued, stopping before a huge pile of hay that was stacked beside a large tent, which they afterwards discovered to be the commissariat.

McLeod walked around, eyeing it contemptuously. He was not in a mood to be satisfied with anything. "Well," he said at last with a grin, "if that is one of your aunt's beds it's big enough; but I s'pose it will do. Good night Mrs., what's your aunt's name, Phil?" and he bowed very politely to a cow that was tethered a short distance off. "She looks uncommonly like you Phil, or I mean you look like her, only younger."

"O stop your rubbish. I thought you were sleepy." The night was beautifully clear and warm, and the two boys slept in their bed of fragrant new mown hay as quietly and soundly as if at home, their true boyish hearts not having a care to disturb their slumbers.

But while they were sleeping on peacefully there under the stars, it was anything but peace in their homes in Croasdale. Mrs. Blair had not seen Phil since morning; dinner time came and passed and no Philip, but that was not unusual, he might be with his friends; tea time, and not home yet, but still she did not feel alarmed; but as the sun went down and the shadows of night deepened around, she almost unconsciously went to the door for every passing sound, hoping, yet hardly believing it was her boy. The great clock across the way tolled out the hour of nine, when he was always home unless by special permission. Its deep tones struck on her ear like a knell, and involuntarily she shuddered, as she hastened to the door to look anxiously out into the darkness. Oh! she murmured, if Horace would only come; her prayer was answered, as a strong, steady step resounded along the sidewalk, stopped at the gate, and then turned in.

She did not wait for him to come to the door, but met him in the path.

"Well, what is the matter, Sis?" he asked, using the old pet name, as he observed the voice tremble when she spoke.

She told him all her trouble.

"You must not fret about it," he replied, "the boy is safe enough, he has been off somewhere and is late getting back, that is all; trust him for taking care of himself." All this was asserted in a thoroughly confident tone, nevertheless he had doubts, and very serious ones, as to Phil's whereabouts; but he did not allow them to become apparent, or at least did not wish to. "He is so infernally mischievous, hard to say where he has gone," he thought; and unconsciously the thoughts shaped themselves into words.

"What did you say?" she asked eagerly, after he ceased thinking aloud.

"That he would take care of himself."

"No, no, not that, but the last words," and she looked anxiously into his face; they were standing in the hall now under the lamp.

"Did I say anything more?" he asked, looking embarrassed, half suspecting that he had committed himself.

"Yes, yes, you muttered something, but I could not catch the words."

"Oh, it was nothing, at least I can't remember saying anything else."

This was strictly the truth, but only half of it; he was a lawyer and used the article sparingly, on the principle, I presume, that it was too valuable a commodity to use indiscriminately; and then the circumstances justified a "*suppressio veri*," he thought.

But this only half satisfied her, and she looked it. "Alice, go in and sit down or lie down, all this is folly; to allow a few hours absence to upset you," said her brother as he observed a big tear well up beneath the eyelids, and the lips quiver. He spoke kindly but firmly, and, opening the sitting room door, led her in.

"There, Grandma," he said cheerfully, "look after this girl, or she will make herself sick about that—scapegrace."

The old lady who was sitting up straight as a rush sewing, raised her eyes. "Not the least necessity for it," she replied, crisply; "Philip can take care of himself anywhere; he is a real little man," (proudly.) "I shall not allow *myself* to fret, even if he is out all night."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Mr. Morel, feeling the contagious influence of the old lady's bright convictions. Mrs. Blair for a time sat



quietly, her brother leaving them to discover if possible any tidings of the runaway.

"Curse that boy," he muttered, as he stepped out into the night, "if any thing has happened it will kill her." This was a strong expression, but she was his only, his pet sister, and when she had needless trouble inflicted on her, it angered him almost beyond endurance.

She sat in her room after all were asleep waiting hour after hour, each adding to the agony of suspense. The little ray of hope still flickered on,—but oh! so dimly,—until a neighbor, more kind than prudent, brought the news that a boat on the river, belonging to her brother, was gone from its moorings, and had been found bottom up on the shore near the bridge; then it went out altogether, and with it the proud hopes she had fondly entertained for his future. The air-castles built, of which he was the hero,—these thoughts and their kindred clustered around her like a panorama of the future that was to have been; and as the night wore on, there she sat, till the grey dawn came flickering between the openings in the curtains, falling upon a face that looked as if time had drawn a veil over all hope, and fixed it there forever. Her heart was too full for utterance; but when Regy came in to receive his morning kiss and ask for his brother, she caught him in her arms and sobbed pitifully. The little fellow turned his wondering blue eyes to his mother's, and with childish instinct tried to comfort her by nestling closer.

Mr. Morel did not come in until nearly eight o'clock, deferring his visit until he had heard something definite to communicate. He had heard about the boat; this looked as bad as it well could. However, a dozen other causes might have brought that about; but he did not for an instant suspect that his sister knew of this circumstance. He was on his way down to the river to verify the rumor, when, by the merest accident, he discovered that his nephew had left town in company with the volunteers the afternoon previous. Without losing any time he at once hastened to his sister's with the good news.

He was shocked beyond measure when he saw the effect of the night's vigil on her face. As he entered alone she looked up sadly.

"Was any one here during the night," he asked, half suspecting the cause of the wan face.

"Yes, Horace," she said in a hopeless tone. "I know I try to hope, but it is very hard."

"You foolish girl," he said, laying his hand tenderly upon her shoulder! "Philip is safe enough; he went away to Winder with the volunteers yesterday afternoon, he and Willie McLeod. A precious pair of scamps! Mrs. McLeod was nearly as bad as yourself, but then he is the only child she has; I sent her word at once. Only heard it about ten minutes ago."

The return to hope almost proved too much for Mrs. Blair's strength; but after the first shock she rapidly recovered something of her former spirits.

"Mr. Corbel was in about an hour since and told me of the accident to the boat."

"Mr. Corbel," growled her brother, "is an old—" here his voice became indistinct, but I am inclined to think his language was strong, very strong, in reference to that old gentleman, who would hardly have felt flattered had he heard all that was said.

When Mr. Morel had recovered his usual voice, he was saying that "some men were old women." Whether this Hibernicism was strictly in accordance with his convictions, or only a metaphor, I will not endeavor to decide, but that he thought that Mr. Corbel was not very wise we may safely infer.

"He only did it out of kindness," returned his sister. "The news you have brought is so cheering, I have not the heart to find fault with him."

"That is all very well; but to think of what you have suffered because people will gossip," returned her brother savagely. "That is something that we cannot expect to enjoy in this world."

Mrs. Blair looked up inquiringly at the last remark, "what is that?"

"The privilege of attending to your own business without the interference of the world. But I must go and dress, and get a bite of breakfast. I want to catch the half-past nine o'clock train,—just an hour," he added, looking at his watch.

"Breakfast will be ready in a few minutes; better wait and get your's with us, or with mother and the children rather, as I must lie down."

"Can't wait; must go to the office a moment before I go; leave me little time enough; good bye; I will send you a telegram when I see him."

Mrs. Blair thoroughly exhausted went to her chamber to get a little sleep if possible.



## CHAPTER V.

THE day broke bright and clear over the encampment at Winder; the white tents that dotted the valley looked like pyramids of snow in the brilliant sunlight; the grass, with beads of dew still glittering on each blade, seemed to have put on its freshest green in honor of the occasion; to the left lay the river, broad and silvery, its placid surface now and then broken into ripples that danced and twinkled like jewels giving back the sunlight from their numberless surfaces, as a gust from the morning breeze swept down the valley.

All along the banks the citizen soldiers were busily intent on their morning ablutions in all variety of costumes, some Adamic in their simplicity. Barely a mile from the camp up the river lay the town with its clean white houses, snug fences, wide streets and spreading trees, showing clear and bold in the pure morning air; while further down the valley nestled a pretty cottage, or trim farmhouse, looking but half awake as the blue smoke curled lazily upwards from its chimneys in the early morning.

The boys were awakened by the roll of the drum beating the *reveille*: springing from their homely beds, bewildered by the strange sights that surrounded them, it was several moments before they fully comprehended their situation; they soon remembered, however, the occurrences of the previous day.

Phil, with a terrific yawn that threatened to dislocate his jaws, announced his intention to have a dip; McLeod agreeing, they at once proceeded to the river. After a refreshing bath in the clear, cool waters, their inner man protested in terms unmistakable against fasting any longer.

"Let us find Tom Delwyn," suggested McLeod; "he'll get us something to eat. Don't you know what he said, hey?" and he looked at Phil, who was standing gazing vaguely out over the river.

"Say!" he continued, impatiently, "are you coming? I am so precious hungry."

"I'd like to know which way to look in such a place as this," replied Phil.

"Ask that volunteer," said his companion.

Phil did so. "The — Guards," replied the volunteer, "let me think. They are from the other county; you will find them over in

that direction," pointing to a hillock that rose to the left of where they stood. "That is the best I can do for you."

"Thank you; come on Phil;" and McLeod started off; "if we can't find them now," he continued, as Phil came up beside him, "I am off for town to get my breakfast; I have money enough for that and to take me back in the cars,—you can stop at your aunt's, you know," he added, maliciously, quite convinced from his silence on the subject that Phil's aunt was a myth. The latter stopped abruptly and was about replying, but thought better of it, and held on his way in silence.

They had gone some distance, looking carefully among the different groups for the familiar faces of the Guards, but without success; their faces lengthened perceptibly, as it became apparent that they would have to tramp into the town to get something eatable, it being yet too early for the huxters. Just on the point of turning back, they were startled by a tremendous "halloo" behind them; turning, they beheld the good natured phiz of their huge friend of the bâton.

"We're all right now," exclaimed Phil, with a broad smile, and giving his companion a suggestive punch in the ribs.

"That is enough of that," remonstrated McLeod, twisting his shoulders, "that hurt."

"Where did you slip off to last night?" inquired the Drum Major. "Go to your aunt's?" looking at Phil.

"No," exclaimed McLeod, "we stayed out all night; slept in a pile of hay; he," nodding his head towards Phil, "was too bashful to go there. He is awful bashful, is Philip Blair; but then sometimes he forgets how to be bashful,—about once a day. He didn't this time though; but I *am* hungry."

Phil flushed angrily. "Look here Cloudy, stop that chaff; I wouldn't have said I had an aunt here, only you were so cowardly about coming." "He asked me to come first," added Phil, turning to the Major, "and then wanted to back out; I'd like to know which is the worst of the two?"

"Stop that row now," interposed the big friend, good-naturedly, as McLeod was opening his mouth to reply, "or I'll bump both your heads. You want something to eat; if you get that you will be better natured; come with me." And he stalked away, the two boys following obediently, the prospect of a good breakfast proving too much for their belligerent inclination.



They threaded their way among tents innumerable, and past groups of men and officers. Fires were blazing up brightly from the rude fireplaces improvised hastily, the savory odors of cooking meals filling the air.

"Come in boys," said their conductor, stopping before one of the tents that was quite empty.

"Our men breakfasted early," he explained; "some of the fellows wished to have a shot at the plover before parade; I think we will be able to find something eatable. However, if there is nothing left we must get some; you see I am cook to-day; being only an ornament, they won't require my services before Saturday, when the swells and ladies put in an appearance."

The boys looked their thanks, as he placed before them on the rude table (two boards on two barrels) biscuits and butter, cold meat and coffee, with a liberal slice of cold tongue for each from his private stores. They breakfasted as only boys can who are thoroughly hungry.

The Drum Major eyed them quizzically as they sat back after their superhuman efforts, looking as comfortable and contented as two amateur aldermen.

"If you two were as big as I am, and with such appetites, phew!"

"But we haven't had anything to eat since yesterday afternoon until now," replied Phil, flushing, "but if you think—"

"There now," interrupted their host, "don't lose your temper; I am only pleased to think that you did not have to go without longer."

"We were just going to town to buy some," replied Phil in an independent tone,—he had eaten enough to last all day and he did not care a rap,—"wasn't we Cloudy?"

Cloudy, thus appealed to, nodded his head knowingly, "I guess so, got lots of money, besides our aunt."

The huge friend looked amused. "I'll tell you a story, boys, and I want you to listen attentively, as there is a moral. It's only a short one: 'Last winter,—it was the latter part of December,—I was taking a constitutional on the back road. You know where I mean?'"

"I should think so," chorussed the boys.

"Well, as I was tramping along I met half-a-dozen darkies or thereabouts, looking very pinched and miserable indeed; they stopped to tell me their troubles, how hungry they were, and all

that sort of thing. I inquired where they came from. One of the men, a strapping big fellow, whined out very humbly, "From 'de cullud settlements, sah; God help us.' I gave them a trifle each and went on. A short time since I was on the same road, and again met a lot of darkies. Among them I recognized my big friend of last winter, endeavoring to make himself agreeable to a lady. This time they looked decidedly comfortable—baskets filled with spring vegetables, berries in plenty, and so forth. I stopped them this time and inquired how they were getting along. The big fellow, acting as spokesman, curtly replied: 'I guess we're getting along well enough,' and while he was saying it, looked 'mind your own business.' 'Come along,' he added, looking ferociously at the rest, 'what yer stannen' there for?' Something prompted me and I asked the same question as before, 'Where do you come from?' The big fellow roared out, 'From de plains blast yer,' and then travelled. I pursued my way a wiser man."

Phil looked doubtfully at McLeod as Mr. Delwyn finished the story. He hardly knew whether to get cross or not. McLeod, not quite so thin-skinned, grinned vigorously; the story was an old one and they both understood it perfectly.

"You must not apply it to yourselves or I shall think you deserve it," he said, good-humoredly, as he watched the varying expressions on their faces. "Walt," he continued, turning to one of the volunteers, who was lazily lolling on the grass in the shadow of the tent, "I wish you would get me some water!"

"Can't do it, Bear-skin; foot's too lame. Sandy Wilson has taken my place to-day. He has just gone up for rations," replied Walt, rolling over with a yawn.

"Confound your laziness!" retorted Delwyn. "Lame indeed! I suppose I must go myself."

"I'll go," exclaimed Phil, pricking up his ears and seizing a tin pail that stood near.

"Not with that one though," said Mr. Delwyn smiling. "If you think you can carry it, take this," and he handed him a wooden pail.

"Of course I can, if it ain't too far. Anyway, Cloudy can help me. Which way will I go? To the river?"

"No, no; there is a spring over in that direction," pointing to that part of the field that lay nearest the town. "Do you see that hollow?"



"Yes."

"Well, there."

"All right, come on Cloudy," and the two boys started off.

"Quick youngsters, Tom; who are they? belong to our place?"

"One is McLeod, the hardwareman's son; the other is Horace Morel's nephew, Dr. Blair's son. He was always a wild youngster, but since his father died he has done pretty much as he pleases; defies Morel, who tries to help his sister curb him, and laughs at his mother; as full of mischief as he can be, and obstinate as a little pig, but a better hearted boy after all you will hardly find."

"I suspect your good nature prompted the last sentence," said the other with a smile.

"No, it is really the case."

The boys obtained the water, and had climbed to the top of the hill that rose from the spring with their burden. Great was the puffing and numerous the grunts with which this part of the journey was achieved, but the rest was easy,—down hill you know. They were gazing calmly, from their elevation, out over the pretty scene below them, with that peculiar feeling of satisfaction that a difficulty overcome gives, when Phil was startled from his serenity by the word "cracky," exploded from McLeod's lips with tremendous emphasis.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Phil hastily, looking alarmed, "anything up?"

"I should think there was," replied McLeod dryly, "look there."

Phil did as directed, and then gave vent to his feelings in a prolonged whistle.

It was the tall figure and familiar hat of his uncle, that induced him to become musical.

"Come on, Cloudy," and Phil caught up the pail.

"It's no use, he has seen you."

"I don't care, I'm going to cut for it; won't I get fits? Come along." Suiting the action to the word, off he started down the hill, water and all.

"Drop the bucket," said McLeod, as Phil started, but he was in too much of a hurry to hear him.

McLeod made off in another direction, while Mr. Morel hurried on after the fugitive nephew.

Phil struggled bravely on down the hill, holding fast to his load; he was just thinking of leaving it behind and making good

his escape, when his foot caught a projection and over he went helpless. The pail upset, and after giving him the full benefit of its contents, rolled away to the foot of the hill.

He regained his feet in time to face his uncle, with very much the appearance of a drowned rat. He was very wet,—which, however, did not matter much as the sun was warm,—and looked exceedingly disgusted with the course of events; but it was the idea of his uncle catching him that troubled him far more than the wetting.

“Well sir, what is the meaning of this? What do you think of yourself?” said his uncle, sternly.

“I’m wet,” looking up soberly.

Mr. Morel could hardly forbear a smile; “I can see that plainly, and also that you look anything but respectable.”

Phil’s looks indicated that the respectability of his appearance troubled him very little. “Pooh,” he said, “that’s nothing, if you’d seen Charley Moore the day he tumbled into the river, he was in a jolly mess, he—”

“Never mind that,” interrupted his uncle, sharply. “Have you any idea of the suffering and anxiety you have caused your mother? You left your home yesterday without thinking or caring about her; she sat up all last night,—passed such hours as I hope I may be spared. How could you be so heartless!”

Phil looked sullenly on the ground when his uncle interrupted him, but his face softened when his mother’s name was spoken. Mr. Morel did not notice this, and getting angry at what he conceived to be the boy’s want of feeling, broke out, passionately, with “You! it is almost a pity that she should waste her love on such a contemptible object. Ah! if it were not so public I would thrash you now.”

Phil’s face hardened, and he looked up defiantly.

His uncle continued in a contemptuous tone, “To run away from home and for what? to become a servant for the Volunteers!”

“I am not a servant for any body;” Phil broke forth fiercely, stung by his uncle’s taunt, “the Volunteers do it themselves, and they are as good as you, I—”

“Stop sir,” said his uncle in a low, deep voice, that warned Phil he was on dangerous ground. “How dare you? Have you no care for your mother, who would willingly give her life for you? Just think of all she has done, and say would you willingly cause her pain?”



The boy's eyes filled with tears; for he loved her dearly. "Oh uncle Horace," he sobbed, "I did not think of it that way; I did not indeed; I thought she would know somehow; I am very sorry, —Poor mother!" he continued, as though speaking to himself, "I didn't think, indeed I didn't."

