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WESTERN NEWFOUNDLAND:

A New Home for Emigrants.

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“EMIGRATION,” says Arthur Helps in his recently-published *‘Life and Labours of Mr. Brassey,’* “is a subject which must have the deepest interest for all thoughtful men in this over-populated country, which will yet have to consider the whole question of emigration with far more care than it has hitherto bestowed.” The statistics of emigration show that 250,000 emigrants annually leave the shores of the United Kingdom, the destination of the great bulk of them being North America. During the twenty years ending in 1868, nearly five millions emigrated from British ports. The magnitude of this exodus, and its influence on the destinies of Britain and her Colonies, demand the thoughtful consideration of statesmen. It is of vast consequence to those who stay at home, and to those who are already settled in the Colonies, in what regions these millions take up their abode, and in what relation they are likely to stand towards the Mother Country. The conviction is gaining ground among thoughtful men, that the supervision of this vast living stream, which is every year increasing in volume, must be assumed by Governments. How to control and direct it intelligently, and for the best interests of all concerned; how to guide its ever-swelling rills, so that the correlative work and workers shall be rightly brought together, and the labour and capital of the nation find the best outlets in

fresh lands, is a problem on which the ablest statesmen will have to try their powers ere long. It is felt, more and more, that a matter of such vital moment to the interests of the Empire cannot be safely left much longer to the unorganized efforts of individual enterprise, but must be reckoned as falling within the legitimate sphere of Government, and constituting the most essential work of a Colonial Ministry, in conjunction with Colonial Governments. To collect and diffuse accurate information regarding the condition and wants of the Colonies; to appoint and superintend agents of emigration, and to aid and direct the moving masses so that labour may find at once its proper field,—these may be fairly reckoned among the most important functions of a governmental Department. A Minister of Emigration, to act as the Moses of the new Exodus, and guide the whole organization, would be indispensable. There can be little doubt but the near future will see Emigration thoroughly organized, and like the Post Office and the Electric Telegraph, placed under governmental control, to the great advantage of those whose interests are involved.

It is marvellous to think of this mighty stream of emigrants, now taking its way from the British Isles across the Atlantic. The railway and the steamship have already accelerated the march, and will continue to pour in fresh contingents to swell the increasing host. New empires spring up where they land, and “the desert is made to rejoice and blossom as the rose.” Away into the western wildernesses the railway stretches, preceding population and pioneering civilization, and so guiding the advancing columns to their new homes. The world has witnessed no such spectacle since the day when Abraham first took the pathway of western emigration across the Euphrates. It is a proof at once of the vigorous life of a free people, whose natural overflowings thus find fresh territories, and of the severity of the “struggle for life” in the Old Land. The wise Pericles long ago told the Athenians that they must colonize to prevent their fellow-citizens being degraded by poverty; and the same necessity operates to-day in Britain, far more powerfully than in Athens. The most effectual remedy for that poverty, which, in the midst of abounding wealth, constitutes the saddest blot of modern civilization, is emigration. The benefit is felt in two ways,—in the easing off of men for the time crowding on their work, and in the supply of more work to those who remain, by commerce with the off-shoot settled in fresh

lands. The advantage is mutual; and the whole community find the benefit of opening every healthy outlet to the energies of the people, and enabling labour, when redundant at home, to find a demand for itself in other lands. Poverty may thus, to a large extent, be anticipated and prevented among the labouring classes. The Colonies have a boundless extent of unoccupied land, and only want population in order to reach unbounded wealth; while the great want of over-crowded Britain is land, on which to spread her population and capital. What is wanted then is the freest possible opening of these fresh lands, and the wise guidance of men to their work, under intelligent and honest "captains of industry."

In this paper I propose to show that in "Britain's most ancient Colony" there is an unsuspected field for emigrants within five or six days' sail of the shores of England, where half a million of people might at once find a comfortable home; where the soil is fertile and richly timbered, the climate healthy and agreeable, the harbours spacious and accessible, the seas around swarming with fish, the coal-fields, marble, gypsum and lime-stone beds extensive, mineral treasures of lead, copper and iron, abundant, with a background composed of the unexplored interior of an Island larger than Ireland, over which roam countless herds of the finest reindeer, and where the varieties of game are enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic sportsman.

After passing through the dense fogs which usually overhang the sub-marine banks of Newfoundland, the first western land sighted by outward-bound vessels is Cape Race, the most southern point of the Island of Newfoundland. Should the destination of the voyager be a port on the St. Lawrence, he finds himself, after a few hours more of steaming, passing between two lofty headlands which are but fifty miles apart. These are Cape Ray, on the south-western extremity of Newfoundland, and Cape North, on the most northern point of the Island of Cape Breton, which stand as sentinels guarding the gateway of Canada. At Cape Ray, the Newfoundland coast-line trends sharply northward, and here the West Coast begins and stretches to Cape Bauld, a distance of four hundred miles. This western shore is indented with several noble bays, the finest being the magnificent Bay of St. George, evidently destined by nature to form the seat of a prosperous and extended population. From its size, it might with propriety be named a Gulf, being forty miles wide at its entrance, and fifty miles in

length. It is long and tapering, and receives at its head and along its southern shore numerous streams and rivers. A long, low tongue of land runs out at the southern side of the Bay, forming a safe and spacious harbour. Its position is in every respect admirable. It is sheltered by a range of hills from the chilling north-easterly winds that sweep over the eastern shores, and is quite out of the range of the fogs rolled in from the Banks by southerly breezes. In connection with the future of the Dominion of Canada, the Bay of St. George holds a very important place. A glance at the map shows that it commands the entrance of the Gulf and controls the St. Lawrence shores of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, with Prince Edward Island, the large harbours and fisheries of the St. Lawrence, Chaleur and the Magdalen Islands, and also secures the Straits of Belle Isle and the coast of Labrador. Its fertile soil, fine timber, valuable fisheries, and extensive coal fields, all indicate its capabilities of sustaining a large number of inhabitants, and all prophesy for it a prosperous future. We cannot doubt that the day is not far distant when the shores of this fine Bay will be dotted with towns and villages, and a swarming, busy population, farming, lumbering, fishing, shipbuilding and mining, will occupy its hills and valleys. In addition to all this, in Mr. Sandford Fleming's plan of a railway across the Island, St. George's Bay is named as the western terminus. This line will be the natural extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway, having its eastern terminus at St. John's, and thus bringing Europe within four days' steaming distance of America, and making the favourite travel-route between the Old World and the New to be across Newfoundland. In connection with such a project, the importance of settling the Bay of St. George is easily perceived. Were this fertile region populated, and connected by railway with the rest of the Island, a market for its produce would be found along the thickly-peopled eastern shore, where are the chief fishing centres, whose inhabitants would then find supplies of food, fuel and timber within the bounds of the Island. Along this line of railway, piercing the interior, agricultural settlements would be formed, villages and towns would spring up, the products of the mines would be transported to the seaboard, and rills of emigration would be conducted to every suitable locality. An Island whose area is considerably greater than that of Portugal, and nearly four times that of Belgium, would be opened up; and instead of being ignorantly

regarded as a barren rock, shrouded in chilling fogs, would speedily become an attractive home for some portion of those swarming myriads from the parent hive, who annually pass its shores, to seek a less desirable residence thousands of miles farther west. When to its rich and inexhaustible sea-harvests are added the hitherto unsuspected resources of its soil, forests and minerals, it will take an important place among its sister Provinces.

In these days when the advance in the price of fuel has brought the "coal question" home to every man's fire-side, any intelligence regarding new coal fields cannot fail to be acceptable. I am prepared to show that around the shores of St. George's Bay, as well as in other districts on the West Coast, there are extensive coal-beds which, though yet almost unexplored, give promise of great productiveness. The nearest coal deposits to those of Bay St. George are the Sydney beds; and it is not unreasonable to suppose it probable that there will be a general analogy in the character of the measures on the opposite sides of the water dividing them. Several years ago, Sir William Logan wrote, "At Sydney there are four workable seams, measuring altogether upwards of fifteen feet in a thickness of three thousand feet, that at the bottom being three feet; and no time should be lost in determining such facts as will make it known whether these seams exist, or may reasonably be searched for, by capitalists, in the carboniferous areas of Newfoundland." When such a high authority as Sir William Logan pronounces in favour of the probability of a continuation of the magnificent coal seams of Sydney on the Newfoundland side of the water, and earnestly urges a diligent search for their discovery, valuable results may fairly be anticipated when the region is duly explored. Already the anticipations of the eminent geologist have been abundantly confirmed, and the existence of fine workable seams of coal in Bay St. George is now placed beyond all doubt, the quality of the coal being such as specially fits it for steam fuel. A short time ago, Professor Bell of Canada, discovered a bed of coal three feet in thickness, near Crabb's River, about eight miles from the coast. This was a re-discovery of the same seam which the late distinguished geologist, Professor Jukes saw, during his visit to St. George's Bay, more than thirty years ago. He describes it as three feet in thickness, of excellent quality, *much of it being cannel coal*, so valuable for the manufacture of gas; and, as the top was wanting, he concluded that it belonged

to a still thicker seam. He says in his Report that "there is no doubt of there being more beds in the vicinity, and of the probability of all the centre of this low district being occupied by a productive coal field." The banks of the brook on which he found the coal seam, he describes as consisting of red and white sandstones and marls, "exactly like the new red sandstones of England." The formations on the spot where the coal comes to the surface he describes thus: "On the west bank of the brook was some grey clunch and shale, on which rested a bed of hard, grey sand-stone, eight feet thick, covered by two or three feet of clunch and iron-stone balls, and two feet of soft brown sand-stone, with ferruginous stains, on which reposed a bed of coal three feet thick." This, he concluded, from the dip of the rocks, to be "only the lower part of a bed, instead of the whole. The quality of the portion thus exposed was good, being a bright caking coal." The coal area here Mr. Jukes calculated to be "twenty or thirty miles long by ten wide;" the tract being "an oval, forming the centre of the country, bounded by the sea coast on the north, and the ridge of primary hills on the south." It is also worth noting that at a short distance from this spot Mr. Jukes heard of a salt spring, and on tasting the water in several of the little rills in the neighbourhood, he found it quite brackish. The discovery of salt springs in this locality may thus be regarded as highly probable. As to the probable extent of the single seam near Crabb's River, Alexander Murray, Esquire, F. G. S., formerly one of Sir William Logan's colleagues in the Geological Survey of Canada, and for the last five years Geological Surveyor of Newfoundland, has laid down the position of the outcrop upon his map, in order to show where workable seams were likely to occur in St. George's Bay, and he calculates that the plane of the seam there drawn, supposing it to be only three feet in thickness, and occupying an area of thirty-eight square miles, would contain 54,720,000 chaldrons of coal. Of course it is not to be expected that the whole of this is accessible; but there is a high probability that much of it will be found within workable depth. Strange to say, though the existence of this extensive coal field was known thirty years ago, it was not till the present year (1872), when the high price of coal stimulated research, that capitalists were induced to turn their attention to it. Numerous licenses, securing right of search in the neighbourhood of the outcrop referred to, have been recently secured, some of

them by Canadian speculators; and boring operations will shortly be commenced. Explorers are at work at present; and at Indian Head, in another part of the bay, a seam of coal is reported to be discovered. A thorough survey of the whole valuable region is urgently required. Many other seams will probably be discovered in the area between Cape Anguille and the head of St. George's Bay. The excellent quality of the coal found is an important consideration. I am not aware that cannel coal, so valuable in the manufacture of gas, has been found elsewhere on this side of the Atlantic.

Bay St. George is not the only locality in which coal is to be found on the West Coast. Mr. Jukes has also established its existence on the north-eastern shore of Grand Lake, where precisely similar beds occur to those forming the south side of St. George's Bay. This series of beds is composed of red sand-stone and marl, passing upward into brown and yellow sand-stones, interstratified with beds of brown, yellow and blue marls, clunch and shales, and dipping at various angles of inclination, but generally moderate ones, toward the east and south-east. In exploring here, along the margin of a small brook, Mr. Jukes found a bed of *cannel* coal six inches in thickness. An Indian assured him that he had seen a bed three feet thick in the brook below this point, three years before. "This," says Mr. Jukes, "was probably true, as I saw many banks in the same brook where such beds might have appeared, but which were then covered with wood and rubbish that had fallen from above." There is a large extent of level country around this locality, and as they approach this tract, "the beds become more horizontal and regular. It is therefore highly probable that coal may be found over the whole or greater portion of it." "We went some distance further up the brook, but could find no more beds, though we picked up a lump of good coal six inches thick, and apparently a part of a larger mass; and as the current of the brook is very rapid, and its bed rocky, it must necessarily have come from above. What I have seen, however, was sufficient to prove that all these clays and sand-stones, extending through the flat country round the head of the pond, belonged to a coal formation, containing no doubt good beds of workable coal." This flat country, which has never been examined since Mr. Jukes paid it a hasty visit thirty years ago, is of very great extent, and stretches away towards the head of White Bay, on the north-east

coast. It may contain extensive coal seams more valuable than those of Bay St. George. The whole of this coal-bearing region is most easy of access from the head of White Bay. One day, its solitudes will re-echo the scream of the locomotive; a busy, mining population will bring its hidden treasures to the sunlight, and perhaps transform it into the Lancashire of Newfoundland. It is but a short distance from the copper-bearing region in which the now celebrated copper mine of Tilt Cove is situated, which has just been purchased by an English Company for £150,000 sterling. This metalliferous zone is believed to run through the centre of the Island, and is of great extent. Copper and nickel have been found at various points, although only the coast has been examined, the interior being yet unknown. There are indications of magnetic iron and iron-stone along the northern and eastern shore. It is of vast importance, therefore, that, at a short distance from these mineral treasures, this coal-bearing region is found. St. George's Bay, too, as I shall show presently, contains magnetic iron, and Port-au-Port, which is close at hand, lead, copper, and possibly petroleum. A country which possesses all these advantages has every element of prosperity, and with a fertile soil and a healthy climate, requires only the presence and industry of man to rise into greatness. Coal in proximity to minerals renders a prosperous future certain. When we take into account, besides, the position of these coal-bearing regions, their treasures are enhanced in value. St. George's Bay is on the highway between Britain and Canada, and passing steamers can coal here much more readily than at Cape Breton. Wood fuel is every year becoming scarcer and dearer in every town on the Atlantic border; hence the vast importance of those stores of fuel which nature has laid up in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Newfoundland. Should the Canadian Pacific Railway have its eastern terminus at St. John's, it will be of vast consequence that it should pass through a coal region in St. George's Bay, from which supplies can be obtained, as from the coal beds of Vancouver's Island, at the other extremity of the line.

Let us now glance at the agricultural capabilities of Bay St. George. More than a quarter of a century ago, the Surveyor General of the day paid a professional visit to this part of the Island, with a view of reporting on its resources. He estimated that it was capable of supporting in comfort, from one to two hundred thousand inhabitants, from the produce of the soil alone,

without taking into account its minerals and fisheries. "The soil," he said in his Report, "is deep and rich, and when the trees and stumps are removed from it, no further obstacles exist to prevent the land being at once brought under the plough: while the husbandman has at hand lime-stone and gypsum sufficient for the most extensive farming operations, and in addition to which, kelp, a most valuable manure, may be collected almost to any extent. To clear land near St. John's, and generally on the eastern shore, so as to fit it for the reception of a crop, costs from £4 to £15 per acre. To put an equal quantity of ground in a similar state at St. George's Bay would not involve an outlay beyond forty or fifty shillings." Mr. Murray, Geological Surveyor, estimated lately that the extent of land around the shores of St. George's Bay, without taking into account the interior, which was available for settlement, was 225 square miles, or 142,800 acres. In addition to this, Mr. Murray says that "On the north shore of the Bay there is a considerable area of fine agricultural country, equal to 19,200 acres." "The present settlement of this fine region is limited to some straggling farms along the coast, on either side of the Bay, on which excellent crops of grass, potatoes and turnips are raised." "Between the hills and the southern coast of St. George's Bay the land is level, or undulating for the most part, thickly grown over by a fine growth of mixed forest timber, and drained by numerous streams, several of which are navigable for small boats or canoes for several miles inland." "Winter wheat has been grown successfully on Mr. Romain's farm on the north side of the Bay, and the hardier varieties of the grain might no doubt be cultivated to a large extent." "Many of the small farms maintain good stock of cattle, sheep, horses, pigs, etc., the condition of all which gives ample testimony to the capabilities of the soil on which they are raised."

In confirmation of the foregoing statements, I may quote the testimony of the Rev. Thomas Sears, a Roman Catholic clergyman who has been resident in St. George's Bay for a number of years: "As the soil here is surpassingly productive, especially in the growth of various grasses, I believe there is no country, in our latitude, to surpass it for raising sheep or cattle. Of course the land will have to be cleared before there is much facility for grazing, although in many places, near the salt water, there are large tracts already yielding grass. I find that all over the peninsula

of Cape St. George, and the sea coast in general, wherever the trees are removed, either by fire, wind, or other causes, a spontaneous growth of grass springs up. This grass is good for grazing, and even, when protected, yields a good crop of hay." Mr. Sears gives an instance of a settler on a river running into the Bay, who, having cleared one square mile of land, raised on his farm last year 240 tons of excellent hay. The river on which this settler resides is fifteen miles in length, and the land is equally good throughout its entire extent. In the more favoured localities, he says, there are meadows giving hay for the last nineteen years, without getting a particle of manure, and the nineteenth crop is better than the first. "To my own knowledge," he adds, "there are plains on either side the Bay of St. George some thirty or forty miles long, and in some places fifteen or twenty miles wide, traversed by rivers, and quite as fertile as the one I have described." "The hay is so good that at St. Pierre it is sold for £8 per ton." "The want of mills prevents the people growing cereals to any extent." "The wood is abundant and of excellent quality, at least for all ordinary purposes of farmers. The birch, which is abundant, is an excellent article of fuel, besides its well-known use for ship building. There is another tree here called the balm tree. It grows so luxuriantly on the large interval tracks of the river-margins, that, viewed from a distance, this fine looking tree reminds one of the oak forests of the Old World, or the maple groves of the neighbouring Colonies. The timber is very light, something like that of the aspen, and is as soft to cut as the cedar. For inside work it combines the gloss or polish of hardwood, with the facility of being worked or dressed peculiar to pine. It covers hundreds of acres, and grows to a size of three or four feet in diameter."

On Flat Bay Brook, which falls into St. George's Harbour, at a short distance from the coast, stands Cairn Mountain, twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is so named from a Cairn erected on its summit by the celebrated Captain Cook when engaged in triangulating the coast. In the neighbourhood of this mountain the Geological Surveyor found so many detached fragments of magnetic iron, that he concluded there must be large masses at no great distance. The settlers call Cairn Mountain "Steel Mountain," from the belief that it contains masses of iron. Just now, various reports are current about the discovery of this magnetic iron ore "in place," and numerous mining licenses have

been taken out, with a view to search for this valuable mineral, which, if found so close to a coal-bearing region, will be doubly valuable. In addition to iron, gypsum is found in such quantities as to be valuable as an article of commerce, as well as for agricultural purposes.

All visitors to Bay St. George speak in rapturous terms of the beauty of its scenery. Mr. Jukes in his Journal describes it as "gently undulating, with a fine short turf, not unlike some English landscapes." From a rising ground, at the spot where he landed, he saw "a tract of low, undulating land, covered with a rich sea of wood, stretching away into the interior for fifteen or twenty miles, backed by a range of blue hills in the horizon that rose towards the south-west, while toward the north-east they died away and coalesced with the hills at the head of the Bay." The rich-looking valley, with its bright waters winding away into the woods, he describes as "a most lovely and almost English picture."

The fisheries of St. George's Bay are exceedingly valuable, and to these the attention of the inhabitants is largely directed, to the neglect of the soil, in too many instances. Cod, salmon, herrings, seals and smelts, are taken in large quantities. Captain Brown, of H. M. S. *Danae*, engaged last year in the protection of the fisheries, says in his last Report: "The herrings in St. George's Bay are abundant, and the catch *unlimited*. Every man takes as many as he thinks he can cure. This year, about thirty thousand barrels are ready to go to Halifax and elsewhere. The inhabitants of St. George's harbour number about seven hundred, and are a well-to-do people, earning among them £35,000 per annum. This sum may seem excessive, but they catch herring in the spring, then salmon, and, later, cod. They have lately taken to go to Labrador for cod fishing. The salmon fishery they are doing their best to ruin. Dams, weirs and nets are set right across the rivers. Seals are sometimes caught in the Bay. Smelt is also taken every month in the year."

The climate of St. George's Bay is many degrees warmer in winter than that of Canada, Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, while the heat of summer is never oppressive. In an article in *The Canadian Naturalist* for March 1870, Dr. Bell, of Canada, says of the West Coast generally, "along the river-flats, in the valleys, and on 'the barrens,' when these are drained, and the country a little more cleared, there will be room for thousands of farms, and

the hills will afford walks for immense flocks of sheep, and pasture for countless herds of cattle, the surplus of all which will find a ready market at the ports and fishing stations, at the lumbering, manufacturing and mining establishments which, ere long, will make this old and neglected Colony one vast scene of active and profitable industry. The climate of the Island is favourable to the development of its agricultural resources of every kind. Instead of the cold, foggy atmosphere which is generally supposed to hang over the Island, quite the reverse is the case. The air is clear and warm, and the temperature during the year remarkably equable, the mercury in winter seldom falling below zero of Fahrenheit's scale, or in summer rising above 90 degrees, while the mean temperature of the year is about 44 degrees. I never saw finer weather than during the two months I was on the Island. It is only on the south-west corner that fogs prevail to any extent, from the proximity of that part to the Gulf Stream."

