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THE NEW KING OF ITALY, HUMBERT I.

New Dominion Monthly.

MARCH, 1878.

THE POEMS OF CHARLOTTE, EMILY AND ANNE BRONTE.

When Charlotte Brontë wrote to Southey entreating his opinion of her poems, she received for answer the following advice :—

"You evidently possess, and in no inconsiderable degree, what Wordsworth calls 'the faculty of verse.' I am not depreciating it when I say that in these times it is not rare. Many volumes of poems are now published every year, without attracting public attention, any one of which, if it had appeared half a century ago, would have obtained a high reputation for its author. Whoever, therefore, is ambitious of distinction in this way, ought to be prepared for disappointment. * * * * Literature cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be. The more she is engaged in her proper duties, the less leisure will she have for it, even as an accomplishment and recreation. To these duties you have not yet been called, and when you are, you will be less eager for celebrity, you will not seek in imagination for excitement of which the vicissitudes of this life, and the anxieties from which you must not hope to be exempted, be your state what it may, will bring with them but too much."

And though to this advice,* discouraging, as it seems to us, in spite of his protest to the contrary, and even in a degree harsh and narrow, he adds :

*In his letter he says : "It is not my advice you have asked as to the direction of your talents, but my opinion of them, and yet the opinion may be worth little, and the advice much."

"But do not suppose that I disparage the gift which you possess, nor that I would discourage you from exercising it. * * Write poetry for its own sake ; not in a spirit of emulation, and not with a view to celebrity ; the less you aim at that, the more likely you will be to deserve, and finally to obtain it. So written it is wholesome, both for the heart and soul ; it may be made the surest means, next to religion, of soothing the mind and elevating it ; you may embody in it your best thoughts and your wisest feelings, and in so doing, discipline and strengthen them,"—yet looking at the matter impartially, and comparing the main portion of the letter with its more soothing conclusion, we are still forced to think that Southey's "opinion" was not favorable to the literary and poetical aspirations of his correspondent. That Miss Brontë herself considered it in this light is evident from her reply :—"I trust I shall never more feel ambitious to see my name in print." She writes, "If the wish should rise I'll look at Southey's letter and suppress it."

Vain pledge, though made in all sincerity, for who can guarantee perpetually to "suppress" the dominant de-

sires of the soul? It would have been as impossible for Charlotte Brontë never to write as for the rose never to emit its fragrance, the sun its light, the brook its song. When the "possession" was upon her, but not at other times, the impulse to write was irresistible, and only to be restrained by the stronger voice of duty. This latter once consenting, thoughts and fancies flowed from her pen as impetuously as the rain from the surcharged cloud, the torrent from its source; and such being the case, the syllogism was inevitable. The ambition to "see her name in print" followed surely and naturally; and could not, would not, be "suppressed." In 1846, nine years after her letter of disclaimer to the Poet Laureate, a little volume of poems, bearing on its title page the unknown names of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell, "stole into life," from the press of Messrs Aylott & Co., Paternoster Row.

The circumstances which determined the publication of this introductory, tripartite work, are thus recorded by Charlotte:—

"One day in the autumn of 1845, I accidentally lighted on a manuscript volume of verses in my sister Emily's handwriting. * * * I looked it over and something more than surprise seized me—a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. * * * Meantime my younger sister quietly produced some of her own compositions, intimating that since Emily's had given me pleasure I might like to look at her's. * * * We had very early cherished the dream of one day being authors. We agreed to arrange a small selection of our poems, and, if possible, get them printed. Averse to personal publicity, we veiled our own names under those of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell; the ambiguous choice being dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names positively masculine, while we did not like to declare ourselves women, because, without at the time suspecting that our mode of writing and thinking was not what is called 'feminine,' we had a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice."*

At this time a sorrow, dark as death, terrible almost, to these pure-minded sisters, as the judgment, had entered in at the open door of the lonely moorland parsonage and taken its place at the very hearthstone where the sisters and the aged father had hitherto dwelt in often sad, but ever sacred seclusion. Branwell, the singularly gifted, cherished son and brother, around whose future the brightest hopes, the loftiest aspirations of the whole family had clustered, had gone out from the sanctuary of his home, to return to it an alien evermore from its peace and purity.

Of this grim spectre, this skeleton of the household, it is not our place or purpose to say more; we mention it incidentally, because at this time, and for some years subsequently it hung, a very sword of Damocles, over the lives of the sisters, harrowing them continually with direst apprehensions, and because it was from under its shadow that the first literary venture of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell first saw the light. A sorry venture it proved as far as financial and literary success was concerned. The late Mrs. Gaskell, to whose unique biography of Charlotte Brontë we are largely though not exclusively indebted for information used in the preparation of this article, says: "*It stole into life.* Some weeks passed over without the mighty, murmuring public discovering that three more voices were uttering their speech;" and afterwards, when Emily and Anne were safe from the world's praise or censure or indifference, the one by Scarboro's "wild sea waves," the other, "by the altar stones of Haworth church," Charlotte writes: "The book was printed; it is scarcely known, and all of it that merits to be known are the poems of Ellis Bell."

That it is still "scarcely known" we have had personal evidence. It was years before we could obtain a copy of the work. It was not to be had at any of the city book stores of the Dominion where we enquired, and a friend who undertook to procure it from Britain,

* Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," Vol. I., p. 271.

was equally unsuccessful. At length chance threw it in our way, bound up with the "Professor" and including some supplementary selections from the unpublished poems of Emily and Anne, compiled by Charlotte after her sisters' deaths. In the preface she says: "I have then culled from the mass only a little poem here and there. The whole makes but a tiny nosegay, and the color and perfume of the flowers are not such as fit them for festal uses."

The story of the Brontë sisters, these "children of the mist and cloudland," as one reviewer calls them, is familiar now to every reader of modern English literature. The mystery that for a time shrouded the names, the lives, the birthplace, even the sex of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell, has been cleared away, the veil has been lifted, the curtain drawn, and we can now look with ever-wondering gaze into the very heart of their home life, can follow them out into the world, can learn of them what is the bitterness of the lot of the English "private governess," "who"—we quote Charlotte's own words—"has no existence, is not considered as a living rational being, except as connected with the wearisome duties she has to fulfil."*

We can cross with them to "sunny climes beyond the sea," to the "strange foreign town, astir and crowded, where Charlotte and Emily first, and afterwards Charlotte alone, hungering and thirsting for the knowledge that Haworth Parsonage, with its loved but at times irksome seclusion, or the slave-life of the governess could never give, braved with indomitable will the life of exile from their "beloved home, and the dear moors beyond;" and where, though with Emily, the "same suffering and conflict ensued, heightened by the strong recoil of her upright heretic and English spirit from the gentle Jesuitry of the foreign and Romish system," there were nevertheless compensations for both, and especially for Charlotte, in the congenial round of study, and the highly intellectual method of its pursuit, adopted in their case by M. Héger.

We can return with them to Haworth Parsonage, and behold their "prospects wither and their hopes grow dark," through years of sorrowful endurance, or of wrestling with fate, as Jacob wrestled with the angel! We can see them "bearing all things:" disappointment, the failure of high hopes, domestic affliction, sharpened to agony in minds severely pure as theirs by the consciousness of a brother's shame; the father blind for a time, and threatened with total loss of sight, their poems unsuccessful, their prose works begging at the doors of obdurate publishers, and one of them, Charlotte's "Professor," since published posthumously by Messrs. Smith & Elder, coming back eventually, *refused*. We can see them amid these and other trials exhibiting to our gaze an example of fortitude, of heroism, and of enduring patience that is simply wonderful. Truly there were times when the flesh failed, and mortal weakness succumbed temporarily to the intolerable strain laid upon it, but the "spirit" was always "willing," and again and again unflinching it emerged to the combat, and again and again we behold it triumphing openly. The

> "Task that a giant's strength might strain,
> To suffer long and ne'er repine,
> Be calm in frenzy, smile at pain,"

of which Charlotte writes in her poem of *Mementos*, was learned by heart by each one of the three sisters, and acted out in her individual life.

* We learn that two at least of the employers of the Misses Brontë were honorable exceptions to the tyranny or heartless indifference of their class. Anne in writing home of one of them, expresses herself as very well satisfied, and says that "Mrs.——is extremely kind," and Charlotte in her last situation, "esteemed herself fortunate in becoming a member of a kind-hearted and friendly household." See Mrs. Gaskell.

It has been and is still often objected that unusual mental powers and a high degree of intellectual culture in woman unfit her for the commoner uses of every day and domestic life. How was it in the case of the Brontës?

When Southey from the heights of his masculine supremacy wrote to Charlotte:—"The day-dreams in which you habitually indulge are likely to induce a distempered state of mind, and in proportion as all the ordinary uses of the world seem to you flat and unprofitable, you will be unfitted for them without becoming fitted for anything else," he showed himself profoundly ignorant of the mind and habits of the woman whom he addressed.

Never was there a woman whose intellect from first to last was more entirely the servant of her reason, her conscience, her sense of duty. And the same may be said of Emily and Anne, from childhood; and remember that these girls had made considerable progress in their literary attempts at an age when most children have no thought beyond their dolls and play—up to that later period when the "possession" was strong upon Charlotte, urging, impelling, *goading* her to write, when her fame was assured by the publication of "Jane Eyre," and impatient publishers were restless under delay—we never find her neglecting for a single hour the *res augusta domi*, the narrow things of home. These had the first place in her well-regulated mind, the first claim to her faithful service.

There was much anxiety, much wearisome effort, much painful solicitude, much silent renunciation of long-cherished hopes for love or duty's sake, in the life of each one of the sisters; but prominently in that of Charlotte. As the eldest of the three surviving she felt herself to Emily and Anne almost in the relation of a mother, and her love for them had all the mother's watchful tenderness and anxiety. Yet there was but the difference of a year and a half between her age and that of Emily. These women with their extraordinary mental gifts, were girls, "taught by their father as theoretically, and by their aunt practically, that to take an active part in all household work, was, in their position, woman's simple duty;" "but," adds their biographer, "in their careful employment of time they found many an odd five minutes for reading while watching the cakes, and managed the union of two kinds of employment better than King Alfred."

Charlotte writing to a friend describes herself as having lately discovered that she has "quite a talent for cleaning, sweeping up hearths, dusting rooms, making beds, &c.," and adds facetiously, "so if everything else fails I can turn my hand to that, if any one will give me good wages for little labor;" while Emily, that "remnant of the Titans," of whom M. Héger says: "She should have been a man—a great navigator. Her powerful reason would have deduced new spheres of discovery from the knowledge of the old, and her strong, imperious will would never have been daunted by opposition, never have given way but with life"—"when at home," we are told, "took the principal part of the cooking upon herself, and did all the household ironing; and after Tabby* grew old and infirm, it was Emily who made all the bread for the family; and any one passing by the kitchen-door, might have seen her studying German out of an open book, propped up before her as she kneaded the dough;"—"but," adds the narrator, "no study, however interesting, interfered with the goodness of the bread, which was always light and excellent." †

"It was the household custom among

*The old servant.

†Mrs. Gaskell.

these girls"—we quote again from Mrs. Gaskell—"to sew till nine o'clock at night. At that hour Miss Branwell generally went to bed, and her nieces' duties for the day were accounted done. They put away their work and began to pace the room backwards and forwards, up and down, as often with the candles extinguished for economy's sake, as not, their figures glancing into the firelight, and out into the shadow perpetually. At this time they talked over past cares and troubles; they planned for the future, and consulted each other as to their plans. In after years this was the time for discussing together the plots of their novels, and again, still later, this was the time for the last surviving sister to walk alone, from old accustomed habit, round and round the desolate room, thinking sadly upon the 'days that were no more.'"

The poems of the sisters, which we propose briefly to notice, and some of which we will give in full for the reader's benefit, seem to us invested with a weird and melancholy interest, quite independent of any intrinsic merit which they possess; for do not they open out to our gaze another page of the heart history of the writers? Doubtless the judgment of the public was a righteous one when it received them at first with apathy, anon with scanty meed of praise. They never "sold;" and of course, to author and publisher alike, this is one great test of the world's opinion. Critically considered, we freely admit they fall short in numberless instances of the standard of excellence which we demand in poetry of the highest order. Charlotte, whose prose writings are art models in their careful choice of words, their fine, but strong-strung sentences, their rhythmic ring, betrays at times in her poetry a clumsiness, and disregard of the ordinary rules of composition, that seems in her unaccountable. The form of the verb changes ungrammatically. The verb and subject stand in ambiguous relations to one another. Such freaks of *feet* as,

"The friend, so true, so tried, so dear,
My heart's own chosen, indeed is near,"

occur, and rhymes such as *sorrow* and *furrow*, *sensation* and *passion*, *rushed* and *pushed*, offend the ear. Yet there are often passages of exceeding power, and metaphors that cannot be excelled. For example, what can be finer than the following, in the poem of Pilate's wife's dream:

"What is this Hebrew Christ? to me unknown
His lineage—doctrine—mission; yet how clear
Is God-like goodness in His actions shown,
How straight and stainless is His life's career!
The ray of Deity that rests on him,
In my eyes makes Olympian glory dim!

"The world advances; Greek or Roman rite
Suffices not the enquiring mind to stay;
The searching soul demands a purer light
To guide it on its upward, onward way;
Ashamed of sculptured gods, Religion turns
To where the unseen Jehovah's altar burns.

"Our faith is rotten; all our rites defiled,
Our temples sullied, and methinks this man
With his new ordinance, so wise and mild,
Is come, even as he says, the chaff to fan
And sever from the wheat; but will his faith
Survive the terrors of to-morrow's death?

"Part, clouds and shadows! glowing sun, appear!
Part, mental gloom! come, insight from on high!
Dusk dawn in heaven still strives with daylight clear,
The longing soul doth still uncertain sigh,
Oh! to behold the truth—that sun divine,
How doth my bosom pant, my spirit pine."

* * * * *

"This day, time travails with a mighty birth;
This day, Truth stoops from Heaven and visits earth."

Or, what more picture-like than this:

"When will day
Retinge the dusk and livid air with bloom?"

Indeed, this whole poem, though occasionally morbid, is always dramatic, always pictorial. Portions also of other poems present us with "bits" as minutely-finished as fine-line engraving.

"These volumes clasped with costly stone,
With print all faded—gilding gone;
These fans of leaves, from Indian trees,
These crimson shells from Indian seas—
These tiny portraits, set in rings—

* * * * *

Now stored with cameos, china, shells,
In this old closet's dusty cells."

And the portrait of her who "once was mistress here:"

"Her mind was calm, its sunny rest
Shone in her eyes more clear than mirth.

"And when attired in rich array,
Light, lustrous hair about her brow,
She yonder sat; a kind of day
Lit up what seems so gloomy now.

* * * * *

But what around looked dusk and dim,
Served as a foil to her fresh cheek;
Her neck and arms, of hue so fair,
Eyes of unclouded, smiling light,
Her soft, and curled and floating hair,
Gems and attire, as rainbow bright."

The author's love of Nature, and sympathy with her in all her varied moods, whether pensive, glowing or terrible, displays itself repeatedly:

"How soft the day
O'er waveless water, stirless tree,
Silent and sunny, wings its way!
Now as I watch that distant hill,
So faint, so blue, so far removed,
Sweet dreams of home my heart may fill."*

Again,

"That sunset! Look beneath the boughs,
Over the copse—beyond the hills!
How soft, yet deep and warm it glows,
And heaven with rich suffusion fills
With hues where still the opal's tint
In gleam of prisoned fire is blent,
Where flame through azure thrills." †

Again,

"Deep in her isle-conceiving womb,
It seemed the ocean thundered." ‡

The author's susceptibility to the supernatural, controlled only, as we know, by her strong religious belief, appears in the following:

"I sometimes think when late at even
I climb the stair reluctantly
Some shape that should be well in heaven
Or ill elsewhere will pass by me."

Her sorrowful fate in after years is foreshadowed with wonderful though unconscious accuracy in the following:

"All fades away; my very home,
I think, will soon be desolate.
I hear at times a warning come
Of bitter partings at its gate;
And, if I should return and see
The hearth fire quenched, the vacant chair,
And hear it whispered mournfully
That farewells have been spoken there,
What shall I do, and whither turn?
Where look for peace? when cease to mourn?"

While Emily's, that inexorable, idollized sister of whom Charlotte in her love and anguish wrote, "I think Emily seems the nearest thing to my heart in the world," is predicted in these lines:

"I'm on a distant journey bound,
And if, about my heart,
Too closely kindred ties were bound,
'Twould break when forced to part.

"Soon will November days be o'er
My own forebodings tell me more—
For me, I know by presage sure,
They'll ne'er return again."

But of all her poems, the "Missionary" must perhaps rank highest. Its fervid religious spirit and the natural grandeur and eloquence with which the purpose of the imaginary speaker is expressed entitle it to the front rank amongst religious poetical compositions.

An extract or two will suffice as evidence:

"What other tie yet holds me fast
To the divorced, abandoned past?
Smouldering on my heart's altar lies
The fire of some great sacrifice,
Not yet half quenched. The sacred steel
But lately struck my carnal will,
My life-long hope, first joy and last,
What I loved well, and clung to fast;
What I wished wildly to retain,
What I renounced with soul-felt pain;
What, when I saw it, axe-struck, perish—
Left me no joy on earth to cherish;
A man bereft—yet sternly now
I do confirm that Jephtha's vow:
Shall I retreat, or fear, or flee?
Did Christ, when rose the fatal tree
Before Him on Mount Calvary?"

* * *

"I know what war the fiend will wage
Against that soldier of the cross,
Who comes to dare his demon rage,
And work his kingdom shame and loss.
Yes, hard and terrible the toil
Of him who steps on foreign soil,
Resolved to plant the Gospel vine,

*The Teacher's Monologue.

†The Wood.

‡Gilbert.

Where tyrants rule and slaves repine;
Eager to lift religious light
Where thickest shades of mental night
Screen the false god and fiendish rite;
Reckless that missionary blood,
Shed in wild wilderness and wood,
Has left, upon the unblest air,
The man's deep moan—the martyr's prayer:
I know my lot—I only ask
Power to fulfil the glorious task;
Willing the spirit, may the flesh
Strength for the day receive afresh.
May burning sun or deadly wind
Prevail not o'er an earnest mind;
May torments strange or direst death
Nor trample truth, nor baffle faith.
Though such blood drops should fall from me
As fell in old Gethsemane,
Welcome the anguish, so it gave
More strength to work, more still to save.
And, oh! if brief must be my time,
If hostile hand or fatal clime
Cut short my course—still o'er my grave,
Lord, may thy harvest whitening wave.
So I the culture may begin,
Let others thrust the sickle in;
If but the seed will faster grow,
May my blood water what I sow."

But we have already exceeded the limits we had originally assigned to our notice of Charlotte Brontë and her contributions to the little volume of poems. We pass on to those of Emily. Mrs. Gaskell tells us:—"In the *Athenæum* of July 4, under the head of 'Poetry for the Million,' came a short review of the poems of C. E. and A. Bell," and that "the reviewer assigns to Ellis the highest rank of the three 'brothers,' as he supposes them to be; calls Ellis, 'a fine, quaint spirit', and speaks of 'an evident power of wing, that may reach heights not here attempted,' also that, 'The poems of Ellis convey an impression of originality beyond what his contributions to these volumes embody.'"

A notice in the *Christian Remembrancer*, written after the death of two at least of the authors, says:—"The poems are remarkable as being the first effort of undoubted genius to find some congenial form of expression. They are not common verses, but show many of the vigorous qualities in the prose works of the same writers." But Charlotte Brontë went beyond this:—"The fixed conviction I held, and hold," she says, "of the worth of these poems"—Emily's:—"has not, indeed, received the confirmation of much favorable criticism; but I must retain it notwithstanding."

And we, with the volume before us, in the lamplight's glow, while the wild March winds are wailing and sobbing without, are free to confess to a similar conviction. There is a weird fascination, a passionate, compelling force, in some, and in others a tenderness, a pensive grace, that takes us by surprise in Emily Brontë.

Hers was, we know, a solitary spirit, exulting literally as well as figuratively in the bleak wild moorland, rather than in the smiling valley. Charlotte says of her: "Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone." We can picture her naturally, as in harmony heart and soul, every chord athrill with the stern sublime of "heights where the north wind is raging," in the "wild Decembers," when the moors and "the deep glens are blocked with snow," when the "wildering drift" is whirled before the breeze, or shivering with delicious rapture of intensest sympathy,

"In the gloom of a cloudy November,"

When,

"Drenching wet, the cold rain pouring,
Speaks of winter nigh."

Such moods of nature, sullen or tumultuous, or dreary and chill, seem to us the ones to which naturally we would assign the sympathies of Emily Brontë; and undoubtedly they did possess for her an attraction, peculiar, irresistible, overpowering; evoking the strongest emotions of her heart, the fullest homage of her soul. But the tranquil, the serene, had charms for her as well. An example or two will suffice:

"The bluebell is the sweetest flower
That waves in summer air;
Its blossoms have the mightiest power
To soothe my spirit's care."

"A heaven so clear, an' earth so calm,
So sweet, so soft, so hushed an air;
And deepening still the dream-like charm,
Wild moor sheep feeding everywhere."

Some of the poems are remarkable for their daring utterance of speculative philosophy, and though where this is the case, the scepticism, whether encouraged or resisted, whether begotten of the grief, or the narrowness or the boundless mental breadth of the imaginary reasoner, is met invariably by the arguments of the Christian, it is expressed with a force and boldness, and an originality of thought and diction, that seem to mark it as the writer's own possible, nay, probable experience.

Did Emily Brontë, we ask, feel in her unfathomable soul yearnings and doubts such as these?

"Oh for the time when I shall sleep
Without identity,
And never care how rain may steep,
Or snow may cover me!

"No promised Heaven these wild desires
Could all or half fulfil;
No threatened Hell with quenchless fires
Subdue this quenchless will!"

"So said I, and still say the same;
Still to my death will say—
Three Gods, within this little frame,
Are warring night and day;
Heaven could not hold them all, and yet
They all are held in me;
And must be mine till I forget
My present entity!
Oh, for the time when in my breast
Their struggle will be o'er!
Oh, for the day when I shall rest,
And never suffer more!"

If she did, she felt also, the faith entheal that "torn, panting," but triumphant, could answer in words grand as these:

"I saw a spirit standing, man,
Where thou dost stand—an hour ago,
And round his feet three rivers ran,
Of equal depth, and equal flow—
A golden stream, and one like blood;
And one like sapphire seemed to be,
But where they joined their triple flood
It trembled in an inky sea.
The spirit sent his dazzling gaze
Down through that ocean's gloomy night;
Then, kindling all, with sudden blaze,
The glad deep sparkled wide and bright,
White as the sun, far, far more fair
Than its divided sources were!"

We know that hers was a nature that even to the final pang, gave out no spoken assurance for the comfort of those who agonized for it; but we know, also that, though she could not speak her hope, she could write of it with calmest confidence.

"I know there is a blessed shore,
Opening its ports for me and mine."

We never read or learn of the "Fairy Prince," coming with kiss that would wake the dead," to re-animate the "tranced form," of Emily Brontë. From first to last, as we and the world know her, she was heart free. No love, supremer than filial or sisterly, seems once and forever to have fanned with golden wings the smouldering fires of her heart to flame. For any proof positive that we can adduce to the contrary, she was recording fact when she wrote of fancy, or, the "god of visions," as she calls it, in the closing apostrophe, in their words:

"So, with a ready heart I swore
* * * * *
And gave my spirit to adore,
Thee, ever present, phantom thing—
My slave, my comrade, and my king."

Yet it is hard to believe that words such as the following, are other than the genuine outpourings of love, deep, tender, passionate, and *sorrowful unto death*:

"No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee."
* * * * *
"Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?"

The hold that home with its beloved inmates and associations had upon each of the three Brontë sisters, was exceptionally strong and tenacious; but with Emily it was like the grip of a savage animal that can only be loosened with death; and yet the simile is imperfect, since it conveys an idea opposite to the tenderness that linked itself with every thought of home in Emily's

mind. Let it stand, then, only for the strength.

Only thrice do we read of Emily Brontë's leaving Haworth, and on two occasions out of the three did she succumb utterly to the terrible ordeal.

In her preface to "Selections from the Literary Remains of Ellis and Acton Bell," Charlotte says: "Her nature proved here too strong for her fortitude. Every morning when she woke, the vision of home and the moors rushed on her, and darkened and saddened the day that lay before her. Nobody knew what ailed her but me—I knew only too well. In this struggle her health was quickly broken; her white face, attenuated form, and failing strength, threatened rapid decline. I felt in my heart she would die if she did not go home, and with this conviction obtained her recall."

Once again after this, she went, first as teacher to a school in a neighboring city, for six months, and again to Brussels, to the *pensionat* of M. Héger. What she suffered during this latter sojourn we have recorded already in her sister's words. Let her own heart-sick yearnings speak as well:

"A little while, a little while,
The weary task is put away.
And I can sing, and I can smile
Alike, while I have holiday.

"Where wilt thou go, my harassed heart—
What thought, what scene, invites thee now;
What spot, or near, or far apart,
Has rest for thee, my weary brow?

"There is a spot mid barren hills,
Where winter howls, and driving rain;
But, if the dreary tempest chills,
There is a light that warms again.

"The house is old, the trees are bare,
Moonless above blends twilight's dome,
But what on earth is half so dear—
So longed for—as the hearth of home?

"The mute bird sitting on the stone,
The dank moss dripping from the wall,
The thorn trees gaunt, the walks o'ergrown,
I love them—how I love them all.

"Still as I mused the naked ro m,
The alien firelight died away;
And from the midst of cheerless gloom,
I passed to bright, unclouded day.

"A little and a lone green lane
That opened on a common wide;
A distant, dreamy, dim blue chain
Of mountains circling every side.

* * *

"That was the scene, I knew it well;
I knew the turfy pathway's sweep;
That winding o'er each billowy swell,
Marked out the tracks of wandering sheep.

"Could I have lingered but an hour,
It well had paid a week of toil,
But truth has banished fancy's power:
Restraint and heavy task recoil.

"Even as I stood with raptured eye,
Absorbed in bliss so deep and dear,
My hour of rest had floated by,
And back came labor, bondage, care."

The last lines that she ever wrote are grand beyond description. They could only emanate from a mind entirely noble, an intellect glorious as that of a sanctified Lucifer, if we may be allowed the simile, and a faith

"Sure anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality."

Surely with such a record as this left behind, Charlotte, after the "tortures of uncertainty," the "pain no words could render," which wrung from her the confession, "Moments so dark as these I have never known," might well write thus: "We are very calm at present,—why should it be otherwise? The anguish of seeing her suffer is over; the spectacle of the pains of death is gone by—we feel she is at peace. No need now to tremble for the hard frost and the keen wind. Emily does not feel them. We saw her taken from life in its prime,—she died in a time of promise. But it is God's will, and the place where she is gone is better than that she has left."

"No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere,
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

"O God within my breast:
Almighty, ever-present Deity!

Life--that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in thee.

" Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts : unutterably vain ;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

" To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity ;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

" With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

" Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

" There is not room for death,
Nor atom that his might could render void :
Thou—thou art being and breath,
And what thou art may never be destroyed."

We turn now to Anne Brontë, the youngest of the three sisters, whose birth and death followed close upon those of Emily, her companion and best beloved.

Scarcely can we think of Anne as the authoress ; rather do we regard her pre-emimently as the woman. Her gentle, clinging nature associates itself in our minds with thoughts of home and kindred, of sheltering love and caie. We think of her as one of those

" Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice ;"

and as choosing of her own free will, "The vale with its deep fountain rather than the Olympian or Pisgah height.

Yet Anne's first prose work, " Agnes Grey," found a publisher before Charlotte's "Professor," and a reviewer assigned to her poems a rank next to Emily's, and higher than Charlotte's. Our readers must judge of the poems for themselves. We are of opinion with Charlotte, in her original estimate of them, that they have " a sweet, sincere pathos of their own," and the merit of truth and simplicity. They are not indeed grand, fervid, and strikingly original, as are Emily's, nor ardent and eloquent as are some of Charlotte's ; but they are, notwithstanding, interesting and precious mementos, and their subdued and melancholy tone appeals strongly to our sympathy, as characteristic of the writer's own religious experience. Charlotte says of her :

" The pillar of a cloud glided constantly before her eyes ; she ever waited at the foot of a secret Sinai, listening in her heart to the voice of a trumpet, sounding long, and waxing louder." But (and let us thank God for this) "as the end drew near, this pomp of terrors broke up, and passing away, left her dying hour unclouded." If Anne's poetry is continually suggestive of this " pillar of a cloud," we must bear with it ; scarcely could it be otherwise, and be true to herself and her habitual mood.

Again we quote from Charlotte's preface : " In looking over my sister Anne's papers, I find mournful evidence that religious feeling had been to her but too much like what it was to Cowper ; I mean of course, in a far milder form. Without rendering her a prey to those horrors that defy concealment, it subdued her mood and bearing to a perpetual pensiveness."

Anne herself recognized and applied the parallel. In her lines addressed to Cowper, she says :

" The language of my inmost heart,
I traced in every line ;
My sins, *my* sorrows, hopes and fears,
Were there—and only mine."

And titles such as " Vanitas Vanitatum, Omnia Vanitas," " If this be All," " The Doubter's Prayer," and " Despondency," plainly indicate the habitual condition of the writer's mind. But that to struggle against, to wrestle with this terrible despondency of doubt, to refuse utterly to let it shut out the ultimate prospect of happiness, was a recognized and accepted duty, we have also evidence :

"Arm, arm thee for the fight!
Cast useless loads away;
Watch through the darkest hours of night,
Toil through the hottest day."

"Spirit of Faith! be thou my guide,
Oh clasp my hand in thine,
And let me never quit thy side;
Thy comforts are divine!"

"Lead me, and I cannot stray—
Hold me, I shall not fall.
Sustain me, I shall never faint,
How rough so e'er may be
My upward road,—nor moan nor plaint
Shall mar my trust in thee."

"I'll go with thee!
Thou, if I hold thee fast,
Wilt guide, defend and strengthen me,
And bear me home at last."

"By thy help all things I can do,
In thy strength all things bear."

These very conflicts and terrors which Anne herself underwent, coupled with the gentleness and the all-embracing charitableness of her disposition, make it not surprising that the doctrine of a final Restoration should find a place in her possible creed. In her "Word to the Elect!" we find it thus expressed:

"And oh! there lives within my heart
A hope, long nursed by me;
(And should its cheering ray depart,
How dark my soul would be!)

"That as in Adam all have died,
In Christ shall all men live;
And ever round his throne abide,
Eternal praise to give.

"That even the wicked shall at last
Be fitted for the skies,
And when their dreadful doom is past
To life and light arise.

"I ask not how remote the day
Nor what the sinners' woe,
Before their dross is purged away;
Enough for me to know

That when the cup of wrath is drained,
The metal purified,
They'll cling to what they once disdained,
And live by Him that died."

Anne Brontë, in common with her sisters, suffered in no ordinary degree when absent from her home, and she, like them, was wont to seek in verse relief from "the exile's heart-sick yearnings."

"There *is* a friendly roof I know,
Might shield me from the wintry blast;
There is a fire whose ruddy glow
Will cheer me for my wanderings past.

* * *

"Warm hands are there, that, clasped in mine,
The warmer heart will not belie;
While mirth and truth and friendship shine
In smiling lip and earnest eye.

"The ice that gathers round my heart
May there be thawed, and sweetly then
The joys of youth that now depart,
Will come to cheer my soul again."

Emily Brontë was "torn, panting, conscious, reluctant, though resolute, out of a happy life;" Anne passed away, we read (again in Charlotte's words), "calmly and without a sigh." Yes, the cloud was lifted, the thunder silenced, and the closing hours were full of light and peace.

Anne's last lines were written but a short time before her death:

"I hoped that with the brave and strong
My portioned task might lie;
To toil amid the busy throng,
With purpose pure and high.

"But God has fixed another part,
And He has fixed it well;
I said so with my bleeding heart,
When first the anguish fell.

"Thou, God, hast taken our delight,
Our treasured hope away:
Thou bid'st us now weep through the night,
And sorrow through the day.

"These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, anguish-tost,
Can I but turn to Thee.

"With secret labor to sustain
In humble patience every blow;
To gather fortitude from pain,
And hope and holiness from woe.

"Thus let me serve Thee from my heart,
Whate'er may be my written fate:
Whether thus early to depart,
Or yet awhile to wait.

"If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,
More humbled I should be;
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,
More apt to lean on Thee.

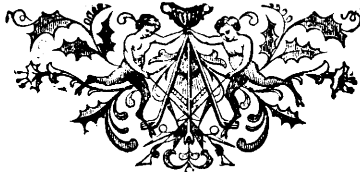
"Should Death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow:
But, Lord! whatever be my fate,
Oh! let me serve Thee now."

But a few words more. Perhaps every reader of this article may not be aware that Charlotte Brontë (Mrs. Nicholls) has also "gone to her reward."