"There Phil," said Mr. Morel, softened by the boy's evident sorrow, "don't fret now; it is all over and cannot be helped. Only in the future try and think of others, and you will save not only them but yourself many hours of pain. I will telegraph home at once and let them know I have seen you; you can amuse yourself until evening; we will go home in the half-past five o'clock train. Be at the station by quarter-past. Have you any money?"

"A yorcker," replied Phil, fishing the solitary coin from the bottom of his pocket and eyeing it lovingly.

His uncle smiled. "Here is a half dollar that will get you your dinner and something in the evening; be sure and be at the station."

Phil's eyes twinkled as he took the money; "catch him spending it, when he could get his dinner with his huge friend," he thought. "I'll be there sir," as his uncle left him.

For some time after his uncle left, Phil stood gazing vacantly before him. The events recorded had made him thoughtful for the moment—running away from home, for that was the name for it; his mother's anxiety, and the search. He was indulging in the brownest of brown studies, when the empty pail at the foot of the hill caught his eye; his disaster and its cause had almost entirely escaped his memory, but the sight of the bucket at once brought to mind his errand.

Hardly knowing what course to pursue, he mechanically made his way down the hill; the remembrance of his uncle's taunt almost determined him to clear out and leave it, his better sense prevailed, however, and, picking it up, he filled and carried it to the tent, where he explained the cause of his detention.

Mr. Morel eyed his nephew quizzically, as he found him patiently sitting in the station at the appointed time.

"You look tired," he said.

"Guess I am," both eyes blinking, "awful."

"Rather sorry you came, eh?"

"No sir-ree; but I'd just as soon be home now."

“So I should judge. Where is your companion?”

“Over at the camp, not going till to-morrow.”

“If he was here, I would make him go now.”

Phil looked up incredulously; he would like to see another fellow's uncle try that on with him.

Further conversation was impossible, as the down train rumbled into the station; and another half hour served to take the runaway home, where, after sundry admonitions, he received the information that he was to leave home for school at once, and had all night to digest the news.

(To be continued.)

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## THE ROBIN.

My old Welch neighbor over the way  
 Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,  
 Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,  
 And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,  
 And, cruel in sport as boys will be,  
 Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped  
 From bough to bough in the apple tree.

“Nay!” said the grandmother: “have you not heard,  
 My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,  
 And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird  
 Carries the water that quenches it?”

“He brings cool dew in his little bill,  
 And lets it fall on the souls of sin:  
 You can see the mark on his red breast still  
 Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

“My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,  
 Singing so sweetly from limb to limb;  
 Very dear to the heart of Our Lord  
 Is he who pities the lost like him!”



“Amen!” I said to the beautiful myth;  
“Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well:  
Each good thought is a drop wherewith  
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

“Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,  
Tears of pity are cooling dew,  
And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all  
Who suffer like him in the good they do!”

—*Whittier.*

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## HOW COUSIN GEORGE FELL IN LOVE.

BY BERTIE THORBURN.

### CHAPTER I.

COUSIN GEORGE was an orphan, and I was another! He had lost his father, and I had lost my mother. These facts established a bond of sympathy between us; and, besides, he was tall and handsome, and very fond and very proud I was of him. I thought that the compliment was returned; but ah! we must all live, and learn, and weep in this sad world.

The lonely village in which resided George and his mother, and I and my father, not to mention the other inhabitants, and my auntie Fan, was called Rivermouth, for what reason I know not, as only the very slightest sort of brook flowed thereby; but grand old wooded hills encircled the spot, and many a happy stroll I have taken around their base, in the sweet company of cousin George (but there, I am growing sentimental, and letting salt tears fall into the inkstand, and over the paper.) The people of Rivermouth, without one exception, were respectable but rustic, eminently genteel but innocent and credulous to an alarming degree. This will partly account for the strange events that follow. I must tell you about our society, for perhaps the knowledge of its customs may prove of great advantage to you in after years. Our ways were simple as ourselves. Rich and poor, all ranked the same in our one circle. If the world at large would follow our example, even to the smallest extent, how much envy

and strife, and all uncharitableness might be stamped out, and how much happier some of us would feel! We were not without *dignities* in the village. There were the Judge, the Minister, the Doctor and the Postmaster, not to mention the gentleman that kept the shoe store, which was mostly shut, and he away in the woods picking berries.

The Judge lived in a wooden house, painted brown, in squares, to make believe that it was built of stone. The Minister dwelt in a two-story and pitch-roof house, with bow-windows. The Doctor lived so far away from the road, and was such an inveterate old bachelor, who never gave parties, that it did not signify, except to himself and those whom he *tortured*, what sort of a house he inhabited. When I say tortured, I do not wish to show disrespect to the profession. Our doctor principally extracted teeth, and those who suffered at his hands were oblivious of time and place.

The Postmaster was a widower, poor soul, and lived in the office, which was a sort of small shed, guiltless of paint, with a large porch, which gave it a sinister appearance.

I will not tell you where George and his mother dwelt, and I won't mention the name of the party who resided in the log-house; for I am not bound to tell every one's family history and belongings as some busybodies do. But I will tell you where father and I and auntie Fan were domiciled, because you are dying to know, and I like to gratify a laudable curiosity. Our home was a long, narrow, old-fashioned building very much out of repair, but sunny and cheerful, and covered with hop-vines and creeping things. Virginia creeper and climbing roses struggled fiercely for the possession of the premises, and in the summer months our old house was a regular fairy bower. Roses and hops and the child of Virginia crept and clambered on the roof in a wild mixture, and would have garnished even the old chimney-stack; but it was too warm and burnt their clinging fingers, so they left it in unadorned ugliness. I used to fancy that it stood forlorn and surly, looking down on the sweet masses of leaves and bloom at its foot, as I have seen a soured, disappointed, hungry old man look down on a group of toddling, prattling children. He hated their youth, their mirth, their innocent glee, and yet God alone perhaps knew the bitter loneliness of his heart, the strong craving for the sympathy, comfort and society of just such blossoms as those that gambolled



near him, although he pushed off, with a growl, their baby hands. Around our house spread rich pastures and meadows; on the right was a well-stocked orchard; and on the left, quite near, so that I could have it always in my sight, was a garden. I thought it a grand one, and the hollyhocks and sunflowers were a great comfort to me. It was my very own, and I prided myself on the proprietorship, for there I acquired more freckles and more knowledge of Botany than I did elsewhere, which is not saying much. I knew that the sunflower turned to her god in the west, but it did not scare me. In addition to cultivating the ground, I kept bees, and all the lovely honey that we had at our table was their careful gatherings. I knew how they "dottied," and I also knew how they *stung*; and the wild woods rang with my agony when they swarmed, and flew on me. George put mud on the *stings*, and I forgot the pain as I gazed on his yellow curly head. I must leave the insects, however, and return to the human society of Rivermouth.

It has been said that we were all on an equality in the social scale, and nobody was better than the other one, or more thought of than they should be; and yet it must be added, for the sake of telling the whole truth, that intellectually speaking the Minister's family and the Judge's family ranked above even the highest, and their consciousness of lofty and superior brains gave these dignitaries a sort of wrapped and abstracted air, like the inhabitants of Laputa. They always treated the rest of us as equals, however, so we had no cause for complaint. The doctor and the farmers, and the gentleman that made shoes, and the little lame girl who had the bed-ridden mother, and made her living by doing "coronation work," or "mortification work," or whatever it is called—a sort of elaborate embroidery, well known in rural districts, partly manufactured by pulling all the threads out of a piece of cotton and then sewing them in again,—I was never clever enough to learn how to make it myself,—all these before-mentioned persons, and cousin George and auntie Fan and I, felt quite at home in the Judge's big parlour, and gazed with wondering eyes on his Boston pianoforte, and smelt with equal appreciation the decaying odor of his case of stuffed birds. By the way, where do all the variegated and wonderful deceased songsters come from? It's hardly fair to always blame the Tropics. I was gazing at them admiringly one evening, by the charming and sweet-scented light

of a paraffine lamp, and I saw red sealing-wax on their bills and around their eyes. Surely, I thought, there must be some mistake, or can it be possible that birds do wear red sealing-wax on their bills and around their eyes in the Tropics? Such thoughts as these saddened me, but the Judge said that they were from the Tropics and very natural, so I could not afford to doubt his veracity, and I gave up the conundrum.

The pianoforte was a great source of delight, as there were only two in the settlement, and the other one was of venerable years. Even visitors could extract no melody from the ancient instrument, and no wonder, for it had seven fractured strings, broken keys that the wires came through, a pedal in the form of an additional leg that went round and round and then fell off. It had gone out of tune beyond hopes of recovery. It was far from pleasant to listen to, even when city people came to stay at the farm, where it lurked in a dark corner of the parlour, and played the *Battle of Waterloo*, and "*Home, sweet Home!*" with very much of the variations, which were never before so varied. Even the cat did not care to play on it, because the wires stuck in her feet. After a few years of such melody given us occasionally as a treat, you may imagine our delight as a first class community, when the Judge sent to Boston for a first class style of pianoforte. It came,—and nearly filled his small best room. This fact would have daunted a less cheery heart than his: he merely knocked down a partition, and lo! he had an apartment that corresponded beautifully with the large form of his new and welcome guest.

What lovely parties he gave then, and what nice times we had in the big parlour! Even when no one in the company could awake the swelling tones of the Chickering, it was a pleasure to sit and look at it.

The lame girl sewed her mortification work in a quiet corner, and gazed on the polished rose-wood case with eyes of ecstatic worship, as if it were a monument erected to the country's great and dead. Before the arrival of the pianoforte, although we respected our dignitaries equally, there was among us a latent reverence for our Pastor as being the head of the church. This reverence placed him about the eighth of an inch ahead of the rest in our estimation,—but, alas! I am sorry to state that when the Chickering arrived and spoke for itself, we put the minister back,



worthy and good man though he was, and by common consent the Judge took the advanced position.

When the piano worship had declined a little, and we were quite accustomed to its stately presence, the friendly meetings in its honor declined also to a certain extent, especially with those whom curiosity had inspired to visit the Judge's; but a good many of us, cousin George and I among the number, continued frequently to give the Cripple family the pleasure of entertaining us. Having once established ourselves on a good footing in such a hospitable mansion as Brownriggs, we were not foolish enough to desert it, even when we became accustomed to the Chickering. It is so refreshing to be friends with good-natured people, and very satisfactory to visit where you are welcome. So many persons are debarred this privilege you know. I always disliked the places where I was snubbed or sneered at myself, and did not half like or appreciate the admonitory sentences of my hosts, such as, "Don't break that!" "Take care: that vase cost a deal of money!" "What a pity you don't know how to play; you see your father never sent you to town to school," and as time wore on, "I guess now they'll be expecting you home!" This last remark always cheered me; it stirred up the embers, then almost extinguished, of my self respect, and gave me the courage to rise and take my leave, inwardly determining never more to embarrass them by my presence.

This is only a country, and rare, experience: of the festivities and gayeties of city life, I know nothing save by hearsay. Never have I seen, but often heard of, the pinched tea provided for five persons when twenty are invited, of the "Reception" in a breathing, not moving, space for fifty, and cards issued to cram and stuff that space with one hundred and fifty; of an invisible host and hostess, and a crowd of people paying them homage by slavishly standing on their staircase, and about their pantries and hall! Of the exhausted and hungry young men, with burst kid gloves, and perspiring faces, who have not had time to take dinner, and are not likely to be offered any sustenance for the rest of the day; Of the poor young girls with torn fineries, and agitated by the conflicting emotions of headache, nervousness, disappointment, envy, *ennui*, and misery, I will say no more; because such details are only hearsay, and may not be strictly true.

George and I and other sensible people abode fast in the friend-

ship of the Croppley family. They were amiable, hospitable, and kindness itself. Such people as these are precious as diamonds. The young folks were, if possible, nicer than their parents, and as pretty as it is possible to be when good-looks do not run in the family.

Amoret was my favorite; she was a tall, slight girl, who had cut her wisdom teeth in the very same six weeks that I spent cutting mine, with this difference, that she was the smartest and cut all four teeth, and thought it an excellent joke, whereas I whined and refused my meals, and only ground through two. Here was sympathy indeed! It is needless to say that we became great friends. She even offered, with heroic self-sacrifice, to teach me to perform on the Chickering, and my eyes still fill with tears at the recollection; for she had just conquered the plaintive, but painfully monotonous, wail of the Broom Girl herself. Although affected beyond measure by this proof of her devotion as a friend, I respectfully declined. I already had mastered that difficult musical instrument, the Concertina, and I dreaded fresh instructions, for I thought "too much learning will surely make me mad."

Amoret is a singular name, and it seems to me that country people are fond of giving such names to their children. They are horribly sentimental and awfully poetical in the rural districts; and this is one of the modes in which they pour forth their soul, so to speak. But the result does not, to the city ear, justify the deed, however well meant; for they might just as well call them Antimacassar, Alligator, Caterpillar and Gorilla, as name them Armidilla, Amoret, Amerilla, Evelina and Corilla. What's in a name, though, where friendship is true and hearts are young? Amoret and I loved each other just as fervently as if we had never been christened.

When you are going to divide a short story into chapters you must draw the line somewhere, so, by your leave, I draw the last line here.

## CHAPTER II.

WE were not sitting on the stile, but we were swinging on the gate and chewing gum together, Amoret and I, on a fine summer morning, in loving company. My friend had come across the fields and paid me quite an early visit, and it appeared to me that she had something on her mind; but what it was, who could tell



but she? and she did not seem inclined. She was a girl that thought slowly and spoke heavily. Perhaps you have seen such persons, and have realized that questioning and hurrying only confuses and drives them farther from the subject and the intention of communicating it to you. I knew that she could not be hurried, so I waited patiently; for I am not in the least curious, I am happy to say. After she had swung and chewed a good while, she stared at me for a minute, and then said abruptly, "We are going to have a visitor next week—a widow." So the murder was out at last, and all at once. "Ah!" I said, with a relieved air, and then added interestedly, "perhaps she is musical; how nice that would be!" "O! she will be musical enough," said Amoret, with another stare, "and I don't know why I think so, but I'd rather that she did not come!" "Why, that is strange. You like her, don't you?" "No, I don't," replied my friend. "It is years since she visited us, and then we were children; but I remember well how ugly she called me, and how she slapped me, and said that I was vulgar because I ate bread and molasses, and told how she always drank tea at home with white sugar in it; and she made up fibs and told them to Eva Marshall, who was my friend till then, and afterwards she died of measles and never forgave me, and she never asked me to go and see her body or to 'tend the funeral, and every girl in Rivermouth was there." And here poor Amoret, whose voice was getting more husky at each sentence, put her apron to her eyes and wept at the sad remembrance.

I comforted her as well as I could, and told her "never to mind the ugly old thing." "Oh, no!" sobbed my friend, "she is not ugly or old; she is six months younger than I, and is very beautiful; and now she has lost her husband, and is very sad; and I know that I ought to be glad to see her—but I am not. Oh! no, I am not." And Amoret wept afresh.

I might have wept, too, if I could have foreseen the consequences of this young widow's visit. But alas! I could not peer into futurity. I think our eyes in this respect are mercifully blinded. I thought Amoret foolish to cry about things that had happened so long ago.

I might just as well have shed tears at the recollection of the sad time when a neighbouring child, who was much larger and stronger than I, pounded me and made me eat mud pies at the

tender age of six years. I remember it went terribly against the grain with me then, but I care nothing about it now. I lived to have my revenge, too; for, "after long years," she knocked down one of my hives, when she was trying to climb a tree, and the infuriated insects nearly stung her to death; and I think she wears a "bee in her bonnet" to this day as the sad result. No, I never cherish ill-will. I "let the dead past bury its dead," and more too; so, although I sympathized with, I still wondered at, my friend's sorrow.

After spending a quarter of an hour in affliction, she recovered her spirits, and told me, with another prolonged stare, that they were going to give a party for the widow's benefit soon after her arrival. "Why, I thought that she had just lost her husband and was sad," I said, in surprise. "So she has, but then she is coming to us to be cheered up; besides, people always make parties for strangers, you know, Belle," replied Amoret with another stare. She was the greatest girl to stare that I was ever acquainted with. She did not look at you either impudently or scrutinizingly, but she fastened her eyes on your face in a paralyzing and mesmeric way, as if your head was a magnifying glass through which she viewed a lovely scene beyond. As a starist she was a success. I was accustomed to her ways, but they greatly disconcerted strangers.

"Well, all this time you have never told us how cousin George fell in love, and we thought that that was the sum and substance, plot and incident of your story!" Thus indignantly cries the deluded reader.

Patience! Patience! I was just going to escort Amoret home, and arrange things methodically; but if you won't wait a moment longer, I shall just leave her swinging on the gate, and go on with double speed to the said cousin George. I told you before how proud and fond I was of him, and also that I thought he was proud and fond of me; so I need not repeat it. We had walked and talked and escorted each other to parties, and *he* drove *me* to picnics and selected me the oftenest as his partner, in the hazy and mazy whirligigs of the "Eights" and "Fours," of our rural and primitive dances. I was, so to speak, allotted to him by the district, along with a piece of burnt land. They guessed that George Morse would soon buy that piece of burnt land that joined his mother's farm, and they also guessed that he would marry that



cousin of his, Belle Barnaby. And their talk often ended in this manner. "They do say, he asked the '*old man*,' two months ago you know."

Of course, like all gossips, they took a great deal for granted; but, although my cousin had never asked the old man at all, we both believed firmly in the popular delusion. You may judge then of my conflicting emotions when George came into my little garden one fine afternoon, and with any amount of confusion of face and stammering of speech, told me that he had fallen in love—and it was not with me. Now this *was* trying, especially to a girl that believed in the *burnt land* theory. While he was speaking, my head buzzed inside as noisily as my own bees. I tried to summon up my courage and look pleased and interested; but alas! my smiles were more like grimaces, and the few words of congratulation and friendly counsel that I tried to say, came from my lips by jerks and were only half intelligible. George never noticed how embarrassed I was, being in the clutches of the rosy god, and consequently very much embarrassed himself; and he stammered on in a confiding way about the grace and accomplishments of his inamorata. Poor fellow, he was far gone! I did not hear his concluding remarks, for my thoughts were confused. It was enough to disarrange the contents of a harder head than mine. To think of his coming to me with his love affairs!