According to the census of 1869, the total population of St. George's Bay is 1,414, about half being resident at Sandy Point and Indian Head, St. George's Harbour. Notwithstanding the great disadvantages under which the people of the West Coast labour, from the want of roads and regular communication with the outside world, the increase of the population is wonderfully rapid. In 1857, the population of this region was 3,334; in 1869, it was 5,384, being about 64 per cent. in twelve years; while the population of the rest of Newfoundland, during the same period, increased only at the rate of 16 per cent. There could not be a more conclusive proof of the great natural advantages possessed by this neglected region. When its resources are really turned to account, what may we may not expect in the way of material progress!

From St. George's Bay we pass to the Codroy Valleys, lying between it and Cape Ray. The Great Codroy River falls into the sea in latitude $47^{\circ} 50' 14''$; longitude $59^{\circ} 19' 55''$, between fifteen and sixteen miles north from Cape Ray, and about six miles southeasterly from Cape Anguille. There is a narrow gut between the sea and the expansive, shallow estuary of this river. Banks of sand and gravel, which are frequently shifting, render this entrance difficult and dangerous even for small craft,—a contrast in this respect to the fine harbour of St. George. Were this channel cleared of its impediments, vessels of considerable tonnage could

enter, and would find inside the gut an excellent harbour sheltered from all winds. On the coast, four miles south from the outlet of the Great Codroy River, is Larkin Point, immediately south of which the waters of the Little Codroy River are poured into the sea. The fine valley, enclosed between these two streams, is bounded on the south-east by the Cape Ray mountains, rising in some places to a height of two thousand feet, and on the northern side by the Cape Anguille range, whose highest elevations reach thirteen hundred feet, and are richly covered by forest trees nearly to the summits." Of the Codroy Valley, the Geological Surveyor says, in one of his Reports: "The area occupied by level or gently undulating land, in the valley, amounts, by rough measurement on the plan, to about 75 square miles, or 48,000 acres, a very large proportion of which is available for settlement. For the most part, the country is well wooded with stout mixed timber, consisting chiefly of spruce, balsam firs, yellow birch frequently of large size, white birch and tamarack. The islands and flats of the lower part of the Great Codroy River yield a luxuriant growth of wild grass, affording an ample supply of admirable fodder for cattle. Notwithstanding the very rude process by which the land is cultivated, the crops produced of grass and roots highly testify to the excellence of the soil on which they are grown. Cattle and sheep are raised upon most of these small farms, producing most excellent beef and mutton, besides dairy produce of the very best description. The greater portion of the Anguille, and some portion of the lower slopes of the Cape Ray ranges also, are quite capable of improvement, and if cleared of timber, and sown in grass, would afford grazing land not easily surpassed in any country."

To this emphatic statement of such an intelligent and experienced observer as Mr. Murray, who spent nearly twenty years in the Geological Survey of Canada, we may add the no less favourable testimony of the Surveyor General, which he put on record nearly a quarter of a century ago: "The extent of land between the Great and Little Codroy rivers, and on the north side of the former, may, from the examination made, be estimated to contain an area equal to seventy thousand acres. The whole of that space consists of a rich loam capable of the highest degree of cultivation, and fit for the production of any description of crop. Limestone is readily obtained, and can with little trouble be made to contribute to the support of the land where it is so abundantly

found. Timber of the most valuable description covers, for the most part, the tract here referred to. Birch trees, measuring from five to seven feet in circumference, were found within a quarter of a mile of the shore; while others of a larger growth may be readily procured at a short increased distance from it. Amongst the birch is mingled spruce and fir of all sizes, suitable either for the erection of houses or the construction of vessels. From information obtained at Codroy, little doubt exists that coal may be procured, and that without much difficulty, towards the eastern end of the river. Lying to the north of the valuable tract of land referred to, is found a range of hilly ground admirably adapted for grazing; its natural productions consisting of a herbage which early in the summer attains a height of between two and three feet." "In closing the remarks on this river, it is doing no more than justice to say, that it would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful or picturesque scene than the whole presents; and whether with reference to the soil around it, to its fisheries, or its geographical position, forming as it does part of the Northern Head, and therefore commanding the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a more desirable and important place for a settlement could scarcely be found. Codroy is about three hundred miles from Halifax, and not more than double that distance from Quebec, and is nearly in the same latitude with the latter place."

In a letter dated "Little Codroy River, September 25th, 1872," the Rev. Dr. Howley says of this valley: "It is a vast plain, almost entirely covered with a dense growth of enormous timber, for the most part hardwood, birch, etc., some of which are more than twenty feet in circumference. This tract of land is bounded on the north and south by two ranges of magnificent mountains, wooded almost to the summits. It is about twenty miles wide at the sea shore, extending from Cape Ray to Cape Anguille, and stretches some sixty to one hundred miles inland. It is watered and drained by two beautiful rivers, running parallel through the whole length of it, about five miles apart, into which pour down innumerable tributary brooks from the mountain slopes at both sides, giving an alternation of interval and high or crop-land unsurpassed in its facilities for settlement, and presenting scenic views." This attractive spot has, however, been so entirely neglected and overlooked, that the settlers, numbering about one hundred families, are labouring under great difficulties. Dr. How-

ley tells us they have no roads, no schools, no available markets, no public grants; and that consequently they have made but a few rude clearings along the banks of the rivers, and content themselves with rearing such crops and live stock as are of use for their own consumption. He adds: "When we see the luxuriant crops, and consider the manifold produce of these few patches reclaimed from the primitive forest twenty years ago, and never since manured, we can form some idea of what might be done if these people had but the ordinary government aid to survey and allot their lands, to open up roads, and thus hold out to them the inducement of a market for their produce, I hesitate not to say that, in three or four years, they would supply the St. John's market with a sufficient quantity of hay and cattle."

There is a high probability that coal and other minerals will be found in Codroy valleys. Mr. Murray says: "The coal rocks were perceived to be distributed along the base of the Cape Ray mountains wherever visited, from Trevain Brook to the upper forks of the Great Codroy River." "Near the junction of the coal measures with the gneiss, on the Great Codroy River, some bands of a very ferruginous character were observed. These bands are of a reddish brown colour, are hard, brittle, and with a conchoidal fracture, the broken surfaces presenting occasionally a metallic lustre." "Gypsum," he adds, "abounds in the lower part of the carboniferous system, and is largely developed on the coast, near Codroy and in Bay St. George. The vast masses which come out in the cliffs, between Codroy Island and the Great Codroy River, can hardly fail to prove, some day, of great value and importance. Admirable building stone is found on Codroy Island. Some of the sand-stone beds of the coal formation, on the Great Codroy River, would produce good scythe-stones." Limestone beds he also describes as "occurring on the coast near Codroy, and thence cropping out at intervals near the right bank of the Great Codroy River." Thus rich in all that minister to man's comfort and material progress are these fine Codroy Valleys. A population of twenty thousand might find a comfortable home where now there are but six hundred settlers, too poor, indolent and spiritless to take advantage of the bounties at hand. Thousands of emigrants every year pass by this unknown region to seek settlement in far inferior regions further west.

Between the two regions I have described—Codroy and Bay St.

George—there is a considerable extent of country; but as there are no roads, it is rarely traversed, and little is known of it. An intelligent traveller, a native of Cape Breton, who had occasion to cross from Codroy to Bay St. George, recently furnished some account of his journey to a St. John's newspaper, from which I make the following extracts: "We passed through the settlement of Grand River, which extends some eight or nine miles from its mouth, this being as far as is navigable with a small boat. There are about fifty-three families settled along the banks of this river, on land which I believe is scarcely surpassed by any in the Lower Provinces for its fertility. But I cannot possibly conceive how these people can manage to farm without roads, mills, or any of the facilities which farmers deem so indispensable in other places." "We travelled some twenty-four miles above this beautiful and romantic river. There is a range of good upland, extending some nine miles above the settlement. This is studded with birch, spruce and fir; and then commences what is usually called 'the Big Interval.' This great tract of land I travelled for about fifteen miles either side of the river, some places extending over a mile in width. The extent and appearance of this splendid interval struck me so forcibly, that notwithstanding my ardent desire to reach my destination, I was seized with a desire to ascertain the nature of the soil. I could observe along the banks that the soil was exceedingly good, and four feet in depth, while the grass, balsam or balm of Gilead trees, and tall alders, gave abundant proofs of its surpassing fertility. I thought, as I passed over these neglected and uncultivated miles of rich and profitable lands, how careless the people of Newfoundland were to their own interests; and with what indifference they look on and see thousands of such acres, on this Western Shore, that might be yielding abundance, without an individual to appreciate their worth, or an effort made to rescue them from their pristine condition. As I ascended the mountain, previous to coming into the valley of Bay St. George, I took a survey of this vast and magnificent valley; and the same grand and pleasing sight was presented to view, unbroken by barrens or rocks, till the sight was lost amidst the dark and gloomy forest, which, robed in its sombre green, seemed to mourn the neglect in which the vale below was left."

The evidence thus adduced proves conclusively, that in Codroy and Bay St. George, there is a fertile belt of land of very consider-

able extent, easily reclaimed, covered with fine timber, much of it coal-bearing, and holding deposits of valuable ores, having gypsum and limestone beds in abundance, and possessed of excellent harbours. It would be difficult to find a more inviting region for settlers. The scorching summer heats and fierce colds which are so trying to the settler in Continental America, are here unknown. Fever and ague, the scourge of many parts of Canada and the United States, are unheard of here. Not one in a thousand is aware of the existence of such localities. The prevailing ideas about Newfoundland are gathered from such works as Warburton's *Hochelaga*, extracts from which are found in most popular compilations. How utterly erroneous are his statements may be gathered from the following extract, forming as it does such a contrast to the views presented in this article: "The barren soil and ungenial climate of Newfoundland defy the skill and industry of the husbandman; wheat does not grow; the scanty crops of barley and oats rarely ripen; from sheltered places near the towns a moderate supply of potatoes and garden vegetables is forced from the unwilling earth. There are a few cattle, the grasses being plentiful and nutritious. All else for the use of man comes from over the sea. During the summer, some of the lakes and bays are rich in a short-lived beauty. Few have penetrated into the interior for any distance: the hills as you advance rise into mountains, the shrubs into trees. There is an idea that the centre of the Island is a great valley, filled with numerous lakes and impenetrable morasses: none of the rivers are navigable far up the country, and there seems but little to tempt the explorer."

It would be difficult to compress into the same space a greater amount of misrepresentation regarding this Island than the foregoing extract contains; and it is a matter of regret that such careless statements should ever have come from the pen of the estimable author of *Hochelaga* and *Darien*. Thirty years have elapsed since Warburton visited St. John's. His stay was but of a few days continuance; and his knowledge of the country was acquired by a few casual conversations with the people he met; and yet, to this day, his chapter on Newfoundland is accepted as a standard authority on the subject.

North of St. George's Bay, between it and the Bay of Islands, extends the small peninsula of Port-au-Port. The few settlers here live chiefly by farming, the land in many parts of the Bay

being well wooded and good for agricultural purposes. The settlements are at West Point, Isthmus Cove, East Bay and Fox Island. Altogether, about twenty families reside in the Bay. They have a considerable number of cattle and sheep, and employ themselves, during the winter months, in making staves and herring barrels, which they dispose of to traders proceeding to the Bay of Islands. Halibut are taken in the Bay by American fishermen, and in the Boston market realise \$6 per cwt. The best harbour is that of Piccadilly. This peninsula is almost unknown; and yet, the mineral indications which are reported ought to have ensured a careful exploration long since. The ores of lead and copper have been often met with, and in such quantities and positions as give reason to expect that a thorough search will be attended by successful results. Westward of Isthmus Cove, a deposit of lead ore has been reported, and copper ore abreast of Fox Island, on the other shore of the Bay. In his Report for 1866, Mr. Murray tells us that on the south side of the Bay of Port-au-Port, "galena or the sulphate of lead, is scattered in cubes or reticulates in strings associated with large rhomboidal crystals of calc spar." "The conditions in which this galena occurs are such as to warrant diligent investigation and trial on the part of mineral explorers, as there is great probability that, in some part of its course, the lode may be found to produce a remunerative supply of ore. Whilst in the neighbourhood of Port-au-Port, I was informed that native copper occurred in some part of the main coast farther north." Mr. Murray further states that there is evidence to show that in Port-au-Port, one of those detached troughs or basins of coal measures occurs, extending towards Bay of Islands; but he suspects the greater part of it is under the sea. He also mentions indications of petroleum having come under his observation. The events of the last few days have abundantly confirmed Mr. Murray's anticipations regarding the presence of lead ore. An explorer employed by the Telegraph Company discovered a large mass of lead ore, yielding, on analysis, from fifteen to twenty per cent. of pure lead, and having, it is believed, traces of silver. A block of this ore, two feet square, has been forwarded to St. John's, and gives promise that the discovery will prove to be of great value. The same explorer has also found copper in Port-au-Port. This is a striking proof of the value of a geological survey, and a remarkable instance of the prescience of the geologist pointing the way to a valuable

discovery. I may mention, in connection with this point, that it was on a hint from Dr. Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal, that an exploration of the north-east coast of Newfoundland was made, resulting in the discovery of the rich copper mine at Tilt Cove, the Doctor's opinion being founded upon the probable position of the serpentines which, in Canada, are copper-bearing, and the existence of which in Newfoundland, geology had indicated as highly probable.

About fifty miles from the north head of Bay St. George, the Bay of Islands opens, being fifteen miles wide at its entrance, where it is studded with lofty islands,—whence its name. This fine region, only second in importance to Bay St. George in regard to its agricultural capabilities, fisheries, timber and mineral treasures, contains as yet but two hundred families, the total population, according to the last census, being 947, settled along the banks of the Humber Sound and River. The Bay is spacious and easy of access, its length being about sixteen miles, with good and safe anchorage on the southern side. There are several arms extending from its eastern side, but these are as yet little known. The most important, however, is that arm which is known as Humber Sound, extending from the south-eastern part of the Bay about twenty-eight miles easterly into the country, with a width of more than two miles. At its head is the mouth of the largest and most navigable river in the Island—the fine Humber River. A range of hills called the Blow-me-down Hills, from eight hundred to one thousand feet in height, rises to the south of the Sound. The first or lower course of the river passes through a narrow gorge nearly three miles in length, having on each side lofty crags, which in some places shoot up perpendicularly from the water's edge to the height of a thousand feet. In flowing through this gorge, the river is in some places pent up to less than a chain in width, the current being strong and deep. Three miles from the mouth of the river a slight rapid is met, which is easily passed at high spring tides. Above this rapid the Humber opens out wide, flowing through a most beautiful and picturesque valley from three to five miles in width, with fine flat land on either side. The rise from the sea to the level of Deer Lake, Mr. Murray estimates to be only about ten feet. Deer Lake, through which the Humber flows, is fifteen miles in length and three in breadth. Around it, especially to the eastward and northward, is a fine

expanse of flat rolling country, reaching away, in the former direction, towards Grand Lake. "The land surrounding Deer Lake," says the Surveyor General, "is of a most fertile description, bearing on its surface pines measuring from three to four feet in diameter, with birch of scarcely inferior dimensions, and both these kinds existing in great quantities, and with such water-power within reach as would seem to invite the establishment of saw-mills, and at the same time to insure success to such an enterprise."

From Deer Lake to Grand Lake is an estimated distance of fourteen miles. The stream uniting the two, called Junction Brook, is rapid and difficult of navigation. The other branch of the Humber has a general north-easterly direction, till it comes to a fall ten feet in height, and ninety feet above the sea level. "Above this fall," says Mr. Murray, "the general course is said to be a little eastward of north for about eight or nine miles, where it reaches within less than ten miles of the head of White Bay; and then turning westerly for a few miles, runs along the base of the mountains, and finally turns south-westerly, and terminates at Adee's Pond, within about twelve miles distance from the head of Deer Lake, and some twenty miles from the eastern arm of Bonne Bay." The tract of country from Deer Lake to the western bend of the river, Mr. Murray estimates at an area of 429 square miles, or 250,000 acres, "at least one half of which is well adapted for raising almost any kind of agricultural produce."

Such then is the course of this noble river which, from its first rill in the gorges of the Long Range mountains to its mouth, is not less than 114 miles in length, and flows through a beautiful and fertile tract of country which one day will be thickly populated, its valleys waving with the yellow harvest, and hills covered with browsing herds. Through this region, now tenanted only by the bear, the wolf, the deer, the marten and the fox, will be one of the main lines of communication between the opposite shores of an Island which few are aware contains an area of 38,000 square miles, being nearly an eighth larger than Portugal. The river Humber is the outlet of Grand Lake, the finest sheet of water in Newfoundland, being fifty-six miles in length, and four to five in breadth, and enclosing in its middle a great island which has itself a length of twenty-two and an average breadth of two miles. Its south-western extremity reaches within sixteen miles of the harbour of Bay St. George, and its north-eastern end is but thirty or

forty miles from White Bay, on the north-east coast. Thus, from the Bay of Islands a communication can readily be opened which, passing through the Humber, Deer Lake and Grand Lake, will enter Bay St. George by a road of about sixteen miles in length. The country north of Grand Lake Forks is admirably adapted for laying out roads; and a road of less than ten miles from the northern bend of the river, would open up the whole country from the head of White Bay. There is sufficient water in the Humber and the two lakes through which it flows to float a schooner; but at present its rapids impede navigation. The difficulties thus presented can, as in similar instances, be readily overcome when once the country is settled.

The soil of the Humber district is deep and fertile, yielding, when reclaimed, excellent crops of all kinds. Limestone can readily be procured, and to any extent, for agricultural purposes. As to the extent of land fit for settlement, the Surveyor General reported, many years since, as follows: "The area of good cultivable land to be found on its banks and adjacent to it, it would be difficult to estimate, unless a more extended examination were made than has yet taken place; but from the resources which this part of our Island possesses in its herring, salmon and cod fishery, coupled with the great extent of land, which only requires the ordinary care of the agriculturist to insure a profitable return, it may not be extravagant to say that from a hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand persons could be readily located here, who would be placed in such circumstances and surrounded with such resources as would guarantee to the sober and industrious settler a comfortable maintenance." The Geological Surveyor, who examined this region in 1867, estimated the extent of land, more or less available for settlement, on the route through which he passed, at 250,000 acres. "Thousands of square miles have been laid out," he remarks in his Report, "in townships, and already partially settled, in Canada, either for purposes of lumbering or farming, on the northern shores of Lake Huron, and many parts of the Lower Provinces, far inferior in most respects to this region of Newfoundland, which, there can scarcely be a doubt, is capable of supporting a very large population." Captain W. S. Brown, of H. M. S. *Danae*, who visited the Humber last year, says in his Report: "Wherever the soil is cleared, crops flourish. Hay is very sweet and good, and the crops heavy. All sorts of vegetables grow

freely." An observant traveller, who explored this region two years ago, formed the highest estimate of it in an agricultural point of view, especially the district around Deer Lake. On the banks of Grand Lake he observed quantities of coal washed up, which had most probably been carried into it by some of the brooks,—a proof of its abundance in the neighbourhood. Many thousands of agricultural settlers, he concluded, might find a comfortable home in the valley of the Humber, while those living on the banks of the Sound could combine fishing, lumbering or ship-building with farming. In crossing the country from Hall's Bay he found everywhere an abundant vegetation, and the climate many degrees warmer than that of the eastern shore. The scenery too he described as splendid.

The lumbering prospects in the valley of the Humber are also excellent. The Surveyor General reported of the timber as follows: "The hard wood found here consists chiefly of the different descriptions of birch,—the yellow, called wych-hazel, within less than a quarter of a mile from the shore, was found measuring, at six feet from the ground, from five to seven feet in circumference; and soft wood, as pine, spruce, birch, etc., are to be had with as little difficulty: the whole consisting of a size sufficiently large for any kind of building, and in quantities abundant enough to become an article of export." Mr. Jukes describes the woods as consisting of "fir, larch, spruce, birch and pine, many trees being of good size and capable of affording good timber." Mr. Murray in his Report for 1867 says: "Independently of its agricultural capabilities, this fine tract of country seems to present inducements for other branches of industry and enterprise, in the quality of its timber, much of which is excellent. Tamarack or juniper is not rare; yellow birch of large dimensions is abundant; white pine and spruce grow in the greatest profusion, frequently of a size and quality not greatly inferior, if not equal to the best that is now largely brought into market in Gaspé and other parts of the Lower Province of Canada. Water-power to drive machinery is everywhere obtainable, either on the main river, as on the upper part of the stream, or on the numerous brooks that fall into Deer Lake and the lower reaches."

In an article in *The Journal of the Society of Arts*, Mr. Murray says: "The valley of the Humber is specially well wooded, and a large area of country appears to be provided with all the necessary

material for shipbuilding to a remarkable degree. With the exception of two inconsiderable rapids, there is no obstruction to the navigation of the river by large boats for thirty-two miles up its course, where the timber of the various species is amply abundant, particularly at and between it and the Grand Pond Forks, which might be procured without difficulty. The climate of Newfoundland is not by any means so severe as is generally supposed. The range of the thermometer is very much less than it is in any part of the Canadas, the heat in summer seldom exceeding 70° to 75° Fahrenheit, while the cold in winter is seldom very much below zero. The fogs, generally supposed, by those unacquainted with the country, to envelop the whole Island almost eternally, have but a limited existence in the interior, and are not by any means prevalent on the northern or western shores, although they certainly prevail on the southern shores generally, and at Placentia Bay particularly." The Surveyor General says: "To persons visiting the western shores of Newfoundland, after having been acquainted with the southern and eastern, the difference of climate between these places, and the different effects produced upon the weather by the winds, become at once apparent. The southern shore is frequently enveloped in fog; and as to the eastern, though not subject to that visitation to an equal extent, yet does the easterly wind almost always bring to it cold and disagreeable weather. On the western shore fog is rarely seen, and the climate is an ameliorated one." The only other evidence I shall quote is that of Capt. Brown, who says in his Report: "Up the main river, towards Deer Lake, the timber is very fine. Spars sixty feet, without a knot, have been cut, and thirty inches in diameter."