The beloved and cherished wife of less than a year, with the vision of a late-come happiness brightening the prospect of her hitherto bereaved and hard-pressed existence, she let go her hold of life reluctantly, and went, out into the "dark of death," with this piteous appeal to ring forever in her husband's ears:—

"Oh! I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy."

EROL GERVASE.



LIFE IN GLENSHIE.

BEING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ELIZABETH RAY, SCHOOL TEACHER.

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

CHAPTER IV.

There's nae place like my ain hame,
And I wish that I was there ;
For there's nae hame like my ain hame
To be met with ony where.

GALT.

We found ourselves as John spoke skirting the edge of a small pond of nastiness called, as I afterwards learned, "The midden," on the far side of which was a long, low stone building. The door opening with a latch, admitted us into a large kitchen, where a bright peat fire, with a bit of bogwood blazing in it, seemed to give all the light necessary, for there was no other in the room. There was no ceiling overhead, nothing but bare rafters, black and polished with age and smoke. Flitches of bacon hung up near the fire-place, on the walls were many bunches of linen yarn, nets filled with onions, dried herbs and other things. There was a large old-fashioned dresser, brown with age, at one end of the kitchen, its shelves filled with rows of pewter plates, wooden bowls and noggins, and some delf ware. At one side of the fire was a settle, on which sat a withered old man, blind of one eye, busily engaged making a basket, and a younger man, with only one arm, mending a flail very dexterously with the help of an iron hook which was fastened to the stump of the missing arm. At the other side of the fire an old woman and a young one were spinning flax. The young man stopped his whistling as we entered, and the old woman rose from her wheel and came forward saying !

" Hoo are ye, Tammas ? Ye hae gotten back wi' the bairns. '

I noticed that she had a very sallow face and a long chin, that her eyes were pale blue, that she had a queer expression in one of them, as if she squinted, but she did not. She set two little stools for us near the fire, lifted Walter off John's back, and said, kindly:

" An' this is the wee bonnie laddie, Walter's boy ?"

Walter, nearly wakened, began to cry, and she soothed and petted him, taking him up on her lap for the purpose.

" Warm yer hands, my bonnie lamb, ye're tired my sweet wee laddie. Set ye doon here, lassie," she said to me The one-eyed old man laid down his basket and took my hands in his and chafed them, asking me if I was tired.

" Are ye no tired trit' trottin out here like a wee powney ? Are ye no hungry like a corbie ? " he said, blinking at me with his one bright eye. I did not answer him,—I was far too tired. When he came in first Uncle said something to John Symmons, who opened the door again and disappeared in the darkness.

" Auntie," said my Uncle Tom, " get us something to eat in a hurry, for we are all hungry."

" Hurry up, guid wife," said the old man. " Get something nice for the lammies noo. As for you, Tammas, onything's guid eneuch for you, I ken. Ye hae the stamach o' an ostrich, my man, and the old man laughed heartily at his own wit.

The old woman hung the kettle on the crook over the fire, and set out a little table, on which she spread a clean white cloth. She then brought some cups and saucers, some oat cake, and a very little pat of butter. Then, after some deliberation, she added a little new cheese and some potato cake. She then opened the lower part of the big dresser, showing an immense wooden bowl heaped with eggs. She stood looking at the eggs, evidently halting between two opinions, then slowly lifted two, which she boiled in a little saucepan, made tea in a little brown teapot and our supper was ready.

Uncle Tom, with a deep flush on his face that reddened his brow (how well in after years I learned to interpret that flush), set me up to the table. The old woman was devoting herself to supplying Walter's wants, and Uncle began to wait on me.

"The wee lass is no that young, Tammas, that you need be at the fash o' waitin on her," said the old woman. "Tak' yer ain supper, my man. This egg's for you; ye'll need something to hearten you after the journey."

"Here's an egg for you, my bonnie man," she said, preparing the other precious egg for Walter.

"Where's 'Lisbeth's egg?" asked Walter.

"Dinna ask questions, but eat your supper the noo lammie."

"Where's 'Lisbeth's egg?" insisted Walter.

"Hoot, toot! Eat your supper, my lamb. We gie' the lads a lump an' the lasses a thump here."

"If you thump 'Lisbeth I'll kill you," roared Walter.

"Weel done, laddie! Od, yer a spunkie!" laughed the little old man.

"Eat your supper instantly and hold your tongue," said Uncle Tom, sternly.

Walter, frightened, began to eat his supper, whimpering as he did so.

Uncle now gave me the other egg. I did not like to take it after what the old woman had said, and I was ashamed to refuse it, for fear of displeasing Uncle Tom. The old woman noticed what he had done, and said slowly, with an emphasis on every word: "I tellt ye Tammas, that I boilt that egg for you, tae hearten ye after yer warsle wi' thae bairns. Gie'n it tae her is doon-richt waistrie. Onything ava's guid eneuch for a lassie." After this bit of philosophy she went sulkily back to her spinning-wheel.

We had finished supper, and the old woman had put away every thing, when she noticed that Walter was asleep. She took him up kindly, undressed him, and carried him away into the next room, which she called "ben-the-hoose," and put him to bed.

As she came back the door opened softly, and a little wizened-up silly old man stepped in and stood near the door. He was dressed in the tatters of what had once been a uniform, was very old and wretched-looking, as he stood there asking in broken English for charity and shelter for the love of God.

"Come in, come in "Bonnyup," said Uncle Tom in his quick way. "Uncle Jack, Aunt Mattie, this is a great friend of mine. Bonnyup is a Dane, and has been a brave sailor in the service of his king—fought off Elsinore against Nelson, and would have beaten him only he didn't. Give him some supper, aunt Mattie. His ancestors once ruled Ireland, he says, and they may own it again, so let us be kind to him as a matter of prudence; besides he's my friend."

The poor old bundle of rags smiled at Uncle's praise. He was quite crazy, and, dear me, how unwelcome he was. Aunt Mattie got up grumbling. I do not think she was much given to hospitality, and going to the dresser took from a dish of cold potatoes a very few, which she brought on a wooden trensher, also a small wooden *caup* of buttermilk, and set them before the stranger.

He took off his fragment of a hat, folded his hands together, mumbled some words of prayer in his own language,and then commenced eating as if he were wolfishly hungry. Meantime Uncle Jack talked to Uncle Tom about his farm, and of his thrifty management. According to his account, no fields in the whole country side produced as his did, none were such good land, or had the same skill lavished on them. Aunt Mattie joined in to speak of her economy and her cows. No cows yielded such milk, as to quantity or richness, as hers. "Oor Brindle now yields thirty quarts o' milk a day, an' ten pun o' butter a week the hale simmer roun," said she. "The auld man's gaun' to the market the mornin' wi' a firkin o' butter an' a wheen eggs. Ye may as weel bring it in, guid man, an' let Tammas see't, an' it'll be here handy to lift in the morn."

The old man brought it in, and set it up on a low bench, and took off the loose lid and the fair white cloth that covered it, while Aunt Mattie actually lighted a candle to throw its glimmer on the subject. Uncle Tom looked at the butter, and praised it highly, as he was expected to do.

"We aye get the best price gaun' on the market for oor butter. A' the best people in Bellamenach aye strive for't, an' we sell mair than ony ither folk in the hale toonland can dae off the same number o' kye—we dae that," said the old woman, self-complacently.

The butter being praised, she got a large, white willow basket, and, bringing out the same dish of eggs, from which the two devoted to our supper had been taken, she transferred them to it. Eggs are eggs, and require careful handling, but Aunt Mattie lifted them as tenderly as if, in addition to their brittleness, they were as precious as pearls of the same size. She counted them carefully, and great was her distress to find that the last dozen lacked one. I am sure it added to the regret she felt already at the "waistry of gie'in an egg tae a lass bairn." When the eggs were all safely in the basket ready to go to market the guidman brought down the large Bible, and read a chapter in a droning voice, very unlike his brisk butter and farming talk; then we all knelt down, and he prayed. I remember hearing: "O Lord, we thank and praise Thy never-enough exalted name," and I fell off my knees into the land of dreams.

I was awakened by the girl-spinner, who was the servant lass. The settle on which Uncle Jack had sat making his basket was opened out into a bed, and she undressed me and laid me into it. I saw, sleepy as I was, that Aunt Mattie was carefully covering up the fire, and that the crazy old man was dozing and grumbling in a chair in the chimney corner. As Aunt Mattie disappeared with the only light she warned the girl to be up betimes in the morning to have breakfast ready before the old man went to market. The girl, without a word, undressed in the dark, and crept into bed beside me.

I do not know how long I slept, but I suddenly knew that I was awake, and looking over the side of the settle bed I saw the old beggar man raking out the fire. He added some peat to it; he lit a piece of bog fir and stuck it in the crook to give him light. Then he went to the dresser and brought the dish of cold potatoes, from which Aunt Mattie had taken his frugal allowance of supper, and put them all to warm in the hot ashes. While he waited for them to warm, he spread his hands to the heat, and chuckled and mumbled to himself. When the potatoes were well toasted, he raked them out of the ashes with his fingers and lifted them into the dish, and, going over to where the firkin of butter stood, he removed the loose wooden cover and the white cloth, and emptied his hot potatoes on the top of the butter, and commenced to eat.

I watched him, uncertain whether I was dreaming or not, while he eat with ferocious haste, like a starved animal.

The potatoes were as hot as red hot ashes could make them: they sank into the butter, so that by and by he had to grope for them. He searched and ate with an appetite as good as new until he could find no more. He could not, even then, believe that he had eaten them all, so he clawed through the melted butter with his horrid fingers, stopping occasionally to consider where they had gone to, scratching his head in his perplexity, which got well oiled in the meantime.

He brought over from the fireplace the blazing splinter of fir to throw light on his search. Not succeeding in finding any more potatoes, he began to whine and lament over his supposed loss like a little child. Then a bright thought seemed to strike him and he went into the room, with the lighted splinter in his hand, and hunted round until he found the bed where the old people slept, and wakened them up in a hurry, crying:

"Get up, get up, good man of the house! I have lost my potatoes in the butter."

"Eh! What! What!" broke from both the old people with the force of an explosion.

In a moment every one in the house was awake, and there was a fearful uproar.

Aunt Mattie, with her nightcap, awry, and her grey hair on end with fright and vexation, wrung her hands and lamented over her loss.

The servant lass pretended to comfort her, and it was only pretence.

Uncle Jack had the gun, and was struggling violently with the one-armed man, who held him, and was threatening in language that sounded very like swearing to blow Bonnyup off the face of the earth.

"Run, you old rascal! Run for your life!" said the one-armed man, panting, for Uncle Jack was giving him enough to do to hold him.

Uncle Tom unlocked the door, and Bonnyup no sooner saw it open than he fled out into the darkness like a "whip of the whirlwind." It was a long time before the house was stilled into quietness again.

How the old people did lament over their loss, and the great waste of good, marketable butter! How they blamed Uncle Tom for his softness in asking shelter for a "daft gangrel bodie" that was sure to work harm to the house!

Uncle Tom offered to pay for the spoiled butter, which the old man feebly protested against, while the old woman clutched greedily at the offer.

Uncle's generosity astonished me, when I remembered his economy on the road.

The one-armed man and the servant lass, who were very loud in their expressions of sympathy, were secretly glad, as I saw by the glances which they telegraphed to one another when the old people were not looking.

All got quieted down at last, however, and I fell asleep again, and slept on until I was wakened by Aunt Mattie, who told me that, "wee lasses should na be lazy, but jump up in the mornin' early."

Breakfast was ready before I was ready for it. The old woman kept on wailing over her ruined butter, and the old man fiercely threatening vengeance on Bonnyup, if ever he put himself within reach.

Aunt Mattie noticed that I did not eat my porridge with relish, and she broke off the thread of her lamentations to ask me if I "didna think it was a sin for a wee lass to turn up her nose at guid halesome parritch an' sappy soor milk."

After breakfast Walter, who was of an exploring turn of mind, took me into the room called "ben-the-hoose." There were in it two queer bedsteads, boarded up like closets, with doors on

the front. In one of these arks Walter had slept with Uncle ; in the other the two old folks were sleeping when Bonny-up raised the midnight cry over his vanished potatoes. In this room, which, unlike the kitchen, was ceiled, Aunt Mattie kept her treasures : a clock in a tall mahogany case ; a cup-board with a glass front, showing her cherished china, far too precious to be used ; some heavy old-fashioned chairs, all of the same expensive wood. There was a little book case, with a few old books, seldom disturbed, to judge by the dust which had gathered on them. I was looking at one, which I thought was nice reading, when we were called by Uncle Tom and hurried into our pelisses to start for our new home. When we got outside I noticed that the house and the barn where they kept the grain, and the byre where the cows stayed, were all under one roof, which made the house so long. In the barn the one-armed man was threshing oats and whistling the "Protestant Boys." Uncle Tom had stopped a moment for some last words with Uncle Jack, and we waited for him opposite the open barn door, pleased to watch the man threshing.

"I say, little girl," he called to me, stopping his work to turn over the sheaves with his foot and the end of his flail, "I say, little girl, do you feel brisk this morning after your egg ? A whole egg is too much at once for a frisky little girl like you."

"Come away, Walter," I whispered, "he is mocking us."

I heard his loud laugh as we turned away. He called after us, "Stay two or three days and help us to eat the butter. We don't always get butter, you know." We did not look round, but we heard the stroke of the flail and the whistling of the "Protestant Boys" recommence.

Aunt Mattie and the servant lass were milking in the byre, and we stopped to look at her. I thought her very clever to direct the stream of milk into the can, when she kept so far from the cow. I was so much exercised on this subject that I could not help asking her how she managed to do it, for which I was sorry when she told me that "wee lasses should learn to be modest an' haud their tongues, an' no talk havers."

Uncle came up just then along with Uncle Jack. At parting he put some money into Uncle Jack's hand, who said : "Yer ower lavish wi' yer money, Tammas. Ye'll sen' the bairns ower to stap twa or three days whenever ye like. We'll aye mak them welcome, ye'll remember. Od, I like the lassie, she's no that ill faured ava."

We had to shake hands with the old people, and even to kiss them, then we bade a joyful adieu to Aunt Mattie's place, and started to finish our journey.

CHAPTER V.

> I've none to smile when I am free,
> Or when I sigh to sigh with me.
>
> H. K. WHITE.

The day was beautiful after the rain, fresh and fair in the rosy light of morning as a lovely child just come out of its bath. We walked along silently, God's beauty and stillness all around us. The world seemed full of loving whis-pers ; sweet thoughts clustered round my heart, and I felt "as one whom his mother comforteth," and lost the feel-ing of orphaned desolation that had set me apart and alone last night. After a walk of some miles we reached the vil-lage of Endbridge, where Uncle Tom lived.

The house was not quite in the vil-lage, but a little outside of it, being the first house we came to. It was a plain two-story stone house, rough-cast and whitewashed. On the gable end was a sign-board : "Thomas Henderson, Clothier." Uncle kept quite a number of tailors working for him, and the

sign might have been tailor as well as clothier.

There was a garden at one end of the house, and another and larger one at the back. Three fields, which also belonged to Uncle, lay behind the garden. The hall door stood open, as also did the shop door, which opened out of the hall. The shop was large, and well filled with goods. There was a cutting table behind the counter, and an elderly grey haired-man was standing at it cutting out cloth. We went into the shop while Uncle talked a little while to the man about how the business had gone on during his absence. I noticed that the shop had been made out of what had once been a handsome parlor. There was a fire-place in it, with a beautiful carved mantelpiece representing autumn fruits and foliage. When we left the shop I noticed a closed door on the other side of the hall. Uncle took us along the hall to a small back room, where we found Aunt Henderson sitting in a low nursing chair, with a baby on her knee. Besides Aunt and the baby there was a younger woman, who was lean and ill-favored, like the kine in Pharaoh's dream.

"It is about time you would come back," was Aunt's greeting.

"Yes, it is; but I have come as soon as possible," he replied.

"How did you settle the affairs?" she enquired.

"The affairs are settled—the children are here. That is enough for you to know at present," said Uncle shortly, and turning on his heel he left the room.

"That is like him!" exclaimed Aunt. "That is Tom Henderson all over! Of all the men that ever were born into the world he is the most unsatisfactory."

"I am sure you have my sympathy, though he is my own relation," said her companion, soothingly.

"Well, I am sure I need sympathy," said Aunt, sharply. "There is no need, however, to leave the children standing on the floor all day."

She then called Walter to her knee and kissed him, and smoothed his hair, saying to her companion that he was very like his mother. "Take off your bonnet and pelisse, Elizabeth," she said to me. "Will you, Jane, show her the brown chest in the kitchen. You will fold up your pelisse carefully, Elizabeth, and lay it, with your bonnet and gloves, carefully into that chest. Walter, come with me, and I will show you where to put your things."

Aunt took up baby in her arms and went upstairs with Walter, and showed him the little room which he was to share with Uncle's boys, and the special drawer in the bureau where he was to keep his things.

I followed the lean young woman into a very large kitchen, in an arched recess of which was an old tent bedstead, with check blue and white curtains. At the foot of the bedstead was a steep stair leading up to a room above the kitchen where the apprentices slept. Under this stair was the brown chest, into which I laid my bonnet and pelisse.

A young girl, with a good-natured face and a very frowsy head, was busy peeling potatoes for dinner. My guide spoke sharply to her, as if to show her authority. She never answered, but when we turned to leave the kitchen, happening to look round, I caught her making a face and shaking a not very clean fist at the thin young lady's back. We returned to the little room, and found Aunt and Walter there. Aunt's baby was a little puny, sharp-eyed creature, and seemed to be very cross and peevish. I asked her to let me nurse him, because she looked tired and fretted.

"There's too much of the serpent in him to go to any one," said Aunt, for she was a little cross just then. I went over and held out my arms to him. He looked at me with his sharp eyes, and then stretched out his arms to me at once.

"Did I ever see the beat of that!"

exclaimed Aunt. "I never saw him go to a stranger before."

I may as well mention that from that day forward he clung to me as the old man of the sea did to Sinbad.

By-and-by the girl I had seen in the kitchen came to ask Aunt about the dinner, and she went to the kitchen with her. The thin young woman, whose name was Jane Drennan, set a table for four in the little sitting-room. The clock had struck twelve, and I, for one, was very hungry, seeing I had eaten but sparingly of Aunt Mattie's "halesome parritch an' sappy soor milk," when we heard the hall door slam violently open, and two boys came in with a rush, calling if dinner was ready. They were followed more quietly by a little girl. Their bags of books showed that they had come from school. They were all pretty children, though the boys were not so pretty as Walter. The little girl was very pretty; she had lovely brown eyes—eyes with a pleading, beseeching look in them—a pale, clear complexion, and abundance of dark-brown hair.

"Here are your cousins," said Aunt to them. "This is Walter, and this is Elizabeth."

The children looked at us, but made no move to speak to us. I rose from my seat with the baby in my arms, and stretched out my hand to the little girl, but she held back. At this moment Uncle came into the room. He took his little daughter's hand with the sudden jerk that I knew so well by this time, and said, "Anna, this is your cousin Elizabeth. I hope you girls will love one another. Walter, these are my two boys, Nat and Tom. I hope you will quarrel as little as possible. Now, Elizabeth, you will be a good, patient little girl, such as your father would like you to be. Remember that. Now, children, go to the kitchen."

And Uncle seated himself with the air of one who had done his duty, and, figuratively speaking, washed his hands of all responsibility concerning us.

Uncle's children and Walter obeyed at once, but I waited until some one would take the baby.

The elderly, grey-haired man whom we saw in the shop was passing the door of the room, when Aunt called to him: "Mr. Logue dinner's ready; would you be kind enough to call the men?"

In a moment I heard a soft, sweet voice say, at the foot of the stairs, "Gentlemen, come to dinner, if you please," and also immediately the sound of many feet hurrying down stairs.

Uncle and Aunt, Jane Drennan and the grey-haired, soft-voiced man sat down to dinner in the little sitting room. Aunt put a bowl of panada into my hand before sitting down to dinner, and told me to feed baby. It was a hungry baby, and watched every movement of the spoon with its keen eyes as if it was afraid of being defrauded of its rights. Whenever the panada was done it began to cry. Uncle turned round with a jerk, and demanded in an angry voice why I was not at dinner. I left Aunt to answer why. "I suppose," she said, "you grudge that I should have one meal without him on my lap. Come, Jamie," she said to the child, but he tightened his arms around my neck and turned away his head.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Uncle, sharply. At the sound of his voice baby Jamie let go his hold and went quickly to his mother.

"Go to the kitchen to your dinner Elizabeth," said Aunt.

In the kitchen was a long table across the room, surrounded with men in their shirt sleeves, who all stopped eating to look at me as I came in. There was another table lengthways of the kitchen, at which the children, apprentices, and the servant sat. An elderly man, with his coat on, sat at the head of this table. This was John Ferris, who managed the fields. I recognized John Symmons, the boy who carried Walter from

Ballymena to Aunt Mattie's on his back, as I went round to the place reserved for me. There was a younger boy opposite to me at the table, who stared at me all the time of dinner, to my great annoyance. He was a boy about fifteen years of age, tall and slim, and had a bold, proud look. He had dark bright eyes—eyes that you would not forget in a hurry—and close-curled black hair.

I got better acquainted with this boy than I had any desire to be before many days.

Uncle's household was very large. There were Uncle and Aunt and four children, six workmen, besides Mr. Logue, who was foreman, two apprentices, the man John Ferris, who took care of the fields, Jane Drennan, who was Uncle's cousin, and had no place else to stay, the girl, Bella Wiley, and we two little Rays. The men all boarded in the house, but did not all sleep in it.

The village, at the entrance of which Uncle lived, was not very large, but a busy, thriving place, all alive with the linen trade. There were two bleaching establishments near, which employed many men. Uncle did a large business as tailor and clothier, but Aunt, as I afterwards learned, had used all her influence to prevent the word "tailor" from appearing on the sign-board. She had such an utter dislike to the name, because it was so often used as a term of reproach, that I often wondered how she brought herself to marry one to whom it could by any stretch of language be applied.

Uncle was making money fast, and Aunt looked forward to the time as not far distant when every vestige of the hateful trade would be swept away, the house purified of shop and workshop, and restored to its original state as a private dwelling. I must say that when I became an inmate of Uncle's house the trade monopolized the best part of it. What had been the best parlor was taken for the shop: on the opposite side of the hall, what had been the sitting-room was given up to aunt for a parlor. It was handsomely furnished, but seldom used or entered. The little sitting-room, mentioned already, had been the kitchen once, but Uncle, after his marriage, had built the large kitchen, out of which opened the buttery. Up-stairs what had once been a handsome drawing-room was used for a workshop; the rest of the floor was taken up in bedrooms. Over the hall was a small room which the children had for a playroom, and where they went to learn their lessons. The girl, Bella Wiley, slept in the kitchen in the bed with check curtains, and with her I slept. I used to have a room of my own in the dear old manse days, that were beginning to look far away already, and this arrangement of Aunt's did not please me, though I made no audible objection; and, indeed, it would have been of no use, for Aunt had no room to spare.

Aunt's household was a very busy one, as well it might be, with such a large family. I was not long in the house before I discovered that Uncle and Aunt loved one another much, and esteemed one another highly; but they never were heard to speak a tender word to one another. Sometimes they spoke quite unkindly to each other. They seemed in public more like the managers of rival business concerns than people who had one interest and one aim.

Uncle Tom attended strictly to his own business, and never interfered with anything outside of it. If Aunt asked his advice about anything, which was seldom enough, his answer invariably was, "Do as you please," which Aunt thought very provoking. Aunt was a great manager; she managed the hired man, the fields, the cows, the crops, the children, the servant girl. She was just like Joseph in Egypt, whatever was done there she was the doer of it. As for the workmen, Uncle Tom would brook no interference on his own domain, but the

men knew that in the victualling department she was absolute, and it was their wisdom to keep on " misses's side of the fence."

There was a standing matter of dispute between Uncle and Aunt, whether his trade, or the fields under her management, combined with her economy in household matters, were the more profitable. This question was never settled in my time.

In her own home Aunt seemed a very different person from what I thought her when she visited us in Grey Abbey. I thought of her then as not so much a woman or a relation as a Presbyterian, armed at all points to do battle for her Church, and to defend every jot and tittle of that Church's belief or practice; proud of her Scottish ancestry, and despising all others who were less privileged. Even yet I think this was true of Aunt when she was most herself, on the rare occasions when she had left family care behind her—when her mind was out for a holiday.

Aunt was not, I think, wilfully unkind, but she undertook too much to leave herself any time for tenderness or any nonsense of that kind. There was one exception to her managing: she did not manage Jane Drennan. Jane managed her, partly through flattery, partly through being the spy of the household and bringing to Aunt " their evil report."

I fell into my place in the household as universal messenger (" Run, Elizabeth," seeming to come easily to many lips), and nurse to baby Jamie, by his choice as much as my own. Baby Jamie was a queer child. He was old enough to walk, but had never attempted to put his feet under him. He had never tried to speak, but when older people were talking he watched their faces with his shrewd grey eyes as if he were weighing every word they said. At times he would break into a loud short laugh that was perfectly eldrich. He had a dreadful temper if crossed, and a reserve power of kicking and screaming that every one feared to provoke. He ruled me without mercy, but he was fond of me, and I felt so bereaved and desolate that that itself was a comfort. Dear little Jamie! he was amusing, too; I was always wondering what he would do next.

Except Jamie's exacting love there seemed no love for me in Uncle's household. I was apart from all the rest, a speckled bird among the birds of the forest. It was different with Walter. Aunt, to all appearance, was fond of him, and proud to reckon him with her own. He never was in Uncle's way; he never quarrelled, but was good-natured and pleasant, so that he was a universal favorite.

He was a very pretty boy, very like our dear lost mamma. He had her curling light brown hair, and kind blue eyes and regular features. His complexion was beautifully fair, with a delicate bloom on his cheeks; so that the people among whom our lot was cast, who had the merit of speaking their mind freely, often said to Aunt: " What a pity he is not the girl."

It was very different with me—partly, I suppose, because I was so much with Aunt, and, as it were, in the way. I never succeeded in pleasing her, though I tried hard to do so. She said I was too awkward to live. Such remarks hurt me—made me feel a new sort of pain—as if I had no right to be at all. Some way, people did not take to me very much; I was not at all pretty, and I heard that fact remarked upon so often that I supposed it was a great misfortune. Neither had I Walter's winning way. Walter was not only beautiful, but he had the natural gift of pleasing others, of winning for himself loving care. He was bright in his little speeches, also, and raised expectations of one day becoming a great man.

My mind only cared if what I said was true, if what I did was right from my own standpoint, and I was always

surprised when my words displeased, or my actions brought me blame, which was rather often the case.

How my heart mourned after the pleasant Manse home, and grave, kindly father; my sweet, fair-faced mother, the dearer because so kind and not my very own; my little room in the ivied gable end, where the twitter of birds woke me in the early summer mornings; the sunny Manse garden; Granny McLean, with her richly laden ship in the offing just ready to come in, and red-checked Jane Geddes, always taking care of us, telling us what to do, warning us off forbidden ground,but loving us all the time! If Jane would only come I thought the utter loneliness would be more bearable, but day after day passed and still she did not come.

I was only a few days at Uncle Tom's when one evening baby Jamie took it into his little head that he would not go to sleep, and I was walking up and down the long hall singing to him.

He was very willing for me to walk up and down singing, with his little face nestled up against my neck. While I sang he crowed an accompaniment, but if I stopped walk or song, he began to yell immediately. I say yell, for it was too short and sharp to be described by any other word. As long, however, as I walked and sang there was peace between us.

Uncle and Aunt were alone in the sitting-room. Aunt was preparing mulled ale and toasting bread. She always made some little treat for Uncle's supper when he came in from the shop.

Every day I was more confirmed in my opinion that Aunt and Uncle were very fond of one another. I do not know how or why I was so sure of this, for Aunt never spoke kindly to Uncle, or he to her, nor did she speak kindly about him, while he never mentioned her at all if he could possibly help it. Yet it was only in business they were opposed. She liked the man and the money which he made, but hated the business by which he made it. He liked Aunt so well that he was impatient with the good management that left so little time for companionship after his day's care was over. This, at all events, was the conclusion my childish observation led me to arrive at.

While Aunt was busy with her preparations she tried to ascertain from Uncle what provision there was for our maintenance and education. He parried her enquires with texts from Scripture about fatherless children, and words of belief in the willingness of Aunt's better self to take up the duty which God, by calling away her only brother, had laid at her door. I thought Uncle was partly right, but I knew that Aunt considered him very provoking, because he told her nothing of what she desired so much to know.

When Aunt had given up asking questions as hopeless, Uncle said carelessly: "I did not mention to you that Jane Geddes is coming here to stay with us. She will be along some of these days."

"Why in the world did you consent to have her come, and such a houseful as we have already?" said Aunt, sharply.

"I wanted her to come, and proposed to her to come. I want some one in the house that will be a help to you instead of a hindrance. You're working entirely too hard."

"Much you care about how I work!" snapped Aunt. "I declare, I often think you feel like collecting burdens from the ends of the earth to lay on my shoulders."

"I have been collecting help this time, "replied Uncle, drily.

"What will I do with your cousin Jane?" said Aunt. "I thought it was a settled thing that she should make her home with us."

"I thought so too, until, I became convinced that she does nothing but make mischief, and that continually.

Her work, if you separate it from the dissension she sows in the house, would not pay for her salt."

"You are always so unjust to Jane, making mountains out of molehills, and she is very desolate. If she is a little particular she is the more to be pitied. Besides, she likes me, and that is something to me," said Aunt, in the tone of one who needed some one to like her very much.

"Jane never liked any one but herself," said Uncle, decidedly. "She ought to be independent, earning for herself, instead of fastening on you like a limpet to a rock."

"But she is a help to me," said Aunt. "What do you know about the housekeeping—you that never notices how things are going on out of your own business from one year's end to another?"

"Come now, Mary Ann, come down to particulars, What does she do?" said Uncle, with a laugh in his voice.

"It is not so easy to tell, all in a minute, when there is so much to do," said Aunt, smiling in spite of herself.

"I have got a good situation for Jane as nursery governess at the Grange. She will have fair wages and an easy enough time. When she is gone, and Jane Geddes here for a few weeks, you will find out whether your cares are lightened or not."

Aunt considered a little, and then said: "Did you consider how Jane's coming will affect the children? Will it not make them harder to manage? I am sure Elizabeth needs to be kept down instead of being encouraged."

"Jane Geddes will take all the trouble of the children off your hands, and if their presence annoys you send them to school out of your way."

"Walter went to school with the boys to-day. He is not so much trouble."

"Well, send Elizabeth to-morrow."

"I do not think Elizabeth needs much more schooling than she has already. She'll never be a scholar; it is not in her. She is not at all bright like Walter. It would be a waste of time and means. She is a very stupid child, just fit to tend baby, and Jamie is quieter with her than with any one else."

"Send her to school to-morrow," said Uncle sternly. "Jamie has been nursed too much since she came."

Aunt knew that I was walking up and down the hall, that I could not help hearing every word she said, but she talked of me as if I had neither ears nor feelings. I was tired; though Jamie was light of his age, he was heavy for me. I was lonesome and homesick. I always thought Aunt hated me, and since the conversation between her and dear good mamma at our own home I knew it was for my dead mother's sake.

Now she pronounced me stupid and unmanageable, though papa or mamma never thought so. I could not help tears dropping down my cheeks, or the sob in my throat choking my song.

Baby Jamie felt the tears, and patted my cheek with his thin hand as if he was comforting me.

Aunt never disobeyed Uncle when he spoke decidedly, so I went to school on the morrow as he had said.

Mr. Caldwell, the teacher, was very severe, and whipped on the slightest provocation. He was quite impartial, and rained blows on all alike. For all that, I liked going to school. It was a rest to me between the morning and evening spells of nursing baby Jamie. Besides, I had the comfort of going and returning hand in hand with Walter, for Aunt had kept us apart as much as she could ever since our arrival. It was, therefore, delightful to feel his warm little hand in mine and to hear him tell me over and over again how he loved me, and what he would buy for me when he was a man. How my heart did cling to my beautiful, bright-faced little brother, all I had left to me of our dear home!

I began to build castles in the air of a happy future, when something

would turn up that he and I would be always together, away from Aunt and all the rest, who did not like me and thought me a burden. I longed to grow up, to know some one thing thoroughly, that I might be able to support myself and my darling brother independently. I knew of no one to whom I could confide my purpose, no one who would care enough to advise me how to set about learning to support myself, except Jane Geddes, and day after day was slipping drearily past and still she did not come. I believe she had written to Uncle Tom telling him she must go to see her mother in Glasgow before coming down to Endbridge, but I knew nothing of this until afterwards. While Jane waited on her sick mother in Glasgow, I watched for her with a longing that might have drawn her to me from the ends of the earth.

(To be continued.)

FORWARD TO AN AGE SUBLIME.

Nations, meteor-like, have risen,
  Flourished, fallen, passed away;
War and pestilence and famine
  Seem to hold alternate sway.
Yet the world is wiser, better,
  Than it ever was before,
And the future must inherit
  Good from what we now deplore.