His very last words I comprehended, and they were perfectly exasperating. "I suppose, Belle, you will think it strange that I should come to you and talk about it; but you know you have always been so kind and nice, and we have been such good friends, that I thought I would tell you first." "Thank you; very much obliged, I'm sure," I said with hidden sarcasm. Perhaps my answer sounded coldly to him, for after a moment's silence he bade me good bye, and walked away. I watched him depart; and his bright curly head drew away with it all the sunshine out of my life, and left it as dreary as a rainy day. I turned and went towards the house, but I had almost to grope my way at first, for a thick mist seemed to have enveloped me, and a darkness and shadow settled upon me that has never left me, or lightened till this day. Before I reached the vine-garlanded door, I heard George's clear voice calling "Belle! Belle!" "Grant me patience," I thought; "he is coming back." But I went not, as of old, with springing step to meet him; I only turned and stood in

silence. Back he came with a light tread and an eager face, and eyes like 'forget-me-nots.' "Belle, there is to be another party to-morrow evening at the Judge's; do go like a good girl. I want you to become acquainted with her. I am sure that you and she will be great friends." "Not much," I thought to myself. "And Belle," he continued, still more eagerly, "you will say a good word for me if you have a chance." His voice had sounded as if he were speaking miles away from me; but now he took one of my limp hands in his, and the warm, nervous grasp drew me back to the reality of my own wretchedness. I tore away my fingers, and I could have wailed aloud, but I only said hurriedly, "yes, yes," and ran into the house, and shut the door upon myself and my grief.

Well, of course I ran up stairs to my own little room and had a good cry. It was no joke, you know, although I would have to make the best of it; and when I thought of the wondering River-mouthians and their condolences and perhaps sarcastic remarks, I nearly went mad, never to mention that I liked George, nor the wear and tear to my lacerated heart.

After devoting half an hour to mourning and lamenting, I began to get angry with myself for caring so much, and I regarded my red eyes wrathfully in the glass. "Belle Barnaby, you are the most pitiful kind of a fool!" I said in husky accents. "Do have some kind of pride in yourself. Remember the soldier on the battle-field expecting a cannon-ball, most likely; remember the criminal on the eve of execution; remember your great uncle that was hanged for piracy; remember the house where you were born, and stir up your courage, and *forget* this unnatural cousin who forever has forfeited such an endearing title." But even the touching and bygone episode in the life of my *exalted* and deceased relative did not have an inspiring effect, and I was just going to burst into fresh tears, when I heard my auntie Fan calling me to tea. Now tea is a meal that I dearly love, and I am blessed with a singularly good appetite, as were *Anne of Cleves* and other distinguished people. So I dried my tears as the smell of toast and the fragrant Bohea was wafted up the stairs. Hunger triumphed over the tender passion—for a time, at least. I hastily splashed my face with water, and went down, trying to feel as if my eyes were not red and swollen. Auntie and father thought that I had headache, and marvelled greatly that I ate so much.



## LARRY MCGUINN'S PROMISE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

“DRAW up to the hate, Sir, draw up to the hate, for it's a cowl'd, *bitther* night, and there's a storm risin' that promises little good to any poor hooker it catches in the bay; but, thank God, most of them came in this mornin', so we needn't be unaisy. Kitty, alannah, dust the chair, and throw a few more sods on the fire,—and whisper, darlint, just see what's in the house, for his Honor looks famished.” Such was the hearty greeting I received one wild autumn evening on entering the cottage of a fisherman a few miles from the pretty village of Bundoran, on the Donegal coast. I had passed the summer at Brighton, and, at the end of the season, was in the unenviable position of not knowing what to do with myself. Not being in love, I had no daintily bronzed, or bewitchingly freckled mermaid to follow to London, and the other delights of the capital offered but little attraction to one already tired of them. At this juncture an old Irish friend and school-fellow happily came to the rescue by reminding me of a farewell promise I had made to spend a few weeks at his residence in the west of Ireland. Over I accordingly went, and after a very rough passage to Kingston, and a most diversified journey by railway, stage-coach, and jaunting-car (the latter being “the two sides, top and bottom of a raal convayniency,” as a mad-looking Enniskillen “jarvey” told me) arrived safe at my friend's house. I have ever recollected that visit with the liveliest pleasure; and even now, after a lapse of thirty years, every incident connected with it is as vividly pictured in my imagination as if it had occurred but yesterday.

Business matters occasionally deprived me of my friend's society, and then I was wont to take long, solitary rambles with my gun,—sometimes through stubble and bog, but oftener along the rocks and sand, with the mighty Atlantic rolling in at my feet. It was on one of these latter occasions, heedless of time, and wandering farther than usual, I found myself suddenly overtaken by one of those storms so common in the west. Shelter was the first consideration, and Larry McGuinn's cottage being luckily close by, thither I hurried, feeling certain of a hearty welcome from Larry and his pretty young wife. A few trifling kindnesses I had shewn

them—hiring the husband's boat for my fishing excursions, presenting their chubby little boy with a wonderful box of toys direct from Dublin, etc.,—had made them my fast friends, and they considered nothing in the house too good for me. Kitty, insisting that I must be perfectly ravenous, prepared a dish of bacon and eggs fit for Fin McCool, and Larry, after half an hour's absence, returned with a bottle of whiskey, which he assured me was the best poteen to be found in Ulster. "Not, Sir," he continued, "that I taste it myself, for it's nigh han' six years since a drop of it passed my lips; but I have Andy Feely's word for it, and a betther judge of speerits never buried a noggin." I had often wondered, when out in Larry's boat, that he would never accept the offer of a "swig" from my flask, and now felt much surprised at finding a teetotaller of some years standing in the midst of such a whiskey drinking community. Larry noticed my look of astonishment, and affectionately nodding towards his wife, said: "It's the truth I'm tellin' ye, Sir; and the devil a one I may thank for it but the darlint that's sittin' there smilin' at us."

"Don't believe him, yer Honor," said Kitty, modestly. "It was his own good sinse made him do it; and maybe the prayers iv some one he knew nothin' about; for the ould women, as well as the girls, doated on him afore I got him. And sure, sir, if I had a hand in it, haven't I my reward now in seein' him sittin' there well and happy, a prosperous man, and owner iv the four best hookers in the bay."

"Thru for ye, ashtore," said Larry, with much feeling, "and as Mr. Clayton must wait till the storm blows over, maybe he'd like to hear how Larry McGuinn, the leader at every dance, wake, hurlin-match, and faction fight in the parish, became a quiet, steady man and a teetotaller."

On expressing my willingness to play the part of a listener, Larry lit his "dhudeen" at the blazing turf, threw himself into an easy attitude, and fixing his eye on the rafters, with that reflective air so much favored by story-tellers, thus commenced: "This is October, sir,—yes, October. It's just eight years since I first saw Kitty, on a fine Sunday mornin', comin' from Chapel; and though I had seen many a purty girl in my time,—aye, and kissed many a one too—she was the first that put the 'comether' on me properly. That's quare, sir, now isn't it? How we're sometimes knocked all in a heap, after years iv sluderin' and



flirtin' about, and when we think ourselves as hard as adamant, by some quiet, purty little girl that's a regular raw recruit in the 'Tender Warfare.' Well, there's no doubt, Kitty conquered me at first sight, and I felt I was mortally wounded; but, as I often tould her, sir, it wasn't fair, as she took me by storm. You must know that her father was a Sligo man, and on his death Kitty and her mother came here to live with her uncle. And sure it was like an angel swoopin' down and takin' me off a prisoner to heaven, when she gave me a quiet glance that mornin' and made a slave of my heart forever. She is laughin' at me now, sir,—but the divil a matter,—she often heerd it afore; and if we are beginnin' to get an ould married couple, shure the more rayson we have not to forget our courtin' days, for sorrah haporth ever kept love stronger and truer than thim same soft recollections. Well, as I was goin' to till you, sir, Kitty's uncle had a purty comfortable farm on the Ballyshannon road, and my own father was a well-to-do man with a snug house and bit iv ground, to say nothin' of our boats, which wor generally the luckiest in the bay. You know—as indeed most that has ever seen the salt-wather does—that a fisherman's life is none iv the softest; and with us, hard work and hard drink always wint hand in hand. We made our own whiskey, and woe to the guager that was found lookin' for a still about the Finnar Hills! The boys 'ud have thought no more iv makin' him ate the worm nor if it was a penny-winkle. The speerits was thin, iv coorse, mighty chape and plentiful, and afloat or ashore the bottle wasn't forgotten. We drank in the winter to keep out the cowl'd, and in summer to drive off the hate, sometimes because we wor wet through, but oftener because we felt as dry as our own sand banks. It wouldn't do to call us drunkards, sir, but still I think we wor about as heavy conshumers as you'd find in Ulster, and that's sayin' a good dale. So things used to go on up to the time I saw Kitty, but from that day I felt a change come over me. Her uncle, Lanty Brien, was an ould friend of my father's, and a wonderful ould politician, and nothin' gave him greater delight than to see me droppin' in iv an evening, with an ould newspaper I'd get at the Priest's house, or from some gintleman like yourself, sir. There we'd sit for hours, slaughterin' Parliament, and arrangin' the affairs iv the nation; while Kitty would be sittin' bye, so demurely, all the time, knittin' or sewin', though the rogue knew

well that I was thinkin' more iv her purty blue eyes, than iv "Agitation," "Tinint Right," "or Repale iv the Union."

Well, you see, sir, these evenings kept me out iv a power iv mischief; and I have always looked upon them as the dawn iv the long and happy day that it has been my lot to enjoy. By the time summer came, Kitty and me understood one another; and many's the pleasant ramble we had away over by the Fairy Bridges, and across to the Finnar Sand Hills. Did you ever do any coortin' at all yourself, sir? But, iv coorse you did: in some grand drawin'-room, sittin' on a sofy; or rowlin' along in a splendid carriage, may be. Take my advice, sir, if ever you try your fortune again with a sweetheart, let it be in some place like our own lonely green hills here, and your success is sartin. On a lovely summer's evenin' earth and sky, land and wather, will all be coaxin' her for you; and the sea gull will scream, the cormorant dive, and the rabbit scamper off in disgust, if they see by her eye that her heart is too hard to be melted. So I used to tell Kitty, sir, and begorra she believed me too, though now she says its all moonshine, and that she never did; but I know better, for up to the present day she doesn't like to see a gull lookin' crooked at her, afeer'd he knows what she's thinkin' iv. At the end of the year we wor engaged, with the consint iv our people, and wor to be married as soon as my manes would allow. Day and night I worked hard, and still I wasn't getting much richer. Hard earnins' are aisy spint, Sir, if a man is iv a pleasant, rollickin' turn, and known in every house in the townland, and whiskey floats many a shillin' out iv a poor man's pocket, often farther away than the strongest swimmer can bring back. And so it was with me, though all the time I thought I was keepin' mighty steady, and actin' like a regular ould skin-flint. You may be sure I was mighty down-hearted to find how slow and dead things was dragging on with me, and iv an evenin' I'd go over to Kitty—not bein' in the best iv sperits, many's the the time I'd get a false one out iv the bottle. The girl that loves you has a quick eye: others saw nothin' wrong with me; but she knew it as well as if she saw the glass in my hand. Many's the sorrowful night it brought her; though for fear iv troublin' me the crather never let on to a sowl that she seen anythin' astray. So the long wild winter went past, and though our boats wor often mighty lucky, I was still a poor man. Fortune often stands to



us, sir, when we least expect it, and about the month of March by a few iv the luckiest takes that had been made on the coast for years, I found my pocket swellin' out to the long-looked for dim-inshins. I bought this little place from a fisherman's widdy that was goin' out to her sons in America, and made everythin' as nate and comfortable as I could to bring home my darlint. Patrick's Eve came—I'll rimember it till my dyin' hour—and I went across the hills to tell her that, at last, after our long waitin', everythin' was ready, and that it only wanted herself to name the day. You may be sure, sir, it was a joyful evenin' we had, and the day *was named*, and as we parted at the door, she whispered not to forget to come across early to-morrow, as it was Patrick's day. "Kitty, alannah," says I, "You know I can't come till late, for to-morrow is the day for the race across to Killibegs, and I must steer the hooker, for it won't do to let our boat be bate after winnin' these three years runnin'."

"Oh Larry," says she, "I'm always afeerd iv them boat races on Patrick's day since Oweny Laffin got drowned, and mind, they said he wasn't sober; so if you must go, promise me that you won't let them make you drink a drop till you come back to me, for if anythin' was to happen to you what would become iv me, at all at all."

She looked so pitiful at me, sir, with the tears in her eyes, that I'd have a'most promised to become a monk iv LaTrappe if she'd have asked me, so I says: "Don't be frightened, darlint, don't be frightened, sure, sorrah haporth 'ill happen me; but if it 'ill comfort you, I'll promise—did I say promise?—begorra, I'll swear it by yourself and kiss the book; and, bedad, so I did. The next morning' there was great doin's on the strand, for twelve hookers wor to start, and friends from all sides wor down to see the race. My boat was the ould favorite, but there wor some new rippin' lookin' ones there that made me rather doubtful. After a while all was ready, and off we started, the neighbours cheerin' and hurrain' like mad. The wind bein' in our favor we had a splendid run, and my boat,—I won't say whether it was from betther handlin' or betther build—crept pass them all,—one of the new boats, belonging to a Bundrowes man, bein' second, and two Bundoran boats third and fourth. And now, sir, mind well what I'm goin' to tell you. No sooner had we landed at Killibegs than the "drowndin" iv shamrocks commenced, and it was only then that

I thought of my promise to the girl that was goin' to be my wife. I have had many a hard struggle with myself, sir, but that was the hardest I ever had. Pressed on all sides to drink, laughed at, axed what I meant by insultin' ould friends, whether I was an Irishman or a Frinchman, if I had been in Chaney lately and took a wakeness for tay—was part of what I had to put up with. Well, sir, I took it all in good humor, and by the time we had to start back, was about the only sober man in the whole party. You know our coast by this, sir, and how sudden the storms dhrive in on us. We wor in the boats, and the word "ready" was passed along, when all at once we seen the black patches in the sky, and felt the short, strong puffs iv wind that tould us what was comin'. Most iv the boats put back at once, and shouted to the rest, but as the race depinded on the home run, the crews iv the three boats that had been behind me swore that no blast iv wind would stop them, and that if I was afeered, I might stop where I was and lose the race. No man ever called me a coward yet, sir, and though I saw the danger, I detarmined to brave it. Off we wint, and before ten minutes the storm came tearin' down on us. The Bundrowes boat wint over at once; the man at the sheet rope bein'—though I'm loath to say it—not quite sober, and the three remainin' hookers wor lifted almost clane out iv the wather. I had just reefed up, sir, to the size iv a handkercher, and so saved my sail; but the other boats wor late, and had theirs torn away like ribbons. As I flew past them, they gave me a wild, mad cheer that rang in my ears for many and many's the day after; for, God help them! it was the last hurrah that ever passed their lips. Settin' little Patsey Duff, who was with me, to bale out with all his might, on right before the ragin' wind I ran; and never had a man before such a run for life. There's few knows betther than me, sir, how to handle a boat; and it took all I did know that day to save the boy's and my own life. Aftther hours iv strugglin', and just as the night was fallin', we came in sight iv the cove, and iv hundreds iv the neighbours watchin' for us. And now, sir, came the last and greatest struggle iv all—the dash through the breakers that wor boilin' in like mountains on the strand. Tellin' little Patsy to hould fast, and keepin' her head well up, I watched the seventh great rouller; and on the top iv it the hooker was dashed far up into the mad surf. Fifty ready hands wor there to help us, and we were soon dragged from the shattered



boat and safe upon the strand. Kitty was there, sir, you may be sure, cryin' as if her heart would break with joy and sorrow, and as I foulded her in my arms and thought of all I owed her, I vowed that the promise which ended then should be once more made, not for a day but for many a long year, if God spared us; on to the end: till death parted us forever. We wor married, but not on the day we named; for, out iv respect iv the poor, drowned fishermen, our weddin' was put off a couple iv months. And in ending my story, sir, all I can say is, that when I regret havin' taken Kitty for my wife I'll then regret, and not till then, havin' taken that Pledge which has brought joy, peace, and prosperity along with it."

The storm having abated, I left my humble friend's happy dwelling, deeply interested by his simple story, and pondering on the many strange ways in which the advantages of temperance may be portrayed to us. I hear occasionally from the West of Ireland; and by the last account Larry was a hale, hearty old man, loved and respected by all, surrounded by children and grandchildren, and his "darlint friend and protector"—as he loved to call his wife—still by his side.

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## A VISIT TO THE MINERAL SPRING, EAST BAY, CAPE BRETON.

BY W. D. DIMOCK, A. B.

HOW eagerly and how naturally mankind grasp at every possible means that will beget health! The most visionary objects we essay in our attempts to gain a sound body, and prolong, if possible, our span of life. The *mens sana in corpore sano* is an Eldorado that with unwearied strength we are ever striving to attain. Disease is a sleepless monster of hideous mien that no Medea can overcome, and that too often vanquishes the skill of the modern Æsculapius, whose staff, knotted and thorny though it be, can never half symbolize the aches, pains and sorrows that weak, frail man is heir to.

A "*parva rura* and the old fashioned family salt-cellar on a frugal board," Horace may exclaim; but what are these, even with

a "contented mind," when the blood boils with fever and the parched tongue lies burning in the mouth? We must have health and we seek for it everywhere. Time and money are mere ciphers that we may multiply and divide at pleasure, with no great gain, in our search for health. At one time we may madly rush to a Ponce De Leon's *Fountain of Life*, or again, bathe in the chalybeate waters of Spa or Saratoga, and fondly imagine we will emerge invulnerable from these Stygian waves.

A few years ago I visited a tiny spring, the waters of which were highly impregnated with carbonate of iron, and whose reputed medicinal properties were so wonderful that hundreds were crowding to it. From far and near invalids were flocking to drink of the health-restoring water, which, it was said, lost much of its efficacy to cure unless drunk on the margin of the spring. Summer after summer it was the "rage." Every season brought a new crowd of visitors and health seekers. At last I decided to join a party that had planned a trouting excursion up the waters of the Bras d'Or; and on our way, by a slight deviation, we could stop and see the mineral spring, then in full blast, and satisfy ourselves of the wonders its waters possessed.

As the Spring was distant some forty miles or so from North Sydney, the chief coaling port on the Island of Cape Breton, we found we must make an early start. One of those lovely mornings in June, the air so balmy and invigorating that even the sad heart must rejoice as the youth, found us at day-dawn rapidly whirling off to our destination. What new vigor the fresh morning breeze instils! How lovely all nature appeared! In what beautiful robes she was decked! The green fields on our right sloping seaward, with their thousands of dewy crystals reflecting the face of the rosy-fingered Aurora, now gently emerging with golden light from the eastern ocean, and to the left, the ever-heaving sea, silently breaking on the pebbly beach into tiny waves of the most brilliant coruscations, added new charms to the scene around, and made us all feel that

"Sweet is the breath of morn; her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds."