The carboniferous formation is distributed in the area of the Humber, in what Mr. Murray has named the "Inland Trough of the Humber River and Grand Pond." The western outcrop of this trough, he says, strikes inland from the lower end of Deer Lake, towards Adee's Pond at the head of the river, and then along the left bank of the river towards the western shores of White Bay. The eastern outcrop runs along the edge of the upper end of Deer Lake towards Grand Lake. The coal measures of this region have not yet been accurately examined. Mr. Murray says of them: "If the workable beds of Cape Breton exist at all in the central trough of Newfoundland, the country where they may be expected to be found will be in the region between the Humber River and Sandy

Pond, where there is ample room to bring in a sufficient accumulation of thickness; although the character of the country in that part is sorely against surface examination, it being in a great measure covered over by dense vegetation or marsh."

The following extract from Mr. Murray's Report contains the substance of what is yet known of the marble beds of the Humber: "Marbles of various kinds occur at certain parts of the Bay of Islands. The cliffs at the entrance to the Humber river yield white, black, and variegated white and red limestone, a large portion of which is capable of being used for many ornamental purposes; although the white variety seems usually to be too coarsely crystalline for statuary purposes. In one place, however, a pure white marble is obtained from beds which may prove to be of more importance. Some beds of black limestone of very fine grain, hard and compact, occur also in the lower reach of the Humber river, which are capable of receiving a high polish; and at a place called Cook's Cove, on the south side of the Humber arm, a beautiful and homogeneous sample of jet black marble was obtained from a bed about six inches thick, and in immediate contact with a conglomerate limestone. Still another variety of marble may be found at York Harbour, where a great mass of serpentine, which forms an adjacent range of hills, comes to the water's edge." Red ochre, which is used as a red paint, and red chalk are found on the Humber river near Beaver Pond, also red, green and brown jaspers, "which are frequently capable of taking a high polish, and might be cut into brooches, seals, and other personal ornaments."

The Bay of Islands is the most important seat of the herring fishery, next to Labrador. In quality the herrings are quite equal to those taken on the Labrador coast, and the supply is most abundant. They are taken chiefly in Humber Sound, and even up the Humber River at twenty-four miles from the entrance. The herring fishery commences in October and ends in May, broken only when the ice is forming or breaking up. When the Bay is frozen in winter, the herrings are taken in nets which are put down in holes and drains cut through the ice at different parts of the Humber. It is no uncommon thing for a crew consisting of seven men to bring on shore two thousand barrels of herrings during the season. Two men will often take from one to eight barrels per day. The fisherman is in the habit of saying that, as a regular

thing, "he expects to take a barrel of herrings each day out of the water." The herrings are exported to Canada and the United States, where they realize on an average four dollars per barrel in the market. This splendid fishery, which is carried on in a very imperfect way, by a few residents, is capable of indefinite expansion. The cod fishery of the Humber is prosecuted during the summer months, about the headlands at the entrance of the Bay, in punts and whale-boats. The catch averages from thirty to sixty quintals of cod per man. Salmon were once abundant, but that fishery is declining rapidly in the Humber, as elsewhere, owing to the reckless practice of barring the streams when the fish are ascending to spawn. The settlers in this fine region do not yet number a thousand. Captain Brown describes them in his Report as "healthy, orderly, industrious, and moderately well-to-do."

North of Bay of Islands another fine bay opens, named Bonne Bay. It is but recently settled, and has not yet been visited by the Geological Surveyor or any other professional Surveyor, so that little accurate information regarding it is attainable. From the reports regarding it, furnished by casual visitors, it is certain that all around Bonne Bay is a vast tract of land, well wooded, and admirably adapted for agriculture and grazing. The extent of land available for such purposes is not yet determined. The few who have attempted the cultivation of the soil speak highly of its fertility. The population is rapidly increasing, there being now about one hundred families in the place. The herrings here are of the same description as those of the Bay of Islands, and equally abundant. The settlers live mainly by the herring, cod and salmon fisheries. A very large population might find a comfortable home around the shores of this fine bay. No explorations for minerals have yet been made; but as the carboniferous formation is developed here, the probability is that the country around Bonne Bay will be found not less rich in mineral treasures than those I have already described.

Of the portion of the west coast north of Bonne Bay almost nothing is known. There are some French fishing stations along the coast, but no settlers at Hawke's Harbour, Port Saunders, or Keppel Harbour. What may be the agricultural capabilities and the mineral recourses of Ingornachois Bay, Bay St. John, and the bays along the northern coast is quite unknown. Visitors to some of the harbours and bays on the northern coast of the Island have

described to me fine tracts of land around the heads of those bays; and the probability is that nearly all of them will be found more or less capable of settlement, and many of them possessed of natural advantages not inferior to some of those already described.

Thus, I have succeeded in showing that Western Newfoundland presents a most extensive and promising field for emigration. The few sections along the coast, already surveyed in a superficial way, have been proved, on the most unquestionable evidence, to contain more than half a million acres of fertile land, well wooded, easily reclaimed, and within easy distance of good harbours. By penetrating farther into the interior, the area of land fit for settlement may be quadrupled. No doubt land more fertile, and more capable of producing cereals, may be found in the great prairies of the Far West, or on the banks of the Red River; but it would be very difficult to find a region presenting to the emigrant so many varied advantages as those of Western Newfoundland. The great arms of the sea penetrate far inland, bearing the finny treasures to the very doors of the settlers. The facilities for prosecuting the her-ring fishery are such, that were skill and capital employed, there would here spring up centres of this marine industry second to none in the world, especially that now, by the Treaty of Washington the markets of the United States are thrown open, free of duty, to the fish-products of Newfoundland. By due care, the salmon fisheries might readily be restored and rendered of immense value; while the cod fisheries might be indefinitely increased. In addition to farming and fishing, lumbering and shipbuilding might be prosecuted by settlers. No lengthened land-carriage would be needed to convey the produce of the land to the coast; and the markets of the United States, the Dominion of Canada, and Britain itself, would be within reach of settlers. To these advantages must be added the mining industries which will spring up in a country possessing extensive coal-fields as well as iron, lead and copper deposits. Where is the locality in Illinois or the back-woods of Canada that can for a moment compare with Western Newfoundland as a New Home for Emigrants? The climate is so salubrious and bracing, that no country is better fitted to sustain a hardy, enterprising race; and the pursuits of industry will be so varied as to afford scope for every variety of taste and talent. Only men are wanted to make this region a prosperous settlement, where the means of securing a healthy and happy physical existence will be abundant.

The question is, whether these fine natural resources, now lying waste, cannot be turned to account. When one thinks of the myriads in the British Isles who are every day finding increasing difficulty in procuring the barest means of subsistence, even with the utmost toil and economy, and of the far greater multitudes who are deep sunk in hopeless poverty and wretchedness, amid circumstances which degrade humanity and blot out its fairest features, the wish naturally arises that at least a portion of these struggling masses could be transferred to such a new home as I have been describing, or to others in the neighbouring Provinces of British America, where they could grow into a healthy and happy independence, under far better conditions than it is possible for them to find now in the over-populated land of their birth. In the case of Western Newfoundland, the new home is almost at the door of the old one. A watery highway, which can be traversed by steamers in five or six days, has only to be passed over, and the emigrant would at once find himself at his destination, and could enter upon his work. No long and perilous voyage would have to be undertaken; no tedious land journey, as in the case of emigrants to the Far West. The expense and toil of effecting a change of abode would thus be greatly reduced to the emigrant. Any quantity of land can be purchased from the local Government of the Island at the rate of half a dollar per acre. Not only so, but the Legislature of Newfoundland lately passed an Act, the provisions of which secure to all "poor settlers" on Crown Lands, eight dollars gratuity for the first acre cleared, and six dollars for each succeeding acre, until six acres are cleared, when the settler is entitled to a free grant of the portion he has thus reclaimed.

It is not difficult to see how emigration could be attracted to these shores. Few even in Newfoundland are acquainted with the capabilities of the western portion of the Island; and outside, not one in ten thousand knows that such a region possesses any attractions for emigrants. How great the ignorance that prevails regarding the Island of Newfoundland may be gathered from our popular geographies. I open one of the best of these—"Dr. Mac-Ray's Elements of Geography"—and find the following statements: "Newfoundland is noted for its humid atmosphere, its dense fogs and the cold of its winters." "The soil is marshy and covered with a scrubby vegetation. The Island is very destitute of timber, and kitchen vegetables form the principal crops." To dispel these

delusions, which are calculated to place the Island on a par with Spitzbergen, as a field of emigration, accurate information regarding the country should be circulated. Surveys of the fertile lands and mineral localities should be made, and these laid out in blocks; the construction of roads commenced, and help afforded to industrious settlers. A local steam service should connect these regions with the capital. The Allan line of steamers now touch at St. John's, so that were intelligence diffused, and encouragement held out to emigrants, a promising commencement in the settlement of this fine region might speedily be made.

In earnest and eloquent words, Mr. Froude and others among our foremost thinkers, have been preaching to us the necessity of directing the stream of emigration to our own Colonies, and binding those Colonies to the Mother Land more closely, by the ties of interest and good will. This eloquent writer reminds us that in England there are but thirty thousand landed proprietors, and that as large estates are gradually absorbing the smaller, the number of persons owning land is becoming smaller. He points out that for such a state of things the remedy is found in England's Colonial possessions. He describes the Colonies as "enormous areas of soil in which ten times as many people as are now choking and jostling one another in our lanes and alleys might take root and expand and thrive: and the question is, whether these spaces may not be utilized; whether, without rude changes at home, we may not exchange England for an English Empire in which every element shall be combined which can promise security to the whole." "Two alternatives lie palpably open to us at this moment. Shall there be a British Empire, of which the inexhaustible resources shall be made available for the whole commonwealth? Shall there be tens of millions of British subjects rooted in different parts of the globe, loyal all to one crown, and loyal to each other because sharing equally and fairly in the common patrimony? Or, shall there be an England of rich men, in which the multitude are sacrificed to the luxuries of the few,—an England of which the pleasant parks and woodlands are the preserves of the great, and the millions, the creators of the wealth, swill and starve amidst dirt and disease and vice and drunkenness and infanticide?" "We invite our rulers," he adds, "to reflect that although the Colonies might be considered as embarrassment to us, if they were embedded in continents and

accessible only through the territories of other nations, yet that with a watery highway to their doors, they are so disposed as to contribute to a mercantile State like ours, not weakness, but enormous strength; that the ten millions by whom those Colonies are now occupied might become fifty millions, yet the addition be felt only in providing openings for yet vaster numbers; that the Sovereign of this country would be possessed of so many more devoted and prosperous subjects; and that by providing this outlet, the only sure measures would have been taken for the improvement of our people at home."

There can be little doubt that the time is at hand when these broad and enlightened views will meet with wide acceptance in England, and when the Emigration question will attract that attention which its gravity and importance demand.

THE NORTHERN LIGHT.

ABOVE a mighty Monarch's throne
 Who dwells by the northern pole,
 Where ceaselessly the sun has shone,
 And the wintry billows roll;
 Whose history, since earth was young,
 Was never told by mortal tongue,
 Or known to a human soul,
 A bannered light is cast on high
 On many million spears,
 Lifting far up into the sky
 The tropical sheen of years;
 And storms sweep up from a shoreless sea
 Where that Monarch holds high revelry,
 With his star-crowned mountain peers.
 And balefully the northern sun
 Shines o'er that Monarch's head,
 While many wrecks of ships undone,
 Peopled by frozen dead,

Go sailing past thro' the spectral light,—
 Pale ghosts of a day that have no night
 In that lifeless sea of dread.

Far, far away from balmy isles
 Those ships and men have come;—
 They ne'er will answer welcome smiles
 Who are for ever dumb;

While around the northern pole they sail
 Before the breath of a ceaseless gale
 That will never waft them home.

And round, and round the pole they go,
 A weird and ghastly fleet;
 The shrieking winds about them blow

The undissolving sleet,
 And the Pilot stands beside the wheel,
 And the Look-out, clad in ice, like steel,
 Sightless keeps his frozen seat.

Sad watchers wait in distant lands
 Each unreturning barque:—
 Draw not the curtains, trembling hands,
 Nor peer into the dark,
 For the Northern King has bound them fast
 In his icy sea. Their keels have past
 O'er Ocean, nor left a mark.

But when upon the summer sky
 Ye see the arching light,
 And view the ships go sailing by
 Like arks of hope and might,
 O! pray for those who are far at sea,
 And the lost ones may return, to be
 Like angels, in dreams by night.

CARROL RYAN.

UP AND DOWN THE RIGI.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

IF you are at all interested, of course you will want to know why, when, and how I went at all.

I was a young woman in search of 'eye-openers,' that was Why.

Last August, that was When.

With your leave, most worshipful skimmer of these pages, I shall in them epitomize the How.

From Lucerne, lovable little Lucerne, hanging fondly over her own bright image in the Lake of the Four Cantons, my revered Uncle and I took steamer for Vitznau one simmering morning in the month aforesaid, intent, with some four hundred companion tourists, upon interviewing the Rigi.

By the unanswerable argument of weight having obtained a footing under the awning, and wedged myself into a sitting posture, I gave up my soul to the enjoyment (?) of my surroundings.

A fat French lady with a fat French poodle in her lap, overflowed the chair beside me and caused me to absorb her surplus animal heat, making a surcharged blotting sheet of me; my left hand supporter, a pink, spectacled German, puffed aerated 'cigar-reen' down my throat by the dozen; a sharp female from New England dug her knees into my back, and freely passed her remarks upon "them nasty foreigners;" and a Bullish masculine from Old England gave me his broad back to peruse, and trod out the corn of my writhing toe. Shoulders innumerable buffeted me. Umbrellas by the score hooked themselves into my head gear. Passing strugglers shamelessly flattened my face.

With these trifling drawbacks, I was perfectly happy.

Through niches in the human wall which prisoned me, I caught glimpses of a panorama which filled my soul with awe.

Under the double chin of the fat Frenchwoman I saw that the waters of Lucerne were blue and translucent as a turquoise; over the crown of the German's soft hat I saw Alp on Alp rising grandly from the gleaming marge. Through the apertures disclosed by the American's arms in the course of her gesticulations—and she gesticulated a great deal in the course of her arguments with her husband—I beheld the shining trail of blended pearls and opals which marked the way we went.

Of what stretched before us I cannot speak. I saw nothing but back, back encased in the fabric and the hue which Holborn loves to wear; back, very dusty, and bursting-out-at-seams; *toujours* back, aggressive, inevitable, omnipresent back.

We touched at Waggis, where a troop of abject little donkeys with scarlet chairs on their backs, invited adventurous equestriennes to make the ascent thus picturesquely; but alas! for the four hundred, "Few, few did part where (too) many (had) met," the novelty of an uphill railway ride having charms for most.

So we continued our squeeze up to Viznau, and disembarking on a crazy wooden quay at the feet of towering Rigi, there ensued a free fight for tickets.

Four railway cars, each seated for fifty, awaited our pleasure. It was the pleasure of four hundred persons to secure a seat, or die in the attempt. The one primitive little ticket office was attacked with unexampled ferocity, and in "less nor no time," two hundred tickets were sold, and the supply ceased.

All the men of weight and the women of pushing tendencies surged out in triumph and occupied the contested seats, leaving the polite people, the slim ones, the feeble folk and few, like the conies, ramping about the platform.

No more car for four hours, when these returned; nothing to do but sit in the railway restaurant or go out and get cooked by the sun. "Oh wasn't it nice!"

The French lady, left behind by no fault of hers, for sure her place was among the bullies, reduced us to comparative mildness by the bold power of her Parisian Billingsgate.

"Take in your vile Swiss sabots, ye miserable railway officials,—brutes! ye shall answer for this insult to a Frenchwoman yet: no, no, Messieurs, France is not to be trampled under *your* hoofs! Tremble to the centre of your beings, ye contemptible fellow voyageurs,—barbarians! ye have jammed the poodle Tarley, and Tarley is sick, adorable jewel! Shrink into dust, wretch of a *garçon*, who would dare to snatch the water tumbler from Tarley's dear dripping fangs, and substitute a tin mug! Oh wretches! savages! beasts of Germans! detestable Rigi! *Pauvre chien!* Angel! dying Tarley! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Seeing that making the worst of it only over-heated our too eloquent neighbor, we resolved to make the best of it; so lunched off "ros-bif," red-raw in honor of our supposed English taste, and

bread, hard in the shell and browned beyond compare, and drank the sour purple wine of the Rhine lands,— (ah, poets may rave of these delicate cups of nectar, but poets, like publicans, take (out) a license :) after which banquet we repaired to the bamboo pagoda by the brink of the lake, and dropped crumbs to the stickle-backs and baby trout, and swallowed countless pipes-full of smoke for three hours, when the cars reappeared and the fray recommenced.

At that long-looked for moment, a steamer, bristling with fresh arrivals, approached the quay, and oh, agony! the ticket-office still remained closed.

Friends and foes, we clubbed together. We stormed the citadel; we demanded fair play in the name of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Spain, Italy, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Turkey, Russia and AMERICA; we yelled in thirteen languages for our tickets, and—ha! ha! ha! we got them just as the invading army set foot on what must now be their limbo for the night, all unconscious (like ourselves four hours ago) of the vicissitudes in store for them.

It was our turn to triumph now; each with ticket in hand we hastened into the restaurant, which, like the poet's stocking, served "a double debt to pay," a "*salle á manger*" for the hungry; a "*salle attente*" for such as went away.

With the reprehensible unreason of imitation, the fresh arrivals streamed in after us, *sans* tickets, *sans* ceremony, *sans* bowels of compassion, *sans* everything but body, and when the bursting walls could contain no more, the doors were locked upon us.

O Dante, in all your infernal imaginings, you never thought of a torment more dire than this!

Each gasping mortal strove with his neighbors for the small boon of room to breathe; wedged each in his place, he strove but feebly against such an overplus of neighbor; men thrust their hands into their coat-tail pockets for a handkerchief wherewith to mop their purple streaming faces, and could not draw them out again for mob; women, too frightened to faint, lost all semblance of flounced, puffed, and frizzled femininity, and suffered for once in silence; we melted away with heat, yet did not decrease one hair's-breadth in bulk with it all.

After fifteen minutes of this probation, car Number One came into view from the platform where it had been depositing its down passengers in a leisurely and irresponsible manner; a squat Swiss

guard peered in at the glass door of the restaurant, and put his hand upon the key, whereat a mighty convulsion seized upon that throng. We threw ourselves *en masse* towards the hoped for deliverance—we moved an inch!

The grinning official withdrew a step to chat with a co-monster of indifference; a groan ran through that prisoned throng; he lit himself a cigar; he enjoyed it before us for a time; he glanced at the clock across the *salle attente*—the clock which said as plain as the hideous nose upon his own ill-favored face, that it was twenty minutes past the advertised hour for starting, and he again put his hand upon the key.

Awakened hope then gave that mob a giant's strength,—it heaved, it swayed, a mighty throe sent it forward another inch!

He turned the key; he opened the door, a score of desperadoes sprang at his throat; he waved them back, and standing in the aperture, delivered himself of a brief harangue in unintelligible German.

Shouts of triumph, mingled with groans of dismay followed; all who had tickets eagerly perused them, I among the rest, but quite uncomprehendingly.

“You're all right!” exclaimed a pleasant voice in my ear; your ticket is for Number One car, and so is mine; thank fortune we can get out of this at last.”

Looking back, I beheld the owner of the pleasant voice, a young gentleman with a nice face, upon whose breast I had been laid by the exigencies of the past quarter of an hour; who now received my earnest apologies with the most agreeable frankness.

The door was now flung wide, and we brake forth as the waves of the sea, climbed into our long desired places, and sat complacently fanning ourselves, and looking, I dare say, as maddeningly selfish to those we left behind as our successful competitors had looked four hours ago to us.

And oh! beings of the Alpenstock and Bradshaw (mused I), learn now, if never before, that you can't eat nuts without cracking them!

With my Uncle on one side of me, regretfully examining the rents in his cherished umbrella, and the nice-faced young gentleman upon the other side, jauntily re-arranging the white scarf round his hat, with gay and appropriate observations upon the strange vicissitudes of Continental travel, we started upon the ascent.

Each car was propelled by an engine, whose smoke-stack was set at a forward angle favorable to equipoise, no doubt, but undeniably rakish in aspect; running on three rails, the centre one coggled. They mounted up the steep and tortuous incline by a series of jolts at the rate of seven miles in an hour and a quarter.

Over frail shelves, upheld beneath by iron bars to prevent their crumbling into the ravine; over slender bridges, supported by iron pillars, bridges which swung beneath our weight like a spider's thread, while the eye plunged horrified into the black abyss where trees a hundred feet tall seemed no bigger than a baby's toy; through tunnels boring upward into the heart of the mountain; and by foaming cascades leaping into unfathomable ravines we went, while down in the ever-deepening vale, lay Lucerne, smiling and blue as heaven.

Arrived at Staffelhöhe, the railway terminus, we alighted shivering in the rarified atmosphere, to be absorbed in a twinkling by a crowd most importunate of chairmen and horse drivers, all eager to assist us the remaining mile and a half to the summit.

Before I could say Jack Robinson, I found myself atop such a sorry jade as might fitly represent the nightmare, while my indignant guardian borne from my side despite his manful struggles, and hoisted to the back of a similarly staggering steed far in the rear, implored me as I valued my life not to trust my precious person to such a nag; but all the Scottish adjurations in the world would have proved unavailing where a determinate driver, master of but his mother tongue, and eager to be off with his prize, decreed that we must go: so we did go, started by a ferocious flourish of his whip, which, however, only ended in a crack like the report of a pistol.

We had not well got into the stream of equestrians, when a hat which I began to know by its white scarf, appeared at my side, and a pleasant voice which I had heard before, said with taking affability:

"If you are at all timid, I will tell the driver to lead your horse for you."

"You are very good, but I am not timid," I replied, wondering which of my manifold charms of freckles, shapeless sun-hat, crumpled travelling dress or frowzy hair, had found grace in his eyes.

"May I walk beside you then, as it is a luxury for me to talk English, I have been abroad so long," said he, *so* nicely!