Every age hath added something
  From its good and ill combined,
To enrich the age succeeding
  And enlarge the scholar's mind.
Gleaning knowledge, growing purer
  Through developments of time,
Moves the world in steady progress
  Forward to an age sublime.

J. O. MADISON.

THE FUTURE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

PART I.

Whether Newfoundland was discovered by Eric the Red, that indomitable Norseman, in 1001, or by Cabot, in 1496, is a matter of slight importance to the present generation. But, dating the birth from Cabot, in point of discovery Newfoundland is closely on to four hundred years of age, and may be called the oldest colony of Great Britain, as it is also the nearest to the mother country. The accepted belief is that the island was discovered during the reign of Henry VII., in 1496, by Sebastian Cabot, who took possession of it in the name of that monarch, and recorded the event by cutting an inscription, still legible, on a large rock upon the shore. Yet, despite its age and its nearness to England, less is known about Newfoundland in Europe, as well as in America, than of those vast colonial possessions of the antipodes—discoveries of yesterday in comparison. The great interior has long remained a *terra incognita* even to the inhabitants of the island, who, for the purpose of fishing, reside entirely upon the coast; for, with the exception, perhaps, of some solitary lumbermen, there is scarcely a habitation situated beyond sight of the ocean. It was not till the spring of 1822 that an adventurous traveller (W. E. Cormack) started upon an exploration of the interior, and succeeded in crossing the island, after a four month's excursion of toil, pleasure, pain and anxiety. An interesting description of this journey, by the Rev. Moses Harvey, of St. John's, was published in the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY in 1871. The red Indians—the aborigines—Mr. Cormack speaks of as very athletic men, occupying the Great and other lakes in the northern part of the island. But he met with none of them. Innumerable deer, similar to the reindeer, are to be found. These, with various species of wild fowl in great abundance, and a plentiful supply of fish in the rivers and lakes, should go far to attract the English sportsman from the now overcrowded haunts of Norway. There is an absurd idea abroad that the salmon in Newfoundland do not rise to the fly. Nothing can be more erroneous. The numerous rivers, on both the eastern and western shores, would afford a paradise of sport to the salmon fisher; while the climate there, and through the interior, during the summer and early autumn, is perfection. Besides the deer, wolves of great size, bears, foxes, and martens abound. Interspersed with lake and mountain, vast savannas of wonderful extent, and valleys of great fertility, exist throughout the island. The Hon. Joseph Noad, Surveyor-General of Newfoundland, after a personal examination of the western shore in 1847, describes numerous districts of wonderful fertility, capable of the highest degree of cultivation, and fit for the production of any description of crop, with limestone readily obtained, and timber of the most serviceable description; and the land could be cleared at an outlay of about forty shillings an acre. Timber in large quantities and varieties exists throughout the whole extent of the western shore, not a quarter of a mile distant from the coast, while the numerous rivers flowing into the sea, and frequent available harbors, offer the greatest facilities for lumbering on the largest possible scale. To no colony in America could emigration be

more wisely directed, or with greater prospects of success.

With all these highly favoring conditions, the question which will strike the stranger first is, How comes it, then, that Newfoundland is so far behindhand in population, the development of its mines, its minerals, its forests, and all other enterprises which go to make up the welfare, prosperity and power of a country? Before entering upon any answer or explanation to this query we will first give a brief statement of the geographical position and extent of the country.

The Island of Newfoundland is situated on the north-east side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, between 46°30 m.—51°39m. N. Lat., and 51°15m.--59°30 m. W. Long. It has an area of 42,000 square miles; or is nearly as large as England, and is the tenth largest island on the globe; being in length, from Cape Ray, the south-western extreme of the island, to Cape Norman, its northernmost point, about 317 miles; and in breadth from Cape Spear, the most easterly point, to Cape Anguille, the most westerly, nearly the same distance. By the census of 1874, the population of the island, with that portion of Labrador appertaining to it, amounted to, in round numbers, 160,000 inhabitants, about 95,000 of whom occupy the peninsula of Avalon, on the eastern side of which we find the capital, St. John's. The population of St. John's is variously estimated at from 20,000 to 30,000—the latter probably the more correct. From customs returns of 1875 there were:

Persons employed in catching and securing fish	48,200
Boats engaged in fisheries.....	16,090
Seines and nets used........	33,081
Number of vessels engaged in fisheries..............	1,315
Tonnage of vessels so engaged.	60,405
Estimated amount of capital invested in fisheries.	£1,340,000 stg.

The foregoing is, of course, independent of the shipping employed in the British and foreign trade of Newfoundland, which, by the customs returns of 1873, is given at a total

Number of vessels.........	937
Tonnage of do	193,902
Crews....................	10,681

The following items are also given in the customs returns of 1873.

Revenue	£ 174,915
Expenditure............	205,238
Debt..................	245,555
Total imports...........	1,681,650
Total exports...........	1,922,222
Of which imports there were from Great Britain...............	606,347
And of exports to Great Britain	525,509

The revenue for the year ending July, 1876, was considerably over £200,000.

Since that period the export of copper ore has added largely to the exports, for the celebrated Bett's Cove mine alone exported last year (1877) ore to the extent of about 50,000 tons, at a valuation of nearly half a million of pounds. Those desiring more particular information regarding these trade statistics, I would refer to a very useful pamphlet by Mr. Wm. J. Patterson, Secretary of the Board of Trade, &c., of Montreal, published last year (1876). Mr. Patterson gives the total imports of Newfoundland for 1875, in value, at $7,058,372; and of exports, $6,432,003. He states, "An examination of Table III. (in the publication referred to) will show that the average annual volume of the trade of Newfoundland for 1874 and 1875 amounted in value to $14,090,552. The average value with the United States was $2-076,419, or 14.74 per cent.; the average with Canada being $1,241,017, or 8.81 per cent. Adding together the provinces in the Dominion, however, the average is $2,445,563, or 17.36 per cent., which shows that the average annual value of the existing commerce between Newfoundland and the Dominion is greater than between that

colony and the United States." He very appropriately adds:

"It has often been questioned, whether Canadian merchants might not strengthen and enlarge their trade relations with their fellow-colonists. Taking the circumstances of the population into account, and the fact that several of the leading business firms have strong interests in Great Britain, it must be pretty evident that the process would be a somewhat slow one. The practical and substantial way to answer such an enquiry is for our merchants and business men to make themselves better acquainted with Newfoundland and its people, and its more evident as well as its, for the present, hidden wealth."

From the reign of Elizabeth to that of Charles II., its trade and fisheries engaged far more of the attention of the crown and Parliament than they do at present. In the reign of Elizabeth there were 260 ships employed in the Newfoundland fisheries, and the seamen nursed therein mainly assisted in manning the fleets which defeated the Spanish Armada.

Among the brilliant names which adorned the court of Elizabeth, those of Sir Walter Raleigh and his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, appear conspicuous in the early annals of Newfoundland. There, too, Sir Francis Drake has figured in his semi-piratical and warlike adventures. That of the great Bacon stands in the list of distinguished names formed into a company under royal sanction for the purpose of promoting the colonization of the island. Sir George Calvert, one of Elizabeth's Secretaries of State, first founded a little colony at Ferryland, on the isthmus of Avalon, near Cape Race, before, as Lord Baltimore, he founded that of Maryland.

The whole of the earlier history of Newfoundland is full of the romantic incidents of the wars with the French, then almost continually waged in that quarter of the world. To relieve the monotony of these dry historical and statistical details, it may not be inopportune to introduce here an anecdote or two taken from a manuscript volume of some 600 pages shewn to me in St. John's, being the diary kept at the time by Mr. Aaron Thomas, an officer of His Majesty's ship "Boston," during a cruise on the coasts of Newfoundland in the years 1794-5.

The "Boston" arrived at St. Pierre on the 2nd July, 1794, and Mr. Thomas gives the following account of a dinner party:

"The Governor of St. Pierre, Major Thorne, of the 4th regiment, gave a dinner to the officers of the 'Boston,' in the late French Governor's house in the town of St. Pierre, and as there were some singularities attending it, I noted a few of them down.

"It being understood that it was intended by the British Government to evacuate and afterwards burn St. Pierre, of course every officer here kept up but as small a stock of necessaries as the nature of the situation would admit. Amongst other articles which mustered short were wine-glasses. Every house in which inhabitants were left (for many of the French had been sent to Halifax) was visited to procure these useful vessels for this grand occasion. The day came; dinner was served to about thirty persons: the wine went round to a late hour; jollity, gaiety, merriment and good humor were prominent in the countenances of all. 'God save Great George, our King,' was repeated a number of times. Expressions of attachment and loyalty were carried to the extreme. But to do the business in a more *exalted* manner, all hands must needs mount the table to drink success to the 'Boston.' The table was so covered with decanters, glasses, bottles, fruit plates, knives, punch-bowls, &c., &c., that it was with difficulty a foot could be shoved on. But as there are few enterprises which the British army and navy will not undertake, so, in this particular, all impediments were overcome, and the table was soon covered with the officers of the army and navy. Success to the 'Boston' was given; and just as each man's glass came to his mouth— down comes the table with as terrible a crash as if the masts of the 'Boston' had gone overboard at once. Here was curious sprawling amongst broken glasses, platters, and bottles. By the same heavy stroke all the lights in the room were extinguished; so that the catastrophe was the more dark and lamentable. Each man, not being perfectly himself, and having the stump of a broken glass in his hand, ran it against his neighbor's face, maiming and wounding one another. Some of them thought they had been suddenly assailed by the enemy, and that a shot from a cannon had upset the table, for they cried aloud, 'To arms! to arms! beat to arms!' Egad, thinks I, you are at arms, at legs, at faces too—for old Nick himself would not wish to be in the midst of ye.

"When candles came, I looked at them, and saw this heap of superior beings struggling in friendly agitation to regain their legs; but to

see a red coat and a blue coat alternately moving and tumbling about in a cluster, I could not but compare them to a pile of lobsters, some alive and some boiled.

"Proper assistance having arrived, and the party regaining their legs, I need not comment on the friendly looks given to one another! Two companies of light-infantry came in and moved the broken remnants; the wreck was soon cleared.

"But to the great discomfort of all, not a glass remained! I mean not only in the Governor's house, but not in all the island; bowls, bottles and all shared the same fate.

"It getting a late hour, it was proposed, by way of a finale, that the whole company should march (as well as they could) in procession, drums and fifes at their head, round the room and hall. In the hall the band of the regiment had been playing all the evening. They had been supplied plentifully with liquor, and as the bottles were emptied, they put them under their table. The procession came unawares upon the band. They suddenly moved the table for them to pass; but in the hurry the candles fell down; it became dark; the table was withdrawn, but the empty bottles remained point blank in the way of the procession. Captain Johnston was the first. Right in he goes amongst the bottles; he trod upon ten or twelve; but, like a true hero, he did not notice them, but advanced. The rest of the gentlemen followed in tolerable good order, cracking the flint, cutting their shoes, cursing the bottles as they burst, and asking if they were full or empty. One or two of the rear fell amongst them, but no serious mischief happened.

"St. Pierre was the headquarters of the 4th regiment. All their band was here, which is a capital one. It played all the evening—at intervals, drums and fifes. Our officers on the morrow said that they were 'drummed drunk.'

"On our return to the ship, which was late at night, the band played for us to the water's edge. Some were so inebriated as to get up to their arms in water in mistaking the boat. We got on board all safe, with the satisfaction of having left not a single wine-glass within the Governor's jurisdiction, nor one solitary bottle of wine in Major Thorne's cellar."

This volume, which I perused most carefully, is a valuable addition to the social and political history of Newfoundland, and supplies many missing links. Its references to the treaty arrangements with the French, to which more particular attention will be given hereafter, show that the opinions current at the period (1794) corroborate all the claims of the inhabitants of Newfoundland on the question of concurrent fishing on the west coast, or so-called French shore.

It may not be amiss here to transcribe a short mention which the author makes about the squid, and also a reference to the existence of the cuttle-fish, since become so celebrated. It may be as well to mention that the squid, with the caplin and herring, are used as bait, by means of which the great fisheries on the coast and banks of Newfoundland and the shores of Labrador are carried on by the British, French, American, and all fishermen who follow this branch of industry. The caplin come in first upon the shores about the latter end of May, or the beginning of June. They resemble sardines in size, appearance, and somewhat in taste. They are cast on the shores, and scooped up, or hauled with nets in immense quantities; so great, indeed, that cart-loads of them are used for manuring the land. Their abundant appearance is hailed with delight by the fisherman; for they indicate the approach of the voracious cod, by whom they are pursued to the shores. The caplin season is very brief—seldom over a couple of weeks. When fresh, for the fish is extremely delicate and quickly spoils, they are the most delicate of piscatory food. Large quantities are preserved by smoking them; but they lose the delicate flavor of their freshness. No doubt if the proper means and appliances were used, immense quantities of these caplin could be preserved by the same process as sardines are kept in oil, and they might become a very important trade to the country. The squid succeed the caplin, and last during a very considerable part of the fishing season. These fish are the *capital* which a fatherly Providence gratuitously advances his children fishermen for the prosecution of their *banking* operations.

Mr. Aaron Thomas thus describes the squid:

"There is a fish found on the banks and shores of Newfoundland after the capling (caplin) time is over, which is the most curious I ever

saw from its color, shape, and properties. Its weight and length is about equal to a small herring; its composition is a transparent jelly, with a small substance in the middle; it is called a squid. Its formation is very singular; the tail is like the fluke of an anchor; from the head part extend six fibrous and glutinous tubes ending in a point, the inner part looking like a saw, and has the property of adhering to any pungent substance it toucheth. Within his mouth is a beak, alike, and as hard as the beak of a parrot. Right down the centre of his gummy body is a tube, a part of which is always filled with a liquid as black as ink. This engine so charged, he can command as freely as an elephant can his trunk, and whenever a squid is hauled out of the sea he is sure to discharge this liquid at you, and generally aims at your face. The colors of the squids are very beautiful; no confectioner, when even assisted by painted glass windows and a full sun, can give to his jellies half the variegated hues which are exhibited by the squid when dying. A whale is bait for them, for squids go in large shoals, and with their suckers will fix on a whale, and gnaw and torment him with their beaks in such a manner as to worry him to death. When these teasing creatures are ferreting a whale, he is followed by an immense train of squids. If any danger suddenly shows itself, they discharge their black fluid, by which the ocean is so discolored that they escape from the enemy. A squid can move backwards and sideways. He is also said sometimes to attain the size of the largest fish in the sea, though I never met with a person who ever saw one that weighed more than four pounds; I have heard stories at St. John's of one being caught on the Grand Bank which eight men could not haul into the boat; and also of the horn of one being found cast ashore in Freshwater Bay, which two men with difficulty could carry. Wherever squids are, is found a fish called jumpers, or squid-hounds, from their motion in the water, and from the avidity with which they pursue and eat the squid."*

In the old histories of Newfoundland we so often meet with the term "Admirals" as to lead us to think that, in former days, the headquarters of the British navy had been transferred to Newfoundland. The following definition of those officials, as given by Mr. Thomas, may give a better idea as to what, in those days, were called "fishing admirals":

"Amongst the regulations for the better administration of justice in the out-harbors, and also for the encouragement of the fishery, it was ordained that the master of every vessel from the British dominions in Europe, who, after the 25th of March every year, should arrive first in any harbor, bay, creek, or cove in Newfoundland, should, for that season, be Admiral of the said harbor, &c. The vessel which arrived second, the master of her was Vice-Admiral; and the master of the third vessel, which arrived in the same bay, &c., was Rear Admiral for that season.

"The Admiral takes possession of the best fishing-room, which is annually assigned for his use, and has some other little advantages of a pecuniary nature in his official capacity. The original intent was that he should arbitrate between parties, and settle petty differences, and the use of the fishing room was esteemed as reward for his labor; and the Vice-Admiral and Rear-Admiral might be considered in the light of constables. The Rear-Admiral has the appellation of a lady. This creation of admirals was passed into a law in 1690. By the act of Parliament of which I am now speaking, each admiral was required to keep a journal, and in it enter every transaction that occurred within his harbor, as also the number of vessels, boats, and fishermen employed."

Speaking of the mode of encouragement given to the Newfoundland fisheries in those earlier days, the author mentions the following particulars of the bounties then given:

"In 1784 an act was passed for the better encouragement of the Newfoundland fishery. The act declared that after the first of January 1786, every twenty-five vessels that should at two trips to the Grand Bank catch and bring to Newfoundland twenty thousand fish by tale or upwards, should each of them receive from government the sum of forty pounds. That the succeeding one hundred vessels which arrived afterwards at Newfoundland, having caught at two trips on the Grand Bank twenty thousand fish by tale or upwards, should each receive the sum of twenty pounds. That the following one hundred vessels which should arrive next in succession under the same conditions should each receive ten pounds."

The author also mentions the sum of five hundred, four hundred, three hundred, two hundred, and one hundred pounds, as being offered respectively to vessels returning first, second, third, fourth, and fifth, with the produce of one whale or whales killed on the coast of the island of Newfoundland, or Labrador; but the pursuit of whales seems to have been then very little followed, for the author states that: "During my stay in this island I have

*Our readers may remember that during the past summer (1877), no less than three enormous specimens of the Cephalopod, or squid, have been found or captured on the coast of Newfoundland.

not conversed with a single merchant whose knowledge leads him to say that there is a vessel employed in this whale fishery."

There was then an act of Parliament in force, which inflicted a penalty of five hundred pounds on the master of every vessel found carrying fishermen as passengers from Newfoundland to America. And the return of fishermen to Europe was enforced by enjoining the masters of vessels to retain a sum sufficient from their wages to secure their passage back.

The author gives the following statistics of the population of Newfoundland in 1787:

Masters of Families	2,232
Men-servants	7,718
Mistresses	1,563
Woman-servants	877
Children	5,338
Dieters (boarders)	1,378
	19,106
Summer inhabitants who come from England and Ireland and return at the fall of the year	28,018
Total	47,124

The following is worthy of Baron Munchausen himself, and is told of two men, Lacy and Conners:

"When the face of nature was clothed with snow in last December (1794), two men, of the name of Lacy and Connors, went into the woods to cut wood. It froze so strong that icicles were formed by the water that dropped from the eyes and nose. Lacy was bending his head down near to the stick which Connors was cutting; unhappily the axe missed the stick, struck the frozen snow, and rebounded, fatally hitting Lacy's neck, and severing his head from his body. But Connors immediately laid hold of the decapitated head, placed it on the body again, which froze, and united the body and head, and for the present saved Lacy's life. After this Lacy and Connors carried their load of wood to St. John's. Unfortunately Lacy went into a warm room where there was a good fire, and while he was relating the narrow escape he had from death in the morning, he stooped over the fire to take some fish out of a kettle which was boiling. In performing this office, his head fell off from the body (the warmth having *thawed* his neck), and fell into the pot, and his trunk tumbled backwards on the floor, and both perished at the same moment. So much for the death of Master Lacy (as told by his brother)."

While the caption of this paper points especially to the *future* of Newfoundland, it may not be inappropriate to refer briefly to its past and present, with a view, as the French so well express it, *reculer pour mieux sauter*. As every one is aware, the produce of the fisheries has always been the main, if not the only staple element of the industry of Newfoundland. The post office was unknown in Newfoundland till 1805; there was no newspaper established till 1806, "when," says Mr. Pedley, in his admirable history, "at the request of the merchants, the Governor gave permission to Mr. John Ryan to publish the *Royal Gazette* on his giving bonds in the sum of £200 that he should not insert any matter tending to disturb the peace of His Majesty's subjects." The same authority states that "it was not till 1784 that a Catholic priest was at liberty to perform the functions of his office among the thousands of his communion who had made their home in Newfoundland; nor till 1811 were they allowed a burying ground by themselves, and their clergy permitted to officiate at interments of those of their own faith; the same rules applying to all other non-conformists. Not till 1811 had any inhabitant the right to hold lands or build on them in St. John's."

Going back to the earlier system of government, we find that the Acts 10 and 11, William III., invested nearly all the local governing powers in the fishing admirals of the several harbors; that is, in the master of any fishing vessel from England as shall first enter such harbor. Thus, often an ignorant man, himself engaged in fishing, was empowered to decide on questions between those who were his competitors. This lasted till 1728, when Captain Osborne was appointed the first Governor of Newfoundland; and it was not till 1765 that Newfoundland was first recognized as a colony, and a custom house established.

In 1750 Governor Drake was invested with powers to appoint Commissioners of Oyer and Terminer. In 1789 the Court of Common Pleas was first instituted under Governor Milbank, and in 1792 the Supreme Court was established, and the statute so establishing it continued by an annual vote of the British Legislature till 1809, when it was made perpetual; though it was not till the Act of 1824 that the Supreme Court was invested with its present powers, and the naval surrogates abolished. Barristers were first enrolled in 1826. As Mr. Pedley quaintly remarks, "in 1823 a *real* lawyer was sent out from England to act as Attorney-General," but whether he intends to note that fact as a sign of advancement, his meaning is obscure.

It was not till 1832 that an act for a local legislature was obtained; and till January, 1833, that the first local Parliament was opened in Newfoundland. No legislative action was taken in regard to education till 1843. Responsible government was inaugurated in 1755.

The present Government of Newfoundland consists of a Governor appointed by the Crown; an Executive Council of seven, a Legislative Council of fifteen members appointed for life, and a House of Assembly of thirty-one members elected by the people. There are no divisions of counties or townships in Newfoundland, but the island is divided into ten electoral districts. The chief officers of the Government are the Attorney-General, Colonial Secretary, Receiver-General, Solicitor-General, Financial Secretary, and Chairman of the Board of Works. There are no civic or corporate governing bodies; all local and municipal matters throughout the island being managed by this latter department—the Board of Works. Immediately preceding and subsequent to the inauguration of Responsible Government, party faction ran excessively high, and resulted in many acts of violence. Newfoundland was a second concentrated edition of Ireland in its most turbulent periods, and the division of political party was mainly formed by the religious creed of the individual. Of late years this bitter feeling has vastly subsided, and the inhabitants of Newfoundland are now as orderly and well conducted as those of any oher colony of the empire.

But reverting to our previous question, how comes it that Newfoundland remains so far behind her sister colonies in development? According to Chief Justice Reeves—the first Chief Justice in the Colony—in his "History of its Government, &c.," there were two great elements affecting the development of Newfoundland.

1st. That of the planters and inhabitants on the one hand, and that of the adventurers and merchants on the other.

2nd. The presence and encroachments of the French.

His Excellency Sir John H. Glover, the Governor of Newfoundland, in a short speech on this subject, stated that "for the anomalous condition of affairs in regard to our fishing interests, the apathy of the Government or statesmen of Great Britain was not so much to be blamed as the absolute indifference of the early trading community in regard to all interests but their own. If Newfoundland were ever to make progress it must be through the earnest co-operation of Newfoundlanders themselves."

The curse of absenteeism has doubtless been one great cause of the poverty, ignorance and depression in which the bulk of the population of Newfoundland have been kept ever since its vast fishery resources have been known. Prosecuted chiefly in earlier times by merchant adventures from the west of England, they only looked upon the country as a mine from whence to draw enormous wealth. Not one of

the numerous individuals who have accumulated fortunes in Newfoundland have ever settled in the colony to spend them, and numerous palaces adorning the banks of the Thames or the Clyde have been reared with the assistance of the poor Newfoundland fishermen. Indeed it has been asserted that the sum of £400,000 was raised from taxes on Newfoundland for the construction of Greenwich hospital, while no Newfoundlander ever occupied a bed in it. Settlement of the land, and other enterprises than the prosecution of the fisheries, have been discouraged, and the only object has been to realize a fortune as speedily as possible and return home to spend it. The system of credit has kept, and still keeps, the planter indebted to the merchant, and the fishermen to the planter. It is not so bad as formerly, but the system is still most deplorable in its results. One or two unsuccessful years of the fisheries, a business precarious at best, plunges the population into extreme privation and want. Probably nothing has more tended to retard the settlement and prosperity of Newfoundland than the early protracted wars between the French and English on its coast, and the unwarranted pretensions of the former nation, so persistently and arrogantly enforced, in regard to a claim for the exclusive right of fishing upon the best half of the shores of the island.*

I propose, with editorial approval, to continue this subject in a succeeding issue, with a brief *resumé* of the French fishery question, and other matters concerning the agricultural, mineral, and lumbering capabilities of Newfoundland, which, with the proposed railway across it, to open up and settle the country, as also to give to Canada the great advantages of the shortest possible route to Europe, go to make up the elements entering into the great future in store for that island, when the iron links of successful commerce shall unite in peaceful and happy unison the fair sister Columbians of the Pacific with the bold, brave Vikings of *Terra Nova* on the sterner Atlantic shores, under the ægis of our ever-growing and prosperous Dominion.

JAMES WHITMAN, B.A.

* I have bestowed some time and research upon the investigation of this so-called French Shore fishery question—having prepared a report on the subject in 1875, which was published in the same year by the Council of the Royal Colonial Institute in London, and largely circulated by them in pamphlet form, and published in the annual proceedings of the Institute for 1876.

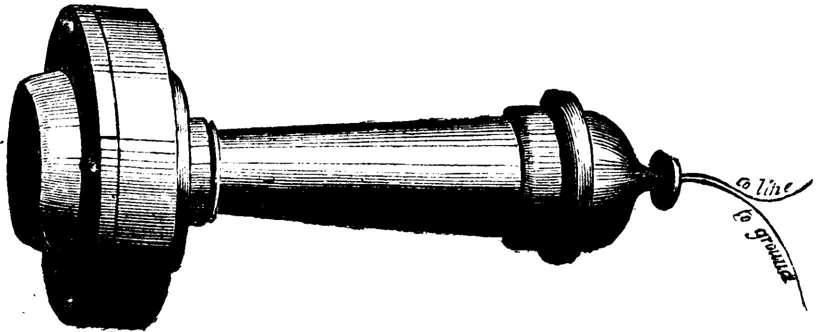
An article of mine, entitled, "The French Fishery Claims on the Coast of Newfoundland," was also published in the January number of *Frazer's Magazine* for 1876; and I only make the present reference to these papers that they may be consulted by any one desiring a fuller investigation of this, to us British Americans especially, most important question.

THE TELEPHONE.

Since the invention of the telegraph no application of electricity has been made, so interesting and wonderful as that whereby we are now enabled to directly converse with one another at several miles distance, and to transmit music between cities as far apart as Quebec and Montreal.

The telephone, like many other triumphs of ingenuity, seems to have been floating about for many years in the minds of experimenters as a possibility soon to be realized, and several independent and original efforts were made in different parts of the world to transmit vocal and musical sounds over long stretches of wire by means of electricity. Until within the past two years none of these efforts were practically successful. During 1876 and 1877 the telephones of Bell, Gray, Edison and Dolbear were given to the world, each a distinct and ingenious solution of the problem which had long engaged the attention of electricians—how sounds might be conveyed to long distances, or reproduced at long distances through the medium of an electric current.

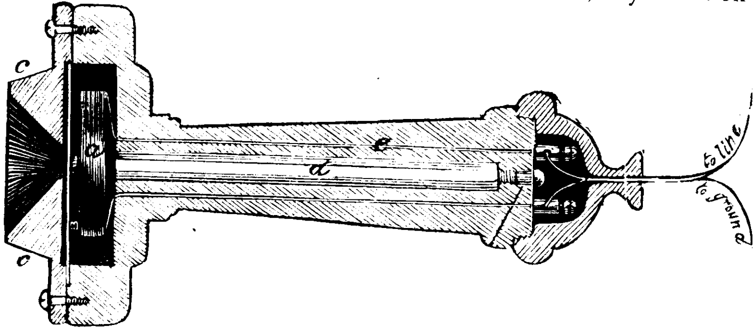
The instrument of the four above named, which we select for explanation, will be that invented by Prof. Andrew Graham Bell, as the one perhaps most easily understood by the ordinary reader, unconversant with technical science.



BELL'S PORTABLE TELEPHONE.

The first point which concerns us in comprehending its action is that the vibrations of sound can be quickly and forcibly conducted by many common substances, such as wood and the metals. If a large rough log from the forest be scratched at one end, the sound can be distinctly heard at the other. A thump dealt on a telegraph pole is easily recognized at adjacent ones. Confined in speaking tubes the voice can be heard in a straight line as far as half a mile off. These examples show with how little loss a small effort, such as that spent in ordinary speaking, can be transmitted to long distances. A very simple form of telephone can be made by taking two tin cans, such as vegetables are packed in, carefully removing both ends, and tightly stretching a piece of smooth bladder at the bottom of each; if the centres of the membranes are connected by a piece of good string, catgut, or, best of all, copper wire, conversation in an ordinary tone can be carried on across a line 200 to 300 yards long. In the accompany-

ing cut of Bell's telephone, *c* is the mouthpiece, at the bottom of which is *b*, a thin disc of soft iron, vibrating in correspondence with the voice; more agitated in loud talking than in whispering, and more by rapid utterance than slow.



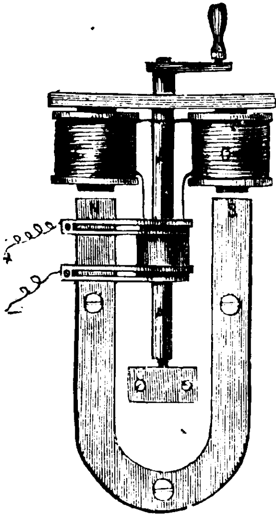
SECTION OF BELL'S PORTABLE TELEPHONE.

The next point to be made clear is that a magnet varies in strength when a piece of iron in contact with it varies in closeness of connection. Take a common horseshoe magnet and suspend from it by their points as many sewing needles as it can hold up, then take a small piece of iron such as is usually sold with a magnet (called an armature), wrap it up in one fold of fine tissue paper, and place it on the side of the magnet. You will find that some of the needles will fall off. This is because the armature has magnetism excited within it at the expense of the magnet, which, therefore, has less power of supporting other objects. We shall see this more plainly still if we remove the tissue paper from the armature and slide it quietly down the magnet's side; a greater number of needles than before will fall off. In the construction of the telephone the little iron disc, *b*, vibrated by the voice, is attached to a strong steel magnet of cylindrical form, *d*; they are prevented from actually touching by a thin coating of varnish on the disc; as the disc moves back and forth in sympathy with the voice of a speaker, it is pressed toward and drawn away from the magnet, causing its strength to vary with every articulation and tone

The next step to be taken in making the telephone's action intelligible is to know that when a magnet has wrapped about it a coil of fine wire, properly covered with silk, any variation in the magnet's strength excites an electric current in the surrounding wire. In the common medical battery where the turning a crank generates the shocks of electricity given to a patient, this can be very conveniently seen. In such an apparatus N S is a powerful steel magnet; before it revolve the two soft iron cores C and D; as they approach N S they become more and more magnetic-and as they are drawn away their at, tracting force decreases. Parallel with these changes is the excitation of an electric current in the coils surrounding C and D, which rises and falls in strength exactly as the magnetism of the cores does.

Referring again to the cut of the telephone, we find *a*, a coil of wire wound around the end of *d*, the magnet; as *d* varies in strength by the vibrations of *b*, the soft iron disc, it excites waves of electricity in *a*, the coil, which are sympathetic with the spoken voice. These minute and delicate currents are carried to the other end of the line of communication through a wire as in ordinary telegraphy; this wire is joined to one end of *a*, the coil, by *e*, while another wire, *f*, is joined to the

other end of the coil, and is connected through the gas or waterpipes with the ground. The latter expedient is resorted to in all telegraphs, and makes it unnecessary to employ the two wires which were at first used on the lines; it is found that the earth is so good a conductor as to serve admirably instead of a second wire.



MAGNETO-ELECTRIC MACHINE.

The currents constituting the message are received on an instrument exactly like the transmitting one; the waves of electricity as they pass around *d*, the magnet, affect its strength proportionately to their number, power, and order; the disc attached is in consequence vibrated, and distinctly, though feebly, yields the words given to the companion instrument, which may be miles and miles away.

The wonder of this invention consists in its carrying recognizably the very accent and peculiarities of the tone of one's voice, while its tremors have been transformed from purely mechanical motion into magnetism, thence into waves of electricity, and these back again into magnetism and the audible movement of a metallic disc. All this, too, without employing any force but that of the unaided voice. So slight, indeed, is the current of electricity, as it passes along the wire of communication, that the most delicate means adopted to detect it fail to do so. This has led to the opinion among some examiners of the telephone that it transmits the sound-waves as such, and that there is no intermediation whatever of electricity. The disproof of this error can be readily established by disconnecting the instrument with the ground wire; no message whatever can then be sent. Were the communication other than electrical this would not be the case. No second wire nor ground wire is required in using a simple sound-telephone, such as that described at the beginning of this article. Another evidence of the same import is that the speed of transmission is electrical, far transcending in rapidity the movement of sound-waves in metallic wires.