What resolutions were formed that beautiful morning! How much did we lament the hours of the never-to-be-recalled past, that we had lost in idle slumber. What pledges we gave one another, for the future, to be up with the lark, and enjoy the



most divine part of the day, I well remember. The novelty and beauty to most of us of a "sun-rise," was so entrancing, that we made good promises of reform in our late rising, which Punic faith, alas! was so soon broken.

For miles our course was through a lovely country, with rich and fertile arable lands on every side. The early ploughman was at his work. The herd-boy was watching his cattle. The birds were singing in the neighboring groves. Everything seemed to be at work, and realized that soft, balmy spring would soon give place to summer, and then would come winter, against which preparation must be made at once. Soon all these fine fields are left behind, the habitations of men disappear, and we enter the "forests primeval."

Across jolting, bouncing, rattling bridges; through soft and clayey roads, over-shadowed by tall beech trees that above us seem to join in fond embrace; past little brooks that run seaward, and moss-clad springs that, oozing from the hill-side, run trickling over our path, we wind our way. A ray of sunlight now and again flashes through the thick wood, and the shadow that the dark, damp forests, wet with the night-dews, threw over our spirits, is chased away.

Once more we burst into the wide and open country. The flashing surface in the distance tells us that we have arrived at that favorite resort of Walton's disciples, Gillies' Lake. We agree to wait till our return, before we tempt the silvery trout from the great, dark depths of the waters before us. In the distance stands a large, white chapel, so, Aristippus-like, we argue we are yet in the confines of civilization. Dense forests once more. Tall hardwood trees, hoary with age, everywhere. The timid, panting hare sits crouching on the roadside, or goes leaping away before the dust cloud of our wagon. The owl hoots overhead, and the morning song of a thousand birds fills the air.

The public way is now left behind, and we turn off into the lone road, frequented only by the weak and weary invalids that have come to recuperate on the banks of this spring. What jolting, and tossing, pitching and rolling, bumping and thumping we experience as our heavy van sways along on this uneven road. The twisted roots of mighty trees, as old almost as the rocks they grow on, stretch serpentine over our way, as if to trip us. Deep ruts that some lumbering cart, perhaps bearing a family and their

Penates to the spring-side have gouged out, we sink into,—that gives us all a forward motion, till we bring up in a pile against the driver, who is firmly braced against the foot-board.

The forest is thicker and the road rougher. We have had nothing like this before. We are told that we must leave our wagon and take to our horses, or walk. I immediately seize upon the quietest looking beast and endeavor to mount him, with the assistance of a tumble-down old stump. The stump sinks beneath my weight, I sink hurriedly beneath the horse. With the friendly hand of a companion I manage to mount, and spanning the beast with my legs, I hold on in spite of his prancing and rearing. A friend, almost worn out by the rough tossing we had received, can walk no further. He will risk a seat behind me. I feel perfectly safe too. But, oh, how fleeting are worldly projects! No sooner had my companion touched the horse, then high up in the air went his legs, forming a straight line with his back, his head dropped downwards, a kind of centrifugal motion seized me, and in a second I was coiled up in a rude heap amid the thick furzy underbrush and the thorny prickles of the raspberry. I concluded to walk to the spring. I was not the least tired. Always preferred walking to riding on horseback.

As we tugged and scrambled along the mere footpath, we meet numbers of men, women and children returning from the celebrated waters. Every one had a flagon, jug, or bottle filled with the healing liquid. They are a happy group on their homeward march. The trip through the rough forests has put new life into them, which they attribute to the healing power of the precious waters they are bearing with them. Our curiosity is greatly increased, and jostling about from side to side, we hurry on.

Here we are at last, sure enough. Little canvas tents, camps of the evergreen spruce and temporary huts rudely constructed, dot the little mounds, and everywhere peer through the trees. Only one permanent habitation appears, a little removed from the general encampment, with a roughly finished barn attached, and a sloping plot of land surrounded by a rustic fence. Two cows cooling themselves in the shade of the barn, a rickety looking horse grazing near by, a pig grunting at the doorstep, and numberless flocks of domestic fowls indicated that their owner did not belong to the nomadic crowd housed in the white tents, but was a resident of the valley, and probably, by profession, would



call himself a farmer. The valley before us was the spot that, for the last eight or ten years, had been visited by so many. As you approach the Mineral Spring, at the top of a densely wooded hill, you are met by a host of little ragamuffins all offering their services to point out the great wonder of the place. These ragged little urchins belong to the settlements some five miles away, and are ever on the lookout for the few coins travellers may throw to them. They are a hardy set of boys, living on the most homely fare, sleeping on the dewy grass, and seeking shelter from storms beneath the protecting arms of some mountain tree. Under the leadership of one of these we make our way to the spring. Here and there we pass groups of worn-out travellers resting beneath the shady forest trees. Some are pitching their tents, similar to those that already glisten in the mid-day sun, and others are preparing their scanty meal.

It is almost impossible to follow our bare-footed guide as he nimbly pushes through the trees, and rapidly hurries over the under-brush. He has the agility of a squirrel, and we are left far behind. As we come up, he looks first at his own dirty bare feet and slimly formed limbs, then a look of contempt passes over his equally dirty face, as he gazes on our legs carefully ensconced in heavy knee-boots, and our hands protected by thick gloves.

He would not exchange places with us. He rather pities us. No feeling of jealousy enters his untutored mind as he gazes on us equipped cap-a-pie to protect our bodies from the merciless twigs and broken wood that are ever assailing us. Rather the reverse. He feels sorry for us, and smiling, chuckling to himself, he starts on again.

"This here's the spring," came from a clump of small bushes a little beyond us. We hurry up, and, as our guide parted the thick brambles with his hands, a mud hole about as large as a bucket is disclosed to view. Shades of the departed! is this the celebrated mineral spring? An insignificant hollow with a red clay bottom, the ground for some distance round a little moist, is what we have pointed out as the natural curiosity that we have encountered a nine hours' journey to visit. We look aghast. Speechless we gaze on the filthy, empty bog-hole before us. We scan one another's countenances in mute surprise. Were we fools

enough to travel all this long distance to see what was visible a stone's throw from our homes?

"They've been dippin' out o' it all day," ventured the little fellow, who was holding the bushes apart and vainly peering into it for water. "It'll soon fill up," he said, as he saw our disappointed looks. Perhaps he imagined we would think him an impostor. Perhaps, also, he thought of the few coins he expected. He was alarmed, from our conversation, that we did not appreciate the beauties and wonders of East Bay mineral spring.

We waited almost breathless for an hour on the bank of the spring. The waters were indeed rising. The little cavity was fast filling. However small it might be, there was a spring, certainly. The cup was soon taken from a pocket-flask by Jake, the boldest of our party, and the bubbling, boiling water was tasted. We watched his countenance carefully to see what effect the healing balm would have. Jake was a little round-shouldered; we imagined he would straighten up immediately. He was somewhat deaf,—had been so from childhood. Of course, his hearing would be as keen as our own. He was cross-eyed, too. Surely these great waters would make him a perfect man again. Imagine our surprise when, with "Ugh, what trash! it's as brackish as bilge water," he dashed the cup to the ground. No apparent change came over his physical constitution, except the awfully distorted and woe-begone countenance before us. What can be the matter? Do the Naiads no longer brood over the waters? We all decided that, however potent to cure, the water was by no means palatable, and that it was the meanest looking spring we had ever seen. We went to the brook that flowed near by. A general call brought Jake's flask out again. Mineral water was at a discount after that. It might do to pour over rheumatic limbs and shower around invalids, but the healthy, sane man would certainly choose *eau de vie*.

We slept pretty well that night on the floor of the farmer's house. He had as many in his house as could possibly be crowded in, he said; but we made a rush, and a jolly field-bed was given us, where, before morning dawned, we got a few hours sleep. We rushed at daybreak to the spring. It was filled to overflowing, and around it were scores of people ready to get their share of the limpid waters. There was the old grey-headed man and the mere child making their way through the thickets, knocked rudely



aside by the more energetic and persevering. Some poor creatures could barely drag themselves along; others were carried by their friends. One little boy was in tears because he had got no mineral water for two days, and his mother had threatened him with summary punishment, if he again returned empty-handed. He sobbed as if his little heart would break, when he found his chances were no better than on previous visits. Kind-hearted Jake seized his tin dipper, disappeared in the crowd, and from the brook near by, dipped a full dish of the running water, which, with a fifty cent piece, he put into the boy's hand, who soon scampered off with a joyous heart to his friends. It likely had the same effect as if drawn from the medicinal spring.

The smoke curling up from before each tent and camp gave the place a wild and romantic appearance. The morning meal was being prepared, and as we passed along we observed that the culinary operations were of the most rustic description. Two forked sticks with a cross-pole supported the kettle, or pot; a broken-nosed tea-pot sang away among the embers; here and there a potato showed its scorched head from beneath the ashes, while the smell of broiled herring floated thick on the morning breeze. As a general thing, the visitors were of the poorer classes,—those who were too reduced in circumstances to employ medical attendance,—so they came to try the free waters of this Bethesda; or those who were so illiterate that the superstition of the great power to cure all manner of diseases that this spring possessed, had firmly seized their minds, and nothing would satisfy them but to bundle up and make the wearisome journey. There were others, too, from strange countries, all seeking the great Elixir, health. The jeweled invalid, carefully waited on by a long line of attendants, and the poor, emaciated, wretchedly clad pauper, with yearning eyes, day by day watched for health.

When we were seated around the farmer's humble board, with its yet more homely fare, we heard many strange and wonderful stories of the mineral spring. Ten years before, the farmer was accustomed to drive his cows every morning to the little brook to drink. He noticed that after a time, they always sought the spring near by. It surprised him. It was difficult to get at; the open brook with pure water was before them, yet the spring was their drinking place. He noticed the strange taste in the waters, and at last carried them to the neighboring village. It was pro-

nounced a mineral spring. Hundreds had since been to it. Scores, once weak and crippled with physical infirmity, were now hearty and well,—living monuments of what these chalybeate waters had achieved. Sight had been restored, hearing improved, rheumatism had fled in dismay at the touch of the water. Every one we met had something new to tell of this wonderful spring. Its praises were in every one's mouth; and so, year after year, it had been frequented by crowds of sickly human beings.

We staid for a number of days around this little reservoir that was attracting so many. We listened to the marvellous stories about the place, till, surfeited, we decided to continue our trip. Our hearts ached as we left, to think of so many of our fellow creatures, racked with disease and pain, still lingering behind, cherishing the delusive hope that beneath the health-inspiring influence of this little fountain, they might yet regain their wonted strength.

The spring yet oozes from the earth, but its banks are almost deserted. The thick brambles are growing up again with a new vegetation. The morning and evening air is broken only by the natural melody of the birds. Occasionally the curiosity-seeker may tramp over the rough road and taste its waters, but no more do weary pilgrims, with disease-stricken bodies and sore-distressed souls, congregate on its mossy banks. Its silent and undisturbed bubblings have outlived the wild frenzy that brought so many to drink of its waters, and gently tell that men may come and go, but it moves on the same, for ever.

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## PARIS AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE COMMUNE.

BY J. HARNEY FRITH, HALIFAX, N. S.

IT will be my endeavour in the course of the following pages, to describe a journey from London to Paris in the month of March, 1871, and to give my impressions of the latter city, which has been, and will again be, the centre of all that is outwardly gay, bright and beautiful in Europe, but which, at the time of my arrival, had just emerged from one of the most gloomy and humiliating epochs in her history, and was about to enter upon



another still more dark and painful. I left London on the evening of the seventh of March, and after a ten hours journey arrived at Newhaven, one of the dreariest seaport towns, on a wet night, that it is possible to imagine. The steamboat awaiting to transport passengers to Dieppe was the narrowest and most uncomfortable that it has ever been my bad fortune to enter. Although the floating palaces, as they have been aptly called, which are to be seen upon the rivers and lakes of the United States would not be suitable for so rough a passage as the one across the English channel usually is, yet the Newhaven and Dieppe, and Dover and Calais boats might imitate, with benefit, American vessels in many respects. After an exceedingly unpleasant voyage, the boat arrived at Dieppe; and it was here that one began fully to realize the humiliation that France had undergone,—for the first object that met one's eye was the spike of a German helmet glittering in the lamplight. After our passports and luggage had been examined, the other passengers and myself made the best of our way through the unlighted and unpaved streets (the hour being three in the morning) to the nearest hotel. After some delay we were admitted by a sleepy *garçon*, who ushered us into a cold, comfortless room, where extensive preparations had been made for a large company in the form of cups, saucers, and plates, with nothing whatever to put in them. We clamoured for breakfast, and *tout de suite* was the reply, but the *tout de suite* lengthened into half an hour, and we whiled away the time, as travellers are too prone to do, in stating our grievances, and grumbling at everything in general. One man, in particular, seemed especially aggrieved because another, at whose antipodes he lay during the passage across, would insist upon letting himself out like a telescope, and driving him, the aggrieved one, further and further into the bulkhead. However, breakfast arrived at last, and having finished it, we started at 6 A. M. for Rouen, where we arrived at two o'clock in the afternoon. This town is one of the oldest and most interesting in France, and has sustained very little injury from its occupation by Prussian troops, a number of whom we saw drilling near the famous cathedral. After spending two hours very pleasantly at Rouen, we continued *en route* for Paris, in the vicinity of which we first saw unmistakable signs of the devastation caused by the artillery of the Germans, and the precautions of the French.

Broken bridges were on all sides, for the Seine winds very much

around Paris. Ruined houses, felled trees, and cut up roads met one's eye at every glance. Upon entering the capital itself, however, we encountered none of these sad spectacles. The houses were uninjured, and the streets and shops apparently well filled; in short, excepting that three out of every five persons to be met with were in military uniform, there was nothing to remind a stranger of the late siege. Such was the first impression; but a closer inspection soon removed it. No women, unless those of the lower classes, were abroad, and the greater number of the men were either moody, or wildly, recklessly mirthful. The promenaders in the Boulevards and the Champs Elysées, for the most part, were unwashed, unshaven fellows in the uniform of the Mobile and National Guards, and the vehicles were chiefly hearses, wending their melancholy way to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, bearing the victims who had died from their wounds, or who had sunk under the privations of the siege. Here let me, for the benefit of those who may not have seen it, endeavour to describe Père la Chaise. The cemetery is on an inclined plane, and from the mortuary chapel at the summit, presents the appearance of a village of Lilliputian cottages, most of the graves having open tombs built over them. In these tombs, the fronts of which are closed by wrought iron gates, are placed crosses, wreaths of immortelles, and chairs for the accommodation of those who go thither to meditate on the fate of friends whom death may have called away. During the revolution, however, these tombs were put by the Communists to a far different use than that of furnishing retreats sacred to sorrow, for it was behind them that those poor wretches intrenched themselves when driven from every other stronghold.

In the course of the bombardment, so few shells fell within the walls of Paris that the city itself was very slightly injured. In the environs, however, the destruction was indeed deplorable. The beautiful palace of St. Cloud and the magnificent grounds surrounding it, were completely destroyed. Of the palace, scarcely one stone remains upon another. It was when visiting this favourite residence of the late Emperor Napoleon that I met with an instance of the vandalism which actuates certain tourists, in their search for souvenirs. Although bits of beautiful stone were lying about in all directions, one man, who possessed a soul above taking what he could obtain without an effort, seized a twisted



bar of iron, and laboured away with all the energy of a coal-heaver until he had succeeded in detaching a large piece from a superb marble column, standing in what had been the private chapel of the Empress. This act was, a few days after, surpassed by one yet more outrageous, for a brute actually dragged a cross from the head of a grave, on the field of Champigne. The most extraordinary proof, however, that I ever witnessed of the passion for relic-hunting, was shewn on the scene of a skirmish, near the Chateau Meudon, (once the residence of Prince Napoleon.) This occurrence, although not so discreditable as the two last mentioned, was very much more dangerous to myself and the other companions of the principal actor in it. The shells chiefly used in modern warfare, are, I believe, exploded by percussion, and it sometimes happens that when a shell falls on soft ground it does not burst. Our enthusiastic friend found one of these unexploded shells, and wished to bring it into the omnibus, (in which conveyance we had been making our tour of inspection.) After much explanation he at length realized the fact that if the jolting of the omnibus should explode the shell (a very likely event), his sight-seeing would be ended forever. So, with a sigh, he relinquished the coveted treasure. After our escape from being blown into atoms, we visited Fort Issy, the one which perhaps suffered the most during the siege; here we saw a specimen of the bread on which the garrison of the Fort had, for a long time, been compelled to subsist. In appearance, consistency, and almost with regard to its nourishing qualities, this bread resembled nothing more than "Kilbey's Fire Kindlings."

The battle fields around Paris, very much resembled one another, in the trampled nature of the ground, and in the large mounds marked by rude wooden crosses, beneath which scores of men lay indiscriminately buried.

Friday, March the 17th, 1871, will ever be indelibly imprinted on my mind. On this day began the outbreak which by the following Sunday had developed into an organized revolution. In the morning I had visited St. Denis, in the cathedral of which lie buried the ancient kings of France. Having returned in the evening, I was about to sit down to dinner, when, to my surprise, every one present rushed to the windows. On asking the reason, I was informed that two men had, at that moment passed down the street, beating what might literally be termed the "Devil's

tattoo," for it was to call to arms men who afterwards proved themselves perfect fiends. In a short time the streets were filled with armed bands, shouting the Marseillaise. Never shall I forget the Marseillaise, as I then heard it sung, by thousands of voices. Even in a drawing room, the chorus commencing "*Aux armes! Citoyens,*" stirs the blood: its effect may be imagined when it formed, in sad earnest, an appeal inciting men to slay or be slain. When a sufficient number had been collected, the insurgents dispersed themselves over the city, and began to erect barricades. A barricade is formed by pulling up paving stones, and piling them to the height of a man's breast half across a street, on the one side, and then raising a wall in a similar manner, half across on the other; the first wall being about half a yard behind the second, leaving space for but one person to go through at a time; this opening was guarded by an armed man, who would often turn back those who attempted to pass. But whatever have been the sins of the Commune at this time, ingratitude for the relief sent by England to the starving Parisians, was not one of them. Any person who was recognized as an Englishman, or who had an English passport, was allowed to go unmolested, in any part of the city, even in those hot beds of lawlessness, Montmartre and Belleville. On Sunday the 19th of March, the day on which the Commune openly proclaimed itself in opposition to the government of Theirs, I visited Versailles, where the National Assembly was then sitting. It is to the supineness and excessive caution of this body, that most of the evils which afterwards befell the capital of France, have been by many persons ascribed. On this Sunday all the regular troops were marched out of Paris, by the order of the Assembly, who feared that they would join the Communists. While at Versailles, I had an illustration of the utter saplessness, and want of energy exhibited by those who leave England to live on the Continent, (and there are many such at Versailles,) in order to eke out an insufficient income, which they are too lazy to increase by honest labour. I saw a man of this stamp, sunning himself on a bench, and asked him the way to the house in which Bismarck had lodged. Far from knowing, he seemed hardly aware that the man who was swaying the destinies of France was in existence. I enquired if he had been much incommoded by the siege. He replied in a listless manner, "Oh, no!"