"By all means sir," said I, thinking none the less of him, you may be sure, for his want of taste in his selection of a companion; and up we went, amicably *tête a tête*, and getting a great deal of amusement out of the grotesque antics of our fellow voyageurs.

Up we went on the narrow bridle path, crags to right of us, chaos to left of us; clouds coming down from the Rigi's brow to meet and greet us on the way, to fold us in their chill embrace, to hide us from the sunny earth below.

Up higher, while the pebbles from beneath my poor jade's heels rolled to the verge, slipped over and dropped into unfathomable depths; past grey rocks thrusting their menacing shoulders half across our giddy path, as if to jostle me out of my saddle, and after the dropping pebbles; past the ugly little blue bloused Swiss porters carrying ladies in sedan chairs; past equestrians astride such bloods as mine, "only more so," if that were possible; past the cold strata of vapors, and into a burst of sunshine and a gale of wind, and lo! we were at the Kühn of the Rigi.

Halting before an extensive *Gasthof* (and how they ever got building materials up there passes my comprehension), I bade adieu to my steed, no more to feel that gentle amble, versus jolt, and to my driver, no more to hear his hoarse "Hü!" or the innocuous crack of his whip, and was instantly sucked into a vortex of vociferous voyageurs, all dinning into mine host's ears the interesting news that they had telegraphed from Vitznau for apartments, and apartments they should have if it was over his dead body.

By the time my uncle arrived, blessing his stars that he had not broken his neck, and spiritedly wrangling in Scotch with his guide, who kept up his side of the argument in German, and all about a couple of francs or so,—we were classified, numbered, and sent marching off to our quarters in the "Dependence," a spacious offshoot, raised to hold such as overflowed from the hotel.

In the blush of evening we went to view the sunset. Standing on the apex of an Alpine peak a mile above the plain; sweeping the eye over an area of three hundred miles; counting thirteen lakes lying stilly in the valleys, like water spilled upon the ground; seeing countless villages like handfuls of pebbles cast on the grass, is an awe-inspiring act.

A baby lake that seemed almost within reach of the scrap of paper I sent floating down to cover it, was fifty miles away!

Lucerne, no larger than a moon-bathed hand; Thun and Brienz, a tiny silver crescent; rivers winding from land to land, mere threads of light; cities but a cluster of daisies; mountains dwarfed to purple hillocks;—does our earth thus dwindle down in the sight of that All-seeing Eye, which is above all?

Sitting in a cleft of the rock, a few feet below the mountain's crown, sheltered from the gale, and secluded from the public gaze, my uncle and I enjoyed ourselves in our separate ways vastly.

He was engaged in comparing his chart of the scenery beneath us with the original, and in exulting by detecting errors. I employed myself in plucking and pressing between the leaves of my note book, such specimens of flora as I could reach.

An old man was toiling up the path with a strange wooden vessel full of water from the spring below, strapped on his shoulders; he sat down on the bank near us, resting his burden on the ground, and "took it easy" for a while.

Lured down the declivity by the stunted blue-bells that grew there, I passed the water-carrier, who, with great presence of mind, touched his battered hat, and then held out his hand for remuneration.

As I dropped a few centimes into it, I noticed the old man's eyes fixed upon the rings I wore, with an expression of such admiration and greed that I was glad to retire in a hurry to my rear-guard, followed by the old rascal's envious regards.

At that moment my friend of the ascent joined us, and in the interest of learning that his name was Hilstrey, his home Norway, his occupation a consulate there, and his nationality English, the avaricious water-carrier completely slipped from my mind.

When the sun went down behind a bank of clouds, and the land grew sadly gray; when the lakes gave up their light, and only the mountain peaks were visible, standing up like black sentinels, we housed ourselves.

The "Dependence" on the Rigi resembles in porousness of shell and simplicity of structure, the "Clifton House" at Niagara Falls. Whoever has slept there on an October night, when the wind blew a gale, and the thermometer was far below zero, will instantly take; and for the instruction of the uninitiated, I will record that our bed-chambers were infinitesimally small, yet excellently ventilated; that the window sashes made music all the night; that the muslin draperies hanging thereat waved ghost-

like in the air; that the down-bag which served for blankets and quilt seemed but "a trifle light as air," and that I could distinctly hear the lightest breath of my next door neighbor.

Under these circumstances it was in vain that I wooed Morpheus, until, at last, exhaustion overpowering me, I fell asleep.

At that supreme moment an eldritch screech resounded through the egg-shell establishment, followed by a resonant and obstinately flat *reveille* upon the "Alpen horn," which caused me most heartily to revile the ill-timed performance.

However, there was no help for it; it was the call to get up and see the sun rise; in the ascent of the Rigi, sunrise was an important feature; we were all there to go through the programme.

Up I got and clothed myself in my own possessions, being warned off the bed-coverings by the "Avis" pasted on the door, which advertised Messieurs, the strangers, that they were not permitted to take the bed-clothes to go to the summit in; a needless caution, as there was nothing to take except the down-bag.

The corridors became alive with the rush of many feet in a few minutes, and on all sides sounds suggestive of hasty toilet-making, went noisily on as the two or three hundred people around prepared to "get their money's worth." Fearing lest Sol should steal a march upon me, I flew to the window, threw it wide open, and stayed there.

The anticipated spectacle was something like the eastern hemisphere on fire, and the mountain peaks, one by one, rising from night's chaos and catching the burning glory, while the glittering lakes flamed resplendent at their feet: the actual spectacle was a wide sheet of pallid mist driving over the Rigi Kühn, a sky the color of a Quakeress' gown, and groups of eccentrically attired tourists standing on the apex, some with umbrellas, some with—were they *blankets*?

Five o'clock came, the moment when Sol should have been doing his prettiest; he gave one wrathful glare through a red gap in a sulphurous cloud, then down came the rain, scattering the gazers, and all was over.

In the language of some unknown poet, who has indited his experience in the album at the Rigi Kühn:

I.

"Nine weary uphill miles we sped
The setting sun to see;

Sulky and grim he went to bed,

Sulky and grim went we.

II.

"Seven sleepless hours we tossed, and then,

The rising sun to see,

Sulky and grim we rose again,

Sulky and grim rose he."

To this I can heartily respond Amen!

About ten o'clock of the morning, we girt our loins for the descent, maugre the steady down pour of rain.

From the windows of the *salle à manger*, troops of disconsolate tourists watched the hopeless sky; at the cascade-guarded *portes*, troops of drenched horses and chairs waited for their wretched burdens.

Waterproofed, over-shod, and umbrella-ed, I sallied into the covered portico, among the steaming crowd of guides, and supported by my uncle and Mr. Hilstrey, reviewed the ragged regiment. And when I considered the slippery way we had to go, and saw the proffered rosinantes which to-day hung their heads and drooped their switch tails like victims of the "epizoo," my courage failed me.

At this moment of doubt, an old man, edged up to me, and touching his hat, said something in German.

Said Mr. Hilstrey interpreting: "He says you can keep quite dry in a chair, and offers you that one, which is not engaged yet."

Scarcely had I glanced at the chair, with its gaudy scarlet trappings, and what was better, its plentiful wraps, when the two carriers strode to the spot and deposited it at my feet.

True, they were ugly as tritons, and spoke a horrible patois, which even Mr. Hilstrey could not make out; but what did it matter? Their arms were strong and the way was long, and they offered the chair for a mere song, so down I sat with a resolute air, and, "Uncle," I said, "I will take this chair."

If the reader can excuse this involuntary burst of poesy, I can reward his amiability by reminding him that Shakespeare himself disdains not to burst into rhyme at supreme moments.

This was a supreme moment,

Though then I knew it not.

My guardian commended my choice, selected a horse for himself and rode away under his umbrella—vision of equestrian grace! Mr. Hilstrey, who intended to remain for a few days at the Kühn, held my hand romantically, and romantically murmured:

“We shall meet again; till then good-bye—” (he paused so long and his eyes spake such volumes, that I thought he was going on with “sweetheart, good-bye!” but no) “I feel,” said he with feeling, “That I am the better of having met you,—the grandeur of nature may fill the head, but you,—you have filled my heart!”

And with a pressure of my not reluctant hand, which made me for the moment painfully conscious of my rings (and I confess to having had a weakness for rings, and of wearing at that time four on one finger, all gem rings of great costliness and beauty), he lifted his white scarfed hat from his very nice forehead, smiled his most resistless smile and vanished, and I heard his pleasant voice no more.

He had scarcely got out of sight when two German ladies, passing from the *salon* to their own rooms, stopped and gazed at me with extraordinary interest as it seemed to me, considering that there was nothing more interesting to be seen than a young woman muffled to the chin, sitting in a sedan chair, while two hideous porters strapped her tightly in.

I returned the look, smiled and showed them my umbrella.

They shook their heads, approached, and one stooped close and poured a guttural German whisper into my ear, I shook my head and poured English into her ear, to the effect that I was not afraid of the rain, that she was a very kind lady, but that I did not understand a word of German.

The other lady took me by the arm and tried to make me rise. I laughed outright and informed her in the most emphatic English that I must go, that my guardian was already gone to *Staffelhöhe*.

Both ladies assailed both my ears with vehement German whispers; the porters having finished their preparations, stooped for the poles; the ladies seized my hands, and with tears in their eyes implored me; I appealed to a *garçon*, who, with napkin on arm, was darting past, and in halting French, desired him to ask the ladies what was the matter,—the *garçon* flew for a glass of water for me.

The porters picked me up and impatiently made a feint to go ; the ladies threw themselves upon me and tried to drag me out of my ligatures ; I struggled and cried "*Non ! non ! s'il vous plait. Nicht ! nein ! NO ! YOU MUSTN'T ! Go on men.*"

They relinquished me, and with looks of distraction flew to the *salon*,—the porters growled something to each other and bolted into the rain at a smart trot,—we were off.

Congratulating myself that the kindly frauleins had not detained me perforce, though somewhat curious to know what they meant, I gave myself up to the herculean task of balancing my umbrella against the attacks of the roaring wind and the flowing rain, and of admiring betimes the little *Suisse* porter before me, as with swinging strides he plunged down the rough defile, now swallowed up in mist, now looming forth in all his ugliness.

We were such a fast team that we soon caught up with the cavalcade bound for the train at *Staffelhöhe*,—nay, we passed them, nag by nag, chair by chair, my uncle in the midst, up to the eyes in argument with a half drowned brother *savan* over a muddy stone they had picked up, and all unconscious of the passing of his precious niece ; we left the fastest of them far behind, and I was just beginning to dream of shelter and a seat by the stove in the waiting room, when my men abruptly turned from the path, and shot into a by-way dark and lonely.

It was with a sudden feeling of wonder and dread, that I looked around me ; not a soul was in sight, the way was strewn with *debris* washed down by the floods ; overhanging rocks shut out the light of day, leaving but a dreary twilight ; we were traversing the new railway cutting, whose solitude was that morning as unbroken as if a workman had never set foot within its sombre precincts.

I began to review my limited stock of German, principally gleaned, let me frankly acknowledge, from "*Baedeker's Manual of Conversation* ;" and oh ! how I wished that much abused work was not locked up in my *Saratoga* trunk at *Lucerne* at that critical juncture, for rack my brains as I would I could not recall a single word that could possibly express "*Why in the name of wonder, are you going this way, you inscrutable beings !*"

On they toiled at full speed over the marl and stone heaps and slippery sloughs of mud, streaming with perspiration, casting now and then a panting word to each other ; farther and farther from

the bridle-path, where my uncle was composedly jogging along, all unaware of the loneliness and fright of poor me!

Filled with vague forebodings, it was scarcely a surprise to me when they suddenly stopped upon the edge of a ravine, set me unceremoniously upon the ground, and addressed me with a rough change of manner, pointing significantly to my throat, ears, and hand.

It rushed over me with fell conviction,—they were robbers,—they intended to rob me of my jewelry, my beautiful jewelry, culled from every land through which I had passed!

The entreaties of the two German ladies recurred to me with a new and awful significance. They were warning me against these men; they were imploring me not to trust my life or property with them; they were whispering what they knew against them, and I understood nothing!

The vision of the old water-carrier gazing covetously at my rings, reappearing at the portal to offer me the services of these men,—ah! too well I saw the meaning, now that it was too late, of what I had passed indifferently by while there was time to save myself!

While these dismal reflections occupied my mind, the rascals were reiterating their demands in no gentle tones, and pointing meaningfully down the frightful gorge by which we had halted.

I gazed with horror into the world of white clouds beneath me; the roar of a mountain cascade, swollen to a torrent by the storm, came up from those pallid depths; I turned my incredulous eyes upon the swarthy visages of my companions, and received their assurances in vigorous pantomime that unless I looked sharp, and handed over the plunder without making trouble, I should be pitched chair and all into those same depths.

At first I could not believe that they would dare to do it; I laughed in their faces, and in hysterical and ungrammatical French bade them be off; that they were not going to frighten me.

What a volley of *unds* and *achs* burst from them! how their eyes sparkled with anger and cupidity!

And what a bounce my heart gave when, snatching up my chair by the poles, they suspended me over the giddy verge!

Propitiated, perhaps, by the wild scream of terror which I involuntarily uttered, perhaps by the German sentence which came like an inspiration to me: "*Nicht so schnell!*" (not so

quickly!") they set me on the ground again, and impatiently waited for the signs of my obedience.

With lightning rapidity the whole of my danger and helplessness revealed itself to me; robbery apart, I began to realize that my life itself must be the forfeit of this attack; it was not likely that having robbed me they would allow me to go on in safety to Staffelhöhe, and inform on them, with such a convenient *oubliette* at hand to hide my poor corpse; I felt that my last moments approached, and overmastering terror possessed me.

In vain I tried to unfasten my brooch,—what cared I in that moment of anguish that it was an immense aqua-marine stone set in a rim of fine pearls, a well of glistening pale green light, price, a thousand francs? But my trembling fingers refused their service. I tugged in vain.

One of the robbers stooped and roughly assisted me. At the touch of his hand I uttered another scream of terror.

At this instant a hat glided into the path behind them,—a hat bound by a white scarf, I saw a face flushed with running,—a face beautiful as that of Genius leaning on Britannia's shoulder (see Monument in Westminster Abbey. I don't remember which, but you will know which I mean by the noble young face); surely, surely, this is too sweet—to be rescued by Mr. Hilstrey!

"Oh Mr. Hilstrey!" I sobbed, stretching out my arms to my gallant deliverer; and he flew to my side, while the wretches stood back and with incredible impudence grinned to each other.

"Something urged me to follow you and see you once more!" said Mr. Hilstrey,—your cries guided me to you, poor frightened child!" and he folded my trembling hands in his own, smoothing them tenderly (how I wished those rings were off my finger for the nonce, for they were sadly in the way) and pouring forth such gentle yet ardent sympathy, that I told him the whole story, with sobs and smiles of gratitude interestingly mingled.

At last he turned to the fiends who stood beside us as cool as two cucumbers, and said in a stern voice—I don't know what,—Baedeker doesn't furnish any dialogue for wayside robberies, but whatever it was, instead of taking to their heels as I expected, they replied with great calmness and composure; and of course I didn't know a word of what they were saying either.

Mr. Hilstrey turned to me indignantly. "The scoundrels!" said he, "they swear that they will have your money and jewelry

over my dead body, if I interfere; what a fool I was to leave my pistols at the Kühn! However, don't be alarmed, dear, dear Miss Mortimer, they shall not put a finger on your property until they have settled my account first."

"No! no!" I screamed, seizing his coat to prevent the chivalrous boy from pitching heroically into the two blood-thirsty ruffians on the spot; "I will cheerfully give all up rather than endanger your life."

"My darling!" he said to me, his eyes kindling with joy. Then he turned to them, "*Wie Viel?*" said he to them.

Baedecker says that you are to say *Wie Viel?* when you want to know how much? Why did Mr. Hilstrey say, how much? how much what?

They conferred together, and growled an answer which seemed to make him very angry. He pointed up the lonely path and said: "*Geben Sie Acht!*" which means, take care.

Dear fellow! I could not let him imperil his precious life any longer for my sake. I said warmly: "Don't dispute with them, please don't, they will murder you, and then I will always feel that I should have died too!"

He did not heed me, he was eloquently laying down the law to the two villains. When he had done, they sulkily nodded, whereat I could have sung for joy; my deliverer had prevailed! He hurriedly returned to me.

Said he, "I have done what I could for you, and I am ashamed to confess that it is in vain. For both our sakes you must give up the jewelry. You must also promise not to reveal this affair for three days, that they may let you go unharmed without risk to themselves."

Dismayed as I was at these tidings, I could not but sympathise with the evident mortification and fury of the high spirited fellow, until in the act of raising my grateful eyes to his, I caught him wink to my persecutors!!!

Oh my heart, how you sank then! Oh my spirit, how you revolted then!

Treachery! it all rushed over me at once.

Mr. Hilstrey was in league with the robbers, he was wrangling with them over his share of the booty!

Said the young Judas to me with soothing tenderness: "Thank

heaven that I came, though; it is sweet to know that I was in time to save your life."

Oh the pity of it! So handsome, so agreeable, so lovable—to be so vile! Oh incomparable traitor!

Seeing myself completely in these villains' power, and my arch-angel turned out a dark angel, I know not the rationale of it, but a burning indignation seized me, which completely put my fear to flight.

Without a word of answer, I unpinned my brooch, unclasped my ear-rings, took off my watch and chain, and my unique and splendid rings, drew my purse from my pocket and counted out some thirty or forty Napoleons, its contents; then I unstrapped the small satchel I wore at my waist, and the trio of exulting fiends watching every motion with glistening eyes of expectation, I dropped the costly handful into it, snapped it shut, and sent it spinning down the abyss.

Oh what a yell of impotent fury burst from the defeated rascals! Next moment they turned upon me, and with one accord seized the chair; I uttered one long cry of despair; I closed my eyes that I might not see my death; a wild shout struck upon my ear—the trampling of many feet approached; I was saved.

Panic stricken by the sudden interruption, my would-be murderers dropped me and made a bolt; the hat that I knew so well vanished down the pass like a white sea-gull. I saw my Adonis no more.

I was surrounded by a crowd of tourists, porters, and hotel waiters; my uncle dragged me out of my chair with hugs of affection at seeing me still in the flesh, interspersed with reproaches for getting myself into such a scrape; I was eagerly questioned in thirteen languages about my adventure; I was supported, half laughing, half crying, and trembling in every limb, into another chair, by two sympathetic gentlemen, who in choice Italian-Swiss and Dutch, condoled with me upon my perils.

Having seated myself, and hysterically assured "all hands" that I was all right now, I collapsed, and was borne off pathetically swooning, as every lady of sense should do *after* the danger is over.

To explain my rescue: the German ladies having failed in making me understand their warnings, rushed to Monsieur the proprietor of the Kühn with the startling tidings that they had

recognized in the two porters two Bernese thieves; having been present some time before at their trial for the burglary of a house in Berne, whose owner, an old lady, had been found murdered in her bed. In spite of every one's conviction that these wretches had committed both crimes, proofs being wanting, they had been acquitted, and had instantly disappeared.

Here then they were caught in the very act of murder!

In a short time, after a vigorous search and a stiff scuffle, the two thieves were captured, but the nice young gentleman was nowhere to be found; he had vanished like a dream.

In time, cowed by their imprisonment, they confessed all they knew about that erratic genius.

He had met them in times past; knew their little history, and sometimes gave them "employment." Having sighted a rich prize in the young American lady, he "employed" them to do the rough part, while he himself took the more delicate portions of the business in hand; a brother rogue, the old water-carrier, had been engaged to identify the lady with the fine jewelry, and to insinuate her into the power of the thieves.

I am happy to say that each of these rogues got his deserts.

I am sorry to say that I never recovered my jewelry, never!

Ladies, wear nothing but bogwood or lava trash when you go travelling; it scarcely pays to risk better.

I don't know whether I am glad or sorry that Mr. Hilstrey was caught at last, in London, picking the diamonds out of the Duchess of Gifford's diadem and substituting paste, in the character of a working jeweller at the celebrated firm of Bloom & Bjorkevahl.

And they say that his name is not Hilstrey any more than mine is—(heigh ho!) that it is Sligh, and that he has been recognized as a noted expert in the art of robbery, as clever a rogue as was ever hung. They say too that he is as rich as a Jew, and for the past few years, has, so to speak, retired from the business, and only done a little now and again from a love of adventure; that he has travelled so much that he is well informed, has a finished air, and is quite the gentleman.

It is very sad to think of him breaking stones on the roads, and dressed *a la* convict, with his nice face and pleasant manners and all, now isn't it?

RACHAEL AND JACOB.

A Quaker Story.

BY MAUD S. WENTWORTH.

COME sit thee down beside me,
 For something I would tell;
 They might be pleased, dear Rachael,
 And it would suit me well.

Don't thou remember last year,
 'T was just about this time,
 That Nathan wrote thee, Rachael,
 From Baltimore, a line.

He told thee I had suffered,
 And thou didst kindly say,
 Thee felt so very lonely,
 Since Jacob went away.

I kept thy brother's letter,
 'T was dearer than my life;
 I thought I'd build a cottage,
 And ask thee for my wife.

And I'll give thee all I own,
 If thou wilt follow me;
 For my heart is wholly thine,
 And I can love but thee.

I've trained the roses, Rachael,
 I've made the garden grow,
 And where thee wants to wander,
 There I will also go.

Don't droop thine eyes so sadly,
 Don't let thy cheek flush so;
 Thou couldst not surely answer
 A cold and heartless *no*.

Her lovely face was lifted,
 She smoothed her Quaker dress;
 And Jacob was a happy man,
 For Rachael answered, *yes.*

HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

SUCH is the title of the book which Henry M. Stanley has given to the public. It is a large, readable, interesting, cheery production, which will do more towards bringing to the public a knowledge of Africa than Burton, Speke or Grant, twice over. But, inasmuch as the work is large and very expensive, it will need reduction to bring it within the space and time which most persons can afford. We propose to give a number of extracts from the book, which may, in some degree, satisfy the curiosity of our readers, till a cheaper edition of the work can be had. Of course we can only give some of the most remarkable and salient points of the narrative.