The inventor of the remarkable instrument just described is a Scotchman who came to Canada in 1870. After residing here three years he removed to Boston to accept a professorship in a Wesleyan College. His father, Prof. A. Melville Bell, lives in Brantford, Ontario. He is the author of a well-known book on elocution, and has made the method of verbal expression an object of close scientific study. In his work on "Visible Speech" he has illustrated exactly what movements of lips and tongue accompany the utterance of the various sounds of the human voice. He has thus originated a science by which deaf-mutes have been taught to detect by the eye the words spoken to them, and by awakening the dormant powers of articulation (dormant because of deafness), deaf-mutes have been taught to speak. The inventor of the telephone thus plainly comes by his genius and success through inheritance and training. His wife, although born a deaf-mute, can enter freely into conversation through the wonderful science of

hearing with the eyes, taught her by her husband.

Prof. Bell has recently exhibited his invention before the British Association at its annual meeting at Plymouth, and before the Society of Arts at London, where much interest has been evinced and much valuable suggestion given as to its application and improvement.

Prof. Dolbear, of Tuft's College, Mass., has invented an instrument somewhat like Bell's, and has described it in a little book on the Telephone, wherein is the best detailed explanation yet given the public of the principles underlying the propagation of sound and electricity, as applied in the telephone.

Prof. Elisha Gray's instrument is more particularly designed for the transmission simultaneously of a number of ordinary despatches, using the Morse alphabet; and for sending music over the wires. Its construction is somewhat complex and highly ingenious, but would need for a full explanation a presentation of acoustical and electrical laws hardly admissible in a paper of these limits. Both Gray's instrument and that of Edison use a battery current to carry their messages.

The Edison telephone is capable of being used on lines as long as those of any telegraph, and hence would seem to have before it a wider sphere of application than Bell's invention. Edison employs in his receiving instrument a large membrane, attached to which is a metallic arm, which, as it presses more or less on a cushion of fine silk and plumbago-dust, permits a current from the battery, of an intensity varying in a parallel way, to be sent over the line of communication.

None of the telephones at present engaging public attention are regarded as quite satisfactory by their inventors; the feebleness of one, the indistinctness of another, and the complexity of a third all incline us to look for improvements in the future which shall make the instrument as much a household necessity as it now is a most wonderful triumph of scientific ingenuity

The astonishing capabilities of matter are illustrated in a very striking way by the telephone. Not only can a sentence or a song be heard through it, but all the complicated harmonies of an orchestra and chorus can pass through a wire, which, as it encircles the magnetic core, is as fine as the finest thread; and all without confusion or any loss but that of volume.

Here we have concerned atomic motion, which is exceedingly economical of an applied effort, as compared with mass-motion. When force is made to move a bell-pull, or the lengthy rods of a railway-signal, or a wheel-belt, there is much loss in friction, and much power absorbed in moving the wire, rod or belt *so far*. When the particles only of a body move they do so without friction, and as their size is extremely minute,—perhaps but the thousandth of a thousandth part of an inch in diameter,—they move through very little space, and propagate any received impulse with great efficiency.

GEORGE ILES.

EARLY CANADIAN REMINISCENCES.

They had all gathered round the camp fire, for so the sugar ground was called. The huge sap-kettle was bubbling and boiling; the bright flames shot up around its bulging sides, and spread their cheerful and cheering glare far and wide, making spectres of the tall, gaunt giants of maple, oak and beech that stood around. The teams are home for the night; the sap flow has ceased, and now all are seated on their respective logs around the old kettle, and are whiling away the time, according to previous arrangement, by narrating incidents of their early life and settlement in the back-woods. Jock has got snugly ensconced beside his Jennie, and, by some unaccountable freak of muscle or nerve, perhaps both, his brawny arm has encircled her slender waist—"just to protect her," he explains, "the logs hereabouts are *so* slippery and unsettled. Jimmy is there too, with his Meg. He had seen her at the Fair the day before, when she gave him most distinctly to understand that if he was to be at the camp the following night, she would certainly not come, and now that both are present, he declares that he came in high anticipation of a pleasant deliverance from her company; she, that her sole errand there was to see if he had the brazen-faced impudence to put in an appearance. Singularly enough they too are sitting in the closest kind of juxtaposition, just behind the old elm, and the loud jabberings of an hour ago have modified into the softest whisperings. Old neighbor or "daddy" Hood reclines against an old stump close by the fire, his venerable and manly face indicating in its every feature the pioneer's early struggles, but final victory. Beside him his neighbor Purdy, a brother struggler, and just beyond them good, old, stuttering Jock Rogers, whose axe and voice have repeatedly rung from the Dan to Beersheba, so to speak, of the settlement. The three had been cronies of necessity and of old. They had chopped and cleared the forest together thirty years before; they had logged together; ploughed together; reaped together; quarrelled and made up their quarrels again together,—in brief, almost lived together until continued prosperity began to widen their interests and keep them more apart. True, they were still leal and neighborly to one another, but alas! the god of this world, gain and the love of gain, had deadened to a great extent the warmth of their former affections, and just as in other walks of life, the burden of each now was his own business and business concerns. But this night they had met for a social chat over old times, and just in proportion as reminiscence after reminiscence was recalled, so the shackles of coldness, formality, and reserve were cast aside and each was himself again. "Ah yes," said daddy Hood, "the wolves were very thick in this very place where we are sitting. It is a rare sight to see one now, but *then*, why you met them at almost every turn. Well do I remember that memorable night I had with them when taking down my small grist to Houton's mill. As a rule they were timorous and generally ran off from a human being if they happened to meet one during the day; but sometimes they got hungry without the means of satisfying their appetite, and then night was made hideous with their low, deep howlings. I had hitched or rather yoked my oxen to the old sled, got my

two bags of grain hoisted in, and started for the mill, seven miles distant, just about the darkening. I had to be back, too, before daybreak; for our last dust of meal had been done up in the previous day's baking. There were no roads in those days but such as one could make for himself through the bush; still I knew the route well, and so did my faithful cattle. As the darkness began to thicken, as I got farther from home, I could hear the wolves on all sides, and not unfrequently one would now and again cross our path. But this was nothing unusual, indeed would have given me no cause whatever for anxiety had I not observed that the animals were either much more numerous than usual on this occasion, or that they were following me. The ordinary mutterings and growlings, too, I observed, partook now more of the nature of short, sharp yelps, as every now and again one would dart past us almost within arm's length. My oxen, too, I soon observed, were becoming uneasy and excited, casting anxious, nervous glances all around them, switching their tails uneasily, and evidently desirous of hastening their speed. I might have been a little alarmed,—I will not deny but I was; still I shook it off, quite unable to persuade myself that, judging from the cautious timidity of the wolves through the day, they would now have the boldness to make an attack. Hastening the oxen, too, was simply out of the question, for we were not on a road, but in the rough, unbroken bush, where most of our way had to be picked with much caution. So, to keep up my own courage and soothe my team, I spoke gently to them and whistled to myself alternately. Thus a mile, or perhaps more, was passed, but the yelpings became louder and thicker, and the moon having now risen pretty high, I could plainly discern that a pack of at least ten or twelve wolves was persistently dogging our tracks. Once I stopped the oxen, thinking to go out personally and endeavor to scare the drove away, but a concentrated movement on the part of the latter and the snapping of their fiery eyes convinced me that safety lay in going forward. We were now within three miles of the mill—indeed another mile and a half would bring us in sight of its lights; so, thought I, I will not lose courage yet. I had my eyes now closely fixed on the pack at our rear, and was just bending over to reach a stout stake which lay in the bottom of the cart, to be used in case of emergency, when, as if electrically, my very blood froze with a sharp, shrill, unnatural roar from my nigh ox, and next instant, stunned and almost stupid I found myself sprawling in the cart and carried along through the bush with the speed of a railroad engine. Clutching the side of the box as soon as I could get my nerves under control, I raised my head for an instant. The howling was now perfectly deafening, and I could observe that one of the fiends had fastened upon Jerry's neck and was clinging to it with the tenacity of despair, while the rest in full force were dashing along at both sides of us and anon making fresh leaps on the backs of my maddened animals. Once, twice, thrice, was the bound repeated, but as often did the wolf lose its footing—not, however, before he had inflicted each time a fresh wound, out of which the blood flowed copiously. The poor oxen, wild with terror and fleeing like the wind, kept up a continuous and unearthly roar, their tails curled aloft, their eyes darting out of the sockets, their tongues projecting fully six inches from their mouths and covered with a thick bloody foam. It has been a source of constant wonder to me ever since that the wolves never attempted to attack myself. They never seemed even to notice me in their ravenous career; all were bent on overcoming the oxen. I saw at the first glance that Jerry must either be relieved of his neck-load or we

would be undone. I could do nothing but hold myself in the cart, expecting then that the next moment would dash it to pieces. I mentally and silently prayed for deliverence, and then, watching my opportunity, did the only thing I possibly could do: threw the stick I had first laid hold of at the clinging wolf. I did not expect the consequences that followed,—I did not even expect to hit the bloodthirsty brute; but Providence evidently directed that stick, for it so happened that it entered endwise into his right eye, causing him immediately to release his hold and fall sprawling on the ground. Next moment we were a hundred yards distant from him, but now we were close by the mill, and, one by one, the raving pack with yells of rage and disappointment, left us and disappeared in the forest again. Ah, sirs, talk about the speed of bloods on racecourses! No horse could beat yon. Reaching the mill, our appearance alone told our story much better than words. We were kindly treated. The miller himself, lantern in hand, walked far back into the woods and found my grist, which had slipped out of the cart, and having got my errand done, accompanied me back home in person. My poor oxen, however, I had to kill. They recovered from their wounds, but their nerves were completley shattered. From that day forward I could never work them with comfort or pleasure to themselves or me. It was fully three years after that occurrence before I dared tell my good wife all the circumstances and the dangers I had run."

"And the cart, daddy, what became of the cart?" asked Jimmy, as he drew Meg still more closely to him, just to indicate by way of pantomine how he would protect *her* in any similar event.

"The cart, my boy," answered daddy, "or rather its venerable remains, lie carefully stowed away in my back granary. I prize them as one of the most interesting relics of my backwoods experience."

"Talking of wolves," continued neighbor Purdy, who had now taken up the theme of conversation, "I can't say my experience has been quite as horrible as yours, daddy, but one day, now about twenty-seven years ago, I met with a singular triple adventure which, taken all in all, has left an indellible trace upon my memory, which time will not efface. I had had an excellent breakfast of pork, beans and potatoes, which my good wife had prepared in our little log shanty, and proceeded, gun in hand as usual, to the chopping. It was an early spring that year, for this was on the twentieth of March, and there was scarcely any snow to be seen. I proceeded, as I have remarked, to the chopping, and, having divested myself of my overcoat and muffler, I was just striking a match to light my pipe, when my eyes were attracted to a little greyish-looking snake, coiled up at my very feet, its little head erected about two inches above the level of its body, and its glittering, bead-like, transparent eyes fairly piercing my own. I cannot experimentally tell the details of that occurrence, only this much: I know that I could no more take my eyes away from that gaze than I could take wing and fly into the air. Nor could I apparently wink, for I felt my orbs wearied, pained, and eventually become as it were dull and dead. The next thing I can remember was a smart slap on the back, administered by my good wife, a slap which made me jump about two feet perpendicularly from the ground. On facing her afterwards she immediately laid hold of me, imploring me to tell her what was the matter, for I was pale as death and incorrigibly stupefied. She had called and called me, she said, for nearly half an hour, but I neither regarded nor replied to her. Clearing and refreshing my mental faculties as best I could, under the circumstances, I began with a kind of shudder to look

around for my reptile charmer, but it had glided away out of sight; it was gone. 'But why came you after me, at any rate?' I enquired, when I had fully recovered my presence of mind again; 'what did you want of me?' 'Why,' she replied, 'there is a bear in the pig-pen, and he had hold of one of the little ones when I ran off to get you.' Without waiting another moment, and, in my hurry, mistaking my axe for my gun, I set off at top speed for the house, and, in the backyard, about ten yards behind it, was certainly a consolatory sight. Here was Bruin. He had succeeded in lifting a yearling porker from the pen, had it about half-killed with fright and wounds, and was, just as I came up, scheming to get it over the back fence in order to carry it into the forest. As soon as he saw me he dropped his morsel, but, instead of making off to save himself, wheeled briskly around, erected himself softly on his hind legs, and stood prepared evidently to salute or perhaps hug me. I had seen several bears in my day, and observed enough about them to know that my present antagonist was only about half grown. I can't say I felt the least alarm, notwithstanding the exhortations of my wife, who, perceiving now that I had only an axe in my hand, implored me not to go nearer. I advanced quickly towards the brute, which was apparently quite cool, collected and ready for any emergency, as it held up its two paws for all the world after the manner of a man's fists. My object was, if possible, to kill it at the first blow, and in order to do so, I must endeavor to strike it fairly on the head with the axe-face and split its skull. I was now standing directly in front of it, not over a yard distant, and I commenced to make feint movements, hoping to get it off its guard ere I dealt it the finisher. At every movement of mine the bear made a corresponding one, but, as I thought, clumsily. In fact I was reckoning upon a pretty easy prey, and at length, when I thought the way perfectly clear, came down with a crashing blow directed squarely between its eyes. Alas! for my calculations and conceit! The next thing I knew my axe was whizzing away about ten feet distant, a tap of his lordship's paw having whipped it completely out of my grasp, and there he stood with the same imperturbable coolness and without one single wound, ready not only to renew the sport but to carry it on *ad infinitum*. A peculiar glare, however, in the brute's eye cautioned me that probably more than child's play would be looked for next time, and I took the hint and walked away, leaving him both the field and the porker. He made off, however, quietly, leaving the latter behind. These adventures took place all in the forenoon. It was now dinner time and so I went in and dined ere I proceeded again to the chopping. Indeed I did not feel like chopping at all after my exploits, and would probably have rested my nerves in-doors for the rest of the day, but, my gun; I had left it out and must go after it. I did so, found it standing just as I had left it, and commenced chopping away and thinking over the events of the morning. About four o'clock I concluded to quit for the day, put my axe in a safe place, shouldered my gun, and started for home. Just as I rounded a log heap about two hundred yards from the shanty door, I came across a very large wolf which was prowling around, undoubtedly attracted by the smell of Bruin's butchery in the morning. It was within easy range, and I took aim and fired. The wolf tumbled over two or three times, uttering the most painful howls, but ultimately limped away out of sight. I knew I had wounded him fatally, and, as a smart shower of snow had fallen during the day, quite sufficient for tracking purposes, I concluded to follow and finish him. I soon found the trail, and

followed it for about a hundred yards among the trees, when, all at once it seemed to stop, and after the most careful search round and round, I could not detect another trace of it. A large swamp lay close by, and I concluded he must have found his way into it by some means and disappeared. As I had no wish to follow him into such a place, especially at such a time, I turned on my heel for home, but just before starting, knelt down on hands and knees to peer into a brush heap at my side into which he might possibly have crawled, although I had no such expectations. As I said I knelt, by a kind of hole in the heap, thrust in my head, and was just shading my eyes when my hand and nose actually touched the animal's face and his hot breath came steaming into my throat and eyes. Neighbors, I've heard of sudden springs and jerks, but if you had been along with me that evening you would have seen one of the suddenest retrograde movements you ever knew. I was twenty-five feet away from that heap, backwards, before any one of you could wink three times. I then aimed in at the hole, and had the satisfaction a few minutes afterwards of hauling the dead wolf home to the shanty."

"Ay," here broke in stuttering Jock Rogers, who now broke silence for the first time—"ay, weel do I remember that day, neighbor Purdy, but I'm thinkin' ye didna feel just as heroic in the actin's o' it as ye do noo in the tellin's."

This was followed by a general roar all round, for it was well known that while neighbor Purdy was constitutionally a nervous and easily-scared man, Jock knew not what fright was. Jock had emigrated about the same period as his cronies, and come through all their struggles, but he always displayed one quality over and above theirs which never forsook him, and that was a sort of listless, indolent, stolidity and coolness at all times and places, and under all circumstances. On one occasion during these early times Jock and his neighbors had been asked to a "raising" some three miles distant. Raisings in those days were invariably done reciprocally, and they as invariably terminated with a dance or merry-making; they were, therefore, looked upon as a great source of enjoyment and attended accordingly. Now, at the particular period of which we speak, a rumor had got abroad that night-robbers and highwaymen were rife in the country. However, Jock and his friends were to go to the raising, and they arranged on the previous evening that whoever awoke first next morning should arouse the others on his way. An adjoining neighbor, Billy Chesnie, happened to be first up. The day had not yet broken, the moon shone out in her brightest splendor, and dispelled almost every trace of darkness. Billy, getting himself ready, proceeded to awaken Jock first as being the nearest on hand. Just as he was approaching the latter's house an idea struck him that he would simulate one of the talked-of robbers and give Jock a fright. No sooner thought of than done. Drawing his coat tails up over his head and neck, he went thumping up to the door and gave it a thundering rattle off-hand. In an instant Jock was out of bed and peering out of the window, but, upon observing such a strange and apparently impudent personage holding sentry on his steps, he approached the door, and called out through the key-hole the proverbial "Who's there?" "Me," answered a very gruff voice from without. "An' wh-wh-who are ye?" demanded Jock. "Oh never mind that," answered the would-be robber; "I want in, so open your door." Jock, with a mere "Wait a bit, then," reached up for his old musket, took it down, put in a very heavy charge of powder, then a huge marble in lieu of a bullet, rammed the load down deliberately just inside the window where his visitor could see

every movement, and then, quietly opening the door and taking deliberate aim at Billy, rejoined, "N-n-n-noo ye can come in, lad." The joke exploding, away went the two, and after arousing the others, they all set off for the raising. Now of course human nature is human nature. Folks must have variety, and variety they will have. Its precise form on that eventful morning was knocking off hats, and as the little band proceeded a perfect shower of tiles proceeded along with, above, and before them. Jock was a very large, powerful fellow, about six feet in height, somewhat soft and extremely good-natured. Chesnie was a diminutive little wasp of a fellow, scarcely five feet high, and immeasurably conceited. Jock's tile was a regular old-style Balmoral, one of those that are rather improved than otherwise after passing through a separator. It kicked wonderfully, and threw a great deal better, consequently it came in for perhaps the largest share of attention, and particularly on the part of little Chesnie, who made, as it were, a "dead set" that morning on poor Jock. As we have remarked, human nature is human nature, and it may sometimes be over-reached. Jock stood the onset for a long time, but, evidently his huge *animus* was becoming alive. He said nothing, however, until passing through a large boggy swamp, when he suddenly caught the "wee mannie" in the very act, and threw him about six yards away from him into a detestable mud-hole. Billy first sank completely out of sight, then erecting his head first and his body afterwards, blubbered somewhat to clear his nose, ears and mouth of their fungoid and mineral deposits, and made straightway for Jock, vowing the direst kind of vengeance. Jock waited patiently until his tormentor reached the bank, then immediately seized and threw him back again into the very same spot as at first. A third and a fourth time was the dose repeated with the accompanying, "Dauver ye, sir, I-I-I'll droon ye," until at length the little man wisely roosted on a swamp log and fairly roared for mercy with the tears in his eyes.

Those early times, though, were not without their other prominent "characters" besides Billy and Jock. What is now a large and flourishing town was then just a nucleus of log huts, one of which constituted the only store within a circuit of twenty miles; another was probably a post office, or something answering that purpose, with a shingle over the door, indicating it as such; a third was the village smithy, and at the time of which we are writing Richie Davis was the village smith. Richie was a character in his way, frugal and industrious enough, it is quite true; but he was of exceedingly convivial habits and very fond of a "drap ower muckle" at times. Being a good comic singer, and known to almost everybody, he was always a welcome guest wherever he went, and if there was anybody in the whole neighborhood with whom, or in whose company he could not feel quite at his ease, it was "the minister"—for, with all his shortcomings, Richie considered himself and wished to be considered by others a "dacent church-going man." Country fairs in those times were always sources of great relaxation. Everybody thought himself specially licensed on such occasions, and nearly everybody (men of course) got drunk. On one of these evenings, or rather early mornings, for it was about three a.m., a village neighbor of Richie's had to post away for a doctor to attend his wife, who had been taken suddenly ill. Now, just north of the little embryo village was a very large swampy quagmire (the place is now covered with busy streets), through which this neighbor had to pass. The night was dark, and the traveller was not altogether free from superstitious fear. As he approached the swamp he heard, as he conceived, a concord of sweet sounds. Could it be fairies or witches?

He neither waited nor proceeded to see, but returning, awoke the postmaster, and the two together set out with a lantern to visit the enchanted place, when, lo and behold! here was Richie, buried to the waist in the mire, and singing at the top of his voice "The Banks of the Nile." The blacksmith had started homewards from a merry-making, missed his footing and got mired, and, perhaps wisely judging that he must remain there till morning, concluded to make the best of his time.

On another occasion Richie had got so far boozed at a raising that a neighbor was under the necessity of assisting him home. The task was no easy one, for he had to be half carried, and, as a consequence, his helpmate began to tire of it. Once, in passing a cow that was quietly lying at the roadside chewing her cud, Richie gave a great lounge, almost pulling his neighbor off his feet, when the latter, by a dexterous movement, happened to throw the drunken man across the cow's back, keeping a tight hold of him, however, by the coat-tail. In the twinkling of an eye "Bossy" was on her feet and stouring up the road at the rate of twenty miles an hour, Richie astride of her, and his neighbor, now alarmed, hanging on like grim death to his nether garments and galloping on alongside as hard as his legs could carry him. Fortunately the race lasted but a short period and ended well, "but," this neighbor used to add in telling the story, "I never saw a man so thoroughly sobered as was Richie at its close."

We have intimated that Richie felt some misgivings when in presence of the minister. The fact is, the minister knew many of the blacksmith's failings, and used in a firm but friendly way to admonish him. On one occasion the good man called in at the shop. It was getting near Communion time. Richie had been misbehaving of late, and it became necessary, absolutely necessary, to reprimand him. Conversation began in the ordinary way and by degrees led on to the subject nearest the minister's heart. Richie was very silent and docile, exceedingly humble, submissive, and apparently penitent, and the good man, meeting no resistance of any kind, laid down line upon line and precept upon precept with an unction worthy of his position. Plain words were succeeded by plainer ones, until the blacksmith's ire began to rise. However, he said nothing, and in a short time the minister concluded with, "Remember now, the very next time I hear tell of such doings on your part, I'll haul you over the coals for it," meaning by this last expression that he would have him up before the session. Now it so happened in the first place that "hauling over the coals" was a phrase which Richie had never heard before, and as regarded its interpretation he was of course entirely ignorant; and in the second place it happened that he had just that day laid in a fresh load of coals on his smithy floor, and indeed that it at that moment lay between the minister and himself. Putting the phrase and the fact together and strengthening the inference by his rapidly rising ire, the blacksmith concluded that he had been insulted; so stepping boldly out in front of the minister and rolling up his shirt-sleeves —"Dod, Mister Linkey, if ye think ye can draw me ower thae coals, ye may just try it na." Of course the misunderstanding was soon rectified to their mutual satisfaction, and Richie, no doubt, correspondingly impressed and depressed with his own mental and physical depravity.

Another character of rather notorious prominence in those times was known as Old Father Winer. He was then about sixty years of age, wore a long cloak-coat that reached his heels, and an extraordinarily high white hat, under which his grey locks had been permitted to grow until they lay in long ringlets down his back. Winer was, in

vulgar phraseology, a "bad 'un." He had no claim to the land on which he lived, having simply taken up his abode and "squatted" on it some years before. As the district around him was becoming settled and property rose in value, his pseudo claims began to be disputed, and he struck upon an extraordinary scheme to gain sympathy. This was the assumption of the role of a preacher. Suddenly and unexpectedly one morning the old man appeared, dressed as we have pictured him, and, like Peter the Hermit, announced himself as having a "mission." Most of his neighbors knew his designs and treated him and them as they deserved; but with other simple-hearted people at a distance he was more successful. In fact he persuaded them in time to improvise for him a meeting-house in the back-kitchen of a farmer who happened to be somewhat better off than his neighbors, and here the old man used to hold forth to such as would gather to hear him, every Sabbath afternoon. In one corner of this kitchen stood a large pork barrel, in which that article of diet was wont to be kept, steeped in brine; and somehow or another it was noticed that Father Winer invariably managed to kneel by this barrel when he prayed. No matter what position he took when expounding, the old corner was always selected for his petitions. In course of time it began to be noticed that the pork supply was becoming small and beautifully less. Now we cannot say whether or no the good old farmer suspected the preacher; we are rather inclined to think not, and that he set a trap in among the pork just to catch any carnivorous animal that had the hardiness or temerity to disturb it—but, next Sunday evening the old father's petitions and feelings, and the assembled worshippers, risibles, shall we say? were alike wofully harassed when, in the middle of a most urgent invocation, that reverend gentleman bounced with a howl into the middle of the floor, the trap clinging to his thumb. It is needless to say that old Winer was then and there voted a humbug, and that his usefulness as a preacher was brought to a close. From that out, he became somewhat generally demoralized, and indeed his weaknesses descended faithfully to his posterity, for the Winer family as a whole, came soon to be regarded as a band of comparative free-lancers, if not something worse. Of course the little village boasted a mill, and the sonsy miller was perhaps, next to the magistrate, the most important personge in the district. Grists in those days were usually carried on the back. We have known several farmers make a habit of walking from seven to eight miles through the bush with their bag of grain on their shoulders, deposit it at the mill, wait until it was turned into meal, forfeit the "toll," and then shoulder the result, and away for home again. Father Winer on one occasion came with his grist. It so happened that a quantity of nice Paris plaster lay on the mill floor that day, for use in connection with the stones. Winer, mistaking it for flour, watched his chance, and when he thought no one was looking, slipped two large shovelfuls of it into his flour sack. Next day the old man came thundering back, and "an angry man was he," declaring that the stones must be grinding furiously, for, said he, "that flour I got yesterday is more than half sand."

Schools and school affairs in those early times were conducted on rather uncouth, homespun principles. The trustees examined all teachers previous to their engagement, and the occasions of such tests were generally looked forward to by those more directly interested, as events of great personal importance, for they afforded an excellent opportunity for any one trustee to display his superiority mentally over his fellows. With becoming dignity, on the eventful evening, the trio would sit around

a newly scoured table, and the "domini" would be summoned to enter. "Ha-ha-hum!" would be the first exclamation to greet him, from the portly chest of Tam Whustle, as that dignified individual endeavored to expand in his large chair and look very profound. It must be admitted, too, that teachers themselves, or rather aspirants to the position, were not over-stocked with educational lore. A smattering of figures, a fairish pen-hand, and an acquaintance with the Shorter Catechism, generally constituted the prescribed qualifications, and indeed in most cases covered the entire ground of their knowledge, with here and there an exception of course.

"Young man," begins Tam Whustle with an air of consuming profundity, "ye're wantin' to be oor schuil maister. Whar war ye ediket?"

To this the young man would probably answer that he picked up "maist on his knowledge" at the night school "ower at Billy o' the Hie's" during the last three winters.

Thereupon a sheet of paper, with pen and ink, would be produced, and Wattie Waldie, another of the trio, determined that "Tam wadna hae all the say," would request the "maister" to "write doon there the reasons annexed to the fourth commandment," which request having been duly performed, Jock Sanders, the third light of the bench, after all three had pronounced on the penmanship, &c., took his turn with "Div ye letter or syllab, ma man?" "I aye syllab," replies the "maister." "Ay, that's richt, ma man, aye syllab; its graun' tae syllab. Noo, can ye syllaban' spell for me Almandiblathaim?" The poor domini has here to confess that no such word came ever before within the circuit of his aural organs, and admits himself beat, upon which Jock with amazing self-satisfaction explains to him that he "has muckle yet to learn," that he must read his Bible yet to better advantage, and that the word in question is to be found in the Book of Numbers. With dignified condescension, however, he adds that "for his pairt he thinks the callant micht be tried—he'll be aye learnin' mair," and, after they have agreed upon his "sleepen" and the round of houses to be taken for his "keep an' washin,'" he is engaged accordingly, Jock thereafter leaving for home with the highly complacent mental reflection that he was the only one "among them a' that sticket the maister."

The round of instruction, too, in the schoolroom was of rather a primitive order. Neither master nor pupil allowed himself to be over-shackled with the rules of syntax; geography was regarded as a sort of inexplicable mystery, while fractions and the other intricacies of arithmetic were generally classed under the head of ornamental gew-gaws fit only to play with, but of no practical use whatever.

The master was usually paid at the rate of from ten to twenty dollars a month and board, the latter being supplied to him in turn by all who sent pupils to school. The stove also was replenished and kept going by each urchin taking under his arm two or three sticks every morning on his way to school. Disputes were few and generally very summarily settled—particularly minor ones. An instance will illustrate this: The teacher of whom we have been writing was named Hurd. Among his patrons was one Brock Winer, a son to the old "Father." On one occasion Brock's daughter, a girl of fourteen, became very obstreperous in the school-room, by showing off to too great a degree a number of brass rings she wore on her fingers—so much so, indeed, that the teacher found it necessary to deprive her of them. She felt of course very indignant, and at noon proceeded home and complained to her father. Just as the school was nicely opened after dinner, the door

opened—without knocking—and in walked Brock.

"Good day, Mr. Winer," said the schoolmaster.

"Oh, see here, Hurd," replied Brock, "jes giv that ere girl back her rings, right off now, and no foolin' about it."

A pile of stove wood lay close by the door. No more words passed. Hurd merely walked down the passage, picked up one of the sticks aforesaid, and, with the simple expression, "Brock, go out," that dispute ended. Brock went out and home like a lamb.

Magistrates had simply to be manufactured out of the best material at hand for the purpose, and as said material was by no means superabundant, the mantle sometimes fell on pretty odd-looking shoulders. Still, justice was administered on the whole with impartiality, and the system gave pretty general satisfaction. The reverence, even awe, shown for the law was something wonderful, considering the time and circumstances. The magistrate both regarded himself, and was regarded by others, almost as one specially inspired with all kinds of moral excellence and repute. From the moment the dignity was conferred upon him he became a new order of being—like the honest yeoman mentioned by Dr. Guthrie, who, on returning from Edinburgh, where he had newly dubbed a bailie, and who, on being accosted by a poor woman on the road whose cow was running away, with "Man, will ye stop that coo?" replied with great dignity, "Ooman, I'm no a man; I'm a bailie!" We have said that the sentences and decisions of these "coorts" gave fair satisfaction. So they did. Occasionally the fine or penalty, whatever it might be, was mildly disputed by the culprit and his friends, but the discussion seldom lasted long, for "His Honor" usually modified matters to suit all parties, and a "horn" or two afterwards at the little village tavern, set plaintiff and defendant on the best of terms again.

"John Codlin," would one of these bench dignitaries say in sonorous tones at the close of a case, "stan' up and receive the sentence o' the coort. Ye've been blamed, ye scoonrel ye, wi' divveting Jock Mackie's chimley last nicht, an' the coort has fan' ye guilty, ye scoonrel ye, sae I'll juist fine ye a dollar an' the costs o' the case."

"Faigs, yer honor," retorts John, "I dinna think the evidence has fully justifee't yer findin', that I dinna, 'deed do I no; an' as for the dollar, I hae na ane, not a copper mair as a quarter an' a thripenny bit."

"The mair shame for ye', ye scroonel ye," returns his honor—"but, seein there was a wee bit confusion in Geordie Lourie's testimony, the coort just calls noo for the quarter ye hae, an' see an' be a better man for the future."

"'Deed wull I," responds John. "Come Jock (to his prosecutor), an' wat yer whustle, lad; I hae a few coppers left." And thus the court would disperse or "scail," as it was generally termed, and all would adjourn to the tavern, where the magistrate socially, but with intense dignity, imbibed with the rest.

A ludicrous instance of the times is told of Brock Winer, already alluded to—as showing the peculiar views of the people regarding the power of the law. He had fallen out with one of the village merchants, of a very jovial turn of mind, and berated him with his tongue to such an extent that the latter felt it incumbent upon himself at length to take an axe-handle and drive his abuser out of the store. Brock got outside, pulled the door to, and then fell to a renewal of his abuse in stronger terms than ever, wisely judging that the merchant would not break the door-panes to get a stroke at him. Finally, however, becoming tired out, he left and proceeded up the road. Just at that moment the village constable happened to be passing the store, and the merchant espying him, came briskly out,

and, in full hearing of Brock, who was not yet many yards distant, "constable," said he, "arrest that man." Then, turning to the fugitive, "Brock, stand there, sir, till you are arrested." Brock's eyes opened like saucers; he stood, thought, looked up, down and all around evidently in a complete quandary what to do, and at length began to walk on again. "Brock!" repeated the merchant, in thunder tones, but like to split his sides with laughter at the impression created, "I command you, sir, in the Queen's name, not to move from that spot until you are arrested." The poor soul again came to a stand, thoroughly alarmed, began sweating at every pore, and was just about to resign himself in despair to his fate, when he noticed the mirthful countenances the suffocating merchant and constable could no longer conceal, when, with an assumed air of great bravado, "Blast you both!" cried he, "do you take me for a born fool?" and off he set at full speed out of sight along the concession, never once showing himself again in the village for over a month.