I remained in Paris but two days after the troops had quitted it. In that time, however, I saw some very extraordinary extremes. In the Place Vendôme, at the foot of the column (which was then standing), a man is addressing a maddened crowd in the most violent language, boasting that many others should share the fate of Generals Thomas and Lecomte. In the very next street are men, women and children laughing around a mountebank, and apparently as free from care as if they were living in a profound peace, instead of being in the midst of a revolution which had been inaugurated by one of the most cowardly and bloody acts that history records. In one square, a band of drunken wretches are yelling about what they term a tree of liberty. This consists of a withered trunk, on top of which is a red cap. Outside a café, not a hundred yards distant, is a party of pleasure seekers smoking and drinking absinthe.

For the first week during the reign of the Commune, the insurgents, although the city was completely at their mercy, exercised their power with comparative moderation. I therefore had no opportunity of witnessing any of those excesses, which afterwards rendered the name of the Commune so infamous. In the following July, however, on returning from a trip to Italy, I again visited Paris, and could hardly recognize what had once formed its most beautiful portion. The statues in the Place de Concorde were mutilated; the Tuileries sacked; the greater part of the Rue de Rivoli and the Palais Royale destroyed; the Hotel de Ville in ruins. The ruins are certainly very great; but the capital of France, as a whole, has suffered much less than is generally supposed, and it will not be long before it regains its former position as one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

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## LA QUEBRADA DE LAS ANIMAS.

BY MONS. JULES C. L. MORAZAIN, PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

I HAD remained some time at the *Mina Restauradora*. During my stay I had had the singular good fortune to form the acquaintance of the celebrated *savant* and traveller, Von Tschudi, and had been forced to go through a regular course of Geology and Mineralogy. At every step, at every meal, all the "scientists"

of the mine discussed the formation of this crystallization, the properties of such a salt, the per centage of such a stone, and "*tutti quanti*." I appreciated all this at first, and, although blushing at my own ignorance, I felt quite proud of being in the same company with men so learned. But, after a while, I thought they were "going it too strong" for me. My mind was saturated with these subjects. I had only oxides, sulphates, manganates and the rest, on the brain. I not only knew what constituted the difference between a marble and felspar, but I could tell the name of a mineral at sight. The dose had been administered *usque ad nauseam*; so I turned to other ideas. I went down into the valley; but a few days there were enough for me. I admired the grandeur of the scenery before me, deeming Nature, in her wild state, something really worthy of admiration. But again I grew tired. At last, we had been for several days without meat, save a "*guanaco*" occasionally shot; we had been living upon bread made of bran and a handful of "*pasas de higos*"—dried figs; the last sensation had been seeing a few bullocks, which had been sent us from Santa Maria, come close to our door, and then, as if comprehending the fate in store for them, turn their horns towards the plain and run. Then, I had been present at the burial of a countryman of mine, Louis Bisson, who had been killed by the premature explosion of a charge in a mine, and at the funeral of a child, which ceremony had been, according to the strange custom of the place, followed at night by a regular wailing, shouting, crying, dancing, drinking, discharging of fire-arms, and other singular accompaniments. Being, as I have said, rather weary of all this, I concluded to leave this scene, to return either to Andalgala or to San Antonio de Madrigasta, and to wait there till the Pass in the Cordillera should be opened. No sooner was my mind made up than I prepared to depart. I thought I would go by the way of Chollás, where a friend of mine was engaged in superintending the foundry, or establishment for the reduction of the copper ore into metal. To be sure, I did not know the way; but I depended upon my own sagacity. I had already received my first lesson (and a severe one, too) in this kind of adventure; still, I was not a bit the wiser.

When I communicated to my host (M. Host) the determination I had formed, in vain did he and Rouquairol and M. Hopkins try to dissuade me from such an undertaking. The natives, too, spoke



to me of a *chasm* which, they said, was bewitched, and urged upon me some superstitious kind of preparation against the dangers of the journey. Besides, if I would only delay my start a day or two, one of the superintendents of the adjacent mine would be going that way, and I could join him. But no;—I had made up my mind, and go I must.

They replenished my "*alforjas*" with dry bread, figs, yerba, etc; I saddled my horse, for my mules had died from the effects of the *tembladera*, and started. How elated I did feel, going alone on my exploring tour! I admired every bush, every wild plant. I amused myself by collecting "*arica*," which makes an infusion almost as good as tea; I broke a hundred stones with my hammer, expecting to discover some new vein or bed of ore. At length I thought it was proper to encamp somewhere,—anywhere, as an old, experienced traveller (for so I considered myself) should,—and I built a fire, put some water over it, made *maté*, and so forth,—in short, I did things in a grand manner and on a large scale. Then I resumed my travelling. In the course of a few hours I met a friend of mine, Don Bernardo Delgado; we exchanged a couple of cigarritos, we spoke of the weather, and, after the invariable "*Buenas Noches!*" we separated. Soon after I had left him I discovered that I had not followed the right track,—in a word, that I was lost. Still, I kept on. I ought to have given water to my horse at a place where a fine spring is found: I forgot all about it. Night came on. I wandered to the right, to the left, in every direction, until it became so dark that the brute, wiser than the man, seemed two or three times to show me, by his actions, that it was almost insane to persist in such conduct. Still, I went on. Before long I lost my course completely: we had struck the side of a "*Paniz*,"—that is, a place composed of soft, impalpable, dark earth; and, finally, it being too dark to proceed further, I had to stop. I put the "*maneas*" (hobbles) on my horse, and secured him also with my *lasso*; I spread the "*jergas*" on the ground, nibbled some biscuit, ate some figs, and having confided myself to the care of Providence, fell asleep.

Early in the morning I awoke and looked around me. *Evohe!* I found myself in a bad predicament; I hardly could understand how I had been able to reach such a place. Behind was the mountain, before and below was a chasm. Far away I could see the "*Llanos*;" I could even distinguish the famous mount of Fiam-

balat, where the small town of Chilecito, or Villa Argentina, with its silver mines, is situated. I became serious, and began to ruminate. After I had reflected awhile, I took another nibble, then smoked a cigarrito. My position had grown interesting, and my first movement was to reconnoitre.

I descended the side of the steep mountain until I reached the bottom of the chasm. There I found the most delicious stream of pure, crystalline water; when I had quenched my thirst at it, I thought of my poor horse and was almost tempted to go back after him. I explored the locality, and found on one side a huge mass of rock from which the brook I had drank of fell in a cascade, imitating, on a small scale, the Falls of Niagara. Going along down the chasm, after having walked on through the rushes for nearly four miles, I found my progress obstructed by an immense boulder some thirty or forty feet in height. The question of further advance was becoming complicated. I tried the right side, when, *horribile visu!* a few yards inside the woods, I discovered the carcass of a mule, or a horse, and, near by, the dried skeleton of a man! Instantly the truth revealed itself. I had walked a long way, and yet I found myself near by the place where I had entered the chasm: I was in the "*Quebrada de las Animas*"—the "Chasm of Spirits (or Ghosts)"; and perhaps the next poor, foolish, presumptuous, brainless individual who might come after me would have the pleasure (?) of finding my bones and of leaving his own somewhere in the same place. A cold perspiration covered my brow: I felt dizzy. Something, however, was to be done; so I resumed my walk. At last, after three hours' search, I discovered a hidden kind of path, in which there were marks of a mule, that appeared quite recent, going in the direction of Chollás. Thank God! cried I, I am saved! I went back and climbed the mountain again. I saddled my horse, which could hardly stand; and as the descent was too steep to go down in a straight direction, I began chasing the poor animal before me in a zig-zag line, when, apparently tired of such a course, the brute gave me, on my left leg, a kick which, if I had been a few inches nearer him, would, undoubtedly, have broken my limb. I fell;—the horse ran away towards the chasm. The pain became more violent, the leg began to swell, and I almost fainted. Night was approaching; the few provisions left unconsumed had gone with the horse; and there I was, alone;—and how my poor leg was still swelling! Then



again, the sight of that poor fellow's remains haunted me;—mortification of my wound, gangrene, a slow, miserable death by starvation, all these ideas passed before my imagination in less time than it takes to write it.

Old Molière's expression, "*Qu' allait-il faire dans cette galère?*" came into my mind: I was in a state of agony which cannot be described. In such a condition I remained all night and a part of the next day. Hunger and thirst were pressing me sore; I grew delirious; all my course of life passed in review before me. Thoughts of my happy days at college, of the time I might have employed more profitably while there; of home, of my dear mother and her kind and affectionate advice, of her efforts to dissuade me from returning to South America; of my obstinacy in refusing to listen to the counsels given me at the mine,—all rendered my situation more bitter, more painful. For I had to acknowledge that my vain self-pride had brought me to this end. I cried, I prayed, I vowed that I would do better hereafter, if spared now: I was conquered.

As I could not walk, and could not find any relief by remaining where I was, the only thing left for me to do was to drag myself and my leg along and try to reach the chasm. Should I find my horse, or, at least, my "*alforjas*" there? Perhaps. I began the process of creeping downwards. After a long and painful labor, I reached the bottom, and lo! my horse was there,—the *alforjas* also. The poor beast neighed, as if glad to see me. I forgot all rancor, and gave him, as a peace-offering, a piece of biscuit. Then I bathed my leg and began to eat voraciously. After that I hauled myself, as I best could, up on the horse, and proceeded very slowly in search of the path I had before discovered. At last, towards seven o'clock in the evening, I reached the first *rancho*. It was fully time; for my horse would not move any farther, and I was ready to faint with pain. There were four women washing near by a brook; they came to me and brought me some milk, and, when I related what had taken place, they insisted on my alighting and staying there while they should send to the "*Ingenio*" (foundry) for M. Rosé, my countryman, and for means of transport. Samaritan-like, these kind ladies,—I say ladies, because all women, good at heart, *are* ladies,—assisted me in this way: one took hold of the horse, whilst the others lifted me in their arms and carried me to the *rancho*. Arrived there, they washed my

wound and applied to it some of their domestic remedies. Soon after, Mons. Rosé, accompanied by two miners, came ; and, having bid farewell to the good creatures who had so opportunely aided me, I was carried to comfortable quarters, where I rested for a few days, decidedly subdued in spirit and positively resolved—for the second time—to trust no more to my own perspicacity.

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## PAPINEAU.

### A BIT OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

IN 1834 Canada grew restless and uneasy, under the administration. The French population daily beheld their influence waning, and saw the sons of old Canada unfitted, by reason of their nativity alone, for holding office or position, under government. The pettiest appointment or the most paltry grant was denied them. The “Family Compact” held supreme control, responsible government was an unknown thing, and French Canadians were made to feel the full force and severe truth of the axiom “that the many were made to be governed, and a favored few were born to govern them.” It was towards the close of this year that the famous ninety-two Resolutions were introduced into the House of Assembly, and passed by a vote of fifty-six to twenty-four. Louis Joseph Papineau, then a prominent member of Parliament, in a lengthy speech, favored the Address, which was immediately transmitted to the Imperial Houses of Lords and Commons, and the result anxiously awaited by the people of Canada.

In the British House of Commons the question was ably discussed and debated, and after much argument, resolutions were passed which virtually *suspended* the Canadian Constitution of 1791.

All this time, heartburnings and restlessness were apparent among the population of Canada, speaking the French language. Real wrongs and imaginary injuries rankled in their breasts ; murmurs of disquiet and discontent were breathed in the streets of cities and echoed in the alluvial fields of villages and hamlets. Numerous societies, chiefly composed of ardent young men, were formed,—patriotism and liberty being the strong bulwarks of their existence.



The "Sons of Liberty," with their silken banners and bands of music, openly paraded the thoroughfares of Montreal, and frequent conflicts occurred between these agitators and a body of loyal citizens calling themselves the "Constitutionalists." The Government, however, looked upon these "straws" as mere idle gangs of men, and refused to accept them as true indicators of popular feeling. No danger was apprehended from, or alarm caused by their movements, and the House of Parliament continued to transact business as before. When the news reached Canada of the action of the British Government, and of the suspension of the Constitution, the smouldering fires of rebellion were fanned into a mighty flame. Papineau and Dr. Wolfred Nelson, the avowed and recognized leaders, inaugurated a series of indignation meetings throughout the country; Great Britain was denounced in burning invectives, and measures were proposed for the instant formation of a Republic, by force. These speeches created tremendous excitement among the more ignorant classes, and roused to enthusiasm many dormant spirits.

King William IV. had just died, and the youthful Princess Victoria had ascended the throne of the sea-girt isle. According to established custom, *Te Deums* were sung in all the churches throughout the land, and prayers were offered up for the Queen and members of the Royal family. The Roman Catholic clergy manifested no disloyalty on their part; but very many of the congregations at this stage of the services, left their places in the churches and refused to sanction, by their presence at least, these chants and prayers.

The morning of October 23rd dawned, and the first seeds of open revolt blossomed at St. Charles, on the banks of the picturesque River Richelieu. This was the famous "Five Counties" meeting, at which were over five thousand persons, including thirteen members of the Assembly and one of the Legislative Council, and almost every person of note or standing from the surrounding parishes. Dr. Nelson—the celebrated agitator—presided over this open-air convention. The "orations" made on this occasion were of the most incendiary character, and calculated to arouse the fiercest animal passions. Papineau came to the front, and in a perfect torrent of eloquent and rapid invective, unequalled since the days of Burke in the old world, denounced in scathing terms, and in rancorous irony, the "oppressors of Canada." Dr. Nelson

followed in the same trenchant style, and tried to incite the British soldiery to desertion. There were then in Canada, all told, about three thousand three hundred troops. Bands were immediately formed, armed, equipped and officered, and plans for a speedy and formidable conflict arranged. The result of this unhappy blunder, this sad blot in Canada's history, need not be told here and at this time. We have to deal with the name of Papineau only; but in order that the reader may understand his position and comprehend his attitude, a glance at the affairs of Canada, in her darkest and most trying hours, is perhaps necessary.

Louis Joseph Papineau was born in the city of Montreal, in the month of October 1789, and was educated at the Seminary of Quebec, then a school of learning held in high repute. In 1811 he was called to the bar. While he was prosecuting his legal studies, and when yet in his teens, he, like that great statesman Charles James Fox, of England, the bitter opponent of the equally celebrated and eminent William Pitt, was elected to Parliament before he became of age. In 1808 he represented the county of Kent, now called Chamby. In 1812 he was chosen leader of the Canadian Opposition, and in 1815 he was made Speaker; and from that time, with the exception of the period when he was absent on public business in England, until the fatal year of 1837, he continued to fill that office. The year 1820 found him elevated to a seat in the Executive Council, and in 1822 he was, with Mr. Neilson, chosen as a delegate to proceed to England to oppose the Imperial plan for the union of the Upper and Lower Provinces of Canada—a mission which resulted in complete success, and the withdrawal of the obnoxious measure.

Although appointed to a seat in the Council under the Governorship of the Earl of Dalhousie, Papineau, through dislike of the representative of the King, refused to accept the position, and did not take his seat. This dislike culminated in bitter hostility, and extreme measures were resorted to by the friends of one party to circumvent the proceedings of the other. Papineau's triumph in England exasperated the Governor in Canada. He was a very irascible, hot-tempered and violent man, and upon being confronted with Papineau lost his temper completely. When Papineau was re-elected Speaker of the House, on his return from England, the Governor refused to accept him, and ordered the Assembly back to elect some one else and report in one week thence. The



appointed day came, and the name again presented was that of Papineau. The Earl dismissed the House, prorogued Parliament for a year, and drove home in a perfect fury. The following year, when the House again assembled for the despatch of business, Sir James Kempt met them at the throne and welcomed M. Papineau as Speaker. Things went on smoothly until 1834, when the troubles which have been enumerated began, and the ninety-two resolutions were drawn up and submitted to the House.

When in 1837 the Insurrectionists found themselves beaten back, their ranks decimated, and their leaders either prisoners or fugitives, they laid down their arms and humbly sued for peace. Dr. Nelson was captured after a hard chase, in which he was badly wounded, and thrown into prison, while the fire-brand, Papineau, escaped by way of Yamaska into the United States. He remained there until 1839, keeping a watchful eye upon every movement of the Canadians. He saw no hope of the renewal of the conflict, though he must have seen the political changes of the country as they became developed. In 1839 he sailed for France, and resided in Paris until 1847, when, by virtue of the Queen's amnesty, he returned to his old home, to his beloved Canada, and was at once elected a member of Parliament.

But the old man's power among his countrymen was gone. They listened to his clear ringing voice, tarried to drink of his marvellous well of eloquence, and bathed in the streams of his impassioned rhetoric; but the vital spark had fled, and the magician of early days no longer stirred the tardy followers in his train. He had forgotten nothing, but he had also learned nothing. They had remoulded their opinions, and since Papineau's exile had taken up a new, though perhaps a less gifted teacher, and learned to love and appreciate the new order of things. It must be remembered, too, that greater liberty had been granted to the colonists, and they were indeed free and independent now. Old memories were fast being forgotten. The past recollections were undisturbed, and the bright future occupied their sole and undivided attention. Musty traditions were of no avail in the founding of a new empire; the blood of their countrymen, spilled in an unhappy cause, purified the land of wrong ideas, sectional jealousies, and rebellious tendencies. Papineau soon comprehended all these changes. Time had dealt kindly and gently with him. His commanding figure was still unbent; he walked with the firm, elastic step of

youth, and his intellect was still powerful and undimmed by age or trouble. His eye was as bright and sparkling as ever, and that rare eloquence of his which thrilled all hearts and swayed the minds of men, as mighty winds sweep tall grasses and rustle monarch pines, was as intense and brilliant a weapon as ever. His voice was as musical and mellifluous as in his younger days; but the cadences fell now upon unwilling and heedless ears.