We need not tell at length what is generally known, how J. G. Bennet sent for Stanley, or relate the dialogue which passed between them, while the former gentleman was in bed. The chief points were, as all our readers will recollect, that Mr. Bennet was satisfied Livingstone was alive and could be found; that Stanley was ready to try whether he could find him, and received an unlimited credit from his patron to organize and carry out such an expedition as would bring the aged traveller relief and comfort. After this very short and satisfactory arrangement, Stanley starts, and is soon at Zanzibar, on the east coast of Africa. He was most agreeably disappointed with the appearance of the island and town. He had a melancholy foreboding of finding a miserable ugly place, which he thinks was produced by reading Captain Baker's account of it. It is indeed very likely, for certainly the Captain's description, as given in Blackwood several years ago, was not calculated to put the traveller in love with Zanzibar. "While I read it," he says, "I saw a lethal stream which drifted with me towards the eternal feverish region of Africa, from which a sicken-

ing presentiment said there was no return. But hail! to the blessed dawn that dispels the dreadful dream under which you groaned in agony throughout the night—hail to the verdant shores of Zanzibar that said to me ‘things are seldom so bad as they are painted.’” Such were his reflections when he saw the island, distant about a mile, in the shadow of the dawn; and as he neared what appeared to him the fairest of the gems of creation. It was neither low nor flat. There were gentle elevations, with graceful cocoa trees lining the margin of the island, and, with the exception of a line of sand along the shore, the whole island seemed covered with verdure.

The Banyans are merchants sharp and shrewd, who carry on trade with the interior of Africa in cloth, beads, ivory and slaves. They are mostly all rich, as their trade is profitable. Mr. Stanley gives us a calculation, from which we find that five thousand dollars worth of goods taken to Ujiji (the place where he found Livingstone) would be worth fifteen thousand dollars; then five thousand dollars expended on slaves and their carriage would be worth thirteen thousand nine hundred and twenty dollars at Zanzibar; and three thousand five hundred dollars expended on ivory will give a net profit of ten thousand five hundred dollars at the coast. The profits of the merchant will thus be seen to be very great.

There is another class denominated Mahommedan-Hindis. Whether these or the Banyans are the greatest cheats was a debatable question, though he gives the palm reluctantly to the Banyans. Though dishonest as a class, they can show one honest merchant—one who is a proverb for honesty and business integrity, and who has two or three grown up sons whom he has reared up honest as himself.

There is also the Muscat Arabs, all travellers—self-reliant, self-sufficient, calm, independent. The half-castes and the negroes are the most contemptible part of the population.

Before leaving Zanzibar he went to see Dr. Kirk, whose name had so often been associated with Dr. Livingstone’s, and who was then acting as British Consul. Without saying anything to him or to any one of his mission, he managed in the course of a conversation to find out what Kirk thought of the traveller. Having been called aside to inspect a rifle, Kirk spoke of some incident of

his travels while with Livingstone, which Stanley took advantage of to say :

"Ah, yes, Dr. Kirk, about Livingstone—where is he, do you think, now?"

"Well, really," he replied, "you know that is very difficult to answer; he may be dead; there is nothing positive whereon we can base sufficient reliance. Of one thing I am sure, nobody has heard anything definite of him for over two years. I should fancy, though, he must be alive. We are continually sending something up for him. There is a small expedition even now at Bagamoyo about starting shortly. I really think the old man should come home now; he is growing old, you know, and if he died, the world would lose the benefit of his discoveries. He keeps neither notes nor journals; it is very seldom he takes observations. He simply makes a note or dot, or something, on a map, which nobody could understand but himself. Oh, yes, by all means if he is alive he should come home, and let a younger man take his place."

"What kind of a man is he to get along with, Doctor?" I asked, feeling now quite interested in his conversation.

"Well, I think he is a very difficult man to deal with generally. Personally, I have never had a quarrel with him, but I have seen him in hot water with fellows so often, and that is principally the reason, I think, he hates to have any one with him."

"I am told he is a very modest man; is he?" I asked.

"Oh, he knows the value of his own discoveries; no man better. He is not quite an angel," said he, with a laugh.

"Well now, supposing I met him in my travels—I might possibly stumble across him if he travels anywhere in the direction I am going—how would he conduct himself towards me?"

"To tell you the truth," said he, "I do not think he would like it very well. I know if Burton, or Grant, or Baker, or any of those fellows were going after him, and he heard of their coming, Livingstone would put a hundred miles of swamp in a very short time between himself and them. I do, upon my word I do."

This was the tenor of the interview I held with Dr. Kirk—former companion of Livingstone—as well as my journal and memory can recall it to me.

This information, of course, damped his ardor, and made him quite ready to resign his commission; but his order was "Go and find Livingstone," and so he determined to find him, if he were above ground, let him meet with whatever reception the eccentric Doctor might afford.

Passing over all he has to say of Zanzibar, its climate, drainage, lassitude of its inhabitants, exceptional activity of some one or two

persons, who have not been enervated by many years residence, he gives us a picture of Bishop Tozer, who calls himself Missionary Bishop of Central Africa, and who has got the soubriquet of the fighting Bishop, from having fought and severely punished a rowdy on his way to church, one day, with the fists, and offered to do as much for his companion; by pugilism thus converting his flock from wolves into lambs. The Bishop, though a muscular Christian, is greatly addicted to High-Churchism, and is great in the direction of ecclesiastical millinery.

But this High Church (very High Church indeed) prelate in his crimson robe of office, and in the queerest of all head dresses, seen stalking through the streets of Zanzibar, or haggling over the price of a tin-pot at a tinker's stall, is the most ridiculous sight I have seen anywhere outside of a clown show. I as a white man solemnly protest against the absurdity. A similar picture to the Bishop, in his priestly robes and a paper cap, in a tinker's stall, is the King of Dahomey in a European hat with his body naked, promenading pompously about in this exquisite full dress. Whatever the Bishop in his blissful innocence may think of the effect which it produces in the minds of the heathen, I can inform him, that to the Arabs and Wanguana who have settled in Unyanyembe he is only an object of supreme ridicule; and also, that most of his pale-faced brothers entertain something of the same opinion.

Poor, dear Bishop Tozer! I would fain love and admire thee, were it not for this exhibition of extreme High-Churchism in a place like Zanzibar!

He had to find out how much money; how many carriers or pagazis; how many soldiers; how much cloth; how many beads; what kinds of cloth for the different tribes, he required; and found out more from Sheikh Hashid, in a short time, than he had obtained from three months study of books on Central Africa. We are then told what and how much of all kinds of things are required in Central Africa—information vastly important to any one going to the interior of that mysterious land, but which may be dispensed with by us. We may merely say that cloth, beads, and wire were the principal articles of merchandise, but then there were yet to be procured, after all the great packages of merchandise, “provisions, cooking utensils, boats, rope, twine, tents, donkeys, saddles, bagging, canvas, tar, needles, tools, ammunition, guns, equipments, hatchets, medicines, bedding, presents for chiefs.” The ordeal of chaffering with steel-hearted Banyans,

Hindoos and Arabs, was trying. After buying a lot of asses, he had to make saddles of his own invention for them, after the pattern of the Otago saddle.

He then hired two white men, Shaw and Farquhar, the latter of whom was a good mathematician, but continually fuddled; next, twenty men as guards or soldiers were enlisted, among whom were five of Speke's men. These he engaged at the rate of \$3 per month, but Bombay, the captain, had at the rate of \$80 per year. Boat frames also were taken, and canvas coverings for them, and a little go-cart, which was afterwards cast away. Altogether he had some six tons of stuff, and now the question was how to transport all this, some thousand or two of miles through a wilderness. On calculation some one hundred and sixty men were requisite, as each man would carry only seventy pounds.

Having submitted to a shave of about from twenty to twenty-five cents on each dollar of drafts which he had (he should have had gold) he had an interview with the Sultan, and having taken leave of him and the Consul, he started on the fifth of February, some twenty-nine days after his arrival at Zanzibar, for Bagamoyo, on the main land.

The distance from Zanzibar to Bagamoyo is about twenty-five miles, but it took the dhows ten hours to cover that distance. Being received with great distinction by some who had known Speke and Grant, but was much annoyed before getting pagazis or carriers. It is impossible to give any idea of the difficulties he encountered in getting the expedition under way. One would have thought that he had only to advertise, by some means, that so many men and asses were wanted, and they could be had, but it was not so, for what reason is certainly not very apparent. The packing of the goods in proper shape, and the getting of the parcels by themselves for tribute, were difficult operations. But his chief difficulties were scoundrels whom it was necessary to employ. Here is a picture of a smart young man whom he had employed :

“Soor Hadji Palloo was a smart young man of business, energetic, quick at mental calculation, and seemed to be born for a successful salesman. His eyes were never idle, they wandered over every part of my person, over the tent, the bed, the guns, the clothes, and having swung clear round, began the silent circle over again. His fingers were never at rest, they had a fidgety, nervous action at their tips, constantly in the act of feeling something;

while in the act of talking to me, he would lean over and feel the texture of the cloth of my trousers, my coat, or my shoes or socks; then he would feel his own light jamdani shirt or dabwain loincloth, until his eyes casually resting upon a novelty, his body would lean forward, and his arm was stretched out with the willing fingers. His jaws also were in perpetual motion, caused by vile habits he had acquired of chewing betel-nut and lime, and sometimes tobacco and lime. They gave out a sound similar to that of a young shoat, in the act of sucking. He was a pious Mohammedan, and observed the external courtesies and ceremonies of the true believers. He would affably greet me, take off his shoes, enter my tent protesting he was not fit to sit in my presence, and after being seated, would begin his ever-crooked errand. Of honesty, literal and practical honesty, this youth knew nothing; to the pure truth he was an utter stranger; the falsehoods he had uttered during his short life seemed already to have quenched the bold gaze of innocence from his eyes, to have banished the color of truthfulness from his features, to have transformed him—yet a stripling of twenty—into a most accomplished rascal, and consummate expert in dishonesty.

“During the six weeks I encamped at Bagamoyo, waiting for my quota of men, this lad of twenty gave me as much trouble as all the scoundrelism of New York gives to her Chief of Police.”

Then follows an account of the thefts, etc., of this youth, and to the question why he did not at once dismiss him, his reply is: “I could not do without him unless his equal were forthcoming—without his or his duplicate’s aid I must have stayed at Bagamoyo at least six months, at the end of which time the expedition would have been useless.” Bad as this young fellow was, there was another who was his equal—Kanjee, of whom and Soor Hadji Palloo it was said “there is not the splitting of a straw between them.” “Kanjee is deep and sly, Soor Hadji Palloo is bold and incorrigible; but peace be to them both; may their shaven heads never be covered with the troublous crown I wore at Bagamoyo.”

While at Bagamoyo he visited the Livingstone caravan, which the British Consul had despatched 1st November, 1870, and which was lying there until 10th February, one hundred days, for lack of thirty-five carriers. Strange certainly, and inexplicable, that supplies on which most likely the life of the traveller might depend, could not be despatched by one with consular influence for more than one hundred days, and all for want of thirty-five carriers.

The expedition of Stanley was divided into five parts; starting at several days distance from each other—the whole number of

persons numbering one hundred and ninety-two. Stanley led the last division. Here is the summary:

“Three white men, twenty-three soldiers, four supernumeraries, four chiefs, and one hundred and fifty-three pagazis, twenty-seven donkeys, and one cart, conveying cloth, beads, and wire, boat-fixings, tents, cooking utensils and dishes, medicine, powder, small shot, musket-balls, and metallic cartridges; instruments and small necessaries, such as soap, sugar, tea, coffee, Liebig’s extract of meat, pemmican, candles, &c., which make a total of 153 loads. The weapons of defence which the Expedition possesses consist of one double-barrel breech-loading gun, smooth bore; one American Winchester rifle, or ‘sixteen shooter;’ one Henry rifle, or ‘sixteen shooter;’ two Starr’s breech-loaders, one Jocelyn breech-loader, one elephant rifle, carrying balls eight to the pound; two breech-loading revolvers, twenty-four muskets (flint locks), six single-barelled pistols, one battle-axe, two swords, two daggers (Persian kummers, purchased at Shiraz by myself), one boar-spear, two American axes 4 lbs. each, twenty-four hatchets, and twenty-four butcher-knives.”

Then follows the account of the departure from Bagamoyo :

“We left Bagamoyo the attraction of all the curious with much *élan*, and defiled up a narrow lane shaded almost to twilight by the dense umbrage of two parallel hedges of mimosas. We were all in the highest spirits. The soldiers sang, the kirangozi lifted his voice into a loud bellowing note, and fluttered the American flag, which told all on-lookers, ‘Lo, a Musungu’s caravan!’ and my heart, I thought, palpitated much too quickly for the sober face of a leader. But I could not check it; the enthusiasm of youth still clung to me—despite my travels; my pulses bounded with the full glow of staple health; behind me were the troubles which had harassed me for over two months. With that dishonest son of a Hindi, Soor Hadji Palloo, I had said my last word; of the blatant rabble of Arabs, Banyans, and Baluches I had taken my last look; with the Jesuits of the French Mission I had exchanged farewells, and before me beamed the sun of promise as he sped towards the Occident. Loveliness glowed around me. I saw fertile fields, riant vegetation, strange trees—I heard the cry of cricket and pee-wit, and sibilant sound of many insects, all of which seemed to tell me, ‘At last you are started.’ What could I do but lift my face toward the pure-glowing sky, and cry, ‘God be thanked!’”

The first halt was at Shamba Gonera, three and a half miles. Leaving that place, they were eyed curiously by men and women, innocent of clothing. After a little, coming to the Kingani, they could not find means to cross till they made a bridge. While this

was being built, Stanley amused himself peppering the heads of the hippopotami with a Winchester rifle. This the hippopotami took as one would treat peas from a pea-shooter. An ounce and a quarter bullet from a smooth-bore, however, made one bellow with pain, and brought on the death agony.

We should very much like to quote the description of the hippopotamus, and his mode of bathing and stealing on foraging expeditions; of the country through which their route lay; of the watch-dog which he hoped would relieve him from the thieving, impudent Wagogo, but which unaccountably disappeared; of the tsetse,—a fly whose bite caused intense pain to man, but which kills outright the horse; of hunting in the jungles while waiting for the fourth caravan, which had fallen behind; of the Chief of Kingaru, under whose smiling mask, bleared eyes, and wrinkled front, was visible the soul of trickery; of what happened on his burying a dead horse in Kingaru lands, which act appeared to amount to a taking possession of the same; of the belles of Kisemo; of the receipt of letters and file of late *Heralds*, and of a hundred other notable objects. Nor can we dwell long on the walled town of Simbamwenni at the foot of the Uruguru Mountains, with its population of three thousand, and one thousand houses:

“The area of the town is about half a square mile, its plan being quadrangular. Well-built towers of stone guard each corner; four gates, one facing each cardinal point, and set half-way between the several towers, permit ingress and egress for its inhabitants. The gates are closed with solid square doors made of African teak, and carved with the infinitesimally fine and complicated devices of the Arabs, from which I suspect that the doors were made either at Zanzibar or on the coast, and conveyed to Simbamwenni plank by plank; yet as there is much communication between Bagamoyo and Simbamwenni, it is just possible that native artisans are the authors of this ornate workmanship, as several doors chiselled and carved in the same manner, though not quite so elaborately, were visible in the largest houses. The palace of the Sultan is after the style of those on the coast, with long sloping roof, wide eaves, and veranda in front.

“The Sultana is the eldest daughter of the famous Kisabengo, a name infamous throughout the neighbouring countries of Udoe, Ukami, Ukwere, Kingaru, Ukwenni, and Kiranga-Wanna, for his kidnapping propensities. Kisabengo was another Theodore on a small scale. Sprung from humble ancestry, he acquired distinction for his personal strength, his powers of harangue, and his amusing

and versatile address, by which he gained great ascendancy over fugitive slaves, and was chosen a leader among them. Fleeing from justice which awaited him at the hands of the Zanzibar Sultan, he arrived in Ukami, which extended at that time from Ukwere to Usagara, and here he commenced a career of conquest, the result of which was the cession by the Wakami of an immense tract of fertile country, in the valley of the Ungerengeri. On its most desirable site, with the river flowing close under the walls, he built his capital, and called it Simbamwenni, which means "The Lion," or the strongest city. In old age the successful robber and kidnapper changed his name of Kisabengo, which had gained such a notoriety, to Simbamwenni, after his town; and when dying, after desiring that his eldest daughter should succeed him, he bestowed the name of the town upon her also, which name of Simbamwenni the Sultana now retains and is known by."

Before he arrived at Useguhha, he had his first attack of African fever:

"First, general lassitude prevailed, with a disposition to drowsiness; secondly, came the spinal ache which, commencing from the loins, ascended the vertebræ, and extended around the ribs, until it reached the shoulders, where it settled into a weary pain; thirdly, came a chilliness over the whole body, which was quickly followed by a heavy head, swimming eyes, and throbbing temples, with vague vision, which distorted and transformed all objects of sight. This lasted until 10 P. M., and the Mukunguru left me, much prostrated in strength."

They had now marched one hundred and nineteen miles from Bagamoyo to Simbamwenni in fourteen marches, extending to twenty-nine days—four miles a day. Now the rainy season came on while the site of their camp was a hot-bed of malaria. "The filth of generations of pagazis had gathered innumerable hosts of creeping things. Armies of black, white and red ants infest the stricken soil; centipedes, like worms of every hue, clamber over shrubs and plants; hanging to the undergrowth, are the honey-combed nests of yellow-headed wasps, with stings as harmful as scorpions; enormous beetles, as large as full grown mice, roll dunghills over the ground. Of all sorts, shapes, sizes and hues are the myriad-fold vermin with which the ground teems; in short, the richest entomological collection could not vie in variety and numbers with the species which the four walls of my tent enclosed from morning until night."

But we shall never get to the finding of Livingstone at this

rate, so we must pass over the journey to Ugogo and Unyanyembe, and the life at Unyanyembe, where the expedition was delayed a long time in consequence of a war, which the Arabs were carrying on with Mirambo, and in which Stanley was induced to take part. During this period his white men mutinied, and Shaw, he strongly suspects, shot at him through the tent. Finally he had to leave both of them behind, they having become thoroughly demoralized—Farquhar being also deeply diseased. Neither of them ever reached home again. There was another mutiny of the men against him on the Gombe river, in which he was in much danger. All this time he had heard nothing of Livingstone, but on the third of November they met a caravan, and having asked the news, they were told that a white man had just arrived at Ujiji from Manyema—news which startled them :

“A white man?” we asked.

“Yes a white man,” they replied.

“How is he dressed?”

“Like the master,” they answered, referring to me.

“Is he young, or old?”

“He is old. He has white hair on his face, and is sick.”

“Where has he come from?”

“From a very far country away beyond Uguhha, called Manyema.”

“Indeed? and is he stopping at Ujiji now?”

“Yes, we saw him about eight days ago.”

“Do you think he will stop there until we see him?”

“*Signe*” (dont know).

“Was he ever at Ujiji before?”

“Yes, he went away a long time ago.”

“Hurrah! This is Livingstone! He must be Livingstone! He *can* be no other; but still;—he may be some one else—some one from the West Coast—or perhaps he is Baker! No; Baker has no white hair on his face. But we must now march quick, lest he hears we are coming, and runs away.

“I addressed my men, and asked them if they were willing to march to Ujiji without a single halt, and then promised them, if they acceded to my wishes, two doti each man. All answered in the affirmative, almost as much rejoiced as I was myself. But I was madly rejoiced; intensely eager to resolve the burning question, ‘is it Dr. David Livingstone?’ God grant me patience, but I do wish there was a railroad, or, at least, horses in this country. With a horse I could reach Ujiji in about twelve hours.”

He had still to fight his way across rivers, and evade tolls by passing through jungles. At last they come in sight of the vil-

lage of Wakaranga, and then from a hill discern the waters of Lake Tanganika, "a burnished bed of silver." At last they see the people of Bunder Ujiji coming towards them, and try to make out the house in which the old man with the gray beard lives, of whom they had heard. They unfurl their flags, and fire a volley of fifty guns. They were soon surrounded with the inhabitants. Among the people one salutes Stanley with:

"Good morning, sir."

Startled—the reply is:

"Who are you?"

"I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone."

"What, is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Yes, sir!"

"In this village?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, sure, sir. Why I leave him just now!"

Susi was sent off to tell the Doctor of Stanley's coming. Stanley at last sees the object of his search, and lets us into the nature of his feelings:

"What would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it shall detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

"So I did that which I thought was most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, in the front of which stood the white man with the grey beard. As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a grey beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of grey tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; *

* "This Englishman, as I afterwards found, was a military man returning to his country from India, and crossing the Desert at this part in order to go through Palestine. As for me, I had come pretty straight from England, and so here we met in the wilderness at about half-way from our respective starting-points. As we approached each other, it became with me a question whether we should speak. I thought it likely that the stranger would accost me, and in the event of his doing so, I was quite ready to be as sociable and chatty as I could be, according to my nature; but still I

so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat and said:

“Dr. Livingstone, I presume?”

“YES,” said he, with a kind smile lifting his cap slightly.

I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and I then say aloud:

“I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you.”

He answered, “I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.”

I turn to the Arabs, take off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of “Yambos” I receive, and the Doctor introduces them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we—Livingstone and I—turn our faces towards his tembe. He points to the veranda, or, rather, mud platform, under the broad overhanging eaves; he points to his own particular seat, which I see his age and experience in Africa has suggested, namely, a straw mat, with a goatskin over it, and another skin nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protest against taking this seat, which so much more befits him than me, but the Doctor will not yield: I must take it.

We are seated—the Doctor and I—with our backs to the wall. The Arabs take seats on our left. More than a thousand natives are in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one just come from Manyema, in the west, the other from Unyanymbe, in the east.