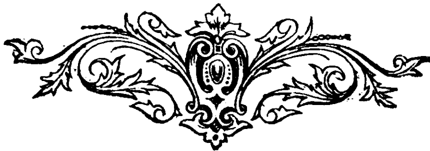
As time progressed and one here and there of the pioneers began to get a little better off than his neighbors, his success was looked upon with something like jealousy, and especially if, as is usually the case, he showed anything like a tendency to superior self-importance under the circumstances. Inexplicable are the peculiarities which wealth often brings along with it! For sociality it substitutes isolation; for candor, reserve; for open-hearted hospitality, close-fisted selfishness. It cannot be denied, on the other hand, though, that the semi-envious and jealous attitude of the less fortunate frequently induce such an order of things. A. and B., starting on an equal footing and equal terms, will remain good friends so long as their prosperity is equal; but let the one surpass the other and coldness soon supervenes, followed by enmity and positive dislike. And this arises not more from the assumption or presumption of the lucky one than from the envy of his less fortunate compeer.

Persons of this class, as we have said, began to spring up in time, and, just in proportion as they outstripped their neighbors in worldly prosperity, they were obliged to submit to certain petty indignities inflicted upon them at suspicious hours, generally during the night—such as divesting their waggons of a wheel or two, and hiding said wheel or two in a swamp two or three miles distant; taking a vehicle to pieces, raising the pieces by means of a hoist to the top of the highest outbuilding, and there re-adjusting them to meet their owner's gaze the first thing in the morning; removing gates from their normal and proper positions, and setting them up perhaps against the proprietor's kitchen door; and numerous other freaks of a similar nature—ail of which, however, it must be confessed, were in the end amicably settled, for no positive injury was ever meant or intended by these tricks—only vexation and annoyance. He who lost a waggon wheel on Monday night, would in all probability find it safely and securely replaced on the Saturday, and so on.

Among the more noted wealthy characters of the district now under consideration was one David Holden, or "miser Dauvie," as he was more familiarly termed. He had risen through a painful sort of miserliness, being never known to spend a copper except in a cause which was sure to return him three. The writer has frequently heard him tell, or rather boast with a kind of grim satisfaction, that his first sale of farm produce in Canada had brought him thirty-six sterling shillings, that he had placed the precious coins in the very bottom of his deepest trunk, whence he did not withdraw them again for six years! Dauvie was a hard dealer, a close economizer, and a good farmer, excelling so far in the

last respect as to be able to boast a fair fruit-growing orchard years before any of his neighbors. As a matter of course that orchard was considered fair game in its season, and many a midnight onslaught was made upon it by the neighboring "boys." One fall Dauvie's patience had been more than usually tried in this respect, and he resolved that he would put a stop to the plundering by doing something desperate. So he loaded his old gun, and night after night, during the ripening season, he kept sentry near his much-loved orchard. At last one night about twelve o'clock, he felt sure he heard his tormentors at work. He listened more attentively. Yes, he was certain of them. His ire rose at once to an alarming height; he was quite beside himself with rage; so, stooping down far enough to get a clear view of the fence between his eye and the sky, he saw a head just popping up over it, took deliberate aim, fired, and had the satisfaction of observing the immediate effect of his charge, for the head dropped. Satisfaction, did we say? Alas! next moment Dauvie felt the stains of murder upon his soul. He had shot and killed somebody! Oh! the mental anguish and torments of that night! There was nothing for him now but the criminal's lot and the gibbet. Alas! alas! thought poor Dauvie, and all night long he paced the floor like one utterly demented, praying for daylight, for his fear and superstition together were too great to permit his visiting the scene of carnage during the hours of darkness. At grey daylight the poor old man, now in the last extremity of despair, stole cautiously over to see the dead face of his victim, when, instead of a man or anything bearing the resemblance of a man, there lay one of his largest and finest turkey gobblers as dead as a door nail at his feet.

MACK.



THE BRITISH AMERICAN FISHERIES.

On the 23rd November, 1877, the Fisheries Commission sitting at Halifax, Nova Scotia, composed of Sir A. T. Galt, K. C. M. G., representing the British interests, the Hon. E. H. Kellogg, representing the United States, and His Excellency M. Maurice Delfosse, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of the Belgians, who acted as umpire, rendered an award for the sum of $5,500,000, to be paid by the Government of the United States to the Government of Her Britannic Majesty, within twelve months of the award, in return for the privileges accorded to the citizens of the United States under Article XVIII. of the Treaty of Washington of the 8th May, 1871, regard being had to the privileges accorded by the United States to the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty, as stated in Articles XIX. and XXI. of said treaty.

The operations of that commission, which, in the first place, had unaccountably been delayed from 1873 to 1877, and which afterwards were conducted with closed doors, had been almost forgotten, where known at all; so much so that many people looked upon the announcement of the award as a *canard*, as the French people call a telegraphic hoax. To the disgust of the American nation, there was no joke in the matter. As to the Canadians, who were a party in this litigation under the name of Her Majesty, their feelings were measured by the degree of their knowledge of the subject. To the inland parts of the Dominion, such as a large portion of Quebec, the whole of Ontario, of Manitoba and the distant Province of British Columbia, where the question of the fisheries was hardly understood, the award was quite satisfactory,—it was indeed a glorious achievement of colonial diplomacy, which had tried its hands for the first time. In the lower part of Quebec, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, where American competition on the fishing grounds had been most detrimental, the award was a disappointment. We are informed that when the British case was first framed, under the pressure of these populations, the claim for indemnity would have attained some sixty million of dollars for twelve years' use of the fisheries. A calmer appreciation, suggested by those who had opinions but no direct interest involved in the question, reduced the claim to $14,800,000—12 million for the Dominion proper and $2,800,000 for Newfoundland.

The larger portion by far of the people of the Dominion being but imperfectly acquainted with the Fisheries, we avail ourselves of the closing speech of Mr. Joseph Doutre, Q. C., the leading counsel of Her Majesty, and of some other papers, to lay before our readers the main features of this international trial, the first that was ever entrusted to Colonial handling.

In the Treaty of Paris of 1783, which recognized the independence of the newly created United States of America, Article 3 conceded to the people of the United States the right to fish on the Grand Bank and on all other banks of Newfoundland, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and all other places where the inhabitants of both countries used at any time heretofore to fish, with the liberty to dry and cure fish in unsettled bays of Nova Scotia, Magdalen Islands and Labrador, but not on Newfoundland.

After the war of 1812, the United States, in disregard of repeated assertions on the part of the British Government, contended that their right to fish had in no way been altered by the war, and they declined to make of the Fisheries a subject of settlement, at the Treaty of Ghent, in 1814. So soon as this treaty was signed, the British Government, acting on the doctrine that the war had put an end to the Treaty of 1783, sent cruisers to the fishing grounds of Newfoundland and other places and ordered off the American fishermen.

This brought on the Convention signed at London, in 1818, by the first article of which the United States citizens were allowed to take fish on that part of the southern coast of Newfoundland which extends from Cape Ray to the Rameau Islands, on the western and northern coast of Newfoundland from said Cape Ray to the Quirpon Islands, on the shore of Magdalen Islands, and the coasts, bays, harbors and creeks from Mount Joly, on the southern coast of Labrador, to and through the Straits of Belle Isles and thence northwardly indefinitely along the coast, with liberty to dry or cure fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbors and creeks of the southern coast of Newfoundland here above described, and of the coast of Labrador. "And the United States hereby renounce forever any liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof to take, dry or cure fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks or harbors of His Britannic Majesty's dominions in America, not included within the above-mentioned limits; provided, however, that the American fishermen shall be admitted to enter such bays or harbors, for the purpose of shelter, and of repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood and of obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever. But they shall be under such restrictions as shall be necessary to prevent their taking, drying or curing fish therein, or in any other manner whatever abusing the privileges hereby reserved to them."

The renunciation just quoted, with its proviso, has given rise to all the disputes which have disturbed the friendly relations of the two countries ever since.

Six years after this convention, in 1824, Americans complained of having been interrupted "during the present season in their accustomed and lawful employment of taking and curing fish in the Bay of Fundy and upon the Grand Banks, by the British armed brig, 'Dotterel'" &c.

Mr. Addington, on behalf of British authorities, answered that the American fishermen had been taken *flagrante delicto* within the lines laid down by treaty as forming boundaries within which pursuit was interdicted to them.

In 1838 and 1839 arose for the first time the question of headlands, when several American fishing vessels were seized by the British cruisers for fishing in large bays, such as Fundy and Chaleurs. Several despatches were exchanged between the two governments concerning the interpretation of the renunciation contained in the Convention of 1818, the United States contending that the word "bays" could not mean such large bays as that of Fundy, sixty miles wide at its entrance, and the Bay of Chaleurs, thirty miles wide at its mouth. Great Britain, on her side, contended that the Convention having made no discrimination, there could not be any by process of interpretation. This question having been renewed before the Halifax Commission, it was made the subject of exhaustive special arguments in the American brief, and in the answer made to that brief by Her Majesty's counsel.

When Mr. Webster was Secretary of State he admitted by implication that the interpretation of Great Britain was the right one, by qualifying the framing of the Convention as an *oversight*. And afterwards when the Reciprocity Treaty

was discussed in the Senate, several members, Mr. Seward amongst them, adopted the British views, Mr. Seward disclaiming the arguments used for obtaining access to the great British bays, as calculated to open to the world the large bays of the United States, such as Long Island Sound, Delaware Bay, Albemarle Sound, Chesapeake Bay, the Bay of Monterey, and perhaps the Bay of San Francisco.

Any one who will read the terms of the renunciation, contained in the first article of the Convention of 1818, cannot but be convinced that the renunciation could hardly apply to other bays than those wider than six miles at their entrance. The American agent, Mr. Judge Foster, submitted an elaborate argument, in his brief, to show that according to a common rule of international law, foreigners would be excluded from a zone of three miles along the coast, namely, from the reach of a cannon shot (old range), which rule would exclude foreigners from any bay not wider than six miles, inasmuch as cannons placed at the point of each head of a bay, could send shots three miles each side, and would thereby sweep an area of six miles. Then it required no treaty stipulations to exclude foreigners from such bay, and the convention must have meant larger bays. Those who were not convinced by the rhetoric of Mr. Webster and Mr. Seward, contended that it meant smaller bays included in large bays, such as Fundy and Chaleurs, and they derived great strength from the fact that in 1845, England conceded to Americans the right to enter the Bay of Fundy, provided they would keep away three miles from the coast. But on what ground was this concession made? *Because one of the headlands was not British*, a fact which unavoidably opened to Americans the right to enter the Bay, on their side at least, and made it an intricate question as to where to draw a line of exclusion in the remainder of the Bay. That difficulty could not apply to Conception Bay in Newfoundland, to Chaleurs or Miramichi, in the Gulf of St Lawrence.

Practically that question of headlands lost all importance after evidence adduced before the Halifax Commission, inasmuch as no fishing seemed to have been pursued in the large bays, except within three miles from the coast,—from which all Americans admitted they were plainly excluded by the renunciation alluded to. Acting upon this admitted fact, all the efforts of the American counsel and agent were directed to prove that American fishermen generally fished on the grounds granted to them by the Convention of 1818, and on banks situated more than three miles from the prohibited coasts, such as Bradelle, Orphans, Miscou, &c., &c., which they called the high sea, open to the whole world, by the law of nations.

The British counsel, on their side, brought an overwhelming mass of evidence to make out that most of the fishing both by British subjects and Americans was prosecuted along the coasts, within the limit forbidden to Americans. The unanimity of American witnesses to prove that they used to fish on *banks*, when it was not on the coast of Labrador, and around the Magdalen Islands, where they could go at any distance from the coast, under the terms of the Convention of 1818, struck Mr. Doutre as a complete evidence that the only fishing grounds worth being explored lay within three miles of the coast everywhere, and he went in search of a scientific reason to explain the fact, and found it in a remarkable work, prepared by Professor Hind, of Windsor, N. S., for the Commission, and he concluded that there was no deep sea fishing in contra-distinction of *banks and shore* fisheries. This demonstration is interesting and we give it here *verbatim*:—

MR. DOUTRE.—"Is not the result of the whole

evidence on both sides, that fish is to be found on the coast, within a few miles, or on banks, and nowhere else? This is the practical experience of all fishermen. Now, science explains why it is so. That class of evidence is unanimous on this most important particular, namely, as to the temperature necessary to the existence of the cold water fish in commercial abundance, such as the cod and its tribe, the mackerel and the herring, which include all the fish valuable to our commerce. According to the evidence I shall quote, the increasing warmth of the coastal waters of the United States as summer advances, drives the fish off the coast south of New England into the deep sea, and puts a stop to the summer fishing for these fish on those parts of the coast in the United States,—a condition of things due to the shoreward swing of the Gulf Stream there. On the other hand, it is stated that on the coasts of British America, where the Arctic current prevails, the fish come inshore during the summer months, and retire to the deep sea in the winter months.

"Professor Baird says, on page 455 of his evidence before the Commission, speaking of the codfish in answer to the question put by Mr. Dana, 'What do you say of their migrations?' Answer—'The cod is a fish the migrations of which cannot be followed readily, because it is a deep-sea fish and does not show on the surface, as the mackerel and herring; but so far as we can ascertain, there is a partial migration,—at least some of the fish don't seem to remain in the same localities the year round. They change their situation in search of food, or in *consequence* of the *variations* in the *temperature*, the percentage of salt in the water, or some other cause. In the south of New England, south of Cape Cod, the fishing is largely off-shore. That is to say, the fish are off the coast in the cooler water in the summer, and as the temperature falls approaching autumn, and the shores are cooled down to a certain degree, they come in and are taken within a few miles of the coast. In the *Northern waters*, as far as I can understand from the writings of Professor Hind, the fish generally go off-shore in the *winter time*, excepting on the south side of Newfoundland, where, I am informed, they maintain their stay, or else come in in large numbers; but in the Bay of Fundy, on the coast of Maine and still further north they don't remain as close to the shore in winter as in other seasons.'

"You will observe that Professor Baird limits his statement that the warm water in summer drives the fish off the coasts of the United States to the south of New England only. The water appears to be cold enough for them on the coast of Maine in summer to permit of their coming in shore. But now let us see what he says of the condition of the fisheries there. In his official report for 1872 and '73, the following remarkable statement is to be found:—

"'Whatever may be the importance of increasing the supply of salmon, it is trifling compared with the restoration of our *exhausted* cod-fisheries; and should these be brought back to their original condition, we shall find within a short time, an increase of wealth on our shores' the amount of which it would be difficult to calculate. Not only would the general prosperity of the adjacent States be enhanced, but in the increased number of vessels built, in the larger number of men induced to devote themselves to maritime pursuits, and in the general stimulus to everything connected with the business of the seafaring profession, we should be recovering in great measure from that loss which has been the source of so much lamentation to political economists and well-wishers of the country.'—*Page XIV. Report of Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries*, 1872-73.

"It thus appears from the testimony of Professor Baird, that the cod are driven off the shores of the United States south of New England by the increase of temperature in the summer months, and on the New England and Maine shores the cod-fisheries are exhausted. The only conclusions that can be drawn from these facts are that the sole dependence of the United States fishermen for cod, which is the most important commercial sea-fish, is, with the single exception of George's shoals, altogether in waters off the British American coast line.

"Professor Hind says in relation to this subject and in answer to the questions,

"What about the cod? Is it a fish that requires a low temperature? A. 'With regard to the spawning of cod, it always seeks the coldest water wherever ice is not present. In all the spawning grounds from the Straits of Belle Isle down to Massachusetts Bay,—and they are very numerous indeed,—they spawn during almost all seasons of the year, and always in those localities where the water is coldest, verging on the freezing point. That is the freezing point of fresh water, not of salt, because there is a vast difference between the two.

"The cause of the spawning of the cod and mackerel, at certain points of the United States coasts, is thus stated by the same witness:

"Q. Now take the American Coast, show the Commission where the cold water strikes. A. According to Professor Baird's reports' there are three notable points where the Arctic current impinges upon the banks and shoals within the limits of the United States waters, and where the cod and mackerel spawning grounds are found. If you will bear in mind the large map we had a short time ago, there were four spots marked on that map as indicating spawning grounds for mackerel. If you will lay down upon the chart those points which Professor Verrill has established as localities where the Arctic current is brought up, you will find that they exactly coincide. One spot is the George's shoals.'

"So dependent is the cod upon cold waters for its existence that Professor Baird tells in reply to the question put by Mr. Thomson:—'Could cod from your knowledge live in the waters which are frequented by the mullet?' 'No; neither could the mullet live in the waters which are frequented by the cod.'—p. 471. Now in another portion of his evidence Professor Baird says (page 416) that "the mullet is quite abundant at some seasons on the

south side of New England;" and thus we have in a different manner explained the reason why the cod cannot live in summer on the shores of the United States south of Cape Cod on account of the water being too warm, and the evidence of the witness is confirmed by the following evidence of Professor Hind:

"Q. Are those three fishing localities on the American coast, Block Island, George's Bank, and Stellwagen's Bank in Massachusetts Bay affected every year, and if so, in what way, by the action of the Gulf Stream? A. 'The whole of the coast of the United States, south of Cape Cod, is affected by the Gulf Stream during the summer season. At Stonington the temperature is so warm even in June that the cod and haddock cannot remain there. They are all driven off by this warm influx of the summer flow of the Gulf Stream. The same observation applies to certain portions of the New England coast.' —*Rebuttal evidence*, p. 3.

"The testimony of these two scientific witnesses then agrees completely with reference to the important question of temperature. We all know of the enormous fleet annually sent by the Americans to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, the Nova Scotia banks, and the various banks in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. With the exception of the comparatively small quantity of cod taken on the United States coasts, in spring and fall, and on George's Shoals, the greater part of the $4,831,000 worth of the cod tribe, which the tables put in by Prof. Baird show us to be the catch of last year of United States fishermen, must necessarily have been taken in British American waters, or off British American coasts, for there are no other waters in which Americans take this fish.

"Turning now to the mackerel, we shall find that the same prevailing influence, namely that of temperature, actually defines the spawning area and limits the feeding grounds of this fish.

"Colonel Benjamin F. Cook, Inspector of Customs, Gloucester, tells the commission that this very year, 'In the spring, out South, there was a large amount of mackerel, and late this fall, when we were coming from home recently, the mackerel had appeared in large quantities from Mount Desert down to Block Island; but during the middle of summer they seem to have sunk or disappeared.'—*Page* 182.

"In the portion of Professor Hind's testimony, just quoted, the cause of the mackerel seeking three or four points only on the United States coasts to spawn in the spring is given, which is that there the Arctic current impinges on the coast line. Cold water is then brought to the surface, and as both the eggs of the cod and of the mackerel float, the low condition of temperature required is produced there by this northern current. This question of the floating of the eggs of the cod and of the mackerel is very important, for when the time of spawning is considered, it shows from the testimony of both witnesses that the coldest months in the year are selected by the cod in United States waters; and the mackerel spawn only when the Arctic current or its offset ensure the requisite degree of cold. The same peculiarity, according to Professor Baird, holds good with regard to the herring. This condition of extreme low temperature, necessary for the three commercial fishes, so limits the area of suitable waters off the coast of the United States, that the American fishermen are compelled to come to British American coasts for their supply of these fish, whether for food or for bait.

"All the American witnesses concur in the statement that the codfishery is the most profitable, and there is an equal concurrence of statement that the codfishery is erroneously styled an off-shore, or so-called deep-sea fishery.

"I call attention to the codfishery, as pursued by the great Jersey houses, wholly in small open boats, and almost always within three miles from the shore; to the codfishery pursued on the Labrador Coast, wholly inshore; on the whole extent of Newfoundland, except a small portion of the western coast also wholly inshore; to the codfisheries pursued in the deep bays and among the islands of Nova Scotia, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, on the northern coast of Cape Breton quite close to the shore.

"That leads me, by a natural connection, to banks and shoals, for it has been shown that these bring the cold water of the Arctic current to the surface, by obstructing its passage. The underlying cold current rises over the banks and pushes the warmer water on each side. All our testimony goes to prove that the mackerel are almost altogether taken on shores, banks and shoals, where the water is cold. An off-shore bank is a submarine elevation,—a hill top in the sea,—and the temperature here is cold, because the Arctic current or cold underlying strata of water rises over the banks, with the daily flow of the tides. (Professor Hind's paper, p. 97) This is the fisherman's ground, both for cod at some seasons and for mackerel at all seasons. But what of a shelving or sloping coast two or three miles out to sea, exposed to the full sweep of the tides? Is not that also practically one side of a bank, over which the flood tide brings the cold underlying waters, and mixes them with the warm surface waters, producing in such localities the required temperature? Looking at the chart of Prince Edward Island, the Magdalen Islands and the estuary of the St. Lawrence, there is no part of the Magdalen Islands, where the Americans fish within the three-mile limit, where water is so deep as within the three-mile limit on Prince Edward Island, east of Rustico, and covering fully one-half the mackerel ground there. The depth of water between two and three miles from the coast is shown on the Admiralty chart, to vary there from 9 to 13 fathoms within those limits, or 54 and 78 feet,—enough to float the largest man-of-war and leave 25 to 40 feet beneath her keel. It will be remembered that in one of the extracts I have read the depth of water where fish are taken, is given at from five to eight fathoms. And yet, we have been constantly assured that there is not water enough for inshore mackerel fishing in vessels drawing 13 feet water at the utmost! Besides all this, we have the testimony so frequently advanced

from fishermen on the shores of Prince Edward Island, that the American fishermen were a source of alarm and injury to them, on account of their lee-bowing their boats. This proves two important facts,—first, that the American fishermen did and do constantly come within the three-mile limit to fish for mackerel, and they come in with their vessels, because the fish is there.

"Having given the reason why these cold-water species of fish, according to a law of nature, must be found quite close in shore, I will now proceed to show that the facts put in evidence fully sustain science."

This field of evidence is, however, too wide to venture into it. We prefer noticing another subject treated quite humorously by the speaker.

"Until quite recently, American fishermen were under the firm impression that the mackerel was an American born fish—from the neighborhood of Newport, Rock Island, Cape Henlopen, Cape May, and other places on the American coasts, which were and are spawning grounds. Under that notion, whatever mackerel was to be found in Canadian waters, were nothing but the migrating product of the fertile American coasts. That theory was touchingly impressed upon the minds of the Joint High Commissioners during the winter and in the early spring, which preceded the Washington Treaty. The mackerel of the Canadian waters were represented as a species of strayed chicken or domestic duck and pigeon, which the owner had the right to follow on his neighbor's farm. At that time, they had no interest at all in depreciating our fish, and Canadian mackerel were then quoted at the highest rates on the markets of Gloucester and Boston; this was avowedly the case. They had even prepared statistics for the Centennial, in which these fish were at the highest price quoted on these markets, because it was only the prodigal son which was thus offered. Some of the British Joint High Commissioners under this strong assertion of right, felt a deep commiseration for the proprietor of the poultry in being restricted to certain grounds in the execution of a search warrant for the recovery of his property; and in order to repair the cruelties of the Convention of 1818, they were—like a facetious American writer—prepared to sacrifice all their wives' relatives to do something at our expense for the United States, as an atonement for that long injustice.

"While these notions were prevalent, our American friends spoke highly of a property which constructively was their own. In a long article on the fisheries, published in the New York *World* of the 15th April, 1871, not quite a month before the signing of the Washington Treaty, evidently written by a well-informed person, we read the following:—

"'About the middle of April, or the 1st of May, the mackerel fleet makes the first trip of the season to off Newport, Rock Island, Cape Henlopen, and Cape May; and if they have good luck, may get as much as 200 barrels to each vessel. Those are all, however, poor fish, only ranking as No. 2, and sometimes not even that. A little later in the season, say in June, and far northward, "No. 2" fish are caught, but it is not until the middle and latter part of August, that up in the Bay of Chaleur, off Prince Edward's Island, and off the Magdalen Islands, in Canadian waters, the finest and fattest fish, both Nos. 1 and 2, are caught. From the time they are first struck in the Bay of Chaleur, the mackerel move steadily southward, until they leave Canadian waters, and are off Maine and Massachusetts, the fishermen, both American and Canadian, following them.'

"As already said, this idea of a migrating mackerel prevailed until Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, and other specialists, destroyed it by asserting that the mackerel was a steady and non-migrating squatter,—that what was found on the American coasts was born there, and remained there, in a pretty limited circle of motion induced by necessity of finding food; that what was caught in Canadian waters, was also born, and had there its habitat in similar conditions of circumnavigation for food, or to escape from predacious fish. From the moment our friends discovered that the fish which were caught in the Bay were Canadian fish, these lost with them all prestige. From that moment, American witnesses, heard in the case, called our mackerel trash, others invented a contemptuous word to describe its rank inferiority, and called it eel-grass mackerel, something hardly good for manure, unfit for quotation on the market of the United States.

"We do not claim such marked superiority for Canadian mackerel as was attributed to them when supposed to be of American growth; but the evidence fairly weighed shows that, while both shores have good, indifferent and inferior mackerel at times, as a whole, the Gulf mackerel have commanded a higher price on the American market than American caught mackerel,—and in a run of years the quantity caught in the Gulf was, as well as quality, superior to American shore mackerel."

Notwithstanding the force of these arguments the speaker felt he could not find a satisfactory basis to fix a definite amount of compensation. This was not, however, totally wanting, as will be seen by the following:—

"The valuation which this Commission is called upon to make of the respective advantages resulting from the Treaty, can hardly be based on an arithmetical appreciation of the quantity of fish caught by Americans in the three-mile limit, although the evidence given on this point cannot but assist the Commissioners in forming their opinion. No tribunal of arbitration probably ever had to deal with such variable and

uncertain elements; and if the Commission were left without anything to guide them towards a port of refuge, they would be left on a sea of vagueness as to amount. Fortunately they will find in the case an anchor, something of a definite character to guide them. During the Conferences of the Joint High Commission, the representatives of the United States offered to add to fish and fish oil, as additional compensation, the admission, free of duty, of coal, salt and lumber. The annual value of the duty on these articles in the United States, taking an average of the period from 1864 to 1875, would be:—

	Value.	Duty.
Coal..............	$773,645	$190,886
Salt..............	91,774	46,182
Timber and lumber..	7,345,394	1,083,609
		$1,330,677

Which gives for the twelve years of the Treaty the sum of $15,848,125. The annual value of the duties in Canada on these articles, taking an average of the same period, would be:—

	Value.	Duty.
Coal..............	$1,196,469	$8,491
Salt..............	92,332	248
Timber and lumber..	500,085	6,874
		$15,613

American Duties for 12 years.	$15,848,124
Canadian do. do. do..	187,356
The balance in favor of Canada would therefore be...........	$15,660,768

"If the matter had been settled on that basis, it does not mean that Canada would have received $15,660,768 as a direct compensation paid into her Treasury, but according to the theory adopted by American statesmen, it would have cost that sum to have acquired those fishing privileges."

After receiving this part of the British case which supports the claim for indemnity, the speaker discourses as follows on the advantages alleged to have been conferred upon the Canadians by the Washington Treaty:—

"When we come to deal with the privileges granted by the Americans to the subjects of Her Majesty in British North America, we find them to be of two kinds:

"1st.—Right to fish on the south-eastern coast of the United States to the 39th parallel of north latitude.

"2nd.—The admission, free of duty, of fish and fish oil, the produce of British North American fisheries into the United States market.

"As to the privilege of fishing in American waters, this Commission will have very little difficulty in disposing of it. In the first instance has been proved that the most of the fish to be found in these waters are caught 30 and 90 miles offshore, almost exclusively on Georges Bank, and the British fishermen would not derive their right of fishing there from treaties, but from international law. In the second place no British subject has ever resorted to American waters, and the province of the Commissioners being limited to twelve years, to be computed from the 1st July, 1873, there is no possibility to suppose that they will ever resort to these waters, at least during the Treaty. There remains, then, but one item to be considered, as constituting a possible offset, that is the admission, free of duty, of Canadian fish and fish oil. This raises several questions of political economy, but I will limit myself to say that if the question now under consideration were pending between the fishermen of the two countries, individually, this would suggest views which cannot be entertained as between the two Governments.

"The controverted doctrines between Free Traders and Protectionists, as to who pays the duty under a protective tariff, whether it is the producer or customer, seems to be solved by this universal feature that, in no country in the world has the consumer ever started and supported an agitation for a protective tariff; on the contrary we find everywhere directing and nursing the movements of public opinion on this matter, none but the producers and manufacturers. This cannot be explained otherwise than that the manufacturer receives in addition to a remunerative value for his goods the amount of duty as a bonus, which constitutes an artificial value levied on the consumer. It is in most instances the consumer that pays the whole amount of the duty. In a few cases there may be a proportion borne by the producer, and there is no process of reasoning or calculation to determine that proportion. When duties are imposed on articles of food which cannot be classed among luxuries, there seems to be no possibility of a doubt that the whole duty is paid by the consumer. Salt cod or mackerel will never be called luxuries of food. A duty imposed upon such articles had the effect of raising their cost far above the amount of duty, and had thereby the effect of increasing the profit of the producer, at the expense of the consumer. For instance, a barrel of mackerel which would have brought $10.00 when admitted free, brought $14.00 under a tariff of $2.00 per barrel; and statistics prove that fact, which I will not undertake to explain. This being so, however, would it be equitable to subject the Canadian Government to the payment of an indemnity to the United States for providing American citizens with a cheap and wholesome article of food, when it is evident that the Canadian fishermen have, as a rule, been benefited by the existence of an American duty on the product of their fisheries? The Government of the Dominion any more than its inhabitants has not suffered in an appreciable manner from the imposition of duties on fish, and the remission of that duty has been profitable only to the consumers of the United States or to the merchant who re-exports Canadian fish to foreign countries. We may therefore conclude that in a fiscal or

pecuniary point of view the remission of duty almost exclusively profits the citizens of the United States. The admission of the United States fishermen to British waters at this period is pregnant with advantages unknown under the Reciprocity Treaty. Of late numerous new lines of railway have been built in all the British Provinces bordering or in the immediate neighborhood of the United States, especially in the Provinces of Quebec, New Brunswick, P. E. Island, and Nova Scotia. A new industry consisting in the carrying of fresh fish all over the Continent, as far as California, has sprung up of late. With the confessed exhaustion of most of the American sea-fisheries this industry must find the largest part of its supplies in British waters.

"To these varied advantages must be added the political boon conferred upon the United States, of allowing them to raise and educate, in the only possible school, that class of seamen which constitutes the outer fortification of every country, and of protecting her against the advance of her enemies on the seas. Would it not be a monstrous anomaly, if, by means of an indirect compensation, under the name of offset, the Canadian Government should be taxed for creating a United States navy, from which alone Canadians might entertain apprehensions in the future? I am sure any tribunal would pause before committing such a flagrant act of injustice."

It will be remembered that, at a certain stage of the proceedings, the American agent and counsel raised successfully the question whether the Commission had, under the Washington Treaty, any right to grant compensation for the advantages resulting to American fishermen from the purchase of bait or supplies, and of transshipping their cargoes in British ports, and that the Commission had declared itself incompetent to grant such indemnity. When the Commission determined the point, Sir Alexander T. Galt made important remarks, which have not yet been published outside of the record of the Commission. Amongst other things he said:

" * * * I feel it my duty to acquiesce in the decision. * * * I find that the effect of the motion and of the argument which has been given upon it, is to limit the power of this tribunal to certain specified points. This definition is undoubtedly important in its consequences. It eliminates from the consideration of the commission an important part of the case, submitted on behalf of Her Majesty's Government * * * at the same time it has the further important effect that it defines and limits the rights conceded to the citizens of the United States, under the Treaty of Washington. * * * * I quite believe that the intention of the parties to the Treaty, was to direct this Tribunal to consider all the points relating to the fisheries, which have been set forth in the British case. But I am now met by the most authoritative statement as to what were the intentions of the parties to the Treaty. There can be no stronger or better evidence of what the United States proposed to acquire under the Washington Treaty, than the authoritative statement which has been made by their agent before us here, and by their counsel, We are now distinctly told that it was not the intention of the United States, in any way, by that treaty, to provide for the continuation of these incidental privileges, and that the United States are prepared to take the whole responsibility, and to run all the risk of the re-enactment of the vexatious statutes to which reference has been made. * * * * The responsibility is accepted by, and must rest upon those who appeal to the strict words of the Treaty, as their justification. I therefore, while I regret that this Tribunal does not find itself in a position to give full consideration to all the points that may be brought up on behalf of the Crown, as proof of the advantages which the United States derive from their admission to fish in British waters, still feel myself, under the obligation which I have incurred, required to assent to the decision which has been communicated to the agents of the two Governments, by the President of this Tribunal."

In the course of these remarks, which we are obliged to abridge, Sir Alexander T. Galt showed that it was in the exercise of these unconceded rights, in former times, that the American fishermen felt most embarrassed, and even, as they alleged, persecuted in the pursuit of their avocation, and the best informed persons about the fisheries were of opinion that this motion of the American agent was most injudicious and even tantamount to putting into the hands of the Canadians the means of nullifying practically the Treaty, if they felt disposed to act in the rigid interpretation of the Treaty suggested or rather insisted upon by the Americans.