M. Papineau was as trenchant a writer as he was a master orator. His literary efforts consist chiefly of political pamphlets, addresses and letters. None of them, however, are destined to live in history, and they may be regarded in the light of those evanescent flashes which ever and anon appear upon the political horizon of a country, exercising a little influence at the time, and then suddenly dying away. In 1854, seeing how utterly influential he had become, and how little hope there was of his ever becoming a leader of men again, he retired from public life, and sought the congenial quiet of his peaceful Seigniory of La Petite Nation, on the pleasant banks of the Ottawa, the border line between the old Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. Here, in the silent companionship of his books and papers, in the placid serenity of age, the old statesman lived, and beheld with awe and wonder the rising of his country into position and fame, until September, 1871, when, in his eighty-fourth year, he calmly closed his eyes in death. For a few days previous, he had been gradually sinking, when he was suddenly seized with syncope, and died within an hour after. His death created some excitement at the time, and all felt that one of Canada's greatest men had passed away to eternity.

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## A YEAR IN JESSIE GWYNN'S LIFE.

BY Y. N. Y.

IT was a great day in Jessie Gwynn's life—long-looked for, and now it was over, and she sat looking back at it with mingled feelings of regret, because many dear ties were sundered that had drawn round her heart very closely during the last ten years,—of joy for the near realization of many visions of gladness with which her glowing imagination had invested the future. She had com-



pleted her studies, obtained her degree, and a flattering valedictory which had been unanimously voted by her fellow pupils. But of these she was not thinking. Her heart throbbed with ambitious hope that she would yet do some great thing worthy of remembrance. Her past life she knew was necessary, as preparatory to doing anything really grand; but now it would be hers to live nobly, not for self, nor ignoring the higher part of her nature. She was sitting by her window in the pure white dress in which she had appeared before the assembled audience, carrying her honours so gracefully and modestly. She gazed out on the river where waves sparkled in the moonlight. A little vessel only was in sight with its white sails: pretty enough, but nothing grand about it, she thought. Then came to her mind the simple words of the loving pastor: "So few," said he, "are needed to do the great things which startle the world, and which men call great. The lives of such people, viewed as a whole, will not be more acceptable to our Heavenly Father than that of the humblest individual who does the duty which lies next to him." Jessie's heart acknowledged the truth of these words, yet she longed to do the great things. The stillness of the night was broken by a rushing sound, and soon there glided into view a brilliantly lighted steamer, moving on its way with the grace and bearing of a Queen. "There," said Jessie, "is the picture of what I would like my life to be. The noble steamer casts into the shade the poor little fishing vessel—useful as it is. So would I have my life to be over others." And with such thoughts she laid her weary head on her pillow and slept.

Jessie had been an orphan from eight years of age; and now, after ten years at school, she was about to proceed on the morrow to the home of her only relative, who lived in Kingston, some three hundred miles from Viewton. She had never seen this relative, Mrs. Barker; the only communication which had passed between them being a letter from Jessie, giving an account of her studies, and a reply from Mrs. B., assuring her of the interest she felt in her welfare, and how glad she should be to have her with her, as an aid in her multifarious duties, as soon as she had finished her studies.

So next morning she was to bid farewell to her dear friends, and proceed to her new home.

At the railway station she heard hurried, excited talking, the

only words she could catch being, "The river—last night—man overboard—saved." She gathered from the conversation that a man had fallen overboard, and had, in the excitement, been almost lost—would have been lost had he not been rescued by one of the crew of the little fishing boat which she had the night previously despised.

Two days travelling brought her to the end of her journey. Her heart beat gladly as she drove up the long avenue of elms that led to Mrs. Barker's residence. Bathed in the moonlight, it looked beautiful and imposing, and she rejoiced that she was to have such a lovely home.

When she arrived, Mrs. Barker was not at home. A servant showed her into a little back room. A homesick feeling came over her as she sat in the dingy apartment waiting for Mrs. Barker. The hours passed slowly by, but that lady did not come. "You told me Mrs. Barker expected me to-night," she said to the servant. "Oh, yes; she told me to wait on you, and see that you had everything you needed; she had a meeting to attend that could not be put off." Jessie felt hurt. What meeting should have kept her from waiting to welcome a visitor? "But Tom," she said, "where is he?" "Oh! Tom," said the girl, "no one knows when he will come home. It won't be till late, any way. If you feel tired, perhaps you would like to go to bed."

Jessie was glad to avail herself of the offer. She was shown to her room, but did not sleep for a long time. The rosy hue of her thoughts had faded; her spirit was chilled; inauspicious omens brooded over the future.

Mrs. Barker came into her room before she was dressed next morning, and greeted her with a warm motherly kiss, bade her welcome, and excused herself for being absent the previous night. "You see it was the quarterly business meeting of the Orphan's Asylum," she explained; "and as I am president, it was impossible for me to stay away; and I thought you and Tom would get along well enough without me."

Jessie said she had not seen Tom.

"Not seen Tom! But then he is so bashful. There is the bell. Come down as soon as possible."

Tom did not make his appearance at breakfast—nor was he asked for; but as the reader may think him a myth, I may explain that he was Mrs. Barker's son—a lad of sixteen, of whom we



shall know more immediately. After breakfast, Mrs. Barker had reports to make out, while Jessie was left to unpack her trunks, and amuse herself as she could. It was a grand old house, with stately halls and broad staircases, wide verandas and a sloping grassy lawn in front; but the garden looked neglected, and many of the great rooms were closed. She peeped into the great drawing room, and would have loved to throw open the windows to the pure light of heaven. Wandering out into the garden, the warmth of the summer day penetrated her heart, and she forgot for a time the gloom of the house. While musing, she heard voices from beyond the hedge, and peeping through, she saw two boys lying on the grass, and overheard the following conversation:

"I don't know what to do, Ned. I've a good mind to run away. I might as well do it first as last."

"Can't you borrow the money, Tom?" asked the other.

"Who would lend me two hundred dollars?" asked Tom, in a despairing tone; "and if I asked mother for it, there would be a grand row. No, I have almost made up my mind to run away."

Jessie was shocked. "This, then, is Tom Barker," she said to herself; "and he has got into some trouble his mother does not know of."

She was afraid to listen any more, and stole back to the house, where she was met by Mrs. Barker, smiling and placid, who gave her a long, detailed account of the many benevolent enterprizes in which she was engaged, and hoped that Jessie would become a co-worker with her. "You cannot tell the pleasure I take, my dear child," she said, "in being able to do so much good for others. There is the Orphan Asylum, the Industrial School, the Young Women's Club, the Sewing Society," and she named several other organizations, while Jessie thought of poor Tom and the conversation she had overheard, and wondered if, in the multitude of these projects, the mother would let her own son go to ruin unknowingly before her very eyes. There was, indeed, danger of this, for Mr. Barker had died when Tom was only ten years old, and since then he had been left to do exactly as he liked, and grew up wild and neglected. His mother, though a most kind-hearted woman, took absolutely no interest in him or in what he did, and it was no wonder he had become the careless, idle boy he was. A short time before this he had left school, and though Mrs. Barker often said, "Tom must soon be doing something for himself," still

nothing was done, and he spent his time as he chose. As the days passed on, and Jessie became better acquainted with him, she began to take an interest in him in spite of what she had overheard that day. She never spoke of that either to Mrs. Barker or any one else, and though she felt sometimes that she was wrong in thus hiding a secret which some day might bring trouble to the house, she shrank from interfering with Tom's affairs. She cherished this kindly regard for him, partly because he seemed lonely in the great house, as well as herself, and partly because of a nobility of nature, which showed itself despite his untutored roughness and unrefined manners.

And what of her ambitious hopes and high resolves? Apparently, all forgotten. This new life was altogether different from the one she had dreamed of and planned. She was left much to herself, for Mrs. Barker, seeing that she did not fall heartily into her schemes, ceased to urge her, and went on with her daily round of meetings, and associations, and societies, forgetting that there was now another young life beneath her roof, which needed some of the care and attention she was so ready to bestow upon outside objects. She gloried that it was to home missions and charities she was devoting her time, not realizing that those who are nearest should be attended to first of all, and that charity begins at home in the most emphatic sense of the term.

But Jessie still cherished in her heart the hope that some time it might be given to her to do something great and noble, though this desire took as yet no definite form or purpose. She was not content with this life, though she had plenty of time to go on with her studies and improve her mind; and she was glad her father's will left her at liberty to do what she pleased when she should come of age. She determined that then she would seek another sphere in which she might accomplish that which she daily told herself there was no chance of effecting here. If she had had any settled or definite aim, she would have attempted, even with these uncongenial surroundings, to carry it into effect; but it was the very vagueness of her ambition that kept her from making the attempt now. Often she would think of writing a book, for her talent in composition had been much praised at school; but, though she even made several beginnings, she lacked the patience and perseverance necessary to carry out her plan. With philanthropic designs she was fast becoming disgusted, for



in Mrs. Barker and some of her associates she had examples that they did not always proceed from the purest, noblest motives; and she wrongfully judged of all professed philanthropists from what she saw of them. What could it be that she might do? She still waited for her work to present itself, while week after week, and month after month slipped by, and she was no nearer it than at first.

She and Tom had grown to be great friends after a fashion, and she had almost forgotten the little episode to which she had unconsciously been a listener the day after she came to Kingston.

Her influence had effected a great change in one respect. Mrs. Barker at length yielded to her urgent entreaties, and allowed her to open the stately drawing-room; and Jessie had let in the sunshine as she had longed to do; had taken the coverings off the furniture, unveiled the pictures, and opened the piano which had not been used for years. Tom was attracted to the drawing-room by her singing, and this was the way their friendship began. She discovered that he had a good voice, and persuaded him to sing with her; and soon they got into the habit of spending many hours in this way. Then she lent him books, and they read together; and so, gradually, he came to spend more time at home. He softened in his manners, and paid more attention to his personal appearance.

Mrs. Barker did not give much heed to these changes; still she noticed them, and remarked to herself, "Nobody knows what might happen, if Tom were only a little older;" but the more cheerful aspect of the house did not tempt her to spend any more time at home, or lend her influence to make it still more pleasant. One afternoon late in the fall, Jessie sat on the veranda, wrapped in a scarlet shawl, for it was beginning to grow chilly. She had been reading, but her book lay upon her lap, and her eyes had a far-away look which plainly told that her thoughts were wandering. "Jessie," said Tom, suddenly, from behind her. She looked around.

"Will it disturb you too much to have a little talk with me?"

"Certainly not," answered Jessie, looking into the boyish face, which wore an unusually troubled expression; and fancying he looked as if he wanted help, she asked, "Can I do anything for you?"

"I think I am living an idle, useless life, Jessie," he said. "I

have thought so for a long time—ever since I knew you. Do you think I could earn two hundred dollars before the spring?”

This last question was very abrupt, and immediately there flashed into Jessie's mind the little scene she had witnessed behind the hedge.

“What do you want it for, Tom?” she asked.

“To pay a debt I owe,” answered Tom; “don't speak of it to any one, please.”

“That is a great deal for you to owe, Tom, and more, I am afraid, than you would be able to earn for a long time,” she said.

Tom's countenance fell. He sat without speaking for some time, then said: “Well, it is all up with me now, I suppose, and I may go to the dogs as quickly as possible.”

Jessie was troubled, for she very naturally conjectured it was a debt not very honorably contracted. She considered for a few moments, then said: “Tom, if you will tell me all about it, I will lend you two hundred dollars.”

His whole aspect changed immediately. His face glowed, and his eyes lighted up with a joyful look, as he exclaimed:

“Can you? Will you? Oh! it would be such a load off my heart. Yes, I will tell you; though I am ashamed and mortified to have it to tell.”

With eyes cast down he told the whole story: how he had got into bad company with unprincipled lads; how they had tempted him to gamble, and he had yielded to the temptation, and lost, not only all the ready money he had, but was in debt two hundred dollars; how he had not courage to tell his mother, and had made up his mind to run away; and how his creditors had offered to give him a year to pay it in; and he, hoping something would turn up in the meanwhile, had gladly seized this reprieve; then she had come, and in her sweet way, had taken an interest in the rough boy, which no one ever had done before; and gradually the influence of her sincere, earnest thoughtfulness for others had awakened in his mind a desire for something better than the lazy life he now lived. All this was told in an abrupt, hesitating way, and when he had finished he did not look up into her face, but still sat with his eyes cast down, and an expression of penitence and mortification.

Jessie was greatly moved. She knew there had been a change in Tom during the last few months, but in her humility, she had



not taken to herself the credit of it; and now here he was, telling her it was all owing to her. Just then Mrs. Barker came up the garden walk, flushed and tired, and carrying in her arms a huge parcel.

"There!" she exclaimed, "one more day's work is done. I am thankful I am not one of those useless creatures who have nothing to show for their labors. Ah! we must all give an account some day."

Jessie wondered if she considered her an idle, useless creature, and wondered what account Mrs. Barker would have to give for her son's soul. She went up stairs, and meeting Tom in the hall on her way down, slipped a roll of bills into his hand.

He thanked her gratefully, and said, "I will pay you back every cent of this, Jessie; indeed I will!"

Tom kept his word. He found employment immediately, and labored diligently and earnestly, rising gradually to a more responsible position, and growing up to manhood honored and respected by all.

At the end of a year, Jessie went back to Viewton to make a visit. One year had wrought no outward change in her, but she had learned a lesson that it takes some people years, and some even a lifetime, to learn. She had learned that the true way to live and to do good is by doing the duty which lies the very nearest, and that she need not look out into the world to find some great thing to do, for every one's life-work lies at their very door. The words of the old pastor came vividly to her mind, and she was content with the place that had been assigned her, for she knew there was still work for her to do quietly and humbly.

Very precious to her was the meeting with old friends and teachers, and the re-visiting of scenes she had been associated with from childhood; and when she again set out for her new home, it was not with a heart full of longing to do some great thing. She thanked her Heavenly Father, not that He had gratified the ambitious yearnings of a year ago, not that her life had been as the great rushing steamer, but that she had been even as the little fishing vessel that saved one man's life.

## LA VIE.

If life were all a summer day,  
 If o'er bright fields, from flower to flower,  
 Like butterflies, as careless, gay,  
 Chasing each radiant, gladsome hour,  
     We might flit on  
     Till set of sun,  
 I'd seek no other mate but thee  
 To whirl through that light dance with me!

But rigors of our northern skies  
 Cast o'er my hours too sad a hue;  
 The breeze that round me swells or sighs  
 Would prove a certain death to you  
     Who ne'er may know  
     How cold winds blow,—  
 How poverty makes life a chill,  
 Dark, dreary winter day, LUCILE!

LEON NOEL.

## DEAD.

DEAD! and still the river  
 Through the valley flows;  
 In the meadow blossom  
     The lily and the rose!  
 As of old, the whisper  
     Of the melancholy sea,  
 Is of thee, my lost love,  
     My lost love, is of thee!

Dead! If I were dead, love,  
 In all the world would be  
 No one to mourn my lost love,  
     No one to mourn for me!  
 But would I murmur? No, love;  
     And would'st thou murmur? No!  
 The sea complains not of the rocks  
     O'er which the rivulets flow.

A.



## ROYAL SOCIETY.

[From Timbs' Curiosities of London.]

THIS is the oldest Society of its kind in Europe, except the Lynean Academy at Rome, of which Galileo was a member. The Royal Society originated in London, about 1645, in the weekly meetings of "divers worthy persons inquisitive into natural philosophy, and other parts of human learning; and particularly the new philosophy, or experimental philosophy;" these meetings being first suggested by Theodore Haak, a German of the Palatinate, then resident in the metropolis. This is supposed to be the club which Mr. Boyle, in 1646, designated "the Invisible or Philosophical Society." They met at Dr. Goddard's lodgings in Wood-street; at the *Bull's Head Tavern*, Cheapside; and at Gresham College. About 1648-9, some of the members, including Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Wilkins, removed to Oxford, and were joined by Seth Smith, Ralph Bathurst, Sir William Petty, and the Hon. Robert Boyle, who met at Petty's lodgings in an apothecary's house, "because of the convenience of inspecting drugs." The members in London continued also to meet, until, in 1658, they were ejected from Gresham College, which was required for barracks. Evelyn, Cowley, and Sir William Petty proposed separate plans for a "philosophical college:" Sprat says that Cowley's proposition accelerated the foundation of the Royal Society, in praise of which he subsequently wrote an ode. At the Restoration, in 1660, the meetings were revived; and April 22, 1662, the Society was incorporated by royal charter, by Charles II. This charter is on four sheets of vellum, and has on the first sheet ornamental initials and flowers, and a finely executed portrait of Charles in Indian ink; appended is the Great Seal in green wax. The charter empowers the President to *wear his hat* while in the chair, and the fellows addressed the President bareheaded till he made a sign for them to put on their hats; customs now obsolete. Next year the King granted a second charter, which is of greater importance than the first; and his Majesty presented the Society with the silver-gilt mace.

The Mace is about 4 feet in length, and weighs 190 oz. avoirdupois: its stem is chased with the thistle, and has an urn-shaped head, surmounted by a crown, ball, and cross. Upon the head are embossed figures of a rose, harp, thistle, and fleur-de-lis, and the

initials C. R. four times repeated. Under the crown are chased the royal arms; and at the other extremity of the stem are two shields one bearing the Society's arms, the other a Latin inscription denoting the mace to have been presented to the Society by Charles II. in 1663. It was long believed by numberless visitors to be the "bauble" mace turned out of the House of Commons by Cromwell when he dissolved the Long Parliament; but Mr. Weld, the assistant-secretary and librarian, in a communication to the Society, April 30, 1846, proved this to be a popular error, by showing the warrant for making this mace and delivering it to Lord Brouncker, the first President of the Society. Again, the "bauble" was altogether different in form from the Society's mace, and was nearly destitute of ornament, and without the crown and cross, as described in Whitelock's *Memorials*, and represented accordingly in West's picture of the Dissolution of the Long Parliament.