Then there was talk, Stanley acting as news agent. The opening of the Suez Canal and Pacific Railway, Grant’s Presidency, Cretan rebellion, Spanish revolution, all about Castelar, Prussia and Denmark, Prussia and France, the Queen of Fashion a fugitive, and the Man of Destiny a prisoner in Williamshohe, Bismark, VonMoltke—were the texts of Stanley’s discourse to the one listener. Then there was a dinner and a bottle of Sillery Champagne in silver goblets, and

“Dr. Livingstone, to your very good health.”

“And to yours,” he responded.

And so, after a long time, Stanley went to bed, and the Doctor retired to peruse his letters.

could not think of anything particular that I had to say to him; of course among civilized people, the not having anything to say is no excuse at all for not speaking, but I was shy, and indolent, and I felt no great wish to stop, and talk like a morning visitor, in the midst of those broad solitudes. The traveller perhaps felt as I did, for except that we lifted our hands to our caps, and waved our arms in courtesy, we passed each other as if we had passed in Bond Street.”—Kingleake’s *Eöthen*.

There is another very interesting part of the book which we must slightly pass over—that which describes the journey up the Tanganika. They set sail in two canoes, followed the indentations of the coast to the northernmost part of the great lake, and found there the river Rusizi flowing *into* the lake, thus settling a much vexed question among the geographers.

The time at last arrived when Stanley should return. Livingstone accompanied him as far as Unyanyembe—half way to the coast, and then bade him farewell. Stanley had left Zanzibar in January, 1871, and returned to Ujiji from a cruise on Tanganika on 12th December, same year.

Stanley tells us how his admiration for Livingstone had been growing. He says :

The man that I was about to interview so calmly and complacently, as I would interview any prominent man with the view of specially delineating his nature, or detailing his opinions, has conquered me. Shall I tell you what I intended to do? It is true as the gospel. I intended to interview him, report in detail what he said, picture his life and his figure, then bow him my "*au revoir*," and march back. That he was specially disagreeable and brusque in his manner, which would make me quarrel with him immediately, was firmly fixed in my mind. Besides, he was an Englishman—perhaps a man who used an eye-glass, through which he would glare at me ferociously or icily—both amounting to the same thing—and like the young cornet of the Scinde Horse in Abyssinia, ask me deliberately, after retreating from me several paces, "Whom have I the honor to address?" or like that ancient general at Senafe, Sir ———, who snorted out, "Well sir, who are you? What do you want here?" Indeed, the results of my acquaintance with English gentlemen were such, that I should not have been surprised if he had said, "Might I ask you, sir, if you have a letter of introduction for me?" But what a question this had been on the shores of Lake Tanganika! I would have just ordered a retreat to the hill above Ujiji; there rested for two days, and then returned, to tell the world how I had been snubbed. But Livingstone—true, noble Christian, generous-hearted, frank man—acted like a hero, invited me to his house, said he was glad to see me, and got well on purpose to prove the truth of his statement, "You have brought new life unto me;" and when I fell sick with the remittent fever, hovering between life and death, he attended me like a father, and we have now been together for more than a month. Can you wonder that I like this man, whose face is the reflex of his nature, whose heart is essentially all goodness, whose aims are so high, that I break out impetuously sometimes: "But your family, Doctor, they would like to see you, oh! so much.

Let me tempt you to come home with me. I promise to carry you every foot of the way to the coast. You shall have the finest donkey to ride that is in Unyanyembe. Your wants—you have but to hint them, and they shall be satisfied. Let the sources of the Nile go—do you come home and rest; then, after a year's rest, and restored health, you can return and finish what you have to do."

But ever the answer was, "No, I should like to see my family very much indeed. My children's letters affect me intensely; but I must not go home; I must finish my task. It is only the want of supplies that has detained me. I should have finished the discovery of the Nile by this, by tracing it to its connection with either Baker's Lake, or Petherick's branch of the Nile. If I had only gone one month further, I could have said, 'the work is done.' But Dr. Kirk has kept on sending me slaves over and over again; and he ought to know, too, what slaves are. Why he should have gone to Banyans for men I can't make out."

Stanley had had fever a great many times, and on four of these occasions Dr. Livingstone had attended him like a mother. Hope had kept him healthful while he was advancing towards Ujiji, but after the great event of meeting with Livingstone, his energies relaxed; his mind was tranquil; and he became a victim.

He left the Doctor with as much feeling as one parts with a loved father. "God guide you safe home. Good-bye," and wringing of hands, and so they parted.

Stanley had still a terrible time to get to the sea coast, for the rainy season had set in, and they had to pass over flats and marshes, sometimes wading to the middle, and sometimes swimming, but at last his party—such of them as were left, arrived at Zanzibar. Shaw and Farquhar, the two white men who started with him, and who were left behind on the way, had both died; and the wonder is that Stanley was able to live through it all. The man who passes through the jungles and marshes of Central Africa, has need of a strong, hale, well-saved constitution, and even then the chances are somewhat against his return to the coast.

The enormous amount of interesting matter in this book, renders it impossible to give more than a bare glance at the contents. We may say in conclusion, that Stanley is a man not only of stern purpose but of kindly disposition. Of all the men in the world he seems to have been the one for the expedition on which he was sent. Perhaps there is some exaggeration in his accounts, but we do not think they are purposely magnified. The enthusiast sees things enlarged by his own way of viewing them, and yet we must

say that there does appear a versimilitude about all that he says, which keeps us from thinking that his statement goes beyond the just lines of truth. We would, in conclusion, say to those of our readers who have not yet seen the book, that a more interesting volume it would be difficult to find.

THE GRAVE-DIGGER.

GAUNT and grim and old—his trade
To ply the pick-axe, bar and spade :

He leans against the church-yard wall,
Where ghostliest shades at twilight fall,

And to himself he sings, and these
The words that reach me on the breeze.

“Homes for the homeless I provide—
The restless to their rest I guide,
And mine is sure a noble trade ;
Unquiet souls find quiet here—
Eyes wont to weep ne'er shed a tear
In my domain of peaceful shade.

“What all men long for I bestow —
And yet they shun me as a foe ;
Wide as they wander, here at last
Oblivion shrouds the troubled Past,
For unto me, by Fate constrained,
They turn when life's full cup is drained.

“No more by worldly cares perplexed—
No more by adverse fortune vexed—
No more bowed down by grief nor sin,
Nor crazed by Time's discordant din !

“Oh, slumb'rous land ! oh, land of rest !
With poppies be thy bosom drest !

Breathe softly here, ye airs that sweep
From sunnier climes beyond the deep,
And rest, oh Dust! as ages wane,
Till fired with life when death is slain!"

Gaunt and grim and old—his trade
To ply the pick-axe, bar and spade:

He leans against the church-yard wall
Where ghostliest shades at twilight fall,

And to himself he sings—while you
And I our phantoms still pursue.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER OF PUNCH BOWL.

A Newfoundland Christmas Tale.

THE old schoolmaster of Punch Bowl had at length passed over to the great majority, and irrevocably joined the mighty nations of the dead. For more than a quarter of a century had he urged successive generations of young Punch Bowlers along the flowery paths of knowledge. Believing thoroughly in the entire depravity of human nature, he held that there was but one way of getting knowledge into the heads of the young,—a sharp application of the rod at the opposite extremity. The new fangled ways of smoothing the path of learning, and making knowledge pleasant and attractive, he despised as weak and contemptible. The very moderate success which attended his educational labors, he accounted for by the theory which he firmly held,—that the children born in Punch Bowl were all utterly and irreclaimably stupid—"the very scruff of Newfoundland." Grim and rough as he was, there were "streaks" of kindness in his heart if you could only strike on them. His temper, however, was sorely tried with the wild boys of the village; and if the instruction imparted by the poor old man was moderate in amount, his salary was proportionately small. Perhaps after all, amid his rude environments,

and sore discouragements, it might be said of him, "he did what he could;" and helped a little to pioneer the way for better things. One wintry afternoon, an hour before the usual time of dismissal, he gladdened the hearts of his scholars by saying, in gentler tones than usual, "Children, it's growing dark—get home before the storm comes." Next day he was reported to be sick; and before a week had passed, his coffin was borne to the little church-yard. Then people discovered his good points; and many a kindly word was spoken of the old man when he was quite insensible to human praise and blame.

"It won't do," said Parson Hurlbut to his wife, "to have the school closed. We must send to St. John's for a trained teacher who will be abreast of the age, and help to raise these people out of the ruts of ignorance." "Let him be a young man, and unmarried," said Mrs. Hurlburt,— "these old men with wives and children will not be advised, and make no improvement." In response to the Parson's application, a young schoolmaster was despatched to Punch Bowl. He was rather a well-favored youth, and dressed smartly. His accent and polished manners showed that he had lived in the metropolis of the colony. He never taught in his shirt-sleeves, like his predecessor; never was seen to smoke a pipe as he heard the lessons, and, to the astonishment of the Punch Bowlers, he discarded the rod, and announced his intention of trusting entirely to "moral suasion"—a mysterious phrase which the good people did not pretend to understand, and therefore revered the more as "a new discovery in larnin'." The Parson's wife was charmed with the young schoolmaster, and never tired sounding his praises. When he met her, he raised his hat gracefully, and always addressed her as "Madam." She was a woman "of a certain age, but very uncertain temper,"—sharp in features, and by no means prepossessing in appearance. The good people of the village respected her as their Parson's wife, but I am afraid did not love her. There was a hardness about her manner, and a want of sympathy with the feelings, wants and woes of the little community in which she lived. Perhaps if she had been a mother, the natural asperity of her temper would have been softened, and her better and kindlier nature fostered into activity by the clinging caresses of the little ones; but the patter of little feet was not heard in her dwelling—the Parson and she were childless. In the young schoolmaster she took an uncommon

interest, and declared that the school, since he came, was quite another thing, and so it was. Hands and faces were cleaner among the children; and to the astonishment of parents, the boys and girls liked to go to school, and could hardly be kept at home. The Parson declared the young schoolmaster was a treasure. His surname was not an uncommon one—it was Smith; but either because his parents were religious people, or in order that he might not be lost among the immense and indiscriminate mass of Smiths, they named him Melchisedek. After he had been a year at the St. John's academy, young Melchisedek resolved to aid the effect by changing his homely patronymic into Smythe.

For a time all went on smoothly with Melchisedek in his new sphere of labor. His fame for learning spread far and wide. As in the case of Goldsmith's schoolmaster, the main source of astonishment was "how one small head could carry all he knew." It was even whispered that he could "tackle" the Parson in argument. On Sundays, his fine voice was greatly admired as he led the choir and uttered the responses. He taught the children to sing, to the great delight of the mothers. He organized a Lodge of Good Templars, and speedily had the gawky young fishermen adepts in the evolutions and ceremonial of the Order, and rejoicing in a whole alphabet of letters prefixed to their names. He had but one difficulty to contend with—he was remarkably short-sighted; and of this defect his scholars did not fail to take advantage.

Still young Melchisedek could not help feeling that life was rather dull in the stupid little village of Punch Bowl, after the glow and excitement of St. John's. When his scholars had taken their departure, and the hum of the little human hive had been followed by dead silence, he might be seen, at times, gazing out of the window, with a wearied and doleful expression of countenance. On one of these occasions, he became aware—short-sighted as he was, that from a window opposite, a pair of dark eyes were fixed upon him with a tender interest. There was something, he thought, altogether uncommon in the bayonet-flash that came from those dark orbs, and made a flame leap from heart to eyes in quick response. He was conscious of a new sensation. Somehow he found himself afterwards, even during school hours, watching that window; and if the black eyes shone there for a moment, as often they did, there came such a glow over the master's face as made sunshine in the school, and mightily helped the scholars in getting

through the lessons. It was evident that young Melchisedek had met his fate; and the fatal glance had come from the Parson's kitchen window. There, among Mrs. Hulburt's pots and pans, presided Mary Manuel, the eldest daughter of a small "planter," having taken service with the Parson, in order somewhat to lighten her father's expenses, who had what he called "a heavy family" of eleven children. Mary was the acknowledged belle of the village, — plump as a seal, rosy-cheeked, with a most bewitching smile, suggestive lips, and above all, a pair of glorious black eyes, which seemed to challenge admiration. It was no wonder those bright orbs set the schoolmaster's heart in a glow, for they had once drawn from an Irishman the compliment, "be dad, Mary, if ye would only look into my pipe, yer eyes would light it."

How acquaintance soon ripened into tender intimacy between Mary and the schoolmaster, may be safely left to the imagination of each reader of this true tale. Very soon the boys in school as they irreverently and unfeelingly termed it, "twigged" how matters stood; and commenced carving the name "Mary" on the desks, with their penknives. A precocious little girl of eleven was the first to make the discovery, by following the direction which the master's eyes took so frequently, as he gazed out of the window. "The course of true love never did run smooth." One thing which the Parson's wife refused to tolerate with her servants, was "followers." These were sternly prohibited under all circumstances, with the threat of instant dismissal, in case of a violation of the rule. Mary felt it to be a hard law, when one evening her lover came to the kitchen door after tea, and lingered longingly about the entrance. Almost before she was aware she had invited him "to step in," and nearly every evening after that Melchisedek paid a visit to the Parson's kitchen. Very sweet, it may be supposed, were those prohibited interviews; and to the lonely schoolmaster, life began to wear a different aspect, and the world seemed a kinder, warmer place since Mary smiled on him. It was in the first weeks of opening summer, when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," that their acquaintance began, and it continued with increasing warmth till now the Christmas holidays had arrived.

Mrs. Hurlbut had no suspicion how matters stood, and never dreamed that her kitchen was haunted by a "follower." Christmas Eve arrived. The Parson and his wife had accepted an invi-

tation to take tea on that evening with Mrs. Solomon Dawe, the wife of the wealthiest "planter" in Punch Bowl. Having made all due preparation for Christmas day by "stuffing" a splendid turkey, a present from Mrs. Dawe, and constructing a magnificent plum-pudding, such as she knew the soul of her Theophilus loved, Mrs. Hurlbut took her husband's arm, and set out to spend the evening with a clear conscience. The Parson's heart too was at ease. He had finished one of his very best Christmas sermons that afternoon, with which he expected to make a great impression on the large congregation sure to be present on Christmas Day. Little did either anticipate the catastrophe which was at hand.

Melchisedek noted the departure of the Parson and his wife, and soon after, he was seated in close proximity to Mary, at the parsonage fireside. After tea, the conversation between the Parson and Solomon Dawe chanced to turn on the Washington Treaty, one provision in which is, "that all fish-oils" are to be admitted free of duty into the ports of the United States. The Parson argued that the wording of this section would exclude the seal oil of Newfoundland, as seals are not fish. "Not fish," exclaimed Solomon, in astonishment—"creatures as swims in the sea and lives there constant, not fish!—what be they then—are they four-footed beasteses? Parson, this book-larnin' puts your head astray sometimes—seals not fish! Don't we call it the seal fishery?" "Very true," said the Parson, "but it's a misnomer—seals are no more fish than sheep. Did you ever hear of a fish having warm blood and suckling its young? The seal is a carnivorous, warm-blooded, marine quadruped, and belongs to the family called by naturalists, Phocadae." But Solomon would not yield; and the dispute ran so high that at last the Parson said he would step over to the parsonage, and bring from his library Buffon's Natural History, which would decide the question. To save time, he entered by the back door, and surprised the lovers sitting by the fireside in suspicious proximity. Mary looked guilty, and Melchisedek sheepish. The Parson smiled good-naturedly, took his "Buffon" under his arm, and returned to the party.

On his way home, he was indiscreet enough to tell Mrs. Hurlbut what he had witnessed. Instantly her wrath flamed up, and she vowed that Mary, after such shameful conduct, should never sleep under her roof. In vain did the Parson remonstrate and remind her that to-morrow would be Christmas Day, and that if she dis-

missed Mary, she would have to light the fires and cook the dinner herself, as they had but one servant. She protested that, whatever the sacrifice, she should "march that instant." So poor Mary, after having vials of wrath discharged on her head, was turned out of doors, and in tears sought the shelter of her father's cottage, where she received abundant comfort and encouragement from her mother. It was just as well that Mrs. Hurlbut did not overhear the opinion of her conduct expressed confidentially between those two women. It would not have sweetened her temper.

Christmas morning dawned gently upon a slumbering world, whispering of "peace and good will." The Parson's wife opened her eyes, and remembered, with a slight twinge of remorse, her treatment of Mary, which was, perhaps, quickened by the thought that she must thus early turn out of her warm bed and kindle the kitchen fire. Melchisedek had passed a sleepless night in fear of what might have happened to his Mary; and the moment he saw the parsonage chimney smoking, he resolved to pay her an early visit, and learn the worst from her own lips, not being aware of her dismissal the night before. In the grey dawn he stole quietly along, and seeing the parsonage kitchen door ajar, he crept in on tip-toe. At that moment the Parson's wife was on her knees before the kitchen fire, vainly trying to kindle the damp wood, her temper being by no means improved in the struggle. Melchisedek thought he would give his Mary a joyful surprise, never dreaming in the imperfect light, and with his short sight, but this was she. Softly he crept behind the Parson's wife, threw his arms about her neck, drew back her head, and before the astounded woman could utter a cry or make a struggle, he kissed her passionately, right and left, north and south. "Hip, hip, hurrah—hurrah"—exclaimed Melchisedek, by way of grace along with meat, accompanying every word with a more resounding kiss—"and a tiger," he added, as he finished up with a smack, which was heard up stairs by the Parson. "You impertinent scoundrel," exclaimed the outraged woman, at length getting her breath, "what do you mean by such conduct—get out of the house." In a moment the truth flashed on the young man, and muttering under his breath, "I declare if it isn't the old cat I've been kissing"—he fled from the house.

The indignant wife informed her husband of what had happened. "You see, my dear," he calmly remarked, "it was all a

mistake; he took you for Mary. You were out of your proper sphere." But her anger knew no bounds, and she insisted on the instant dismissal of the schoolmaster. In a most unenviable state of mind she went to church; but as the touching service proceeded, and the choir broke forth into "Hark! the herald angels sing," she began to feel a soothing influence calming her mind; other and better thoughts arose, and when the Parson closed his sermon with an earnest entreaty to his hearers to banish all angry passions and forgive all injuries, and to seek reconciliation with friends and neighbors where quarrels had arisen, and not to let this sweet day close till this was done, the Parson's wife was fairly overcome. Perhaps too the passionate warmth of those kisses that were showered on her, albeit intended for another, had some influence, reminding her of a time, some twenty-five years ago, when her Theophilus came a wooing. She began to think of the misery of the unhappy lovers whom she was about to separate, perhaps for ever. As the Rev. Theophilus emerged from the vestry after service, his wife placed her hand on his arm, and said, "let us go and call on Mary." Speedily all was forgiven; and on New Year's Day, Mary and Melchisedek were married, to the great delight of the entire population of Punch Bowl.

When Melchisedek ventures to find fault with his wife about any trifle, the old flash from her mischievous black eyes comes back as she sings, "the Schoolmaster kissed the Parson's wife—heigho."

ABOUT THE HEARTH.

THE summer pranked with gaudy flowers,
Now sees her glory fade with grief,

And tears fall from the skies in showers,

But give her sorrow no relief;

A chill runs through her beauteous form,

And all her beauty shrinks and fades,

Till, 'neath the pelting northern storm,

She sighs for death, and seeks the shades;

Borne on the breeze the shrunk remains
 Of leaf and petal flee mid dust,
 And not a flower its hue retains,
 Of all her beauty, last and first.
 Old beldame winter shrieks with glee,
 And heaps white graves, where deep reposes,
 On hill and dale, by bower and tree,
 The violets blue and sunny roses.

Let's draw around the hearth the chairs,
 And heap the logs upon the embers,
 While the weird wind-harp plays its airs—
 The melodies which each remembers.
 The flames run high, the sparks leap out,
 While startle back the timid girls,
 And at their fears the wild boys shout,
 What mischief lovers are those carls.

The giant storm, now hurling hail,
 Closes to wrestle with the wall,
 The hearts within with fearing fail,
 Lest the athletic house should fall.
 The contest lulls—'t is over—No!
 The blatant winds their forces rally,
 Then come again with fiercer blow,
 Around the hill and up the valley.
 They tug and strive, but all in vain,
 We happy sit within securely;
 Let's crack our jokes, and sing the strain,
 Both sportive lads and maids demurely.

Who cares for all their bullying now,
 They've only strength to brag and bluster,
 Come tell us, Jack, how simple boys
 The lasses put in such a fluster;
 A love-song sing—the oft-told story,
 We never tire of its numbers,
 A sure response will never fail,
 From every breast where passion slumbers.

SONG.

The summer is gone, and the flowers are faded,
 And Annie's heart sinks with alarms;
 For the bower of love, in which she sat shaded,
 Is left of its beauty and charms.

Young Josie is gone to the grave with the leaves,
 And her heart now lies under the clay,
 No more may she think, 'mid the stocks of tall sheaves,
 To hear his strong voice tune the lay.

'T was the time o' the harvest she met with young Josie,
 The braid rig was reaped by the twa;
 And Oh, but kind love, in the sair camp, made easy,
 The hardest work Annie e'er saw.

When e'enin' came on and night shed the gloamin',
 And the big moon shone bright o'er the lea,
 What talk they had then while hand in hand roamin',
 Is a story as old as the sea.

Such happiness saw, with fell envy, black Death,
 And struck the strong man with his scythe,
 "'T is harvest time, sure," the old tyrant saith,
 "I will reap the best reaper alive."

O where will I ever the like of my chield,
 In summer or winter e'er see?
 The pride of the harvest is ta'en frae the field—
 Frae earth and frae love and frae me.

The ditty saddened every heart,
 And dimmed each dropping eye,
 When mirth again is made to start,
 With "Milking o' the Kye."

SONG.

MILKING THE KYE.

I'll tell you a tale without any fail,
 Of a lass that went out with her milking pail:
 She sat on her stool, when the cow, the old fool,
 Kicked over the piggin and spilled all the milk.