To understand this, one must know something on these matters. First in reference to bait: no bait, no fishing. Fresh bait, even in ice, cannot keep more than two or three days. Herring and mackerel, which are used as bait for fishing cod and mackerel, may be

preserved in ice more than a week, for human consumption ; but when used as bait, after two days, ice has destroyed their consistency, and they drop from the line at the slightest contact, so that fish eat the bait without touching the hook. American fishermen cannot therefore bring fresh bait from home. They bring salt bait, and it may do as long as all the fishermen use salt bait ; but if one man comes near them with fresh bait, no more fish is caught with salt bait. One or two small Canadian boats fishing with fresh bait amongst fifty American large vessels may destroy all chances of catching any more fish with salt bait for all these vessels. The fisheries cannot consequently be prosecuted successfully without facilities for procuring fresh bait, which is almost exclusively caught near the shore. True, the Americans may go now and fish themselves for bait, but it entails great loss of time, which may be far more profitably used in fishing for a cargo. Fresh bait may be purchased in every port, and even on any part of the coast, if it can legally be done ; but if the operation be illegal, the penalty is the forfeiture of the vessel and cargo.

The same may be said of the purchase of supply, to feed the crew, or repairing damage. If the provisions of a vessel are exhausted, and if it be illegal to purchase any from the inhabitants of the Province, there is no remedy but to go home, seven, eight hundred or a thousand miles distance, with an incomplete cargo, to refit.

The right of transhipment enables a vessel which has been successful, to transfer her cargo on a steamer or send it by rail to the market (Boston generally), and to remain on good fishing grounds to continue fishing. Thus a vessel may catch 1,500 or 2,000 barrels of mackerel or other fish, in one season, instead of 500 or at most 1,000 barrels, if the weather allows them to go home to unload and come back during the same season.

After pointedly demanding and receiving an indemnity for these advantages, could it be reasonably supposed that Canadians might resort to annoying legislation on these subjects ? Was it judicious to think that they would be supported by the Home Government, if they attempted to pass and enforce statutes to deprive the Americans of these advantages, after the payment of compensation ?

As the matter stands, now that these incidental facilities have been excluded from the consideration of the Commission, the award covers none of those advantages, and after being fully paid the amount of the award, the Home and Dominion Governments are perfectly free to enforce the forfeiture of any American vessel caught in the act of purchasing bait or supplies, or of transshipping cargoes within three miles of any port or shore, except the coasts of Labrador and of the Magdalen Islands. The usual shrewdness of our American friends has, in this instance, signally failed to inspire their diplomacy. We hope, however, that the Dominion Parliament and Government will take a broader and more liberal view of the question, and will not punish the American fishermen for this bit of shortsightedness in their diplomatic agents.

D.

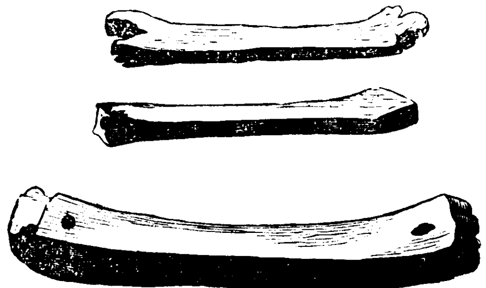
SKATING.

A FEW WORDS ON THE HISTORY AND PRACTICE OF SKATING.

At what date skating was first practised, history does not precisely state, but there is every reason to suppose it was in vogue many centuries ago. In the ancient collection of Scandinavian songs and legends, known as the "Edda," Uller, the handsome god, is described there as being the possessor of a pair of skates. This, if taken as the earliest known date when skates are heard of, would prove that at least the graceful art is more than a thousand years old. The first known of the skate by the English people was in the twelfth century, but it was used by some of the central nations of Europe much earlier. In Fitzstephens' "History of London," written in the thirteenth century, the earliest English book in which skating is spoken of, a description is given of the skate and how it was used. The skate of that day was made of the shinbone of the ox or other large animals. Holes were bored through them, through which cords of untanned hide were passed, for the purpose of binding to the feet. The skaters generally propelled themselves by an iron-shod pole, which they struck against the ice. Grease was also put on the runner to make it slide easier. Excavation and the march of civilization have unearthed in several parts of Europe specimens of the earlier bone skate for the delighted gaze of antiquarians. Perhaps the most complete and best preserved pair are in the British Museum. They were found some years ago in Moorfields, near Finsbury Cross, England.

ANCIENT BONE SKATE 11 INCHES LONG.

A curious fact in relation to Northern countries and skates, on the continents of Europe and America, is, that while all the Northern nations possessed the sledge, those of America had not the skate, and the European would have stared in astonishment at the American Indian's snow-shoe. This may be accounted for on the ground that in America, in the higher latitudes, the snow-fall is greater, and consequently open ice is a rarity, while in the corresponding parts of Europe there is less snow, and therefore more clear ice. The conclusion to be drawn from this would be, no doubt, that the course of invention varied according to the climate and requirements. True, there is a snow-shoe in Norway, but it appears as if it was the parent of the bone skate. This kind of snow-shoe is not in any particular like the one used in

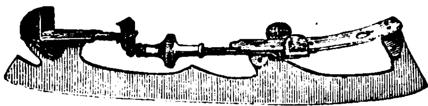


BONE SKATES 9 AND 13¾ INCHES LONG.

Canada, and its purposes are also different.

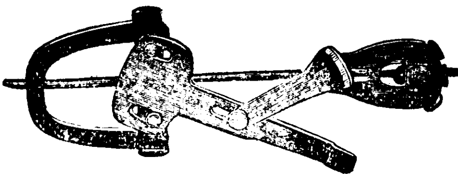
The Scandinavian snow-shoe is similar in construction to the skate, only that it is from six to seven feet in length, and is used by the people of Scandinavia for sliding down the sides of their great mountains and for travelling and hunting. Their snow-falls are light and soon harden so as to admit of this kind of shoe or long skate, which would be useless in this country, where the snow-fall is so great.

The word skate in Anglo-Saxon was *scitan*, to throw out; the Dutch *schattes*, French *eschasses*, Italian *scatta*, English *escatches*, or scatches, scate, skait, skate.



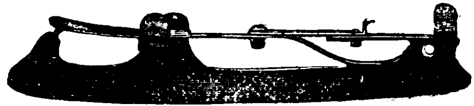
THE "EUREKA."

History is also at a loss to state when the bone skates were given up and iron ones substituted. Everything directly points to Holland as the country which first adopted the iron skates with a groove or gutter running down the centre of the blade for the better gripping of the ice. These were known to the Dutch, and were freely used by all classes of the people, long before the healthy pastime of skating became general elsewhere. With the Dutch, skating is not only considered a graceful, invigorating, healthy amusement, but it



"ACME"—MODE OF ADJUSTMENT.

is looked upon as one of the useful arts. It is universally practised by all classes, the young being all trained to move in winter by means of the skate, as it offers them a convenient mode of travel over the canals, which spread themselves like a network through the Land of Dykes.

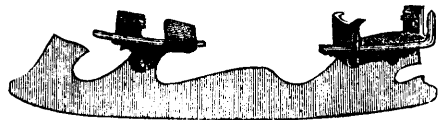


THE "ACME."

Skating to church and market in Holland are scenes that nearly every one has heard of through the medium of the canvas and brush of the artist, and the pen of the poet.

As the pastime spread over Northern Europe, many great improvements were from time to time made in the skate. Our ancestors threw one side the old bone and its torturing cords for the gutter; it to be superseded by a more improved skate without the gutter, but still requiring the strap and buckle so annoying to the skater.

But it is to Canadian perseverance and invention that the world owes the present modern pattern of skate, under



THE "CANADIAN CLUB."

the names of "Victoria Club," "Acme," "Canadian" and "Eureka" Club. These, easy of adjustment to the boot in a few seconds, are neat and light in appearance, made of good material, and fanciful in style. They completely do away with the uncomfortable feelings the skater experienced after a few hours skating with the old-fashioned wooden patten skate. There is no need now to stop when heated on the ice, to take in another "reef," as the strap stretched, until the last hole was reached, with many a groan as the toes were squeezed one over the other, stopping the

circulation and causing the wearer to run a good chance of being frost-bitten. The strap and buckles are gone forever, and all that now remains of them amongst those who love the graceful art are the feelings that the sight of them call up in the mind as they are seen binding the feet of some poor novice, too ignorant, perhaps, to know the pains and penalties he has placed himself under in purchasing such things. In buying skates our advice is, get the best and most modernized in the market, for the improvements have all been made only on sound practical experience. Those before mentioned are nearly perfect as regards style and comfort.

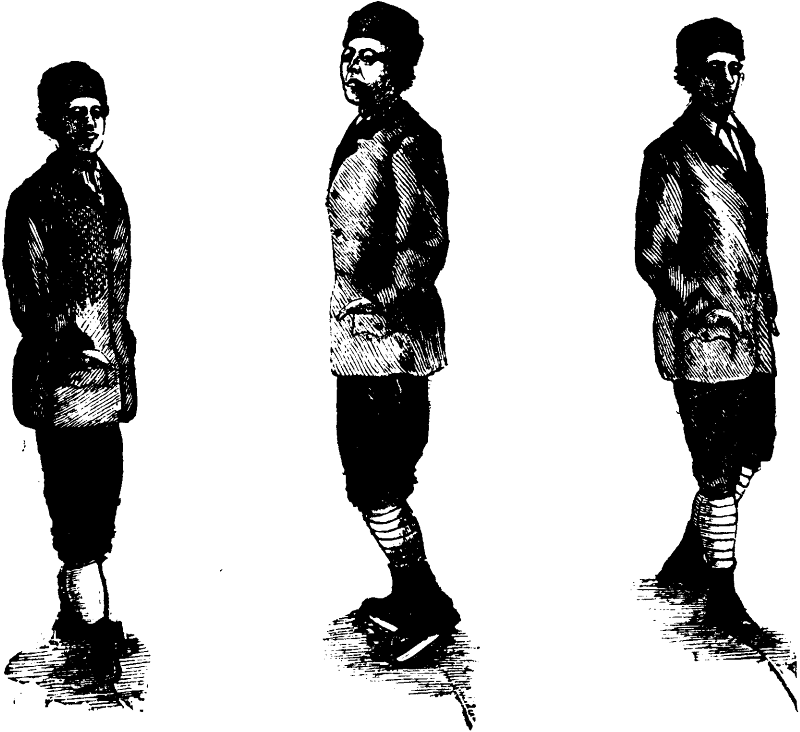
In Canada and the United States means have been taken, in consequence of our heavy snow-falls, to provide places where the art of skating can be followed in all weathers. It is needless to speak to Canadians of rinks, for no country can boast of such spacious halls of this nature as can Canada. The more northern of the United States bordering on Canada possess a few good rinks, but in Canada cities, towns, and even villages have each their rink. Within the walls of the Victoria Rink of Montreal, which is, perhaps, the finest in the world, for the last four years have been trials of skill on skates that have never been excelled, if ever rivalled. To our amiable Governor-General, Earl Dufferin, and his Countess, this is owing. His Excellency, a lover of all manly sports, was on his arrival in Canada astonished at the apathy shown by Canadians in so grand an amusement. Like all strangers, he quickly noticed the fact that this healthy and invigorating pastime was not sufficiently appreciated, and took steps to remedy the evil.

While the military were here skating was in great favor with our Canadian belles. The Victoria Rink on a band evening was generally so crowded that practising any new figure was out of the question, and the small boys who dodged in and out in close proximity to the skater required him to keep his eyes about him, and to follow the crowd as it surged round to the music of the "Pas des Patineurs" or the "Sleigh Bell Galop" as played by the band of the Rifles. The sport, however, went out of fashion when the military left Montreal, but received a sudden impulse when the news was heralded forth that Earl Dufferin had put up for competition for the championship of Canada a gold medal for the gentlemen and a like prize for the ladies, to be skated for at the Victoria Rink, Montreal, the prizes to be open to all properly constituted skating clubs in Canada.

The following gentlemen hold the Govenor-General's gold medal as champions of the Dominion. Mr. Geddes received it in 1872, when there was no competition; a dispute having arisen as to the ability of the judges. His Excellency was annoyed at the competitors (Mr. Geddes excepted) refusing to skate, and expressed his displeasure in sharp language. Subsequently, however, on the circumstances of the case being put before him, he expressed himself satisfied with the explanation of the trouble. The following year some dozen of the best skaters of the Dominion put in an appearance, His Excellency and Lady Dufferin honoring the occasion, as they have done at each tournament, and the prize was awarded to Mr. Frank Jarvis after a tough fight. In 1874 Mr. Barnston gained it; Mr. Barlow in 1875. In the following year the conditions under which the medal was given not being complied with, there was no competition.

To the unskilled a few suggestions from an old skater may not come amiss. A "verdant green" looking on at the mazy evolutions of an expert on the steels, is apt to become dispirited by a sense of his own inferiority, and so goes off discouraged; he knows he can do some things fairly well, the "roll," the

"outside edge," the "eight," the "three," but when the "ransome," or "flying three," the "rocking turns," "grape vines," "double eights," with loops, and "shamrock," are expected as part of the success of an accomplished skater, why, then, on the fox and sour grape principle, in his opinion



INSIDE EDGE FORWARDS. INSIDE EDGE BACKWARDS. OUTSIDE EDGE FORWARD.

skating is of very little account and not worth the trouble. Because one cannot come up to the standard of a few experts, that is no reason why so pleasant a pastime should be given up. Perseverance, pluck, strength, and a good temper are all that is required (with a good pair of skates), to make a good skater. The fantastic performances that "verdant green" gets discouraged at are not so difficult of acquiring. Like everything else, certain fixed rules must be followed in skating before a complete mastery of the art is gained.

The beginner, after having managed to go along moderately well in straightforward fashion, should then give all his attention to the practice of the "outside" and "inside edge" alternately by both feet. The terms "outside" and "inside edge," it may be mentioned, are merely technical terms, for there is really only one edge, and that is the edge of inclination. As proof of this, if the ice was so hard as to permit one to use a skate as thin as a knife the plurality of edges would be hard to find. Unfortunately many do not follow out the rule of learning the "edges" first, but try to cut a "three" or "eight" before they really know the first principle of skating. The acquiring of the "edges" and "rolls" are essentially necessary; they are the stepping stones to all other intricate figures, and the novice who once masters them

has found the royal road to being a good and graceful skater.

The grace and dignity of carriage of the body is greatly assisted by skating. The old saying that a good dancer is generally a good skater has numerous examples in Montreal and all over Canada, and the well-known queenly walk of the Dutch women is no doubt due to their skating to market with loads carried on the head. This requires that the head shall be well poised on the shoulders and carried so, to ensure the safety of the load; which expands the chest, squares the shoulders, and necessarily gives more breathing space to the lungs, the fountain-spring of life. The improvement in skating over what it was a quarter of a century ago is very great, and is in a measure due to the improved skate, and the rivalry instituted by the several rinks throughout the country offering valuable prizes at skating tournaments for the best experts on the steels.

There is no question in the mind of the writer that Canada possesses the best and most graceful skaters in the world. The Canadian style of skating is quite different from that of our American cousins. The latter are very cramped and clumsy in their movements, while the "Kanuck" has all the skimming grace of the swallow. The best representatives in the States are Jackson Haines, Callie Curtis, and Eggler. Yet not one of them can be called a really good skater (although they all claim the championship of the wordl), for the reason that grace and ease are wanting in all they do in the way of cutting figures. The best American skaters have always had to give the palm of victory to the Canadian. The Russians are good skaters, but like the Yankee, clumsy and bearlike in movement. They as well as the Dutch excel in long distance skating, requiring great powers of endurance. Even in that part of the art Canadians would not be far behind, while in figure skating they would leave all competitors in rear. The only approach to our style of skating in Canada is by the English "London Skating Club," which numbers amongst its members the wealthiest and most aristocratic of the land. This club, which is of old standing, founded in 1830, has fostered skating to a great degree in England, and although they only get on an average five or six weeks' practice weather during the year, and some years none at all, yet they have sent forth some of the finest skaters the world has known. It is a well-known fact that ladies and gentlemen from England, after a winter in Canada, generally turn out to be our most accomplished skaters, the simple reason being they were well grounded in the "rolls" and "edges."

The records of the following fast skating from sporting papers will perhaps be interesting:—In 1867, C. Ochford, Detroit, Mich., skated sixty consecutive hours, stopping twelve minutes in each twelve hours; 1867, T Prentiss, Quincey to Lagrange, Ill., fifteen miles in fifty minutes; 1868, John Compess, Lake Simcoe, Canada, eight miles in eight minutes ten and a half seconds; 1868, E. St. Clair, Cincinnati, Ohio, one hundred miles in eleven hours forty-six minutes; 1870, J. Hills, Chitney Wade, England, one and a half miles in three minutes six seconds. A William Clark, Madison, Wis., is said to have skated one mile in one minute fifty-six seconds, but this performance is not credited, although a recorded one.

Dress is an important point in skating. The neatest and easiest dress for a gentleman is a monkey jacket of blue pilot cloth, tweed knickerbockers and hose, and the half hook and eyelet boot (the latter should be worn for a few days if new). For a lady the same kind of boot but much higher; the dress of velvet or dark tweed, and not higher or lower than the ankle joint. The jacket made to suit the fancy of the wearer; the "Hussar" is at once graceful and easy. The main point is, that

the clothing should in no way confine any portion of the skater's body; if it do, it is impossible for the figures to be gracefully done.

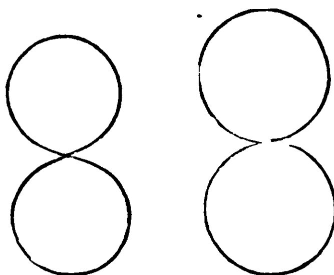
A further important direction is to keep up a gentle warmth over the whole body; don't get in a heated condition, half one's enjoyment is lost if over-heating of the body takes place. If, however, such should be the case, keep on skating, moderating as you find yourself coming back to a proper temperature, but on no account while in a heated condition rest or sit down. There lies the greatest danger to all skaters, as from a cooling of the blood serious and often fatal consequences arise, but with the slightest care and attention the danger need never be incurred. On leaving the ice, walk in preference to driving; it will be more conducive to the health, and the chances of cold are much lessened. Like the poet Allingham, the skater may sing:—

The time of frost is the time for me,
When the gay blood spins through heart with glee;
When voice leaps out with a chiming sound,
When footsteps ring on the musical ground;
When earth is gay and the air is bright,
And every breath is a new delight.
Hurrah! the lake is a league of glass,
Buckle and strap on the stiff white grass.
Off we shoot and poise and wheel
And swiftly turn upon scoring heel,
And our flying sandals chirp and sing,
Like a flock of gay swallows on the wing.

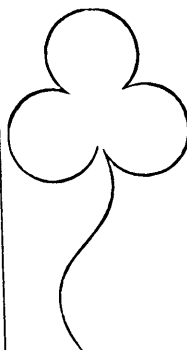
The annexed cut is the figure 3, which, let us say, is started on the right foot outside edge.

The knee of the moving foot is slightly bent; when a half circle is completed, by bringing the left shoulder sharply round and straightening the knee, a twist is given the body and the skater is brought round on the inside edge backwards, finishing the other half circle and figure. The same directions apply for either foot forwards or backwards.

The figure 8 can be done by making a circle, starting on the right foot, crossing the left foot over the right on completion of the right circle, and mak-



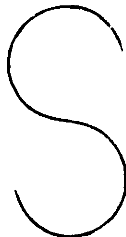
ing the other circle with the left foot, completing the figure. The figure is also done on one foot by a change of edge from outside to inside.



This cut, called the "shamrock," is merely a double three with a serpentine tail. It is begun as the figure 3, only there is an extra turn which brings the skater back on to the edge he started with, and the curve of the serpentine completes the figure.

The "serpentine" is a changing of the edges done on either foot from outside to inside, with the curve. A good plan to learn this figure is to practise with both feet on the ice first; the body to incline to right and left as the edge is changed.

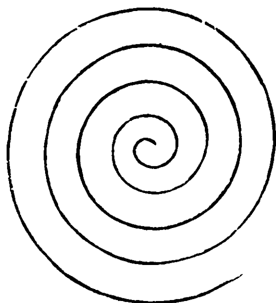
The "spiral" or "watch-spring" is a pretty figure, and is done by taking a good start, getting up a high velocity, and then cutting the circles on either foot as the case may be. The larger the circles are the prettier the figure looks.



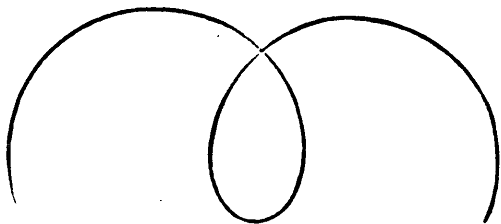
The outside edge may be learned in the following way: The learner should skate in the usual way in a large circle, so that he feels the inside of one skate and the outside of the other. After getting up steam let him lift the foot, moving on the inside edge, and the problem is solved. After a little practice in this way the skater will be able to strike out boldly right and left forwards. The backwards edge is more difficult, but may be learned in the same manner.

The inside edge, although not graceful, is necessary, for all combinations in figure-skating are interwoven with it.

The circle is a good way for learning this figure also, but otherwise, the plan is this—the feet should be turned



out at an angle of 45°, and the front part of the inside edge under the ball of the left foot pressed on the ice. This action gives the start, and the balance should be kept up, and as large a circle made as possible. As the skater gains confidence he should increase the speed; true balance will soon follow.



Remember that the weight of the body should at all times be well thrown into the skate in front when going forward, and in rear for backward movements. The impulse gained by the act of striking can be vastly increased by a proper use of the momentum of the body. It is the application of this rule, with others, that educates one to the highest rank of the skating art. The leg and foot off the ice must at all times be kept in an easy attitude, a little behind the moving foot, the heels almost touching. The arms must correspond in position with the leg, and should act as a corrector of balance. Jerks and starts are to be avoided, and all kinds of artificial supports should be left at home. Tumbles may be expected, but the novice need not be discouraged, for if he follow our advice with cheerful temper, pluck, good ice and skates, some day he may try successfully for the Governor's gold medal and the championship of the Dominion.

W. M. J.

DAYS AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GIRLS' VOYAGE."

"I wonder if such unenterprising visitors as ourselves ever came to this place before!" I remarked to my friend and companion Phœbe, after several suns had risen and set upon us in the ancient city of St. Augustine, Florida. "My observations have shown me that people generally eat one breakfast here, and rush to the old Fort, like Eastern pilgrims to the tomb of the prophet; but we have been here nearly a week, and a distant glimpse of its look-out tower seems to have sufficed us."

"Your observations might have shown you that the word 'unenterprising' does not apply to both of us," retorted Phœbe, her fingers flying in and out through bristling palmetto straws. The braiding fever had come upon her with severity, and little did she heed that her clippings of straw had made our small room resemble an abode for horses. The power of this infectious malady upon her was so strong that if the dinner-bell rang while she had a coil of braid in her lap, I had to plead with her long and earnestly before she would turn her thoughts to the fried mullet and venison awaiting us below. Dreading to find myself in a similar case, I had the wisdom to decline all her offers to teach me how to make a hat, and received with meekness her reproofs for what she termed my "inertia."

"Do you forget," she continued, "that I wanted to go to the Fort before breakfast on the first day of our arrival, and you wouldn't hear of such a thing? And are you aware of the efforts I have made since then to bring you there? I have set out four different times with that intention, (for of course I don't want to go prowling over forts all alone), and the first time I couldn't get you farther than one of the seats on the Plaza; the second, you stopped at the Library; the third, that beguiling store where they sell feather fans and shell flowers was too much for your strength of mind"—

"Weakness you mean, don't you? And the fourth time?"

"Oh that was yesterday, when you spent your energies and one dollar in buying a palmetto hat, although I offered to help you make one, and represented the sweet economy of such an undertaking. All this palmetto straw only cost me twenty cents," added Phœbe with great self-satisfaction.

"The Fort would have to wait another week for the honor of my presence if I set out to braid eleven yards of palmetto and sew them into a hat before going there," I replied, leaning out of the window to inhale the perfume of a blossoming orange tree. "That I am lazy, I will confess, and there is something in this delicious air that makes me content to sit still and enjoy it, or to wander aimlessly about the streets, without caring to take the trouble to see anything."

"You certainly have seemed to be 'steeped in golden languors,'" said Phœbe; but at that I sprang up, and seized my disapproved palmetto hat.

"I am going to the Fort this minute!" I cried. "Don't quote Tennyson at me, for you know I can't bear him, and if you stop to braid another round I shall be out of sight." Phœbe sprang up, and her straws flew far and

wide as she followed me downstairs and out into St. George street.

This is one of the principal thoroughfares, and terminates with the most remarkable ruin of St. Augustine, the old City Gates, with a portion of the wall that once extended from Fort San Marco (now called Marion) on the east, to the San Sebastian river on the west, thus protecting the town from all invasion by land. The Gates, like the Fort and many of the houses, are built of coquina, which is a conglomerate of shells and carbonate of lime, quarried on Anastasia Island. It is of a yellowish white color when first taken out, and rather soft, but it hardens with exposure, and becomes dark gray in the course of years.

As there is no longer any barrier to the free passage from St. George street out upon the Shell Road which leads into the country, it would be far more appropriate to speak of a gateway, rather than of gates, where none exist. Two high and massive pillars of the moresque style, each surmounted by a carved pomegranate, stand erect, though crumbling in some parts, and wearing the hues of a venerable age.

No sooner did Phœbe behold these relics of the Spanish dominion than she exclaimed that a sketch of them must be made then and there. "Surely your exit from the Baretto's house was too sudden for you to have brought a sketch-book," I said, but my friend had a pencil and a scrap of paper in her pocket, and said she would take a rough outline of the pillars and ruined wall, and it could be copied and finished off at a more convenient time.

"But there isn't even a door-step to sit on meanwhile," I remonstrated. "Can you sketch standing?"

"Hardly, but oh, Mattie, look at the girl up at the window of that very old house. What a beautiful, pathetic face! I might ask her to lend me a chair."

"That girl with her face tied up in a handkerchief?" I said, following the direction of Phœbe's eyes. Even the Princess Zorayda of the Alhambra would not have appeared wholly picturesque if looking out from her latticed window with a headgear so suggestive of neuralgia or the toothache, yet as I gazed upward at the Minorcan girl, quite forgetful of my manners, I saw a wonderful pair of orbs—large and soft, and very dark, and a pale, oval face framed in the white bandage, and I acknowledged to myself that many a gay belle had less beauty. "A captive princess would not wear an expression of deeper sadness," I thought. "Can toothache be the only cause of it?" While I mused, Phœbe asked with a persuasive tone and smile if she might borrow a chair or stool. The maiden heard with no trace of an answering smile, and leaving the window, presently opened a battered door in the high fence that enclosed her yard, and handed out a rough, wooden chair, which Phœbe seized with gratitude.

"Now are you going to plant yourself conspicuously in the street to draw the Gates?" asked Phœbe's companion, who was taking her turn at fault-finding.

"That is just what I am going to do," she rejoined. "Not in the middle of the street, however; that might be too conspicuous, but I modestly retire into the shadow of this house. Those who pass by will not give me a thought, except to envy me my chair, for in this independent town one can't easily shock the public sentiments."

I left her then in peace, merely indulging myself with one last remark, to the effect that if we failed to reach the Fort on this occasion it would be the fault of too much enterprise, and not too little, and I wandered out through the gateway to a stone bridge that arched over a small stream, and sought for flowers on its banks. There is many a place both North and South where a search for wild flowers is better rewarded than in fair Florida, but

I found some pink orchids, and then seated myself on the bridge to take a survey of the country. In the view before me the wide road, made hard and white with oyster shells, lost itself in distant forests of pine; the green or yellow fields flushed into crimson here and there with a thick growth of sorrel; and beyond soft, turfy slopes the gray Fort loomed up before me, with its battlements and turrets clearly defined against a background of blue.

"Oh, come on, Phœbe!" I cried at length. "It is too tantalizing to wait here, when we might be standing on those ramparts, looking out to sea." The chair was delivered to its Minorcan owner, and we made a bee-line to Fort Marion.

"It has stood there for three hundred years, did you know that?" asked my companion. "I did not myself till last night, when I picked up various scraps of information dropped by our fellow-boarders. But it would be more correct to say there has been a fort here since 1565, enlarged several times, and finally finished, much as it now stands, in 1755. The Indians worked on it sixty years, also Mexican convicts. Now you know more than you did an hour ago, and can enter with due reverence this dignified fortress."

Passing under the royal insignia of Spain that surmounts the main entrance, we found ourselves in the cool twilight of a sort of ante-room.

Photographs were for sale there, and a young artist sat on a camp-stool, evidently putting last touches to a little painting. Phœbe's sympathies, and her curiosity also, were so aroused by the sight that she could hardly be restrained from going up to take a peep over his shoulder. This I sternly forbade, for there are times when I am Phœbe's chaperone, and other times when she is mine. We both do our duty by each other, and I did mine that afternoon by conveying her past the artist into the great open court-yard, where she found suitable diversion for her enquiring mind.

On all sides are dark, damp chambers, intended for the quarters of soldiers during a siege. One of them, with its niches for holy water, and an altar far back among the shadows, is the chapel; one is intended, and no doubt often used, as a hall of justice, and one was the cell of the Seminole chieftain Coa-coo-chee, or the "Wild Cat." This last bit of knowledge was gained from the old sergeant who acts as guide to visitors at the Fort. He has to tell his stories about this cell and the secret dungeon five hundred times every season, poor man, at the most moderate estimate, and yet he seemed to enjoy the narration, and certainly his hearers did. We acknowledged that the Indian deserved to be called a "Wild Cat" when told that he had made his escape by starving himself into a convenient size, and squeezing through the window, or embrasure, which is high up in the wall, and too narrow, one would suppose, to allow the passage of a body less squeezable than that of a cat. The sergeant was conducting a party of seven or eight around the Fort, and we were hangers-on to that party, for it would have been a pity to lose any crumbs of information when they could be gathered by keeping at a modest distance, yet within reach of his voice. But I left them after a while, and was resting on a rusty cannon in the shade of a stone arch, when Phœbe came to say the sergeant was going to escort them into the dungeons, and I must follow at once, not to be too far behind his lighted torch.

We were far enough in the rear to be in fearful darkness, even a little beyond the entrance to the first dungeon;—"darkness that might be felt"—indeed, I seemed to be walking on solid blackness, and a sense of going down into an abyss possessed me. Like a coward I shrank back, and

would have sought the light of day at once, but Phœbe dragged me on. "You shall not have to say that you went to St. Augustine, and never saw the dungeons," she cried. "Come! I see the torchlight just ahead." So, in fear and trembling, I got as far as the first "hole"—Oh! how cold and damp it was!—where our guide stood with his flaring torch, and a group of half-scared mortals around him, listening to his deliberate utterances.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will proceed into the inner dungeon. The entrance to it was sealed up for many years; it was not supposed to be here, in fact, and when discovered they found an awful sight within. Two iron"—his voice was lost to me as he crept through a hole in the wall, and the others followed him, one by one. Then, as I stooped low to enter, I heard him say, "Remember that the wall is very thick—don't raise up till you have got quite through," and observing this direction I crept on cautiously; not long enough, however, for believing I must have fully emerged into that dreadful place, I rose up suddenly, and my brow came in violent contact with the coquina. For several seconds I saw more stars than are generally visible from underground abodes, and when my blinking eyes and stunned brain recovered themselves, the faces around me looked almost ghastly; perhaps because of the torchlight. Phœbe appeared to be awed beyond her wont, and listened breathlessly to the guide.

"What did he say they found in here?" I asked her in an audible whisper.

"Two iron cages, young lady," replied the old sergeant, "and in each of them a human skeleton, victims of whose cruelty we cannot tell, nor guess what may have been their crime; but we can imagine their sufferings, as side by side, in this gloomy place they slowly pined and died." I tried to imagine it with conscientious pains. If I am more backward than Phœbe in pursuing horrors, I can often stand them longer than she can when they are once found, and it was she who proposed seeking the fresh air and sunlight, while I was yet meditating upon the skeletons.

Oh! how golden the sunlight was when we came out again from underground! How sweet was the breeze that greeted us! We had been too unmindful all our lives of these blessings, but henceforth we would appreciate them more gratefully.

Mounting the wide stairway cut in the coquina we stood on open ramparts and saw St. Augustine below us; the Matanzas River, where white sails flit up and down—Anastasia Island just beyond with its tall lighthouse, and the inlet through which boats go seaward. There have been buildings erected on the ramparts since we were there for the accommodation of a band of Indian prisoners who ought to consider themselves well treated, having such bright and breezy quarters. The well-behaved ones, I am told, are allowed a great deal of freedom in going about the town.