From this session, 1663, date the *Philosophical Transactions*, wherein the proceedings and discoveries of the Society are registered. This year the Society exercised their privilege of claiming the bodies of criminals executed at Tyburn, which were to be dissected in Gresham College. In 1664, the king signed himself in the charter-book as the founder; and his brother, the Duke of York, signed as a fellow. In 1667 Chelsea College was granted to the society, for their meetings, laboratory, repository, and library; but the building was too dilapidated, "the annoyance of Prince Rupert's glass-house" adjoined it, and the property was purchased back for the king's use for 1300*l.* The Society then resumed their meetings in Gresham College, until they were dispersed by the Great Plague and Fire, after which they met in Arundel House in the Strand. The Fellows now (1667) numbered 200, and their subscription 1*s.* per week; from the payment of which Newton, who joined the Society in 1674, was excused, on account of his narrow finances.

In 1674 the Society returned to Gresham College. They were fiercely attacked; a Warwick physician accused them of attempting to undermine the Universities, to bring in popery and absurd novelties; but a severer satire was *The Elephant in the Moon*, by Butler. Among their early practices was the fellows gathering May-dew, and experimenting with the divining-rod; and the Hon. Robert Boyle believed in the efficacy of the touch of Greatrakes the Stroker for the evil. In 1686 Newton presented his *Principia* to the Society, whose clerk, Halley, the astronomer, printed the work. The MS., entirely in Newton's hand is preserved in the library.



In 1703 Sir Isaac Newton was elected president. In 1710 the Society purchased the house of Dr. Brown, at the top of Crane-court, Fleet-street, "being in the middle of the town and out of noise." This house was built by Wren, after the Great Fire of 1666, upon the site of the mansion of Dr. Nicholas Barbon. This new purchase was considered unfortunate for the Society. The house required several hundred pounds' repairs; the rooms were small and inconvenient compared with those of Gresham College; and the removal led to the separation of the Society from the College Professors, after being associated for nearly fifty years. The house in Crane-court fronted a garden, where was a fishpond. There is a small hall on the ground floor, and a passage from the staircase into the garden, fronting which are the meeting-room, 25½ feet by 16 feet, and a smaller room. In the former apartment the Society met from 1710 till 1782. It is intact, and is very interesting as the room in which Newton sat in the presidential chair, which is preserved. The Library and Museum were removed here: the latter numbered several thousand specimens, the list of which fills twenty pages of Hatton's *London*, 1708. The house formerly included the present No. 8, in which was kept the Society's library, in cedar-wood cases. In 1782 the Society removed to Somerset House, and sold the Crane-court house to the Scottish Hospital.

The Royal Society then transferred most of their older curiosities to the British Museum. For their meeting-room they had a noble apartment in the east wing of Somerset House; it has an enriched ceiling by Sir William Chambers, and here were given the *conversazioni* of the Presidents, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Wollaston, Sir Humphry Davy, Mr. Davies Gilbert, the Earl of Rosse, and Lord Wrottesley. The Duke of Sussex received the Fellows at Kensington Palace; and the Marquis of Northampton at his mansion on the Terrace, Piccadilly. In 1857 the Society removed to Burlington House, which had recently been purchased by the Government, their meeting-room at Somerset House being then given to the Society of Antiquaries, who had hitherto occupied the adjoining rooms.

In "Burlington's fair palace" a large apartment in the western wing of the mansion is fitted up as the Royal Society's meeting-room. In the elegant suit of rooms, with ceilings painted by Ricci, is the library, and in these apartments the President holds

his annual *conversazioni*, at which novelties in science and art are shown.

The meeting-room at Burlington House is hung round with the Society's pictures, of which Mr. Weld has prepared an interesting *catalogue raisonnè*, privately printed: they include three portraits of Newton, by Jervas, Marchand, and Vanderbank; Viscount Brouncker (first president), by Lely; Sir Humphry Davy, by Lawrence; Davies Gilbert and the Marquis of Northampton, by Philips; Sir John Pringle, by Reynolds; Sir Hans Sloane, Lord Somers, Sir J. Williamson, and Sir Christopher Wren, by Kneller; Dr. Wollaston, by Jackson; the Duke of Sussex, by Philips, &c. The Society also possess marble busts of Charles II. and George III., by Nollekens; Sir Joseph Banks, by Chantrey; John Dollond, by Garland; Davies Gilbert, by Westmacott; Sir Isaac Newton, by Roubiliac; Laplace; Mrs. Somerville, by Chantrey; James Watt, after Chantrey; and Cuvier, in bronze.

Here also are the Exchequer standard yard set off upon the Society's yard: it is of brass, and is of great value since the destruction of the parliament standard; the Society's standard barometer; also the water-barometer, made by Professor Daniell, whose last official service was the refilling of this instrument, in 1844.

The Royal Society distribute four gold medals annually—the Rumford, two Royal (value 50 guineas each), and the Copley; and from the donation-fund men of science are assisted in special researches.

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## THE NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

[From Burton's History of Scotland.]

THE Norse cosmogony, or history of the creation of the existing world seen and inhabited, as well as the other worlds provided for glory and happiness, or for degradation and misery, was extremely complicated. Not being restrained by the laws of the Copernicum system, or compelled to treat the earth as a round ball, the inventors of the system created what they wanted—a world of ice here and a fire there, chaoses, seas, abysses, regions of gloom, and sunny fruitful places of happiness, at discretion. The Hell of the system was a peculiar creation, very eloquent of its



northern origin. It does not exactly correspond with our hell as the receptacle of the damned, though it is a place disliked and dreaded as the abode of oblivion, where those who have not by great deeds earned a better fate are absolutely locked up, and detained by strong gates. The character of this place is in harmony with the common story of the Danish missionary Hans Egedge, when he preached to the Greenlanders, requiring to abandon the usual definitions of the place of torment, and describe it as a region of eternal frost. An accomplished Norse scholar thus tells us how "the realm of Hel was all that Wælheal was not—cold, cheerless, shadowy; no simulated war was *there*, from which the combatants desisted with renovated strength and glory; no capacious quaihs of mead or cups of the life-giving wine; no feast continually enjoyed and miraculously reproduced; no songs nor narratives of noble deeds; no expectation of the last great battle, when the *einherjar* were to accompany Allfather to meet his gigantic antagonists; no flashing Shieldmays animating the brave with their discourse, and lightening the hall with their splendour: but chill and ice-frost and darkness; shadowy realms without a sun, without song, or wine, or feast or the soul-inspiring company of heroes, glorying in the great deeds of their worldly life." Valhalla is the reverse of all this. It glitters with gold, and the shields and spears of the countless heroes received into it by its forty gates, which admit eight hundred guests at once. Here there is eternal revel which knows no satiety or pall, and all the fierce joys which the warrior felt on earth are intensified. It is a world of action still, and here is its attraction to those to whom the lazy luxury of the Elysian fields, or the more enervating enjoyments of Oriental paradises, would be no encouragement. It is only, however, for those whom the choosers of the slain promote to happiness. Death on the field was almost a condition of such promotion; and mighty warriors, if they felt death coming on them in another form, would pray to be enclosed in their armour, as a sort of protest that they had worked well for the great object of ambition, a soldier's grave, though the surly fates had denied it to them. To lose all this, and be closed up in a dismal place called hell, it was not necessary that there should be positive misdeed. It was the place for the indolent, the unambitious, and the timid. The mere absence of the high heroism which earned an entrance to Valhalla left no alternative but the other place. For

those who had done actual wickedness there was a separate place, called Nastrond, of positive torture by poisonous serpents and other agents of affliction.

There is nothing of the ideal or the spiritual in the Scandinavian mythology. All its creatures are essentially corporeal—large-limbed, strong, and jovial, ravenous eaters, and unassailable either in brain or stomach by the largest conceivable potations. They are supernaturally endowed with all the elements of physical enjoyment. Asceticism is unknown to them. Yet there is nothing in their personal histories of the pruriency that stains the classical mythology, or of the more loathsome sensuality that saturates the Oriental supernatural. Asgard is the model of north-country domestic life. There is no questionable bachelor like Apollo, no exceptionally chaste Diana there; fidelity between husband and wife is so much a matter of course that it is not spoken of as a special virtue. The abode of Balder and his beautiful wife Nana was so hallowed that nothing impure could enter it. Even in the punishment of Loki the mischief-maker, after he had accomplished the inexpressible offence of Balder's death, there occurs a touching picture of a wife's devotion. He was bound to three fragments of rock, and a venomous snake was hung over his head, so that its poison might drop upon his face and torture him. Sigyu, his wife, watched by him during the long ages, until the Ragnarock, or twilight of the gods, should come. She held a cup over her husband's head to catch the dripping venom. When it was full, and she had to empty it, the drops falling in the interval tortured him so that his writhings shook all nature and made earthquakes.

Among beings endowed with supernatural strength, and with no profession to be above the influence of human passions, but, on the contrary, partaking of them in a measure proportioned to their strength, it was natural that many harsh and bloody deeds were done. But all were in fair fight, and from their superiority of strength—there were no treachery or subtlety. Evil deeds of this class were left to the order of beings whose province they were. Loki was the mischief-maker among the gods themselves. He answers more to the Mephistophiles of Goethe than to the common Devil of Christendom. He is a cynical, practical joker, who carries his jokes a great deal too far. The beautiful life of Balder, the son of Oden and Friggia and the brother of Thor, seems to



have roused a special malignity in him. There was a sort of presentiment that the great ornament of Asgard was too good to be let live, and his mother set about getting everything in nature separately exorcised and pledged not to be the instrument of Balder's death.\* This was supposed to have been so completely effected, that it was one of the amusements of Asgard to make a target of Balder, and pitch all sorts of deadly weapons against him, to see how they would recoil. Loki, by a diligent search, found a twig that had not been exorcised, owing to its insignificance. To aggravate his offence, he handed it to the brother of Balder, who threw it at him, and so slew him.

Loki confined his tricks to the gods. There were other powers to work evil upon mankind. Chief of these was the Neck, whence comes our Old Nick, and perhaps the Nick Niven, who is a chief among the Scots witches, holding something like the place that Shakespeare gives to Hecate. Among the most seafaring people in the world, the great bulk of calamities come of shipwreck and other disasters by water; and Neck's operations came to be almost entirely limited to that element. In later times he was in the northern nations a mischievous imp of the stream, like the water-kelpie in Scotland.

The Nornir—or Fates, as they are called, to make their nature intelligible—are not properly malignant beings. They are so associated, however, with scenes of slaughter, that naturally enough, they are spoken of with a shudder. They are choosers of the slain, and it is the function of the youngest, Skuld, who deals with the future (the eldest, Urd, having charge of the past, as the second, Verdandi, has of the present), to watch over battle-fields and send off the illustrious dead to Valhalla. This is a holy function, yet, as a right of choice or promotion, has not been exercised without the suspicion of partiality that accompanies such powers; and somehow the function of choosing the slain becomes mixed up with the power of arranging who are to be slain and who to be spared.

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\* "Of all the Gods," Balder, "the fair, the just, the good, is the most attractive, and the most likely to pass over into the counterpart of Christ." "In fact, in the early middle age things called after this son of Woden were re-named usually after Christ or St. John. And this silent melting of the mythical Balder into the historical Christ took place all over the north. The oldest Scandinavian poems offer many instances."—Stephens, *The Old Northern Runic Monuments*, 431.

As Gray has it in that ode of the Fatal Sisters, which has so thorough a Norse spirit—

“ We the reins to slaughter give,  
Ours to kill and ours to spare.”

The nature of these beings is full of material for poetry; but perhaps for that very reason it is thoroughly illogical. They are inferior to the gods; yet they dispose of the gods as absolutely as of human beings. The term *Wyrd* or *Weird* comes up along with the *Nornir*. Norse scholars have found difficulty in fixing its meaning, for though they hold it to be derived from *Urd*, the eldest *Norn*, yet it is used to express generally that Fate of which they are the mere ministers. In Scotland the word has been long used with almost the same equivocal or double meaning. It has been employed to express the announcement of a prophecy, destiny, or fate, and also to describe the person who can prophesy or pronounce a destiny. Thus, when *Wyntoun*, the monkish chronicler, of whom we shall have a good deal to say, tells the story of the fatal stone, now in the coronation-chair in Westminster Abbey, and of the prediction that wherever it is, the race of *Fergus* shall reign, he calls this prediction a “weird.” For the other sense, when *Bishop Douglas*, in his translation of *Virgil*, comes on the *Parcæ* or *Fates*, he calls them “the *Weird Sisters*.”\*

It seems an inconsistency that the gods themselves should be at the disposal of these questionable beings; but this is part of the magnanimity and simple grandeur of the character of the mighty *Æsir*. They were not only free from all treachery and cunning, but the use of policy was beneath them; they confided entirely on their absolute strength, or on what is now called brute force. The greatest of them was not ashamed of being befooled by some cleverer power. Indeed he needed not to disturb himself about such an incident, for his own innate strength was sufficient to protect him from the consequences without recourse to the wisdom of the serpent. There is a memorable instance of this in the sojourn of *Thor* and his party among the Giants in *Utgard*.

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\* A word coming from a source so solemnly significant, and still in use in Scotland, has naturally had an eventful history, so far as a word can be spoken of. A great deal might be written about it, as one will see at once by reading the quotations from Scots literature in prose and verse, ranked under the word “weird” in *Jamieson’s Scots Dictionary* and its supplement.



They went in high heart, confident in their strength; but they were doomed to mortification one after another, until their return, when the spell set on them had ceased, and their entertainers were bound to explain the tricks played on them. The first competition was in eating, when the two champions met half-way in the huge trencher set between them; but to the annoyance of the Æsir, theirs had not picked the bones clean as his opponent had. That opponent, who seemed one of the giants, was in reality a devouring flame. Running was another trial; after three races, Thialfi, on whom the Æsir's reputation for swiftness was at stake, was obliged to acknowledge himself beaten; and no wonder — he was matched against "Thought." Thor's own first great trial was in drinking — an accomplishment in which he believed himself to be entirely unmatched. A drinking-horn was brought: Thor thought he could empty it at one hearty pull; but no — and indeed, after repeated efforts, he was obliged to leave the horn more than half full. The fact was, that the horn communicated with the ocean: and when Thor returned over the earth, he could see that he had drunk the waters over the whole globe, so as to sink their level, raising headlands and numerous sunken islands. In wrestling he barely stood his own in a contest with an old woman — but that old woman was Old Age. And so, although there was mortification for the moment, their achievements in Giantland went far to enhance the mighty reputation of the Æsir.

There was one celebrated occasion when Thor resorted to policy, even to deception; but he did so with excessive reluctance, and the affair was a crisis. One day his mighty hammer Moelner was missing. It was not only his badge of distinction, but the physical force by which he asserted his dominion. If it were finally lost, heaven and earth would all go wrong — in fact, the possessor of the hammer would supersede the gods. Loki, who had a guess where it was, paid a visit to Giantland, where Thrym, one of its principal inmates, who was sitting on a hill making golden collars for his dogs, coolly told him that he had the hammer buried eight miles deep in Giantland, and would not give it up except as an equivalent for the hand of Freya, of the golden tears. The emergency was so terrible that the Æsir wished to persuade Freya to consent, or appear to consent; but her matronly modesty and queenly dignity were so shocked that she gave a great snort, celebrated for having shaken Asgard to its foundations. In

solemn conclave the Æsir recommended, even besought, Thor to personate Freya and go to Utgard. He long resisted the humiliating alternative, but the public interests prevailed, and, arrayed in the head-dress and other magnificent robes of the queen, and veiled as a bride of Heaven, he set off for Giantland, accompanied by the Machiavelian Loki, who had not yet lost himself by his great offence. The giants were rather astonished by a glimpse they got of the bride's fierce eyes, and still more at her fine appetite, when she ate an ox, eight salmon, and no end of sweetmeats, the disappearance of which was a mortification to the bridesmaids. At length the mighty hammer was brought in on a truss borne by four giants. Thor seized it, and laid about him, crashing skulls to the right and the left. He was now himself again, and restored to his authority. It is observable that even in this instance the moral of the Eddas, that sheer strength is everything, and policy unworthy of the gods, is not entirely abandoned. It is when deprived of his proper element of physical force, and consequently enervated, and in a manner demoralised, that the great Thor has recourse to policy.

Even from these small glimpses one may see how thoroughly the Eddas are filled and animated by the spirit of the northern people. Throughout there is ever-striving energy, determination of purpose, the physical power seconding the unbending will, a courage that is manifest not only in contempt of death, but in patient endurance of suffering, a distaste of all politic devices and diplomatic intrigues, and a reliance on honest strength to carry out the mighty designs of a never-resting ambition. There are no applications of gentleness and mercy, but there is a strong sense of justice and an aversion to wanton cruelty. There is no pretence of abjuring the good gifts of nature, and shrivelling into impotent asceticism; on the contrary, there is mighty feasting and revelling when the bow is unbent and the sword sheathed, but there is honest domestic faith and fidelity withal. Such are the qualities set to struggle with the ice, the storms, and the arid soil of the northern land; and all these difficulties are conquered so effectually that their conquerors abide in affluence and splendour.

Yet the propensity to hunt forth analogies, and make a display of learning and ingenuity, has not overlooked this stormy region; and we are taught to connect its thoroughly northern legends with the voluptuous aspirations of the Oriental nations and the polished



ideality of the Greeks. It does not strengthen the distinctive features of Balder's history to derive it from the Syrian myth of Thammuz and Adonis, or to compare him with the Persian hero Ispandier. It profits little that one compares Asgard to Olympus, seeing that there is another ready to identify it with Troy, and a third is prepared to prove that the whole is a phase of Buddhism. The Olympian comparison has, however, unfortunately taken a hold, Odin being Mercury; Thor, Jupiter; and Friggia, Venus: and this has been stamped by the highest authority, in our country at least, the usage of Parliament, in the votes and proceedings of which Wednesday is *dies Mercurii*, Thursday *dies Jovis*, and Friday *dies Veneris*. But there are protesters against even this, who find that Thor and Odin came from a still remoter distance, being in reality the Vishnu and Siva of Hindostan; and again others, who find the system of the Eddas in the Persian Zend Avesta. Besides their being so conformable to the spirit of the people and the place, the northern nations laid a stronger hold upon the Eddas as peculiarly their own, for the tribes and great families professed to be descended of the frequenters of Asgard. They brought this proud pedigree with them in their wanderings; and when the chronicles supplied a leader for the Saxons in Britain, calling him Hengest, they likewise provided for him an Asgard pedigree, making him sixth in descent from Odin.