"Oh what shall I do, for my mistress, the noo,
 Will rail when she sees the piggin's no' fu'!
 She aye will be dinnin'—while I sit a spinnin'!"—
 "Ye're a poor careless lassie, ye'r no' worth a whilk!"

She sat down to cry, when Jamie came bye—
 Quoth he, lassie, ne'er grieve for the fault o' the kye,
 Throw the piggin to chance, and come to the Manse,
 We'll soon be made ane by Mess John o' that ilk.

"Oh how can I gae in this druggit grey,
 Nae shoon on my feet and my hair a' astray?"
 "Mess John he will think you the pride and the pink
 O' lassies that take nae their charms frae rich silk."

So awa they hae gane to Mess John down the lane,
 And a bonnier lassie he ne'er married nane,
 But next Sunday out ower, how her mistress did glower
 At the bride now sae bonnie that spilled a' the milk.

A lad from town with braw new coat,

A pleasant winsome beau,

Amid the chat now crooned a note,

And sang them "Curly Joe."

CURLY JOE.

I was a little girl,
 Just fifteen years ago,
 When to our shop he came,
 Young curly-headed Joe.

His curls were jetty black,
 And mine were flaxen white,
 But his were fairer far,
 To my love-dazzled sight.

He carried parcels big,
 Ran errands to and fro,
 He swept the shop so clean,
 We called him busy Joe.

His eye was bright as heaven,
 His heart was true, I know,
 Papa, who never spoke amiss,
 Baptized him honest Joe.

A double partnership

I took him in my loving arms,

But yet a very thief,
 The boy he proved to be,
 He stole—ah wicked boy!
 He stole the heart from me.

Ah no, I gave it him,
 And better far he gave,
 His own boy-honest heart,
 'T was I who was the knave.

When father found it out,
 I thought he'd storm and ban,
 "Come hither Minx," said he,
 "You love a poor young man."

Oh how I loved father,
 Because he did not scold,
 I threw myself within his arms,
 He closed me in their fold.

Was formed that day with Joe,

My father into Co.

The night had sped, the clock struck twelve,

And all may now retire—

For they must rise, with rising sun;

So Jerry rakes the fire.

N. B.

THE FAIRY BIRD.

HOW to sleep! I wish I knew how. I lie awake nearly half the night, and then I might, you know, indulge in an after dinner nap, but that I cannot lull my senses into unconsciousness. I was very tired a few days ago, and had eaten a good dinner. We had beefsteak, chicken pie, an apple pudding, and other good things. Everything was done to a nicety, and the cook was complimented. After we had risen from table the boys went out, and we went to our rooms. I thought how nice it would be to have a comfortable nap, and tried to compose myself for the impress of the sleep god, but do what I would I could not sleep. I thought I was about to succeed, when right out on the street some wandering minstrels struck up a song to the accompaniment of violin and harp, a sort of weird melody. I distinctly caught only one stanza. It ran thus:

The fairy bird is on the wing,
 He hears what the maiden thinks,
 And the tale
 Will regale
 The ears of Mrs. Binks.

The impudent creatures! How have they got the secret of my being the inamorata of Binks, and about our quarrel? Very likely they know our—my wretchedness. Without doubt they have found it out somehow, I wish I knew. And now they want to bribe me to send them away with their villanous insinuations. To be sure, what do I care for them. Let them sing what they please. I felt very much annoyed, so much so that I got up, and standing away from the window, you know, that they might not see me, I looked out. There were they—a gipsy-looking woman, and two sunburnt, be-moustached fellows with their instruments. They were again singing the refrain:

The tale
 Will regale
 The ears of Mrs. Binks.

Well, I did not know what to do. Of course, fairy-birds are all nonsense, and even if they were realities, what need I care though they should report the sum total of my thoughts to Mrs. Binks. Still, no one could tell what absurd things could be insinuated into

Mrs. Binks' head, regarding me. And then I am sure she does not like me, and would do anything to keep her son from making up the quarrel and taking me to his house, which might necessitate the going of the old lady to lodgings. So I began to think I would need to keep a sharp look out regarding my acts if not my thoughts. Well, I had thought just of enjoying my ease that Sunday evening. I forgot to say it was Sunday, and I had been at church in the morning, but now I thought it would be better perhaps to go to church in the evening, especially as it was just possible that Binks would be there, and probably would come home with me, and then who knows what might happen.

So I put on my things and sallied out into the street. It was a fine evening; the air was warm, and the shadows were just beginning to walk across the heavens. I saw in the distance the musicians retreating down a lane. What on earth are the police about, thought I, that they do not take up these creatures who are going about singing profane songs on the holy day? It was surely preposterous. Never the like was heard of, but then, what with garrotting, and sneak-thieving, and all sorts of crimes, we may expect that the good day will not be much respected.

Well, I got to the church when the service was just commencing. The various prayers were said, and the magnificat, etc., sung. The anthem came next. After the choir had gone through their parts, a strange, bird-like voice sang a solo:

It is the place of prayer,
 All wordly thoughts abhorring,
 Hast thou come hither where
 Seraphs are God extolling?
 Ah no, there cometh thither,
 On worldly thoughts intent,
 A soul devoid of fear,
 With earthly love content.

I felt sure that this was aimed at me. I lifted my eye and saw Mrs. Binks just across the aisle eyeing me. A bird, that seemed alive, was hanging on a spray of flowers near her ear, and it also seemed to be the warbler of the strange melody. It was, without doubt, telling Mrs. Binks what I wanted to conceal. Oh the fairy-bird! Now I would not for the world that Binks would

know that I had any thought of meeting with him there, yet surely Mrs. Binks would tell him and poison his mind in regard to me. So I would not stay there till he could come after service to see me home, as if I had come to seek reconciliation, or, perhaps, refuse to look the way in which I was. I will go. So just before the sermon I slipped out, but I could not make up my mind to go home. I wandered into the church-yard and sat down on a tombstone.

The shadows had fallen deep and dark. There was no moon or stars. A various colored light streamed from the stained window above the altar across the tombstones, revealing their inscriptions. On one of them I read:

“Love dissembleth, Life fleeth, Death neareth.”

This was on a scroll, held in the bill of a bird with gay plumage. The fairy-bird again surely, thought I.

Well, I sat, I know not how long, in a reverie. I was at home in fancy. Binks came into our little parlor, but he was quite shy and constrained. I also felt distant. I would have liked to tell him of what the wandering musician had sung, and what I saw in the church, and what I read on the tombstone, but I could not. He looked hard at me and said:

“Miss Mary, you are a little hypocrite.”

“Thank you, Mr. Binks, you have guessed right.”

“You love me and you pretend you don’t.”

“Like all the daughters of Eve,” said I.

“You told me you did not care for me, and you came to the church to see me.”

“You are a gentleman to talk that way,” I replied.

And so Mr. Binks took up his hat and left me. But I was still there on the hard, cold tombstone. The people were dismissed, the lights were all out, and still I sat, while the click of the gate-lock smote on my ears—and now, how should I get out from the regions of the dead? Well, well, very likely I shall have a visit from some unshriven ghost. I must make my way out as best I can. The wall is not high, and surely I may jump over. If not, I must call out and some one will answer me, as it cannot yet be very late.

Before, however, I could carry my intention into effect, I saw approaching from the opposite side of the grave-yard, the figure of a woman, apparently enveloped in a long cloak with hood drawn over her head. When within a few yards, she opened her cloak,

shewing a lighted lamp which shone in one direction, the other sides being blind. She further placed with considerable care on the grave which was at her feet, a bird like a raven, and began an incantation to it:

“Go and find me the mandrake that shrieks,

Go and find me my hemlock slave,

Pick me a branch of henbane bitter,

And a dock that grows from a dead man’s grave.”

The bird went hopping about from place to place, examining the ground with a curious eye. Then it would pick at some herb, and as soon as it did so, the little woman would, with a little trowel, dig up the plant and put it in a pouch which hung by her side. After she appeared satisfied, she crooned in a low voice:

“I’ve got the herb the weird ones love,

I’ve got the root divine,

I’ve got what will brew the good love philtre,

The jealous woman’s wine.”

“Ha! ha!” she chuckled, “won’t this be a fine brewing, my pretty bird. But what have we here,” said she, observing me for the first time behind the flat tombstone, where I had sunk down to avoid observation.

I was almost dead with fright, but could not summon courage to move. She came up to where I was, and held her lamp so as to throw its full reflection on me.

“Well, Miss, and what are you doing here,” she said. “Ha! are you too looking for charms and philtres? Very likely in love—and unreturned. Never mind, if that’s what you’re after, I’m the lady for you. Come, let me see your hand. Oh, it’s a bonny hand,” said she, taking it unresistingly in her’s, which was hard and bony, and looking not so much at it as at my face, as though she would divine my secret.

After I had recovered the first shock, finding that she intended me no hurt, at least of a bodily kind, I found strength to say:

“Who are you, and what do you want here?”

“Oh, who am I?—that’s a question. Does not every one in the town of Doubleton know Jenny the gipsy. She’s mad, they say. And what do I want? Did you no’ see and hear what I wanted, and what I ha’e got? Oh! but I ken well what you want. You

want your fortune told, and Jenny the gipsy is the girl can tell it for you, but no' here. Come awa wi' me and tell me a' about it in my ain hame. Come awa'. I can help you."

I felt I could not resist her importunate invitation, and suffered myself to be led unresistingly towards a little side gate which I had never observed before. She had taken her bird into a little cage, which she set down, while she took a brass key which hung at her side, and inserting it in the lock, opened it. We passed through, and she again locked the gate. It was a narrow lane into which we passed, with low dilapidated houses. Up the lane we proceeded, for, it might be, a quarter of a mile. Most of the houses were closed and dark. Here and there, however, was one open with flaming light, and within revellers drinking and swearing. I was ready to fly away, but where should I go. I was absolutely unacquainted with the locality or the way from it to any of the known or respectable parts of Doubleton. When, as I said, we had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, she stopped at a miserable, dilapidated house which, however, had once been a fine dwelling. It was just on the outskirts of the town, and separated entirely by some distance from any of the other houses or shanties. Here she gave me her cage to hold while she opened the door. I asked her to take me to where I could find my way home. "No, no!" said she, "no' till ye see the philtre brewed. Jenny the gipsy maun tell ye yer fortune ere ye gang."

We went in, and she opened her lamp, which shed a glare through the room into which we had passed from the hall. It was scantily furnished indeed. There was a "dresser" with a few articles of delf and cracked china, a few rickety chairs and a greasy lounge. The walls were hung with pictures of an inferior class, and a large mirror stood against the wall between the windows. A mastiff and large cat seemed to be co-tenants, and to lead a quieter life than they are usually credited with. The gipsy remarked:

"Here we are now. Sit down while I light the fire."

She proceeded to heap a pile of sticks on the embers of a fire which smouldered on the hearth, and with a pair of bellows to blow till the wood crackled and sparkled. I was glad of the heat, for I had been very cold while in the church-yard, and the walk had not restored the warmth.

She then hooked on a little pot to the crane, poured into it

some water, then took out some herbs and put them in successively, chanting a spell:

“Plant that brings the phantasies
 Over bright and burning eyes,
 Root that makes the fond one jealous,
 Leaves that secret fancies tell us,
 Make a philtre for this maiden,
 With the griefs of love o’erladen,
 That with wonderous surprise,
 Will shed a glamour o’er his eyes.”

“Let it simmer there now,” said she, “while I show the future. Now look here.” She set me before the mirror, which was draped round with curious festoons of faded flowers, and began:

“You ha’e had a quarrel—a lovers’ quarrel. You are sad—you thought sleep and festivity and mirth would cure the ache of the heart. It winna, ye find that. Now mind what I say. I will make her, the mother, gi’e this to the son, as medicine for his ills—for he also is sad, and ye shall ha’e him at your feet again. Look!”

I looked into the mirror, and there I saw a form like my own—but as I gazed, it seemed to get older and shorter, and then other forms came into the scene—a portly man like what Binks might be some twenty years after, with gray hair and wrinkled brōw, and then shadows of children flitting and going across the scene, while my own hair began to grow gray, and hard lines to appear in my face. I grew vexed and angry; all the while she was chanting some magic words, and throwing a powder on the fire which sent up blue, red, and purple flames. “Witch,” I said, “cease your accursed incantations, and let me go from this place.”

“Oh, the bonny lady. Is the future no sae pleasant? No! I too was young and handsome—aye, handsome as ye are yer sell. But see me now—I would na ha’e believed it. No! and let me tell ye what ha’es brought me to this—stories! lies! told by the mother o’ him wha should ha’e ta’en me as his ain but didna. He went awa’ to sea and I never saw him mair. And so I ha’e a sympathy wi’ puir lassies like you wha’ are in straits and difficulties. But ye dinna like your future mair than I mine. Ah! use and custom will make us reconciled to anything—old age, toothless gums, grey locks—and welcome will old death be when he comes along.”

I looked at her with wonder. She had assumed the style and air of a prophetess. There was a tone of sympathy running through her strain, though her voice became hard when she spoke of the mother of her old lover, who had deserted her. Her face lighted up, so that shadows of the former beauty came back, and her eyes became lustrous.

“You are no’ in love wi’ your future,” she continued. “Well, say the word and it shall be changed—somewhat, she added after a pause. You can die young if you wish, and unmarried, in all your maiden beauty. Choose.”

I looked once more into the mirror, and then I saw, but at great distance in the background, an old woman lying on her bed, surrounded by a large group of persons of various ages, who more or less bore a resemblance to her. She was evidently near the time of dissolution, and then in the near foreground was a young woman with the roses of consumption on her cheek, and wasted frame and thin fingers. Both bore a likeness to myself.

“Choose,” said she.

“Hag,” I said, “let me go from your abominable house. You promise me help, and you only put before me prospects of despair. You are surely mad, and I am mad to credit you, to follow you or to be here. I *must* go. I will go.”

I rose with great determination, and was lifting the latch.

“Stay one moment,” said she. “I sent the fairy-bird. Those who sung of it are in the next room. I knew what you would do. I wanted to help you. I will.”

“Truebold,” said she, addressing her dog, “go with this lady, home.”

Truebold rose, shook himself, and then I knew that I had often seen this very dog round our way, and that I had been kind to him on various occasions. I thought, “well, I may trust myself to that dog.”

Out we went into the darkness, and on through the black lane into the street where also darkness and silence now reigned, and around the square, so well known, and to my own door, which, strange to say, I found unlocked, went in, threw myself, weary and worn out, upon my couch, from which I had risen I know not how many hours ago. I was soon in a deep sleep.

When I awoke the sun was shining through the clematis and roses around my window. I was still lying on the couch. All the

scenes of the night came back, but in a confused way, to my mind. My wonder was whether from the way I left Jenny she would aid me, as she had promised. I thought I would rather marry and grow old than die young of consumption.

The next day passed, and the next, and the whole week, and then came Sunday round again. I had not dared to speak a word to any of our family about my adventure. Indeed I was very much afraid they would make some inquiry about it. But none made a remark. So I thought my secret was my own. I would not for the world any one should have guessed the truth. Besides, how could I tell such an improbable story. People would have said I was crazy.

Well, Sunday came. I was too unwell to go to church. Indeed after my recent experience there, I did not want to go. But mother and sister went, and sure enough when they came Binks was with them, and had been invited to stay and take dinner. He had come to them to make inquiries after me, but he had not said a word of my leaving church last Sunday evening. I was so glad he didn't. Well, at dinner he was quite gay and cheerful, just as he had been before our quarrel. He told us all about being quite unwell, but that his mother had got some potion from some strange character who dealt much in simples, and that he got daily better on it, and now felt really well. I blushed up to the eyes, thinking he was in the whole secret, and perhaps at the bottom of what he thought a good joke. Well, if he is, I said to myself, he shall never be mine. I won't be hocussed that way. I'd rather die of consumption—I would.

But I could not see how he could have anything to do with my visit to the grave-yard or the house of the gipsy. He was surely the victim of that woman, or rather the patient, and her doctoring had been eminently successful. At least so I thought when I glanced at Binks, who seemed in the happiest mood. Nor was I less certain that he was under benign influences when, after dinner, we were all alone and made up our quarrel—which I have not described, and don't intend to at present. He was really more loving, and gentle, and forbearing than I had ever seen him. So I concluded that it was better to become Mrs. Binks and be the old granny, sometime many years hence, than let consumption feed on my cheek. No, anything better than that.

Well, this is some months ago, and sure Binks and I have been

married. I told him somewhat of my experience that Sunday evening. Not just all. I remembered an old song which says :

“But aye keep something to yoursel
Ye dinna tell to ony.”

Well, what did he say?

He said: “Why, child, you have been dreaming.” I leave it to my readers to say whether this was at all likely. Besides, what about that powder which Mrs. Binks had from the gipsy, and which brought Binks to health and sense again. Suppose I had been dreaming, was that part of the dream? I put the case fairly before the readers of the *MARITIME MONTHLY*, convinced that they will all agree with me, and laugh at the broad affirmation of Mr. Binks, that the whole of my experience that night was a delusion of the morbid fancy, worked up to a high pitch of excitement by fond affection and a hearty dinner.

ADA ST. EDMUNDS.

TOWN OR COUNTRY?

WHERE should we look for the best specimens of the human family? Neither at the poles nor the tropics, but in the temperate regions. So far the reply is plain. Extremes of heat and of cold are evidently detrimental to the perfection of the human plant. In Greenland the race is stunted, in Central America and Africa it is savage, and idle, and weak. But with this broad phase of the question we are not much concerned. Where in our own civilized land shall we find the best specimens of the human being? This question needs to be divided, as man is a complex creature, and what is best for his material development may be detrimental to his mental and spiritual organization. The man strongest in body may be weakest in mind. As to physique, Professor Forbes found that of the English, Irish, and Scotch students attending his classes, the Irish were the strongest, and weightiest, and tallest. There may have been some peculiarities which turned the scale in favor of the students from the Green Isle which would not be found if a more extended observation had been made. It is just possible that students from Ireland were

drawn from a more select portion of the community than obtained in the other nationalities; still, in the absence of other data, we must admit that the evidence is in favor of Ireland as the best habitat for the development of the human frame; and as it is generally conceded that it is the poorer country in wealth, and even in soil, perhaps the climate is to be credited with the difference. Or, is poverty itself a cause of development?

Leaving this, for the present, insoluble problem, we may compare the city with the country. There is no doubt, in the view of any accurate observer, that the country is far more favorable to physical development than the town. One has only to take a survey of the youth born and brought up in the city, and those who have breathed the free air of the country, to come to this conclusion. The observation will hold good as to all towns, but more especially to those which are devoted to manufacture. It is sad to look at the miserable specimens of humanity which pour out of the large factories. We have made it a point to observe them coming forth from mills, and foundries, and machine shops in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Philadelphia, Boston, and even in St. John, and in every case, while there were very excellent specimens of strength and stature, they were, as a rule, far below the average. We have gone to the surrounding rural districts, and in most cases the inhabitants were above the average—in many places *far* above it. On the Saint John river, in many places, you will find the men all giants. “Do you grow any men here below six feet?” we asked of a hotel keeper, who was himself a giant and surrounded with a number of others equally big. “No Sir,” said he, “we wouldn’t think it worth our while.” The same reply would be given in very many districts of our country. Maine and Vermont would lead to the conclusion that somehow they got rid of all the dwarfs. It is true, however, that some districts of the country produce small specimens. The French districts will furnish instances. Whether it is the race that is to be credited with the size and strength in each case, may be a question; but then where shall we find any race hold out against the deteriorating influences of the pent-up city for any length of time? We are certain that a set of giants would soon find their progeny dwindle down in the smoke, and dust, and confinement of the factory system, wherever it obtains.

Nor is it in appearance alone that the people of the country

have the advantage. Their muscle and bone is of even a greater average than their height. We have seen men handle with ease great masses of matter which those subjected from childhood to city influences could hardly move. There are, indeed, many employed about our wharves and express offices who have enormous muscular power, but most of these have spent their youthful days in the country? The fact, we believe, will be found to be that strength comes from the bracing air and exercise of country life.

Then, too, is it not a fact that the greater portion of the business of the city is done by those who have spent their early days in the country? There is a tendency in the city to produce nervousness, and lassitude, and weakness. And so the strong, burly lads who come to our town, generally manage to get hold of its business, and become the directors of its commerce.

But it is said in an article which we lately perused, that the city, in consequence of drainage and the other appliances of modern civilization, is healthier than the country. This statement, however, is confined to those who belong to the better classes, it being admitted that for the masses of the laboring and manufacturing classes, the city presents no such favorable circumstances. Then, too, it is affirmed that many children of the better classes would die were it not for the preservative influence of their superior comfort, and grow up sickly and dwarfed. There are, no doubt, many whom disease would carry off who may be nursed up to lead a fragile life, who would, in less favorable circumstances, die. We are glad of this, though some philosophers, as Herbert Spencer, think it a regrettable fact. We do not so much admire the strength and stature of our race, as to think it is not a most happy thing that civilization has become the healer and the preserver of the weak and fragile. Whatever reduces the average of mortality is a blessing which we thank God for, and trust that sanitary measures may be carried still further, to the reduction of the averages of death, and the lengthening of the term of human life.

The town, however, is the place for the development of mind. There those influences concentrate which lead to the acquisition of knowledge. Schools there are of superior order, and colleges there concentrate their light; and museums, and reading-rooms, and libraries, surround the people with the means of knowledge. Yet it is a fact that boys who have had but few opportunities in youth in the country, very often carry away the prizes of learning.

The strength of body which is acquired in the mountain home, is often the balance power which gives scholarship its superior weight. Hence, in all the great seats of learning the authorities now seek to cultivate all those athletic exercises and sports which are calculated to give development to the bodily system. A strong mind is more dependent on vitality of body than we can well imagine. The body is a machine with which mind works, and it needs to be strong that the mental exercises may be best carried on.