It was sometime after our days at St. Augustine that the captives were brought there, and when we came out on the ramparts they were quite deserted, save for one solitary figure standing by the wall. His back was toward us, and he was looking down the river, but we recognized him as one of our fellow-boarders by the broad shoulders and peculiar poise of the head.

> "I am monarch of all I survey!
> My right there is none to dispute,"

quoted Phœbe in a whisper, and although we knew the young man very slightly, there seemed to be something in him that made the lines fit well. What it was, I can hardly say, for he was not forward or assuming. He had a frank, pleasant face, and he suddenly turned it upon us with a cordial greeting.

We joined him in admiring the beauties of the surrounding scene, tinged with sunset hues, and in reply to his question of what places we had visited, told him our sight-seeing had as yet only taken in the Gates, the Fort and a few curiosity shops. "Then you have a great deal before you," he said. "The old and new lighthouses over there on Anastasia, the north beach (that long strip of sand where you see the waves breaking), the Ponce de Leon spring, the Parade ground and Barracks at the other end of this sea-wall that is just below us. It bounds the city on the river side, and makes a good promenade,"—"For lonely walkers," suggested Phœbe. "There is exactly room for two people, although it looks so narrow from here, but it isn't convenient for them to meet any one if they are walking arm-in-arm. Did you go into the demi-lune?" "What is the demi-lune?" we asked. "I really can't inform you, except by showing it to you on the way out. Some will tell you it was built to guard the drawbridge, and that its proper name is a lunette." "Is it sometimes called a barbacan?" enquired Phœbe as we came out through the sally-port, and crossed the bridge over the moat. "It might as well be called that as a demi-lune," I observed, after going up a few stone steps into that perplexing out-work of the Fort, with its grassy floor and massive parapet. "Why don't they call it a parallelopipedon or the hypothenuse of a right angle triangle? I always did think a demi-lune meant a half moon, but behold the shape of this thing—there is no regularity or symmetry to it."

"Many people find it the most interesting place in St. Augustine, whatever they may think of its shape," said our escort, with a smile. "I do not speak from my own experience, however. There is a famous rose tree near St. George street that everybody goes to see. Shall I have the pleasure of taking you to see it, ladies, on our way back? I forgot to mention that in my catologue of 'sights.'"

The sunset was fading, but the little garden of Senor Oliveros, the locksmith, was on our way, and in it stands "La Sylphide," a rose tree well worth visiting. It is fifteen feet high, the trunk measures fifteen inches round and five inches through, and it bears every year more than four thousand cream-colored roses.

A yatching excursion to Anastasia Island was planned for the following day, and Mr. Wheeler (for that was the name of our acquaintance) said he would take care that it should not be like one which he had joined in before we came —when everyone in the Baretto house felt at liberty to go, and several sets were formed, between whom there was no unity of purpose. One set wanted to visit the lighthouses, another cried out for the North Beach, and the third ordered the skipper to take them to Fish Island. No such confusion should mar our enjoyment of the sail if we would consent to go, Mr. Wheeler told us, and we went in to supper, well pleased with the prospect of salt water and new objects of interest.

But Phœbe was haunted by thoughts of that demi-lune. She sat on the edge of the bed and considered it in all its aspects, until interrupted by one of our neighbors in the next room, who looked in to enquire at what time we were expected to start in the morning. She was a vivacious girl, with mischief enough glimmering in her black eyes and lurking around her mouth to warrant any one in supposing her to be capable of stirring up a houseful of people. This she certainly did, and kept us stirred up with continual wonder and amusement.

"Mollie Chase," said Phœbe, "what is that demi-lune good for?"

"Good for lovers," was the prompt reply; "especially on moonlight even-

ings," and with a roguish glance, she added "I've just come from there myself!"

Phœbe had a sudden remembrance then of the days of her youth, and so had I of my own. We said nothing, but from that time thought benignantly of the demi-lune.

MORNING, NOON AND EVENING.

MORNING.

Dew on the grass, and in my heart
The young life pulsing free;
I build and shape with plastic art
My future as 'twill be;
I cut with chisel over-bold
A form of life as grand
As ever grew in days of old
Neath sculptor's wizard-hand.
"The world is weak, but I'll be strong,
Is false, but I'll be true,"
Thus ran my hope-inspired song
As morn to mid-day grew.

NOON.

No dew-drop sparkles on the lily's crest,
No bird-song greets the ear with heart'ning mirth;
A cloud moves slowly upward from the west,
Casting dark shadows o'er the burdened earth.
A haunting care creeps upward like the tide;
The sun-bright isles beneath the briny wave
Are buried. One by one they paled and died—
The visions that the early dawning gave;
The once green earth is barren, dry and crisp,
Faded the smile the beck'ning Future wore,
My bravest hope a cheating "Will-o'-the-wisp"
That wanders idly o'er a boggy moor.

EVENING.

The dying day is zoned with Hope more glorious than the dawn,
The sun that walked the trackless blue his presence hath withdrawn,
But earth and air are bathed in light—the golden after-glow;
I stand on life's last mountain height and backward turn to know
They were not vain my youthful dreams of what my life should be—
They were not lost those sun-bright isles when o'er them rolled the sea;
The One that plied the loom and threw the shuttle to and fro
Saw better than my foolish self the pattern daily grow,
And knew the dark and bright must blend to make the web complete;
I've learned the alphabet of life while sitting at His feet.
And in the boundless realm which lies beyond the throbbing main
I'll learn, perchance with sweet surprise, that every loss was gain;
The visions of my early life that were so fair to see,
My ships that foundered on the main shall all sail back to me.

B. D. LOWREY.

Young Folks.

BLANCHETTE; OR, THE WHITE HEN.

(From the French.)

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

We read in the old chronicles of Mulhouse that in the year of grace 1508 a terrible plague raged in Germany. At Mulhouse, out of a population of 1,500 people, four hundred died of the pestilence. At this period might be seen in the street called Blaülatten, an old house, where lived Hans Hugudin, the miller's servant, and his family. In his youth, Hans had served in the Italian wars under Count Walter de Fremdstein. Afterwards he married and settled at Lyons; but God having taken from his side his young wife, Hans returned to Mulhouse with his mother-in-law and his two children, Franz and Thérèse. There he entered the service of the miller in Blaülatten street, who gave him leave to occupy the old house above mentioned. The little family lived very quietly; industry and economy reigned in their modest home. Though still young, the father did not think of taking another wife. When spoken to on the subject, he replied, by sadly shaking his head, saying, "I find I have enough to love in my little Franz and Thérèse." Besides, his mother-in-law Idalette, who was nicknamed at Mulhouse, "the Frenchwoman," kept his house with so much order and economy, and brought up his children so well, that Hans would have thought he was tempting Providence, had he brought a second wife to cause discord and quarrelling in the well-arranged little circle. But, notwithstanding, there was something in the family's way of living which gave umbrage to his neighbors, especially the feminine portion of the community. The first grievance was that he had married a stranger, and the inhabitants of Mulhouse disliked anything foreign. He had also brought back a French mother-in-law, whose name was unpronounceable. And she spoke to the children in a language no one else understood! All that Idalette did was unlike other people. Then an unheard-of thing, in an age when no one knew how to read, she possessed *a book!* Whether a manuscript or printed, our chronicler does not inform us, but Idalette read this book daily, and she taught the children to do so too, which was, in the neighbors' opinion, setting a very bad example. Of course, it is quite right of the nobles, the burgomaster and the members of council to have their children taught to read. But it was presumption in the ragged brats of a miller's apprentice! It was pride on the part of the Frenchwoman, and she must be kept down—underneath it all, there was something suspicious. In short, there was ceaseless scandal about the beggarly foreigner, who played the grand lady, and disdained to gossip with her neighbors—who received secret visits from strangers, with whom she read in her great book. These suspicious visitors and she herself must surely belong to that accursed sect of heretics called Vaudois or Lollards. Among the charitable neighbors who thus mangled

poor Idalette's reputation, the most inveterate was a tall, thin, spare woman called Gründler. She kept at one side of her cottage, a small public house, which was always filled with drunkards, gamblers, and all the worst characters of the locality. She had also other strings to her bow, it was said,—such as fortune-telling by cards, and worse still! But though all talked in whispers, no one dared express publicly the conviction that the wicked woman was feared by all around her. Good people avoided her like a plague—bad ones, on the contrary, made up to her, though behind her back, they said, "We must mind that old witch, for she is friendly with evil spirits." As, from all time, the children of darkness have hated the children of light, it was not surprising that Dame Gründler could not bear the sight of Idalette, or of the gentle Thérèse, or the merry Franz; she would have shown her hatred not only by words, but deeds, had she not been afraid of the father, for Hans Hugudin, though a peace-loving man, liked to be let alone, and he had in his service a stout pair of fists, for which he was held in some awe by the wicked public-house keeper.

But, as we said before, in 1508 the black pestilence ravaged Alsace, and as God's ways are not our ways, it pleased Him to recall to Himself the good Hans Hugudin. Thus, the poor grandmother was left alone in the world to shift for herself and the two orphans. Dame Gründler and her familiars gloried in the misfortune of their neighbor, and pretended to view the calamity as a "judgment of God," who by this means sought to lower "the Frenchwoman's pride." "We shall see, now, added she, "if with her readings, her head on one side, and her fine lady airs, she will be able to get bread for her children". Idalette's position was indeed a sad one. But does not Holy Scripture tell us that God is the Father of the orphans? So it proved with the poor French stranger, to the great surprise and annoyance of the dame and her gossips. In spite of the suspicion of herself, Hans Hugudin was honorably buried among his fellow Christians, and more than this, Father Bernard Boemer, an Augustine monk, venerated alike for his piety and talent, visited the poor widow daily, and testified the most tender interest in her and the children. The miller, out of pity to the family, allowed them to remain rent free in the little house in Blaülatten street, and also took Franz as an apprentice in his father's stead. Thérèse helped the miller's wife in her domestic work, and the care of the poultry yard was assigned to her. Her grandmother, who in her youth had possessed fairy fingers, made the child a skilful workwoman, and as the miller's wife had a large house and a number of children, Thérèse was never idle. The miller's wife, who had taken a great fancy to the young girl and her grandmother, contributed much to their support, and so, by God's blessing, the occupants of the little house lived peacefully, if not in plenty. They scarcely knew what it was to want, for work and prayer seasoned their modest pittance, and if they had little, they were content with that little. In the midst of their poverty, not a day passed without bringing one gift for the grandmother; this was a new-laid egg almost the only nourishment she could bear, for she was chained to her chair by gout in her hands and feet. We must pause here for a moment, for the mention of the egg reminds us that we have yet to make the acquaintance of Blanchette, the heroine of this tale.

Blanchette was a beautiful little crested hen, with a plumage white as snow. When she emerged from the shell, Thérèse had put her in her apron together with the other chickens of the brood, so as to place them in the sun. This done, Thérèse observed that, when

fed, one of the chickens though scratching the ground as vigorously as its brothers and sisters, never succeeded in putting one grain of corn into its beak. She examined the little creature and saw with grief, that by a malformation, the two halves of the tiny beak crossed each other, like an open pair of scissors ; the consequence was that the chicken could not get any nourishment unless the beak was imbedded in a heap of corn. For this evil there was a speedy remedy: Thérèse joyfully undertook the charge of the afflicted one. While the other chickens strutted gaily about pecking at their food, Blanchette, perched upon Thérèse's shoulder, ate her portion out of the little girl's hand. She became soon so tame that when Thérèse entered the yard, the white hen followed her everywhere, and when the child sat down to sew, her pet flew on her knee and slept as though under a mother's wing.

Autumn came. Blanchette was such a beauty that Thérèse was very proud of her, and one day exclaimed to the miller's wife :

"See, mistress, what a splendid crest she has got!"

"But why does she not eat with the other fowls ?"

"Because she cannot ; her beak is crossed."

"Oh, indeed! so much the worse for her. However pretty she may be, her head must come off; only try and fatten her as quick as possible."

"Will you cut off my poor Blanchette's head ?" cried Thérèse, pressing the hen to her bosom, while large tears flowed over her cheeks.

"And what else can be done ? Winter is coming on and she will die of hunger, for no one will have time to feed her."

"Oh, please give her to me, dear mistress. I will feed her, and divide my last piece of bread with her."

"No, no ; you have to work, Thérèse, and gain your own living, and you ought not to waste time over a fowl."

"I will not lose a moment with her, dear mistress, I promise you! I will put the paste in a pan and she will be able to feed herself. Oh! do give her to me, and I will sew all winter for you. Oh, if we only had Blanchette at home, my poor grandmother, who cannot move from her chair, would not be alone all day; while my brother and I are at the mill, she would at least have some living thing near her."

"Well, well, my child, for your sake and your grandmother's, I consent. I intended to make you a small present on St. Michael's day, so you can take the hen home with you, though I must say I never heard of fowls being companions for human beings."

"My dear little Blanchette," cried Thérèse, overjoyed, and smothering her with kisses, "you are mine now! May God reward you for all your kindness, my dear, good mistress! Ah, you do not know how rich you have made us in giving us Blanchette, for she will soon begin to lay, and then grandmother will have something to eat."

"And has she not enough without that?" asked the miller's wife, anxiously. "Are you really in want ?"

"Oh no, indeed! The Lord Jesus takes too good care of us for that, and you are so kind, dear mistress. But grandmother forbid me to tell you. Since my father's death, we have scarcely had anything but oat soup, and my poor grandmother can no longer digest it; now she only takes the milk soup you send her sometimes—it always does her such good. But when we have Blanchette, there will always be a fresh egg for her breakfast. What joy!" cried Thérèse, jumping about in an ecstasy.

"Listen, my child, and come home with me. I will give you some corn for your hen, and some milk for your grandmother. You may come every day for milk, and on holydays you shall have a bit of meat. And do not fail to remind me if I happen to forget."

While speaking, the good woman put

in a basket, some butter, eggs, flour, and a piece of ham ; then with a deep sigh she said to herself, "So things go on, old Catherine! While God gives you all you want, you forget, amidst all your comforts, those who are not so well off. Oh! Lord, enter not into judgment with me!"

When Thérèse returned home with Blanchette and her well-filled basket, the household spent the happiest evening they had known for some time. Also when Franz heard of all the goodness of the miller's wife to Thérèse, he promised his grandmother he would never leave the mill, even though his master should be a hundred times more cross than usual—he would stay all his life with the miller for love of the kind mistress. Now, Franz was a very good-hearted boy, but he was passionate and hasty. More than once, driven almost desperate by his employer's ill-temper, Franz had spoke of going to the wars, like his father. His poor grandmother had thus a good deal of tangled thread to unwind, but in the main he loved her dearly, and would have gone through fire and water for her and Thérèse.

From that time Blanchette led a happy life in her new home. Franz made a pretty little nest of straw for her near the hearth. On one side was placed a pan of water, and another contained food regularly supplied by the kind miller's wife, who never forgot her pensioners. At meal time the hen perched herself on Thérèse's shoulder, and waited patiently for dessert, which consisted of crumbs collected for her by the grandmother. Winter came on, and Blanchette, after passing her days pecking with the neighboring fowls, spent the night under the stove. On Christmas Eve Thérèse found for the first time an egg in her favorite's nest. What joy it was to boil it for her grandmother's supper! Then the miller's wife arrived, with Christmas greetings and gifts, cakes, apples, and warm clothing. Father Bernard also came, and not with empty hands. Poor Idalette's heart swelled with joy and gratitude towards her Saviour and her God. She clasped her hands, the two children knelt down, and she uttered a short and touching prayer. Then she repeated, in her broken German, the Lord's Prayer, with such earnestness that the miller's wife felt the tears rush to her eyes, for she had never heard such praying before. Involuntarily, and scarcely knowing what she did, she knelt by the children's side while Father Bernard pronounced his benediction in the words of the angels, "Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy: unto you is born this day a Saviour." He and the children then sung in German, so that the miller's wife could understand "Glory to God in the Highest! On earth peace, goodwill towards men!" The worthy woman seldom spent such an evening at her own house, and never in her life had she felt her heart so moved and touched as on this occasion. When her husband came home, cross as usual and inclined to pick a quarrel, she quietly said, "Leave me alone, dear old Martin, I do not want to dispute with you this evening; I feel more disposed to ask your forgiveness for having often provoked you, for, do you know, it seems as if I had just been hearing the angels sing in Paradise."

While peace and happiness thus reigned supreme in the humble little dwelling, the evil-minded dame Gründler was bent on doing some mischief to her hated neighbors. To see those beggars in their hovel so happy as to seem almost unaware of their poverty; to know of the interest shown by Father Bernard and the miller's wife, all filled her with bitter envy, and inflamed her hatred to madness. And as "the tongue, when it is set on fire of hell, becomes a world of iniquity" this wicked woman vowed that she would not rest until she had made "the Frenchwoman" "swallow a dish of

her serving," and forced her to leave the country, How she laid her plans the chronicler does not relate, but it is known that the matter was soon brought before ecclesiastical authorities, who cited Father Bernard to appear and questioned him as to what went on in the little house. "Yes," said dame Gründler solemnly to the bailiff, who went every evening to drink and gamble at her house, "the burgomaster has commenced an enquiry, and the end will be that the foreigner will be taken up and put in prison." "But the best way," replied the bailiff, "would be to get hold of the suspicious book. If that could be secured, and such an overwhelming proof of sorcery in the hands of the judges, the conviction of the heretic would be sure and speedy."

One evening during the carnival, a cold, piercing wind swept round the humble dwelling. Inside, the little family were seated quietly and happily by the well-heated stove. Idalette was reading by the light of a small lamp out of a large book to the children. At that moment the public house was filled with noisy, riotous people. Dame Gründler noticed that they were ready for mischief, their brains heated by wine, and she incited them so artfully against the widow, that the drinkers all rose to a man, and rushed into the street, pouring forth a volley of oaths and curses against the heretics. Soon they reached the house, and threw a heavy shower of stones against the windows and door. At the first alarm, when the stones were rattling over the roof and covering the ground with fragments of broken glass, Thérèse uttered a cry of terror. Blanchette, startled from her nest, fluttered about the room as if a weasel was after her. Franz seized his poor trembling grandmother in his arms and carried her into the kitchen, where he placed her in a chair. He then darted to the door regardless of danger, following only the impulse of his heart. Thérèse, however, clung tightly to him. "Where are you going, Franz?" said she, crying. "What can you, helpless and unarmed, do against those wicked men? They will kill you, and that is all you will gain."

"Let me go, Thérèse," exclaimed Franz, who was almost beside himself with rage; "if I had ten lives I would give them to be revenged on the villains!"

At that moment the grandmother placed her hand on the boy's shoulder, and in a gentle voice she asked, "Franz, what did the Lord Jesus say when the Roman soldiers had nailed Him to the cross?"

Franz did not answer, but his eyes flashed fire, and, with his closed fist, he gave his forehead a violent blow.

"What did your Saviour say?" repeated the grandmother, quietly.

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," murmured Thérèse, in a low voice, and clasping her angry brother in her arms.

Franz could no longer resist such appeals. The tears welled up to his eyes, he knelt down by his grandmother, hid his face in her bosom, sobbing like a little child.

Idalette allowed him to cry, and when the tumult was appeased, when Dame Gründler's yelping voice became inaudible, and the street became quiet, the grandmother said in a sweet, serious tone, "*You* must forgive as the Saviour forgave, for these people know not what they do."

Poor Idalette and the white hen had to spend the whole of this long night in the cold kitchen, while Franz and Thérèse in the front room, were busy gathering up the *debris* and the stones, and had great trouble in putting things in order. And then arose the question, who was to pay for the broken windows? Money was scarce in the little house—this the wretches who did the mischief knew too well! There was no justice to be hoped for from prejudiced

people, and the poor widow had many enemies. When Franz in the morning told his tale, the miller would not even listen to him. Old Martin's mind had been so poisoned by the false reports afloat about the widow and her children that he was quite ready to turn them all out of doors; but his brave wife took the victims under her protection, and thus harangued her spouse: "Look here, Martin, at the mill and in the fields you are lord and master, and you can do what you like without my interference; but, at home, I am on my own property, and remember, I will not allow you to turn the old grandmother and the children out on the streets."

The miller had to submit and give his wife her will to a certain extent, but the good man had also his way, for he held the purse-strings, and not a farthing would he give to replace the broken panes of glass. Notwithstanding, by evening all the windows were mended. Dame Gründler was bursting with spite, and did not scruple to declare publicly that the "Frenchwoman" must be a witch. Before he went to bed that night, Franz had put up a strong shutter which protected the window from all further injury. The enigma still remained unsolved—who had paid for the glass? Everybody knew that Idalette did not possess a sou.

"Who did it? I will tell you," whispered Thérèse to the miller's wife who came that evening to visit her *protégés*. "The Lord Jesus put it into Father Bernard's heart to help us, and it was he who paid for the windows. But Dame Gründler must not know!"

From time immemorial, the vintage has been the gala time of the year for the inhabitants of Mulhouse. Three centuries ago, when autumn brought round the joyous season, the whole town seemed like a city of the dead, for all who had legs to run with, and arms to work, went out to the vineyards. Were these vintage joys, relics of ancient paganism, always correct? Was theirs' the mirth of a Christian assemblage, giving to God the honor due for all His benefits and gifts? We dare not say so. But at least in this holiday time the poor and unfortunate were not forgotten, and many charitable hearts were moved to share the good things God had given them, with their afflicted brethren.

The good miller's wife, in this plentiful vintage of 1510, of which our chronicles still speak, did not forget her *protégés*. She did not heed her husband's opposition, but decided that Franz and Thérèse should also have a holiday and accompany her to Zucherberg, where the miller had a large vineyard. The brother and sister started early in the morning with the miller's family. Franz was wild with delight, but Thérèse, on the contrary, felt miserable and anxious, regretting she had not remained with her poor old grandmother, for yesterday, late in the evening, Father Bernard came and had a long conversation with Idalette, after which a cloud of sorrow rested on the usually calm face. For the first time in her life, Idalette had gone to bed without reading in the great book, and had only recited some verses which she knew by heart. Since then, Thérèse's heart had been heavy, and she went to the fête, feeling depressed and sorrowful.

(To be continued.)

THE LARGEST VOLCANO IN THE WORLD.

BY SARAH COAN.

THE LAKE OF FIRE.

"Why, it isn't on the top of a mountain at all! What a humbug my geography must have been!"

So wrote a little fellow to a young friend in America.

He was right. It isn't on the top of a mountain, though the geographies do say, "A volcano is a mountain sending forth fire, smoke and lava," and give the picture of a mountain smoking at the top.

This volcano is nothing of the kind but is a hideous, yawning black pit at the bottom of a mountain, and big enough to stow away a large city.

Of course you want to know, first, where this wonder is. Get out the map of the Western Hemisphere, put your finger on any of the lines running north and south, through North America, and called meridians; follow it south until you come to the Tropic of Cancer, running east and west; then "left-about-face!" and, following the

tropic, sail out into the calm Pacific. After a voyage of about two thousand miles, you'll run ashore on one of a group of islands marked Sandwich. We will call them Hawaiian, for that is their true name. Not one of the brown, native inhabitants would call them "Sandwich." An English sailor gave them that name, out of compliment to a certain Lord Sandwich.

On the largest of these islands, Hawaii—pronounced "Ha-y-e"—is the volcano, Kilauea, the largest volcano in the world.

We have seen it a great many times, and that you may see it as clearly as possible, you shall have a letter from the very spot. The letter reads:

"Here we are, a large party of us, looking into Kilauea, which is nine miles in circumference, and a thousand feet below us—a pit about seven times as deep as Niagara Falls are high. We came to-day, on horseback, from Hilo, a ride of thirty miles. Hilo is a beautiful sea-shore village, the largest on the island of Hawaii, and from it all visitors to Kilauea make their start.

"The road over which we came is nothing but a bridle-path, and a very rough one at that, traversing miles and miles of old lava flows. We had almost ridden to the crater's brink before we discovered, in the dim twilight, the awful abyss.

"Before us is the immense pit which, in the day-time, shows only a floor of black lava, looking as smooth as satin; and miles away, rising out of this floor, are a few slender columns of smoke.

"At night, everything is changed; and you can't conceive of the lurid, demoniacal effect. Each slender column of smoke becomes a pillar of fire that rolls upward, throbbing as it moves, and spreads itself out above the crater like an immense canopy, all ablaze.

"Ships a hundred miles from land see the glow, and we here, on the precipice above, can read ordinary print by its lurid light.

"No wonder the natives worshipped the volcano. They thought it the home of a goddess, whom they named Pélé, and in times of unusual activity believed her to be very angry with them. Then they came in long processions, from the sea-shore villages, bringing pigs, dogs, fowls, and sometimes human beings, for sacrifice. These they threw into the crater, to appease her wrath.

"A small berry, called the ohelo, grows on the banks of the pit, and of these the natives never dared to eat until Pélé had first had her share. Very polite, were they not? And if ever they forgot their manners, I daresay she gave them a shaking up by an earthquake, as a reminder.

"Sandal-wood and strawberries grow all about here—and fleas, too! wicked fleas, that bite voraciously, to keep themselves warm, I think, for here, so far from Pélé's hearth, it is cold, and we sit by a log fire of our own.

"The day after our arrival we went into the crater, starting immediately after an early breakfast. There is but one entrance, a narrow ledge, formed by the gradual crumbling and falling in of the precipice. Along this ledge we slipped and scrambled, making the descent on foot—for no ridden animal has ever been able to descend the trail. Holding on to bushes and snags when the path was dangerously steep, we finally landed below on the black satin floor of lava.

"Satin! What had looked so smooth and tempting from a thousand feet above, turned out to be a surface more troubled and uneven than the ocean's in the most violent storm. And that tiny thread of smoke, toward which our faces were set, lay three miles distant—three miles that were worse than nine miles on an ordinary road.

"How we worked that passage! up hill and down hill, over hard, pointed lava that cut through our shoes like knife-blades; over light, crumbled lava, into which we sank up to our knees, over hills of lava that were, themselves, covered with smaller hills; into ravines and over steam-cracks, some

of which we could jump with the aid of our long poles, and some of which we had to find our way around; steam-cracks whose depths we could not see, and into which we thrust our walking-sticks, drawing them out charred black or aflame; over lava so hot that we ran as rapidly and lightly as possible, to prevent our shoes being scorched. Three hours of this kind of work for the three miles, and *Hale-mau-mau*, or 'House of Everlasting Fire,' lay spitting and moaning at our feet!

"A lake of boiling lava is what the column of smoke marked out to us,—a pit within a pit,—a lake of raging lava fifty feet below us, of which you have here the picture taken 'from life.'

"It was so hot and suffocating on the brink of this lake that we cut eye-holes in our pocket-handkerchiefs and wore them as masks. Even then we had to run back every few moments for a breath of fresher air, though we were on the windward side of the lake. The gases on the leeward side would suffocate one instantly. Oh, the glory! This Hale-mau-mau, whose fire never goes out, is a huge lake of liquid lava, heaving with groans and thunderings that cannot be described. Around its edge, as you see in the picture, the red lava was spouting furiously. Now and then the centre of the lake cooled over, forming a thin crust of black lava, which, sudddenly cracking in a hundred directions, let the blood-red fluid ooze up through the seams, looking like snakes.

"Look at the picture, imagine these enormous slabs of cooled lava slowly raising themselves on end, as if alive, and with a stately motion plunging beneath the sea of fire, with an indescribable roar.

"For three hours we gazed, spell-bound, though it seemed but a few moments: we were chained to the spot, as is every one else who visits Kilauea.

"The wind, as the jets rose in air, spun the molten drops of lava into fine threads, which the natives call Pélé's hair, and very like hair it is.

"All this time, under our feet were rumblings and explosions that made us start and run now and then, for fear of being blown up; coming back again after each fright, unwilling to leave the spot.

"Occasionally, the embankment of the lake cracked off and fell in, being immediately devoured by the hungry flood. These ledges around Hale-mau-mau are very dangerous to stand upon. A whole family came near losing their lives on one. A loud report beneath their feet and a sudden trembling of the crust made them run for life; and hardly had they jumped the fissure that separated the ledge on which they were standing from more solid footing — separated life from death—then crash went the ledge into the boiling lake!

"Sometimes the lake boils over like a pot of molasses, and then you can dip up the liquid lava with a long pole. You get quite a lump of it, and by quickly rolling it on the ground mold a cylinder the size of the end of the pole, and about six inches long. Or you can drop a coin into the lava to be imprisoned as it cools.

"A foreigner once imbedded a silver dollar in the hot lava, and gave the specimen to a native; but he immediately threw it on the ground, breaking the lava, of course, and liberating the dollar, which he pocketed, exclaiming: 'Volcano plenty enough, but me not get dollar every day.'

"One of our party collected lava specimens from around Hale-mau-mau, and tied them up in her pocket-handkerchief. Imagine her astonishment on finding, later, they had burned through the linen, and one by one dropped out.

"Terrible as old Pélé is, she makes herself useful, and is an excellent cook. She keeps a great many ovens heated for the use of her guests, and no two at the same temperature, so that you may select one of any heat you wish. In these ovens (steam-cracks) she boils tea, coffee, and eggs; or cooks omelets and meats. You wrap the beef or chicken, or whatever meat you may wish to cook, in leaves, and lay it

in the steam-crack. Soon it is thoroughly cooked, and deliciously, too.

"She also keeps a tub of warm water always ready for bathers.

"She doesn't mean to be laughed at, though, for doing this kind of work, and doing it in an original kind of way. After she has given you one or two sound shakings, which she generally does, you'll have great respect for the old lady, and feel quite like taking off your hat to her. With the shakings and the thunderings under-foot, and now and then the opening of a long steam-crack, she keeps her visitors quite in awe of her powers, though she is probably several hundred years old.

"Not far from the little hut where we sleep, close to the precipice, is Pélé's great laboratory, where she makes sulphur. We wear our straw hats to the sulphur banks, and she bleaches them for us.

"Well, this is a strange, strange land, old Pélé being only one of its many curiosities.

"I only hope you may all see the active old goddess before she dies. She hasn't finished her work yet. Once in a while she runs down to the shore, to bathe and look at the Pacific Ocean, and when there she generally gives a new cape to Hawaii by running out into the sea."

Majestic old Pélé! Long may she live!—*St. Nicholas.*

JACK GRANGER'S COUSIN.

BY JULIA A. MATTHEWS.

CHAPTER V.

NEW CARES.

"Jack," said Paul, as they were all sitting around the dinner-table on Monday evening, idling over their nuts and fruit, "I cannot think why you should have taken such a dislike to Philip Ward. He seems to me one of the most attractive of your companions."

"Does he?" replied Jack. "Well, tastes is warious, you know. I saw that he was making love to you all day. I hope that he will keep on as he has begun, so far as you are concerned, if he has made himself agreeable. I never could get up any great fancy for him."

"He seems a bright boy," Paul went on, determined, if possible, to influence Jack in favor of his new friend. "By the way, uncle," he added, turning towards the doctor, "I had no idea that the roads were in such a fearful condition when we drove through that storm the other night. If I had had any appreciation of the real state of affairs I should hardly have dared to venture. Why, Ward tells me that two men, walking through the village, actually had their boots washed off their feet by the force of the current that rushed down the road."

"Oh, Paul!" exclaimed Jack; and then, the absurdity of the story striking him so forcibly as to overmaster his irritation at his cousin's simplicity, he broke into a merry laugh.

"I am afraid that Philip has been drawing on his imagination for your benefit, Paul," said the doctor. "You must not be too quick to believe in the nonsense of your school-mates."

"But he said so in all seriousness," replied Paul, returning Dr. Granger's amused smile with a very sober look. "He really seemed to be quite con-

cerned that Ishould have run such as risk. I must say—"

"Well? Speak your mind out plainly," said the doctor kindly.

"I—I was going to say," replied the boy hesitatingly, "that it seemed to me that Philip was scarcely fairly dealt with. You are not even just to him," he added, gaining confidence as he spoke.

"And as he seems to wish to be your friend, you think it only fair to stand up for him, eh? That is right, if you do not carry your partisanship too far. If you will think a moment, you will see that this story could not be true. Any torrent of water which was sufficiently strong to carry a man's boots off his legs would most certainly have swamped our carriage. You must surely see that for yourself. I do not want to prejudice you against any one of all your new companions; but you must not let them think that they can make you believe anything and everything that they choose to tell you. Keep your eyes open, and your brain at work, my boy, and you will do very well; but boys will be boys, and if they see that you will believe all that they choose to tell you, they will do their best to humbug and mislead you."

"I should be very sorry to feel that I must suspect everyone with whom I have to do," replied Paul, somewhat petulantly.

"I should not wish you to feel so," said the doctor; "but I do wish you to use your own judgment and good sense. That is all;" and the doctor pushed back his chair, and rose from the table, as he spoke.

"Well, sir," said Paul, in the same irritated tone, "I suppose, then, that you think that I have done wrong, but I promised to go over to Ward's house this evening. Do you wish me to remain at home?"