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### DEEP SEA SOUNDINGS---THE "CHALLENGER" EXPEDITION.

ABOUT the middle of May, H. M. S. *Challenger* visited Halifax harbor, and remained there for nine or ten days, taking in stores, refitting, repairing machinery, and preparing for a prolonged cruise, first *viâ* Bermuda to Madeira, and then to proceed to the North Pacific. We had the pleasure of visiting the *Challenger*, viewing her arrangements, and her varied and wonderful apparatus, and receiving from the distinguished gentlemen in charge an outline of her cruise and her discoveries hitherto, and of what is intended for the next three years. The readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY will thank us if we lay before them, very briefly and in the plainest, unscientific terms, the facts which we have gathered up.

The *Challenger* left England on the 21st December, 1872, for the coast of Portugal. She is a war steamer of two thousand tons burden, and accustomed to carry eighteen heavy guns. Of these guns she retains only two, for service among possible pirates or any other rough customers in out-of-the-way places. She has a considerable supply of revolvers and other small arms, so as to be ready for emergencies; for she is to be for months, if not years, in regions where the "struggle for existence," or some other equally diabolical principle, leads men to do things that are not exactly up to Anglo-Saxon ideas of the sacredness of human life. The places of the sixteen absent war-dogs are occupied by scientific appliances appropriate to the work in hand—laboratories, photographic apparatus, photometers, thermometers, dredges and machinery for sounding and trawling. In this noble "man-of-science" you could hardly recognize a "man-of-war."

The mission of the *Challenger* is the latest and the best equipped of several expeditions of the same nature organized by the British Admiralty in the interest of science. The ship furnishes ample accommodation, and every facility for the work which she is intended to do. She is to take part in watching the transit of Venus next year. She has to map the sea-bottom wherever she goes, with a view, partly at least, to gather information for guidance in laying telegraphic cables, and selecting the best route for them. Investigations are constantly made as to the depth of the sea, the character of the bottom, the fauna and flora, the temperature, the currents, the pressure, the winds, etc., etc. Every fact worth noting is treasured up and noted down in its appropriate department. This course is to be pursued for the next three years. The annual cost of the expedition is not less than £60,000 sterling,—a considerable sum out of John Bull's tight pocket, seeing that Robert Lowe is guardian of the aforesaid pocket. The ship, with the hydrographic part of the expedition, is under the charge of Captain Nares, a highly cultivated English gentleman—a perfect seaman, who also thoroughly sympathizes with all the objects of the cruise. The more strictly scientific work is under Dr. Wyville Thomson, Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, a gentleman who knows more about the sea and its mysteries than, probably, any one living. Professor Murray has charge of the Botanic section. Dr. Thomson has an accomplished assistant in Rudolf von Suhl, Zoological Professor of the Univer-



sity of Munich. M. Wilde, a clever Swiss, is Secretary, and he is equally expert with brush, pencil and pen.

After leaving England last winter, the *Challenger* steamed south to the coast of Portugal. There she commenced sounding, dredging and trawling, with satisfactory results, both as regards the action of her apparatus and the discoveries made. The dredge used is thus described by Professor Huxley: "Imagine a large bag, the mouth of which has the shape of an elongated parallelogram, and is fastened to an iron frame of the same shape, the two long sides of this rim being fashioned into scrapers. Chains attach the ends of the frame to a stout rope, so that when the bag is dragged along by the rope the edge of one of the scrapers rests on the ground and scrapes whatever it touches into the bag." This is the sort of machine that has been used from time immemorial by oyster-dredgers—the same in kind, but, of course, vastly different in strength and capacity. Dredging in comparatively shallow water is easy; but to dredge at great depths requires enormously strong tackle, and a vast expenditure of steam or muscle power. The *Challenger* brought up a granite boulder from a depth of a mile and a half—the boulder weighing four hundred and ninety pounds. This happened a hundred and thirty miles south of Cape Sable, Nova Scotia. The boulder has been identified by Dr. Honeyman with the Shelburne granite of Nova Scotia; and the Doctor promises to tell us some day the "story" of that "rolling stone." The seamen and the donkey-engine of the *Challenger* had no blessing for it after the long strong pull by which they dragged it from its home in the caverns of the deep. It is now—minus a chip or two—on its travels to the tropics.

The trawl is a sort of large net with its mouth fastened to a beam of wood of the same length. The two ends of the beam of wood are supported by curved pieces of iron, which raise the wood and the lip of the net attached to it, a few inches from the ground. The lower "lip" drags along the ground, rouses all sorts of living creatures which it touches, and they naturally rush into the pouch of the net behind, and are kept there as close prisoners till they reach the upper air. The *Challenger* has used the trawl at depths of nearly three thousand fathoms—an achievement unheard of before. "Tangles," and "swabs" of coarse hempen yarn, are also attached to the dredge, and are found of great service in gathering up organisms that might escape the other apparatus.

It is difficult to give any adequate idea of the sounding apparatus, without the aid of pictorial illustrations. The sounding line is invariably weighted by a one hundred or one hundred and fifty pound shot, which becomes disengaged whenever it strikes bottom. One of these shot is left at the bottom every time the line is let out; so that there must be a considerable store of them in reserve, to serve during a three years' cruise. Self-registering thermometers are sent down to the greatest depths, and the glass in them is often crushed to minute particles by the pressure of the water. The barometer is also used at immense depths. The resources of science are taxed to the utmost to cope with the difficulties of extracting her profound secrets from nature,—secrets hidden four miles below the surface of the sea.

The *Challenger* occupied a full month in crossing the Atlantic from off the African coast to St. Thomas in the West Indies. They sounded, dredged or trawled all day, and proceeded on their voyage all night. The depths of the sea varied from five hundred to four thousand fathoms. Two sub-marine mountain ranges were crossed. The greatest depth was reached close to St. Thomas, and this was three thousand eight hundred and seventy-five fathoms, or over four miles! Life was found even here,—foraminifera, globigerina, nummilia, protozoa of all sorts. Or to speak in plain terms, little round shells that appear to the naked eye no larger than a small grain of sand, but which the glass shows to be beautifully ornamented, fretted and furrowed, and full of little holes,—microscopic windows. There are also little shells shaped like horns of all sorts; some like ammonites; some like old Roman coins. All these are from depths till recently supposed to be barren of all life. The finish, the elegance, the exquisite tracery of these minute creatures is perfectly wonderful.

Among the spoils exhibited by Dr. Thomson were sponges and crustaceans of various sorts trawled from very great depths, some transparent as glass, but eyeless; some pure white; some rich purple. None were brought to the surface alive owing to the change of pressure. They are made for the dark, still, cold depths; they cannot live a minute in the bright, warm, expansive altitudes occupied by ordinary fish,—much less can they live a moment in the open air.

It was found that the depths of the sea are altogether void of vegetable existence. The cold is intense: the thermometer never



registering more than thirty-nine, and going often several degrees below that. The pressure is enormous. Said Dr. Thomson: "A man at that depth (four miles) would have upon him the weight of two iron-clads."

It used to be said that the depths of the sea were barren of life; that nothing could exist in the darkness and under the full pressure of the ocean. These latest explorations show that the limit of life has not yet, at any rate, been reached. Oddly enough, the organizations found at the greatest depths, though extremely simple, are highly finished, and are the same as those that geologists have discovered in the earliest life-bearing rock-formations. The dawn of geologic life strangely corresponds with the darkness of the loneliest sea-bottom. Life has been found in abundance and great variety at a depth of 2,500 fathoms, and it is not a-wanting at 4,000 fathoms. Analogy would lead us to conclude that no lifeless waste is to be found on sea, any more than on land. Dr. Thomson, in a work recently published—"Depths of the Sea"—states that fishes came from a depth of 600 to 1,000 fathoms, all in a peculiar condition from the expansion of the air contained in their bodies, and with their eyes protruding, like great globes, from their sockets. The most abundant creatures at the greatest depths are starfishes, sea-urchins, zoophytes, sponges and protozoa such as we mentioned above. There are organizations at work in the Atlantic at the present day of the same kind as those that formed the chalk of England. New chalk is thus being formed by the same old agency, and probably under similar circumstances.

Another subject on which the *Challenger* will gather light is the circulation of ocean currents. Already the old theory of the "Gulf Stream" has received its death wound, and many of the beautiful generalizations of Maury have been exploded. Time will tell what next.

We must close our story with the following pathetic incident which occurred near St. Thomas:

"Shortly after commencing to heave in the dredge, the span for securing one of the iron leading blocks for the dredge-rope was carried away, at the same time striking William Stokes, boy of the first-class, very severely, and jamming him against the ship's side. He was much injured, and concussion of the brain ensued, from which he never rallied, death putting an end to his sufferings a few hours afterward. This sad event cast a gloom over the whole

ship, for Stokes was a smart lad, and a universal favorite. \* \* \* After evening quarters the funeral bell tolled, and the ship's company assembled to pay the last tribute to their late shipmate. The captain read the beautiful and impressive burial service, and on arriving at that portion, 'We therefore commit his body to the deep,' the corpse of the poor lad, wrapped in a hammock weighted by shot, with the Union Jack as a pall, was slid out of the port 'into the deep blue tide.' After this sad ceremony we continued all night under sail."

We wish God-speed to the gallant ship on her long pilgrimage: may she return safely, freighted with spoils of ocean more precious than the gold and silver that rewarded the enterprise of the brave old British buccaneers.

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### CURRENT EVENTS.

Two great public men in our Dominion have fallen by the hand of death—George Cartier and Joseph Howe. Of the two, the former name is the more historic. Descended from a brother of the celebrated discoverer and navigator, Jacques Cartier, he seems to have retained the energy and ability which made his relative famous. Born in 1815, he was yet, one might say, in the prime of his life when he was called to lay it down. He was educated at St. Sulpice College, Montreal, was married in 1846 to a lady of that city, having previously been called to the Bar in 1835. He was created Queen's Counsel in 1854. Cartier dallied with the muses and produced several songs of merit, one of which, "*O Canada, Mon Pays!*" is a fine lyric production. He has, as a politician, taken part in most of the great measures by which the Provinces of British America have been brought to their present condition and relations. In 1858 the Cartier-McDonald administration being in power, that Government adopted the Confederation of the British Provinces, the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, and the maintenance of the Queen's decision in favour of Ottawa as the permanent seat of the Government of Canada, as the prominent features of their policy. In 1858 Cartier proceeded to England to bring the two first named schemes under the attention of the Imperial authorities; as also the question of the annexation of the Hudson Bay territories. Sir George took part in the Conference relative to Confederation in Charlottetown and Quebec, and was one of the main agents in promoting and carrying out that scheme. But, indeed, there is hardly any measure which has lately occupied public attention in Canada in which he did not take a leading part. For many years he wielded the chief



political power in Quebec Province. Speaking the French, he endeared himself to the *habitans*, and master of English, he could influence those who knew no other tongue. Yet he had his reverses. At the last general election he was defeated in his own city and forced to seek another constituency. His political career has not, as is the rule, been acceptable to all parties, and was at times disagreeable to his own. The exigencies of politics frequently lead to a policy obnoxious to one's own party. Such was the case with Sir George. He was accorded a public funeral, against which, as an approval of the deceased man's policy, strong protests were made, and it is questionable whether a private one would not have called forth more sympathy. The dead, however, cares for none of these things. He rests in peace, while politicians quarrel round his bier and his grave.

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ANOTHER great man has been taken from us by the hand of death, and another link which bound the Canada of to-day with the Canada of half a century since, has been broken. Few men will read of the death of Joseph Howe without a pang of deep and heartfelt sorrow. He had a reputation far wider than the Dominion, being known, through his writings and speeches, throughout Great Britain and the United States. And he had the rare faculty of making himself popular wherever he went. His genial *bonhomie*, his ready wit, his wonderful fund of information, his kindness of heart, and his complete self-possession, made him a favorite with all with whom he came in contact. And to these qualities he owes much of his success and usefulness as a public man.

Mr. Howe was born in the Northwest Arm, Halifax, in 1804, so that he had almost reached the allotted age of three score years and ten. He came from a hardy, loyal stock. "During the old times of persecution," said he in one of his speeches, for Mr. Howe, like many other great men, was fond of talking about himself, "four brothers bearing my name, left the southern counties of England, and settled in four of the old New England States. Their descendants number thousands, and are scattered from Maine to California. My father was the only descendant of that stock, who, at the Revolution, adhered to the side of England. His bones rest in the Halifax churchyard. I am his only surviving son." He had but few opportunities for education when a lad, having to walk two miles to get to school in summer, and being kept at home in winter. But his father was a man of culture, and charged himself as far as time would permit, with his education. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to the printing business, and during his apprenticeship developed those talents for literary composition which have since distinguished him. He contributed to the press, over anonymous signatures, a number of

pieces in prose and verse during his apprenticeship. In 1827 he purchased the *Weekly Chronicle*, changing its name to the *Acadian*, and commenced his regular connection with the press. Two years afterwards he disposed of his share in the *Acadian*, and purchased the *Nova Scotian*, which he continued to edit until 1841. During the early months of his editorial career, he paid but little attention to politics. But those were stirring times, and an ardent nature like his could not long keep aloof from the all-engrossing questions of the day. Having once entered upon political discussion he became an earnest and vigorous opponent of the abuses by which he found himself surrounded. The result was a libel suit on the part of the Magistracy of Halifax. Mr. Howe always took pleasure in telling the story of this suit. He was as yet comparatively little known, and his powers as a speaker were not even suspected. When he received the writ he consulted two or three professional men, but they all shook their heads, regarded the case as a decidedly bad one, and advised a retraction and apology. Young Howe, however, felt that to retract would be to destroy his influence in the future. He knew he was right; that the cause in which he was battling was the cause of popular freedom, and he resolved to brave all consequences. The result we give, from memory, in his own words, as he related the story some ten years ago to the writer of this article: "If you cannot undertake my defence, with hope of success, will you lend me your law books treating of the question of libellous publications?" I got the books, locked myself up for nearly seven weeks for study, taking no exercise, and abstracting all the time possible from business. Then came the sittings of the Court. On the afternoon before the trial, I abandoned myself to a long tramp near the water's edge, and to fresh air. And on the morning of the eventful day I took my seat, dressed in the unusual garb of a black suit, among the lawyers within the railing, not much concerned at the evident amusement I created. The case was opened; the Crown officer made out a terribly hard case against me; the publication was proved, and I was called upon for my defence. I had had time to scan the faces of the jurymen during the proceedings, and had placed myself on tolerably good terms with them. I opened my address, and was pleased to find that I at once challenged attention; as I proceeded with my plea of justification, which was the popular wrong which had been committed and the popular right to be vindicated, I saw a tear steal from the eyes of two or three of the jury, and I felt myself safe in their hands. My address occupied some hours in the delivery, and when I sat down the burst of applause from the crowded court-room, which no threatenings of authority were able to suppress, told me my case was won, if I could only get a decision before the impression had time to wear off. I was horrified to find, then, that neither the Crown officer nor the Judge was willing that I should have



this advantage, and the Court adjourned. Next morning the Attorney-General delivered a tremendous phillipic against me, and the Judge in his charge uttered one scarcely less terrible. But it was no use; the jury, with scarcely any delay, brought in a verdict of acquittal; the people carried me on their shoulders in triumph from the Court House, and at the next election returned me as their representative from the County of Halifax."

Mr. Howe remained a member of the Legislature of his own Province, without intermission, until 1863, representing, during that time, Halifax, Cumberland, and Hants. He labored with untiring zeal and with wonderful tact, for the establishment of responsible government, and to him, perhaps more than to any other single man, was due the change in the colonial policy of the Empire. He was the recognised leader of the liberal party in his own Province. And while waging the most uncompromising warfare against the colonial policy of the empire, and the maladministration to which that policy had given rise, he never uttered a disloyal sentiment, or spoke a word which could by any process of perversion be construed into an attack upon British connection. Thoroughly liberal and popular in his opinions, he was an Imperialist of the most decided character. He held, as a first article of political faith, the greater union of the Empire, by the representation of the Colonies in the great Parliament at Westminster; and to his latest hour he never swerved from the opinion that the best interests of the British nation would be subserved by such closer union.

Mr. Howe was known personally to old Canada by his earnest advocacy of the Intercolonial Railway, and by his speeches in that behalf in 1849. His great speech at Detroit, on the subject of the reciprocity treaty, in 1865, won for him renewed applause from the people of this and the western Province of the Dominion, and stamped him as the most vigorous orator at that important gathering of the leading commercial minds of the continent. His opposition to the scheme of confederation in his own Province, made his name familiar in the late political discussions in this country; and the almost entire sweep of his own Province against the scheme, electing eighteen out of the nineteen members to the first Parliament of Canada against it, was a striking proof of his power and popularity. In the presence of an accomplished union, having regard to the future interests of Canada, he consented to submit the grievances of which he complained on behalf of his Province to the fair consideration of the Government, and an arrangement was made by which he thought the people of Nova Scotia must be satisfied. Mr. Howe was then offered and accepted a seat in the Cabinet. He has been charged with having sold himself for this position. This was not so. Whatever faults Joseph Howe had, and being human he was not without them, he was not mercenary. In a long career of public usefulness, he has

never been charged with the crime of having an itching palm. He laboured hard in his country's service, and, with talents which might have made him rich, he has died a poor man. He entered office at the pressing solicitation of the Government. Having expressed himself satisfied with the re-arrangement of the financial terms, so far as they affected Nova Scotia, it was right that he, the leader of the Anti-Confederates, should show his good faith by accepting office and thus giving a guarantee to the country that the agitation was at an end, and to his friends that their interests were safe in the hands of a government of which he was a member. It was practically the same motive which induced Sir John MacDonal in 1864 to insist upon Mr. Brown taking a seat in the Cabinet, and the position was accepted by the veteran Nova Scotian in the same spirit as by the Upper Canada Clear Grit Leader. When he returned to his County for re-election, he was met, as was to be expected, by the strongest opposition. He lived long enough to find himself elevated to the highest position in his native Province, and that by the common consent and amid the warmest congratulations of men of all parties. Unfortunately, he has not lived long enough to enjoy, for any time, his well-won honours. He has gone from us, leaving upon the history of his country the stamp of his energy, ability and patriotic devotion, and bequeathing to his friends the record of a long and laborious life spent in the interests of his fellow-men.

(For the foregoing estimate of Joseph Howe we are indebted to the *Montreal Gazette*.)