There are many means of dissipation which are to be had in the town and which are absent from the rural districts. We need to be on our guard against their enervating influences. "God made the country but man made the town," contains for us a deep and important truth, but when we say this we do not ignore the fact that, after all, the city is a work of God no less because he builds it through human agency. Without doubt, however, he has given his great blessings to be enjoyed by those who are at the root and foundation of all the prosperity of the city—health, peace, competence, communion with nature, and with him through nature.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND ITS GAZETTE.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, long inert, has, for a good number of years, been an institution of earnest, intellectual work. We learn from its *Gazette* of January the eleventh, that Dalhousie gave its first degree of B. A. to two young men, "and the total number of students was fifty-six. The Faculty comprised six Professors, and a Tutor of modern languages. Since that time another Faculty—the medical—has been added to the University. In April last those receiving degrees were nineteen in number, ten Bachelors of Arts, four Masters of Arts, and five Doctors of Medicine and Masters of Surgery. This swells the list of Graduates to thirty-nine B. A's., ten M. A's., and five M. D. C. M's.—in all forty-four. The attendance this session is in Arts seventy-nine, and in Medicine twenty-six—in all one hundred and five. The Faculty now comprises sixteen professors and a tutor."

As to the quality of education, and the position of the students, the *Gazette* says: "Our Graduates are taking prominent places wherever they go. They are to be found in different walks of life, as ministers, physicians, lawyers, principals of academies, business men and engineers. Others are still pursuing their studies in the Presbyterian Theological Hall in this city, in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Harvard and Princeton. Several who studied here with but little success, have taken high places in other colleges, as McGill, Glasgow and Edinburgh. This fact seems to show that the standard of education here is not much inferior to that in these institutions."

The accommodation afforded at Dalhousie College is very far from the requirements. On this point the *Gazette* says: "What is our future to be? Already our college buildings have become inadequate to the comfortable accommodation of all who 'throng the hall.' In less than five years we must have new buildings and more money, or else we'll 'bust.' We have a growing—a rapidly growing—Medical Faculty which is forced to content itself with the use of three rooms. What will give us new buildings and greater conveniences? Money. How can money be obtained? By the Governors showing a little more push. About a year ago the Governors 'laid their heads together,' and after a great deal of 'palaver' secured by subscription the *immense* sum of *one thousand dollars per annum*. '*Montes parturiunt et nascitur RIDICULUS mus.*' Great were the rejoicings. So full were its hands that the Worshipful Board scarce knew how to spend this 'God-send.' In the United States every day rich men are giving thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of dollars towards the endowment of educational institutions. Here in Halifax—perhaps the richest city in America in proportion to population—Dalhousie has to go a begging and is expected to be well contented with the paltry contemptible sum of one thousand dollars per annum. Why, there are numbers of men in Halifax who could give that amount from their private purse and miss it no more than a Dalhousie student would a half dollar—perhaps not so much. It may be asked what is to be done with this money? Money is needed to keep us up with the spirit of the age. We want new college buildings which shall be a credit to the Province and the city. We want higher salaries for our Professors. We want more Professors. We want apparatus, additions to the

library, a museum, in fact everything that other colleges have and we have not. Give us money and we'll go ahead. While it is certainly true that Canadian generosity is inferior to American, nevertheless, we think that if the proper force were applied, more cash could be squeezed out of the Halifaxians than we have yet received. Some share at least of the fault must lay at the Governors' door. Let 'the Board' do their best to get money for Dalhousie and a glorious future is in store for her. We can see, not very far away, Dalhousie as a Central University—a National University—with faculties of Law, Medicine, Arts and Science, and means of instruction in Engineering, with separate curricula for females with appropriate degrees—in short, as an Institution ranking among the first on this Continent."

MUSINGS IN THE WOODS.

THE tree! What is it? An individual, or rather a society. Each branch being a family. Each leaf an individual—but all interdependent. Then, again, each tree may be considered as a series, one member of which lives through a year, being born in spring and dying in winter, giving place to a new being with its families of branches and leaves. The sap that gave it vitality has retired, the leaves have been blasted and shrivelled, and the whole commonwealth has died. Then, again, in spring the whole body-politic revives, puts forth its functions, and plays its part in the kingdom of nature. It is a national institution, each year being an era in its existence.

We may consider each leaf as a distinct individual, the blossoms being themselves leaves of a peculiar kind for a special purpose—all united by means of wood and bark, and partaking, like the Zoophyte, of the same nourishment. Different parts have their special uses—some for nutrition, others for reproduction. But as in the nation, no part fails till provision is made for its successor, so it is with the leaf. The bud is formed before the leaf falls, and lies quiet till the breath of spring touches it, when it calls for the sap from the root to come up, for it is an hungered, and the earth like a kindly mother, sends the milk which the buds all drink, and

then they swell and blow into flowers and leaves again, in all the symmetry and beauty of their type.

It is not alone that winter is cold and spring warm, that makes us sad when the former comes with its icy breath, and joyous when the reviving time returns. We are called to mourn the death of the great kingdom of leaves which the cold blasts know not how to respect, but, as it were in wrath and vengeance, whirl about, and then to rejoice when the dread time is past and the new era begins. We think, too, of *our* time of departure in the fall of the year more than we do in the jocund spring—of the time it may be when our great natural tree shall shed its leaves, and another growth, after a period of reverses and sadness, and doom shall spring forth. We may even look forward to the utter destruction of the great tree of humanity by the sharp axe of judgment, when there shall be no more of those multitudinous nations, with their loves and hatreds, and joys and sorrows. Verily, winter brings us moodiness and sorrow.

At this season we stand pendulous between the dead and the living—our thoughts on the past, and our glances directed towards the future. What has been shall be. The beauty that is dead shall revive. The trees shall put on their gay green dresses again; the blossoms shall come forth fresh and many colored; the leaves shall delight us with their symmetry; the birds shall hail us once more with songs, and the bee and butterfly shall flit through the flowers. May we all be there to see the refulgent beauty of the coming spring.

THE LATE BULWER-LYTTON.

BULWER, more lately called Lytton, is dead. Almost every reader of fiction has some knowledge of the illustrious man who, for many years, almost annually sent forth some work of first rate merit. He constituted one of that brilliant group of authors of whom Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Tennyson, Wordsworth and Macaulay, were the brightest stars. These either have set or are fast going down, and others of, at least so far, less radiance, are coming up to the meridian. We do not fear that English literature will pale its splendor, when the authors whom we admire

shall all have gone down in glory. Others, no doubt there are, whose merits have been already partially recognized, who in another decade or quarter of a century, will seem as great and of as noble art as those who have recently left our sphere, or whose chief works here may be supposed to have been already achieved.

More or less, the literature of every nation has had its periods of brightness and shadow; its golden, silver, and iron periods; its origin, its perfection, and its decadence—if not its close. The Hebrews could distinguish the strong and originative period of Samuel and David, from the more magnificent period of the great prophets, and still more from that of the minor ones. The Rig Veda, containing a literature stretching over a vast period, is succeeded by a poorer and ever poorer kind. Greece had its glorious period, commencing with Homer and ending with the great tragedians and comedians, after which nothing worthy of note is to be observed. Italy, too, had its Augustan Age, and afterwards, but works of little worth. Looking to the past examples, we have been accustomed to hear prophecies of the decadence of English literature. We have high authority for supposing that every language, by the very necessity of its nature, must grow, and must stand so long apparently stationary, but in reality must always advance, and finally, like a tree that has lived out its term of years, it must then decay and fall, sending out, it may be, some shoots that for a time appear as though they would take the place of the original stock, but, short lived and useless, soon to wither and decay.

It may be that this inherent progress and decadence is the law of all language, and that the English, like the Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, and Sanscrit shall also decay. All we know is that there does not seem to be any immediate prospect of this at present. It was supposed that the Elizabethian period was that in which English literature rose to perfection, and that then it must begin to decline. Between the Shakespearian and Ben Johnson group and that of Pope, Steele and Addison, intervened a wide period, so that that generation supposed the good old English tongue henceforth was only to lisp and halt. Milton, indeed, made men pause when giving in their verdict at after dinner inquests, when it was supposed that they were sitting in judgment on the dead body of English literature. Afterwards rose the Johnson school, and after a very wearisome interval, the splendid

era of Scott and Byron and the Lake School, burst on the world. Fame said that there were to be no more splendid days. The autumnal years had past, and we could hope for nothing save forced plants of literature, got up in hot-houses and conservatories. Dickens, and Thackeray, and Bulwer, and Tennyson, and Carlyle and Macaulay dispelled this delusion, and now we have been so often so agreeably disappointed with renewals of the eagle age and wing of our old language, that we have begun to doubt the validity of these deductions from the rise and fall of dynasties and languages, as of any proper application to our dear native tongue.

We do, however, look upon the past works of English authors as hard to rival. Some of them can probably never be equalled—at least not in their own line. Passing by the ever-recurring name of Shakespeare and others in this connexion, we think it is not too much to expect that we may yet see poets equal to Wordsworth and Tennyson, and novelists equal to Dickens, Thackeray and Bulwer. The appearance of George Eliot's "Middlemarch" gives assurance that the great modern epoch of English literature is not past. Still, among the twaddle and sentimentality of the great tribe of novelists, one is apt to think that the art of writing is going into its senility among us, and we desire to retrace our steps a few years to live with the authors of the by-gone day, and listen to their words.

Among those whose works we would wish to re-read is Bulwer. His "Falkland" we did not admire, nor did he like it himself. It was a youthful effort of which he neither approved the style nor the morality. It was upon his "Pelham" that he depended to decide whether he should continue the life of authorship. In many respects this is a remarkable novel—probably the one which presents the greatest number of traits of the author himself. The elegant, the aspiring, the fastidious Pelham was, no doubt, the outbreathing of Bulwer's inmost spirit. For literary art it is probably not excelled by any of his subsequent works. It has abundant incidents, and some of the characters are admirably drawn. There is, however, not much "creation" of character. Lord Gulston is admirably depicted, and no doubt from life. We pass over "Devereux," "The Disowned," "Eugene Aram," "England and the English," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "The Student," "Athens, Its Rise and Fall," "Ernest

Maltravers," "Night and Morning"—to speak of some of his more mature productions. "The Caxtons," "My Novel by Penstratus Caxton," "What will he do with It," and "A Strange Story," are his latest and best productions. "What will he do with it," we consider equals almost any other novel in the English language for incident and character. "The Strange Story" is a wild, weird thing, dealing with the supernatural, hovering always on the boundaries of the unseen world. Very unsatisfactory in its conclusion, however, to the reader who has been excited with the hope of some revelation of the secret of life, but to be disappointed, as all such hopes are in philosophy, science and romance.

Bulwer was distinguished as a poet, but his fame in poetry will never equal that which he has attained as a writer of fiction. His "Lady of Lyons" we remember to have been most successful when it first appeared on the stage. It was one in which G. V. Brooke, who was lost in the steamer London on her voyage to Melbourne, delighted to appear. "Richelieu," too, was very popular on the stage. We have never seen his comedy entitled "Money," which is said to have attained great popularity. With his poetical writings, such as the "Siamese Twins" and "The Crisis," the public are not well acquainted. The "New Timon" and "King Arthur" are better known, and add to his reputation as a poet of no mean pretensions.

Bulwer was born in 1805, and was thus in his sixty-eighth year. His married life was very unhappy. Lady Bulwer, from whom he was parted, seems to have been somewhat vixenish. We know not what were her private griefs, but she took care to assail her husband through the press, and when seeking election previous to the time of the Derby Ministry, she, if we recollect aright, assailed him even at the hustings. The Irish blood of the lady seems to have curdled the happiness of their lives with its intense acidity. It is sad to think that with so much fame and genius, domestic felicity should have been altogether wanting. Their only son, Robert Edward, is the author of a novel called "Owen Meredith," and some poems. It is not likely that he will ever attain to his father's fame.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, 530 B. C.*

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

ONCE in the silent midnight hour,
 When the great Bear, onward driven
 By the hand of Boötes,
 Is just turning down through heaven,
 And the tribes of speaking mortals
 All, o'ercome by toil and power
 Of sleep, are lying stretched at ease,
 LOVE stood beating at my portals
 Fastened by strong bolts and keys.
 "Who comes here so late now, knocking
 Thus boldly at my door," I said,
 "Driving my sweet dreams away?"
 "It is Love," says he, (and mocking)
 "I'm but a child; don't be afraid;
 Open; let me in, I pray:
 I'm wet; the moonless night is shocking
 Murky, and I've gone astray!"
 Hearing all this, I took pity,
 And having straitway lit my lamp,
 Went, and opening wide the door,
 Saw a boy there, winged and pretty,
 Bearing a bow, and the young scamp
 At his side a quiver bore.
 Near to my hearth I placed his chair;
 'Twixt my own palms I warmed again
 His hands, and from his flowing hair
 I wrung out all the dripping rain.
 Then, soon as his chill abated,
 "Come," he says, "let's try this bow,
 Whether the string, by being wetted,
 Has got injured any now."
 He stretches it, and shoots a dart
 Straight at my breast: I feel a smart,

* It is assumed that the benevolent general reader will overlook, and that the acute critic will pardon, the slight anachronism involved in this title.

Sudden, as when a gadfly stings.

Then, laughing loud in highest glee,

The imp upsprings:

“Mine host,” says he,

“Rejoice with me;—

My bow’s not hurt in any part;

But as for thee:—

Thou’lt have a pain about thy heart!”

W. P. D.

SCIENCE---ART---NATURE.

DISINFECTANTS.

DISINFECTANTS may be divided into three classes: 1. Those that arrest fermentation. 2. Those that effect chemical decomposition. 3. Deodorizers. Those of the first class include the coal tar products, heavy oil of coal tar or dead oil. Carbolic acid and its preparations are included in these. The impure form is that best adapted for the purpose of disinfection, both by its low cost and its easy solubility. Its disinfecting power is most markedly shown in contact with putrifying nitrogenous matter. Carbolic acid, when mixed with chalk, is sold under the name of carbolic powder. This is a very poor disinfectant, not only because seventy per cent. of it is an inert substance, possessing no disinfecting properties whatever, but because, after a few hours, the carbolic acid passes off into the air. Carbolate of lime is a valuable preparation, however, for it contains two disinfectants of different orders. This substance is not, strictly speaking, a chemical salt, but is hardly more than a perfect impregnation of the lime. A very good preparation, and one that will meet all requirements, is the following: Crude carbolic acid, one ounce; sulphate of zinc, eight ounces; water, three gallons. Carbolic acid effects its disinfection by a coagulation of the albuminous matters.

Under the head of disinfectants of this order, we find sulphate of zinc, protosulphate of iron, and sesquichloride of iron. All of these enter, to a greater or less extent, into different preparations offered for sale. The Girondin fluid, so much used of late, is a

combination of the dead oil of coal tar, sesquichloride of iron, and other substances. For the disinfection of low damp places, cellars, and sinks, the sesquichloride of iron is invaluable. Condy's fluid, which can be made on a small scale by mixing together two ounces of red lead, two ounces of common salt, and four ounces of oil of vitriol, is a powerful antiseptic agent.

The second class, namely, disinfectants effecting chemical decomposition, may be enumerated as lime, chlorine, sulphurous acid, sulphate of copper, chloride of zinc, soda, permanganate of potash, bromine, etc. These substances work by oxidation of the offensive substance, or by destruction of the germ. This is seen most markedly when the permanganate of potash is used, when the black oxide of manganese is thrown down as a fine powder. Chloride of lime is one of the best disinfectants, either alone or with other substances. When it is used in damp places, it should be mixed with carbonate of soda. Sesquichloride of iron is especially indicated for privy vaults where there is evolution of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. The sulphur is precipitated, while the hydrogen is set free. The iron acts most energetically as a check to fermentation. Most of these disinfecting substances owe their efficacy to the chlorine contained, and probably those emitting the largest quantities are the best.

Sulphurous acid, formed by the combustion of sulphur, stands unrivalled as the most perfect disinfectant of rooms and buildings impregnated with the germ of the eruptive fevers. In small pox, scarlatina, and measles, particularly, the room occupied by the patient should be well fumigated by this substance. For the prevention of the spread of cholera and the inflammatory diseases of the alimentary canal, carbolic acid and chlorine are the best.

Absorbent deodorizers are the third class, and consist of substances that merely absorb the effluvia from putrid and decaying matters. Such are charcoal, both animal and vegetable, and dry earth. A cheap variety of bone charcoal has lately been used which is mixed with peat. All of these substances must be finely pulverized and dried. Dry earth has proved its extraordinary virtues in the patent earth closet, and in the hospitals of Philadelphia. At the latter place it was found not only to absorb the septic matter from wounds, but to destroy all traces of odor in the wards.

There are many household agents that are constantly used.

Among them are burnt vinegar, burnt sugar, pastilles and the like, but the bad smells are only disguised for the time.

Disinfectants may be used either in form of solution, or in the dry state. Either of the substances alluded to above should be placed in saucers, in the upper part of the room as near the ceiling as possible, and in vaults, privies, and other places of the kind, they should be liberally sprinkled on the surface of the offensive substance. Chlorine gas may be generated in a simple manner by exposing four ounces of the black oxide of manganese, moistened by eight ounces of oil of vitriol, and four ounces of water in a shallow earthen pan; this mixture will continue to liberate chlorine for several days. Cloths dipped in the carbolic acid solution and hung about the place to be disinfected will completely remove all bad odors.

Mr Darwin has eloquently painted the struggle thus successfully waged by the animalcule against the ocean. He visited the circle of reefs which forms the *lagoon*, or inner lake, of the island of Cocos. Into this lagoon he passed through a narrow channel which wound its way among delicately ramified corals. Having reached the further end of the lagoon, he landed, and crossed to the windward side of the island, to watch the open sea dashing in foamy breakers on its shore. The spectacle was one of imposing magnificence—graceful cocoa-palms, lines of verdurous shrubs, a broad margin of “yellow sands,” an impassable barrier of enormous rocks, and the fringe of weltering waves which was carried all around the reef. These were the principal details in a very novel and impressive picture. The ocean, like an invincible and all-powerful enemy, hurls its waves against the rampart, only to fall back repulsed and conquered by the simplest means. Not, indeed, that it spares the rocks of coral, whose gigantic fragments cast upon the shore proclaim its power; it will make no peace, it will grant no truce; it is never weary, never in need of rest; the prolonged swell, raised by the gentle but continuous action of the Trade winds, blowing always in the same direction over this immense area of waters, gathers up in billows almost as high as those which are accumulated by the storms of our temperate zones. Looking upon their incessant fury you will feel convinced that the most impenetrable rock, be it porphyry, or granite, or quartz, would be demolished by a force so irresistible, while the humblest

shores would remain victorious. Another power has taken part in the strife. The organic force seizes one by one the atoms of carbonate of lime, and separates them from the boiling foam to re-unite them in a symmetrical structure. What matters it that the tempest sweeps away in millions enormous blocks of rock! What avails it against the unresting toil of myriads of architects, working night and day! Here we see the soft and gelatinous body of a polype conquer, through the action of vital laws, the immense mechanical power of the ocean-waves, which neither the art of man can resist, nor the inanimate works of nature.

The city of Berlin is built on a bed of living infusoria, about sixty-six mètres in thickness. We are speaking of microscopical animals, ten thousand of which ranged side by side will not cover a greater extent than twenty-seven millimètres, while it takes a million to make a milligramme.

In the heathery moorlands of Lunebourg a bed of the same kind is known to exist; but this does not exceed seventeen to eighteen mètres in thickness.

Some others are known of less importance, in North America; they are only six to seven mètres thick.

This explains to us how it is that certain ancient rocks, stratified beds of great solidity, and actual mountains are entirely formed of the shells of infusoria.

According to Ehrenberg, a cube of chalk of twenty-seven millimètres is made up of a million of these microscopic animals.

Schleiden estimates that the layer of chalk which covers the surface of a carte-de-visite represents nearly one hundred thousand shells of animalcules.

The *tripoli* of Billin in Bohemia, as well as that of the Mauritiu, is entirely composed of siliceous shells so perfectly preserved, that Ehrenberg, to whom we owe the discovery, has been able to compare them with the shells of those living animalcules to which they present the greatest analogy.

Twenty-seven cubic millimètres of the Billin *tripoli* do not contain less than forty-one millions of infusoria!

Now the schists of Billin extend over a surface of thirty-two to forty square kilomètres, with a depth varying from sixty-six centi-

mètres to five mètres. Let the reader pause, and reflect upon the full meaning of these figures.

Certain tripolis of a reddish color are used in some European provinces for coloring the fronts of houses, and everywhere for scouring and polishing the implements of the kitchen; these houses owe their bright hue, and these utensils their brilliancy, to fossil animalcules.

We meet with them even in the most compact rocks. Mr. White particularizes twelve species which are found in the flints of the chalk.

Certain tribes, in Asia and America, include various nutritive clays in their alimentary regime; these clays are partly composed of fossil animalcules.

GOOD WORDS.

“How can I expand my chest?” asked a stingy fellow of a physician. “By carrying a larger heart in it,” the doctor replied.

Every man we meet is a walking thought-hive. To our eye it is hidden; but to God’s eye it is a hive of transparent glass.

We cannot enter heaven as those who pass in a crowd. God deals with souls as men deal with sovereigns, which they examine and weigh one by one.

He who begins by loving theology better than truth, will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end by loving himself better than all.

The voice of Selfishness—“Send the multitude away.”

The voice of Compassion—“Give ye them to eat.”

All thoughts have their germs. To kill a sin the surest way is to kill it in the egg. At the very moment when a wicked thought is born, is the right time to strangle it. These little snakes soon become the anacondas that strangle conscience, and destroy character.

“When my mother says *no*, there’s no *yes* in it.” Here’s a sermon in a nutshell. Multitudes of parents say “No,” but after a good deal of teasing and debate it finally becomes “Yes.” Love and kindness are the essential elements in the successful management of children; but firmness, decision, inflexibility, and uniformity of treatment are no less important.

Griefs are like usurpers, the most powerful deposes all the rest.