"Certantly not. There is no reason why you should not visit Philip; and I shall be very glad to have him attentive and kind to you. You surely do not object to my giving you a little advice, do you, my boy? You must know that I only meant what I have said most kindly. You should not be vexed by a little fatherly counsel," and the doctor laid his hand on the boy's head, and smiled kindly down into his clouded face.

"I am not vexed, sir," said Paul, rising.

But he did not look at the doctor, nor indeed at any one; but sauntered away toward the window, looking very much as if he were mistaken as to the state of his feelings. Indulged and spoiled from his very babyhood, he had never learned self-control, nor gained the power to submit gracefully and pleasantly to contradiction of any kind. His gentle disposition and his want of energy prevented him from showing any sharpness of temper, or making angry remonstrance, but he would often be moody, and almost sulky, for days, when anything occurred to ruffle the smooth waters of his life. Standing now at the window, gazing out into the night, he looked the very picture of sullen obstinacy; and Jack, to whom his father's willwas law, and who had wondered in his secret soul at the doctor's patience with Paul's petulance (for Dr. Granger was not ordinarily a very patient man), was on the point of an outburst of indignation, having struggled to keep silence until he could struggle no longer, when the doctor, reading his face like an open book, said:

"By the way, Jack, I want to see you for a moment, in the office. Afterward, you might walk over with Paul to the Wards. But don't stay, for I want your help at home this evening. You will not mind returning alone, Paul, when Jack has shown you the way?"

"Philip will return with me, sir," replied Paul. "He would have come for me, but he said that he did not feel himself welcome here."

The words were quietly spoken, but there was an underlying tone of obstinacy in them which made the doctor feel that, after all, there was something that was not very soft and yielding in this strange boy's composition.

But he only smiled, and, laying his hand on Jack's shoulder drew him away toward his office.

"You wanted to speak up for the paternal, didn't you, Jacky?" he said, closing the door behind them, "and you controlled yourself because you knew that I would be so sorry to have any trouble between you and Paul. Thank you, my son. Your father can always depend on you, if you only take time to think what you are about. Now suppose you offer to go over to the Wards' with Paul, and come back to me."

"He knows the way perfectly," objected Jack. "I showed him the house this morning."

"Well never mind, if he does He is company yet a while, you know, and—"

"And he's afraid to go," interrupted Jack, more abruptly than politely. "He's a perfect spoon, father! I wish he was at the bottom of the Dead Sea."

"That would be a pretty deep bath; rather seriously deep, I'm afraid. Trot on, now. I have a short letter to write, and shall be just ready for you by the time you reach home again. Don't be cross to my poor little girl-boy, will you, Jack? Don't say anything to him that you will be sorry for afterward."

The walk to the Wards' house was not a long one, and in less than half an hour Jack was back again in his father's office.

"Here you are again, eh?" said the doctor, as he opened the door. "Come in. Mother has gone over to Mrs. Brewster's for an hour, and wants you to call for her about nine o'clock. Meantime you and I must take care of each other. I'm not sorry, are you?"

"Yes," said Jack half-fretfully yet with a sort of twinkle in his roguish eyes, "because I know you will talk Paul to me, and I don't want to listen. I've had enough of him, and only wish I need never have any more. You said you wanted my help to-night, father; let me help you, if you are going to be busy; but don't let's talk Paul. I just despise the fellow. Afraid to go out at night alone! Afraid of everything! Swallowing every silly cram that any one chooses to choke down his throat, and—Oh pshaw! Why, father, he can't even think and feel the same way two days in succession. Didn't he tell me—looking right into my eyes, too, with that sort of begging look of his that just *makes* you like him and want to help him—didn't he tell me, only the other night, that he knew I felt so kindly to him, and would always stand his friend? And now he chops about—twisted around again by Philip, I'll be bound—and has a regular fit of the sulks, and is impertinent to you, because we won't swallow Ward's doses, as he does He don't know his own mind for two minutes together."

"Such weak people as Paul seldom do," said the doctor quietly. "They are almost invariably vacillating and uncertain. Don't stand up there, as if you were going to start out the next minute. Sit down here, and play you were my little Jacky of six or eight years ago," and the doctor drew the big fellow down on his knee, for from his heart he pitied him, knowing well the constant trial and temptation which his cousin must be to him, at least for some time to come.

"Now let us talk this matter over calmly, Jack. I have a question to ask you, first. Your mother told me that, after your talk with Paul, you told him most heartily and earnestly that you would stand his friend. Was she right?"

"Yes, sir, I did say so; but—"

"Wait one moment. When you made that promise, did you suppose that Paul's character had changed? Did you think that you would have no more annoyance and vexation to endure from him? Or did you make the promise, fully realizing that the annoyances and vexations were likely to occur constantly, but determining to stand his friend in spite of them?"

"I don't think I went so far as that," said Jack, looking up frankly into his father's face, "but I meant it, every

word. To be a good friend to him, I mean."

"And would not a good friend stand by him in some other ways than by seeing to it that others should treat him fairly? Would not a good, true friend bear with his weakness of mind as kindly as he would consider his feebleness of body? Or is Paul the only one whose feelings and impulses change with circumstances? Be honest with yourself, and call things by their right names, whether you are speaking of Paul Stuyvesant, or Jack Granger. Don't imagine that I don't sympathize with you. I do, with all my heart; but that which is vacillation in one of my boys is scarcely strength of purpose in the other."

"If I called everything by its right name," exclaimed Jack warmly, throwing his arm suddenly around his father's neck, "I'd call you the grandest brick of a father that any chap ever had. You never scold a fellow, and yet you always make him see things as you see them, somehow. It was sort of chopping around for me to get so mad at Paul to-night; but then, father, though I do mean to be a good friend to him, and see to it that nobody brow-beats him, I don't quite see why I am called upon to put up with all his nonsense. For my part (I was thinking about it as I came home after leaving him at the Wards'), I don't see what there is for me to do, except to keep out of his way as much as I can. He only riles up all the bad there is in me."

"I think that when he can call forth a heartily-meant promise from you to care for and defend a boy whom you neither love nor respect, you hardly do him justice when you say that he rouses only the evil that is in you, Jack. If you make up your mind to avoid him as much as you can, you deprive me at once of the help which I told you I wanted you to give me to-night; for the aid I need is in this very direction. This intimacy which has already begun between Paul and Philip Ward is something which I really deplore. But I think that Paul is exactly the boy—if I read his disposition rightly—to be driven on by opposition, especially if he considers it unjust. Our plan must be to *win* but not to *drag* him out of the reach of Philip's influence."

"It ought to be enough for him that you don't fancy Philip," said Jack hotly. "I wondered how you could be so patient with him when he told you to your face that you wasn't fair to Ward. The impudence of him! When you'd known Philip for years, and he hadn't known him for a week! I should think you'd have felt like boxing his ears. And you were so kind to him?"

"I was thinking, Jacky, of a lesson I began to learn a long while ago," said the doctor. "Let us take it up together, now, you and I; shall we?"

"What is it?" asked Jack, rather reluctantly, as his father paused for an answer.

"'We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves,'" said the doctor gravely.

The boy made no response at first, nor did he even look up to meet his father's eyes, which, he knew very well, were resting on his face. He was very far from being ready to assent to this proposition, but he was almost as unwilling to refuse his consent to anything which his father asked of him. It would almost be a new thing in his experience to refuse to obey, or rather, to yield to, his wishes, for Doctor Granger seldom issued a command. "You must" and "you must not" held no large place in the family economy, for the doctor believed that "Will you" was a more effective weapon than "You shall." It is not often that a child, fully understanding a parent's wishes, and the reason for them, and trustfully certain of that parent's love, deliberately disobeys his expressed desires; and even when the time comes when it is necessary to obey without comprehension of the reason for those desires, the old habit of loyalty will bridge the chasm.

Jack Granger had never yet, deliberately and of purpose, rebelled

against parental authority. His mischievous propensities had often led him into trouble, and boyish forgetfulness and foolishness had brought him into some serious mishaps; but he had never willfully, and with his eyes open, disobeyed his father's known wishes. Now, after a little silence between them, he rose from his seat upon Dr. Granger's knee and walked slowly to and fro across the floor, with his hands thrust down deep into his pockets, and his head hung low, after a fashion he had when he was deep in thought over any troublesome problem.

"Do you think it means in that sort of way?" he asked, at last, stopping suddenly before his father, and looking straight at him, with his clear, honest eyes. "I never thought of it so before."

"I do think that it means exactly that; and moreover, I think that there is no one in the world to whom those words are addressed, in this case, so forcibly as to you, my son. You are most strong in those very particulars in which Paul is most weak; you have been chosen, by God's providence, to be his constant companion and his friend; and he is willing, and more than willing, when he is not irritated by opposition, to be guided by you. I think that God has put this work into your hands, Jack. Mother and I have a part in it, no doubt, but the chief opportunities are yours; and, therefore, a great share in the responsibility is yours also."

"Why, father!" exclaimed Jack, his face fairly paling at Dr. Granger's grave words and manner.

"I am not exaggerating, Jack," replied the doctor, as seriously as before. "Think it over, my lad, and see if you do not agree with me, on sober thought. Now it is time to go for your mother, and I have not yet written the letter of which I spoke. You'll fight this battle through, my brave boy, with God's help; I know you will. Now run off for the mother."

"Here comes Jack, now," exclaimed a pleasant, girlish voice, as Jack entered the Brewsters' parlor, where quite a little company were gathered around the table, on which books, pretty bits of fancy-work, games, and so forth, were indiscriminately scattered; for the family was a large one, and made quite a respectable little evening company even when they were alone. To-night, Mrs. Granger, Will Haydon and his sister Annie, and Sam Jackson, added to their number, so that the room was very well filled.

"Hallo!" said Jack, coming in with the air and manner of one who was very sure of his welcome, "have you got a party here? I should have arrayed in my Sunday-go-to-meeting-better most if I'd known that. Will you excuse me, Madam, the hostess?" and he paused beside Mrs. Brewster, a blooming, bright-eyed lady, whose rosy color, and smooth, fair face, denied the story which the soft, gray curls that added so greatly to her beauty seemed to tell.

"Clara will have to be the one to excuse you; not for your failure to appear in your best bib and tucker, but for your failure to appear at all, until now."

"Yes indeed, sir," broke in the same voice which had heralded his coming. "What do you mean by such conducts as these?"

"I've been holding a caucus with father. He wanted to have a little confab with me, to-night. Besides, I wasn't invited to come until nine o'clock, and it isn't much after that now, is it? Don't scold me any more; I don't feel like it. What have you been doing this evening?"

"All sorts of things," said Tom; "and Sam was just proposing that we end up with a game of blind-man's buff, in the hall. By the way, Sam wants to go over to Tiverton Bridge to-morrow afternoon; he, and Will, and Annie, Louise, and Clara, you and your cousin, and I. Can you go?"

"Yes, I can; but I don't know whether Paul will. I'll ask him; but it's a pretty long walk for him, I suppose."

"It's a very clean walk," interrupted Will, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Yes," said Jack with rather a sober smile; "but I don't know but he'd object to that piece over the sleepers. If the girls are going, though, he'd hardly feel as if he could refuse. We'll see. I'll go, any way; why, it must be almost a year since we have been over there."

"If you young people mean to have a game of blind-man's buff before I take my boy away, you will have to be quick about it," said Mrs. Granger, "for I must be home by ten o'clock."

So the large, square hall was cleared of its few articles of furniture, and for half an hour the fun ran fast and furious among the girls and boys, Jack was as merry as the merriest; but when the game broke up, and he and his mother bade good-bye to the happy party, Mrs. Granger saw at once that he was feeling very sober, and even depressed. They had proceeded but a few steps on their way when Jack said, with his usual direct bluntness:

"Of course you know, mother, what father wanted of me, to-night. Does it seem to you that the chief responsibility of making something better than a big baby out of Paul rests on me?"

"I think a very great part of it rests on you, dear; simply because you will probably have more influence over him than either your father or myself," replied Mrs. Granger.

"Humph!" said Jack shortly, but when his mother gave the arm she held a little sympathizing squeeze, he returned the pressure, and looked up at her with a smile which was very affectionate, if it was grave and thoughtful.

CHAPTER VI.

TIVERTON BRIDGE.

Paul consented readily to join Jack and his friends on the walk to Tiverton Bridge, when he found there were to be three girls in the party. He had already met Louise and Clara Brewster, and had conceived a great liking for both of them, but especially for Louise, who was three or four years older than himself, but whose sweet face and gentle manners had attracted him at once. The fact that she was to be one of the company would be an all-sufficient reason for his willingness to start off on so long and venturesome a walk, even if there had been no other inducement. He was far more fond of the society of ladies than that of boys of his own age, and, in this case, he felt that the presence of the girls, and more particularly that of the gentle Miss Louise, was a great safeguard. Romping, merry Clara was a pleasant companion, but he thought that she might hardly be much of a drawback on the boys if they wished to go through with any foolhardy feats. Indeed, she would have been far more likely to aid and abet such wild performances. Yet he liked her, and was glad that she was intending to join them on their expedition, for he thoroughly enjoyed her rattling fun and joyous light-heartedness, little as he responded to it.

Jack was quite pleased with Paul's ready assent to his proposition. He had supposed that he would have to coax and entice him to undertake the walk, both because of its length, and because of the fact that at one point in the road an open railroad bridge must be crossed by walking over the sleepers. The railroad was only a side road running for a very short distance back into the country, and, at the time which they had chosen for their walk, there were no trains passing up or down; but still there was the open track to be passed over, and Jack, while he said everything to encourage Paul to go with the party, did not hide from him the truth, which he knew would be very disagreeable to him.

"But there is a stout railing on both sides of the bridge," he said, after he had described the dangers of the way, so that Paul might have no reason to blame him for leading him

into unexpected difficulties. "The girls around here have often crossed it, and they never have any trouble in going over. You ought to go."

"Oh, I will," replied Paul. "I should like it. I don't particularly enjoy that style of transit, but I should be sorry to miss the rest of the walk."

"All right," said Jack. "I am sure that we shall have a good time."

This conversation had taken place in the library, where Jack had found Paul on his return from the Brewsters. Paul had come home in the best of good humor, having spent a very happy evening; and Jack, who had made up his mind before he saw him to meet him as kindly as if nothing unpleasant had passed between them, had told him at once of the plan for the expedition, and asked him to joinit.

Jack went up to bed that night serious and thoughtful. Never before had he felt such a sense of responsibility, and of hard duty to be done. For, if it were his duty—this task which his father had so gravely set before him—if he saw it in that light, it was most certainly to be done, if Jack Granger remained the same Jack Granger he had been since he was old enough to think and reason for himself. For the boy was as honest and as true, as staunch and as steadfast, as he expected others to be. He was not as gentle and as kindly in his ways as he might have been; he was harsh in his judgments, sharply outspoken in his contempt of all that was small and mean, and far too rough in his denunciations of those who did not come up to his standard of right. But he was as stern with himself as he was with another, and as steady and brave in fighting the enemies that attacked him from within, as he would have been in doing battle with any foe from without.

For more than an hour after he went up to his own room, the head which was usually motionless in sleep the moment it touched the pillow was tossing to and fro, restless with thoughts and questions and perplexities. But by and by it settled down quietly upon the pillow; Jack's mind was made up. He did see this matter as his father saw it. This duty to be done was *his* duty, and he must do it. Jack gave a great, long-drawn sigh, as he turned on the pillow and composed himself to sleep. He felt older by ten years than he had felt that morning, and yet he was not unhappy.

"Grand old father!" he said to himself, as his eyes closed heavily. "He always makes everything seem right; and then, you see, you can't help yourself."

The morning rose bright and clear. So far as the weather was concerned, the merry party which started off on the walk to Tiverton Bridge early in the afternoon could have asked for nothing better. So far as the company was concerned, however, Jack and Tom could have made at least one change which would have been more to their comfort and satisfaction. Some of the boys, including Paul, had been standing together in the recess hour, Jack and Paul being on the point of starting homeward to take lunch, when Philip Ward sauntered up to the group. They were in the midst of a discussion with regard to their anticipated walk, and it was almost necessary, (quite necessary in Paul's eyes) for civility's sake, to tell Philip of their plan, and ask him to join them.

"Can you come with us?" said Paul. "Do come. It's a beautiful day for a walk."

"Why, yes, I could," replied Philip, "if your party were not already made up," he added, with a glance toward Jack.

"It won't hurt to have it larger," said Jack. "Come on, if you choose."

It was certainly not a very cordial invitation; but, even so, it was much more than Jack would have done yesterday, and went far to prove that he intended to carry out his resolutions of the past night. As for Philip, he was not a particularly sensitive youth, and he accepted the cool invitation without demur.

"I'll be on hand," he said and, turning to Paul, he half-whispered, "I dare say I can be a help to you over the rough places; for there is more scrambling to be done than you are used to, I rather think."

"Thank you," said Paul, with a grateful look; and Jack, who had determined to show his cousin how kind and considerate he could be in case of need, felt the hot, angry blood rush in a quick tide over neck and face. But seeing that Philip was watching him, he controlled himself instantly.

"Come along, Paul," he said carelessly. "We shall be late to lunch. We'll have to clip it up to the house in short metre, as it is."

But, the thing being done, Jack was not the boy to fret and sulk about it; and he had started off with the rest of the company in the best of spirits.

Their path lay, for a mile or so, up a pretty, shady road, then through a ravine which, in the summer time, was a tangled mass of wild vines and flowers, but now, in the middle of November, would have looked dull and bare enough, if the soft, sweet sunlight of the Indian summer had not shed a golden haze over every leafless bush and tree and twig, and made even the stones beneath their feet sparkle into beauty. The air fairly rang again with the shouts and cries of the happy party, as they ran, and leaped and sprang on their way; for, with the exception of Louise and Paul, neither girls nor boys could be said to walk, in the strict sense of the word. However, by whatever means of locomotion, they reached their destination, and clambering up the steep ascent from the path to the railroad, came out upon the track which led them across Tiverton Bridge.

"Why, just look!" exclaimed Annie Haydon, who was among the first to reach the bridge. "The railings are down!"

"So they are," said Clara Brewster. "What does that mean?"

"They must be going to make some alteration in the bridge," said Tom. "See, there have been men at work here. But we can go across without any trouble, I think. Clara and Annie are never light-headed; and as for Louise, I will take care of her."

"Suppose that you and I go over first, Tom," suggested Jack, "and see that things are all right on the other side. The bridge is long, you know; and it would be better for us to make everything sure before we take the girls over."

"All right, Solomon, come on," replied Tom; and leaving the rest of the company to wait their return, the two friends set off together.

The bridge was arched, and rose to quite a height above the roadway, crossing a wide but shallow stream which ran lazily over a stony, rough bed. On either side there was quite a wide chasm between the track and a rough steep pathway which led down to the road below. The ascent was very gradual, and the walk not at all difficult, except for any one who was inclined to dizziness, in which case, the running water seen between the sleepers, on which the bridge must be crossed at its centre, would be a decided annoyance. For the greater part of the distance, however, the bridge was planked over, there being but a few steps to be taken on the open sleepers.

Jack and Tom returned very soon, having found the way clear, and the whole party started off once more; Clara leading the advance with Will Haydon, Louise and Tom following, and Annie and Jack bringing up the rear, preceded by Paul, whom Philip Ward had undertaken to care for.

"Stop for a minute when you get to the top, Clara," said Annie. "Paul must have a good look at the view. It will just delight him. They say that you can see for twenty-five miles, from the top of the arch, Paul."

"Can you?" said Paul. "It is so hazy to-day that perhaps the view will not be so fine."

"That will make a difference; but it is beautiful, even when you cannot see so very far as that."

"I once saw a man standing on

Trinity steeple," said Clara gravely; "and that is fifty miles away."

"Did you, indeed?" exclaimed Paul, looking very much interested.

"Clara, how absurd you are," said Louise. "You ought to be ashamed to say such a thing, with such a grave face."

"It is perfectly true," replied Clara, pretending great indignation.

"You could not possibly have seen a man at fifty miles distance," said Louise, determined that Paul should not be misled, if she could help it.

"Of course not. Did any one say that I could?"

"Yes, you said so. You said that you saw a man on Trinity steeple, fifty miles away."

"I said Trinity was fifty miles away from Tiverton Bridge; but I didn't say that I was on Tiverton Bridge when I saw the man on Trinity steeple, Little Gravity, did I? I was standing on Broadway."

"What a provoking girl you are!" said Louise, but she joined the general laugh good-humoredly (it takes such a very small joke to raise a merry laugh in a merry party), and when Clara skipped back to her side, and held up her saucy face for the kiss of forgiveness, Louise gave it very willingly.

In another moment the romp had regained her position beside Will, and very soon she and her companion sprang up with an easy leap on a small arch of timber which marked the middle of the bridge. This little elevation was on the very edge of the timbers, and there was nothing, not even a string-piece, between it and the water below.

"Oh! Just look at Miss Clara!" exclaimed Paul, his face paling at the sight.

"She's all right," said Jack carelessly. "There is no height on this earth, I do believe, where that girl's head would grow giddy. Besides, Will can look after her. Here is our panorama. Isn't that a pretty fair outlook?"

"I wish Miss Clara would come down," said Paul, without even glancing at the magnificent view, stretched out before him.

"Now—" But the impatient word was checked on Jack's lips, and the next instant he called out—"Clara, come down here for a moment. I want to show you something pretty, for your next painting."

Clara was quite an artist, for her years, and very enthusiastic on the subject; and any such invitation would be quite sure, as Jack knew, to bring her to his side, and put an end to Paul's distress of mind.

"Where is it?" she said, springing down at once, and crossing over to him.

"Over there, toward Mapleton. See that steeple, how white it shines in the sunlight; and everything around it is in the shadow until you come to that pond, beyond, all rippling in the light again."

"Oh, lovely! Isn't it lovely! Look, girls and boys, just look!"

"Isn't it beautiful," said Louise gently, but with a world of enjoyment in her quiet voice. "It makes me think—Hark! What is that? Tom!"

The appeal in her voice as she turned, with a face white with terror, to her brother, was echoed from every heart in the startled group.

"It is the wind," said Annie Haydon breathlessly, but with a tone and look which told only too plainly that she did not believe in her own words.

Tom, Will and Jack glanced at one another. For one instant there was an awful silence; then Tom said firmly, but with a face white to the lips.

"It is a train, at the curve, as you all know; but we have time to save ourselves, if we act promptly; as Ward has done," he added, with a thrill of infinite contempt in his tone. For, already, Philip had rushed down the slope, and was springing with a tremendous leap across the ditch. "Run to the side of the bridge, and spring down. Clara, you can jump the chasm alone, I know, brave girl. Jack is with Paul."

In an instant the bridge, which but now had been so noisy and gay with bright, happy, innocent young life, was still and deserted, save for two figures.

"Come, Paul," said Jack quietly, putting his arm gently around his cousin's waist.

But the boy stood and stared at him as if he were turned to stone.

"You must come," Jack said authoritatively; and his own face grew ashy as the timbers shook beneath their feet. "If we stay a moment longer we shall both be dashed to pieces."

Down the one slope rushed Clara, Will with Annie, and Tom with Louise; while up the other came the train, thundering on, close at hand; for the ascent was too gradual to lessen its speed materially. In its very road stood Jack and Paul, the latter actually paralyzed with terror. Imploring, entreating, commanding, were all in vain. Paul would not, could not, move.

The seconds wherein Jack could delay were past; as the train dashed upon the bridge, he seized with one strong arm the shaking, helpless figure which clung to him like a drowning man, bent down and with the other arm clasped the outer string-piece of the open bridge, and, with one little, agonized cry to God for help and strength, dropped himself and his burden down, beneath the bridge, and hanging over the waters below.

The train came on, passed crashing and rattling above their heads, and went its way; its freight of tender human souls little thinking that they had come within one moment's time of crushing out two young lives.

The next instant Will and Tom had rushed up the bank, with Philip close behind them; and, throwing themselves flat upon the track, had seized the almost lifeless form which Jack's arm was fast growing too weak to support, and lifted it up to the roadway.

"Hold on, one second more, Jack, old boy," said Tom, clinging to Jack's shoulder with one hand, while the other aided his companions in raising Paul, for a deadly paleness was creeping steadily over his friend's face. "Here we are, now!" and four pairs of hands lent their strength to lift Jack from his perilous position.

"Oh, Jack! you brave, noble fellow! You dear, blessed boy!" exclaimed Louise; and the next moment she was sitting down on the road at his feet; sobbing, as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Lousie, Louise! That will never do," said Tom, pretending to laugh, but with a very perceptible quiver in his voice. "How are you, old fellow? All right? A trifle strained, I'm afraid," he added, seeing Jack's face contract with a sudden frown as he turned toward him.

"Yes; there's a little something out of kelter here, I think," replied Jack. "Well, Paul, how are you?"

Paul looked up, with his colorless face all in a quiver of nervous trembling, but he did not attempt to speak.

"For mercy's sake, Granger, why did you stand there?" exclaimed Philip. "Didn't you hear the train?"

"Perhaps he thought that there were others to be cared for beside himself," said Tom, in a tone of withering contempt. "I tell you what it is, Philip Ward; I had rather have stood shivering with terror on the track, like Stuyvesant, than to have saved myself with you, leaving weak girls to take care of themselves. If there is any meaner coward between Tiverton and Camlot than Philip Ward, I should like to know his name."

"He would do better to hide his name, from you and from every one else on earth," said Clara, turning her back upon Philip with infinite scorn.

"Don't wrangle, don't" pleaded Louise. "We ought to be thanking God with all our hearts, instead of quarrelling. Come, do let us go down from this dreadful place. I shall never come here again as long as I live. Jack, dear, you are badly hurt, I know you are."

"No, I'm not," said Jack. "I've

strained my shoulder a little, that's all. Paul and I are a big weight, taken together, for one arm; and that stringpiece wasn't cushioned, either. We'll go home, and father'll give the old shoulder a push here, and a pinch there, and set it all right in a jiffy. Tom, do give your arm to that poor chap. He is all knocked up. Let Tom give you a helping hand, Paul."

Poor Paul! The awful peril through which he had passed had utterly prostrated him, and he was scarcely able to endure the walk which lay between him and his home. But Tom's arm was a wonderful help, and although the two were often left quite behind by the rest of the company (with the exception of Philip, who walked persistently by Paul's side), the others as often waited for them at some convenient point, so that, after all, the whole party arrived at home together.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BABY.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Oh, surely it is pleasant,
In a fresh delicious way,
To see the baby learning
Some new thing every day.

Some word that seemed prodigious
For those young lips to speak,
Next week is clearly uttered,
Though hard enough last week!

To-day some pretty motion
New to our loving eyes;
Some funny trick, to-morrow,
That fills us with surprise!

A hundred cunning signals
By which we may behold
That just like many another,
Our baby's growing old!

And yet as time steals onward,
(Whose course may none resist!)
With pain we watch our darling
Fade into memory's mist!

For each fresh grain of knowledge
We see the dear one get,
Takes further off, forever,
Our lovely helpless pet!

—*Wide Awake.*

The Home.

"JOHN WILKINSON'S WIDOW."

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Few among the numerous visitors who throng the picturesque village of L—— during the summer, fail to look admiringly at the quaint almshouses, which form one of the prettiest group of buildings to be seen in L——, or, indeed, in almost any village. Founded long years ago by some pious soul who wished to live in the memory of those who should come after her, merely as "Dame Anne," "who built these houses to the glory of God, desired they should be kept up as a memorial of one who had lived long, suffered much, and who having at last obtained peace in this once-secluded village, wished to leave a lasting token of her gratitude in order that ten poor widows should here find a resting-place wherein to await the final call to the Home above."

All this was stated in the old parish papers. On the almshouses themselves are inscribed the initials of the foundress, the date, and these words, "Christ is my hope;" this latter sentence being written in Latin (*Spes mea Christus*), rather puzzled the old women, yet they were proud of the motto when once it was explained.

There had been an explosion in the W—— mines, and among the many victims who were brought up maimed, hurt even unto death, was John Wilkinson, a good, true-hearted man, with a kindly word for all. His stout arm and wise head made him respected as well as liked; therefore the feelings of the neighbors were much moved on behalf of his childless widow when John Wilkinson passed away, facing the foe he had battled with so often in the depths of that mine, where his mortal wounds were received, with calm, steadfast faith and the whispered words, "You'll be sure to follow me up yonder, Mary, my woman; you've been a good wife to me for more than twenty years. The time won't seem very long. I'm lmost tired out, lass; I'll go to sleep now," and John Wilkinson turned his face to the wall, and closed his eyes on this world's beauty, to awaken, we may trust, in the better land, where weary souls find their lasting rest.

It seemed but right and fitting that Mary Wilkinson should become an inmate of the almshouses where she lived, liked and respected by her neighbors, and very proud of the name she went by, of "John Wilkinson's widow," for she was very wishful her dead hero should not be forgotten.

Once every quarter Mary spent the day with a friend who lived some miles away up the valley, and this was an occasion much looked forward to, and one which involved great preparations and many anxious thoughts, in order that the black gown and shawl should be free from any speck of dirt or dust, and the closely quilled cap in her neat bonnet, spotless in its purity. Then the house must be left clean and tidy, the fire ready for kindling, and the kettle filled against her return. This trip took place four times a year, and never lost its charms for the old woman, who missed her good man sorely, and, hav-

ing no children, felt the days rather long.

It was a bright July day with the morning sun glinting on the burnished tins in the wee kitchen, when with an anxious look around and a farewell word to the cat, who rubbed itself against her dress with a plaintive mew in meek protest against her mistress's departure, Mary sallied forth, leaving her key with the neighbor, who was to put a match to the fire when it was time for the dame's return.

Her dress was carefully held up, and her strong shoes bid defiance to the wet grass, where the dew-drops sparkled and shimmered or tipped the spikes of the gorse with radiant gems. The old woman, though not given to sentiment, thought much of her dead husband as she trudged bravely along. The cloudless sky, the purple moors spreading before her until they were lost in misty light, somehow made her think of the Heavenly Hills, where some day she hoped to find John Wilkinson again.

Was she getting more feeble that in spite of the brightness of the day she felt the distance to her friend's house longer than she had ever done before? The sun rose higher and higher with no cloud to soften its glare; she began to feel more weary still and to wish she had brought some water wherewith to cool her parched mouth. At last her friend's cottage came in sight, and her courage rose; she pictured her seat in the cool, shady room, the draught of water from the ice-cold spring, and above all the hearty welcome that had never failed her during all the past years. Somewhat to her surprise the door upon whose step her friend was wont to stand looking out for her, was closed.

"I'm a bit early, maybe," she muttered, "but Martha won't mind," and she plodded cheerfully on. But in vain did she knock at the fast-barred door. No response came. She went round to the back in the hope of at least getting a drink of water, but the top of the well was carefully closed and padlocked.

Utterly worn out with fatigue and disappointment, Mary sat down on the doorstep to rest awhile before turning homewards. A laborer passed by and told her he had met Martha Adams going off in a great hurry to catch the train, as she had just heard her only son lay ill in Manchester. The news had evidently come too late for her to let Mary know, or else, what was still more probable, her sorrow made her forget everything but the sick lad. However, the man gave Mary a drink of water from his own bottle, and somewhat refreshed she started for home.

The heat became almost unbearable, and the poor old soul bethought herself of a half-way house where lived a lady who had been very kind to her, and who she thought would let her rest in her kitchen and maybe give her a cup of tea. So on she went and arrived at the lady's house quite faint and worn out. All the servants were in the hay-field, but the lady herself came to the door and bid her kindly welcome, making her sit down in the kitchen, where as the old woman saw there was no fire, and told Mary she would bring her something to drink. She soon returned with a glass of brandy and water in her hand.

"Take this, Mary, it will be sure to do you good."

"I'm thinking I'm better without it, mem," said the old woman doubtfully. "I'm not used to spirits, and indeed I've taken the pledge."

"Nonsense, you are free to take spirits as medicine," replied the lady quickly. "No pledge could prevent that surely, and you are looking so ill."

Faint and sick Mary Wilkinson was, but better had she withstood the tempting glass, given though it was by a friendly hand and with a kindly intention. In her ignorance the lady had mixed too strong a potion for the woman, who had rarely tasted even

beer, and who, thirsty and tired, quaffed the whole at once.

Alas! poor Mary! hardly had she finished it when she saw her mistake and felt an intense longing for the shelter of her own home, where she might lie down and rest her aching, throbbing head. In vain the lady begged her to remain. Mary with a secret longing to leave the place which had proved anything but a haven of safety, and too shy and proud to describe the strange sensation which made her head swim and limbs totter, was resolute in her wish to depart. She bid good-bye in a steady voice and went forth into the burning sunshine once more and for a little while walked firmly enough. Soon, however, the sturdy footsteps faltered, the shaking hands could no longer hold up the dress which dragged in the dusty road as the wretched woman stumbled along. In a wild effort to cool her burning head, the poor creature pushed her bonnet awry and tore her white frilled cap. In this pitiable guise went on "John Wilkinson's widow," muttering to herself, "Shall I never be home?" "My head is on fire!"

Staggering on, she met a young man whom she had known from a baby.

"Why, mother!" he exclaimed sorrowfully, "you've been drinking! I never thought to see you like this!"

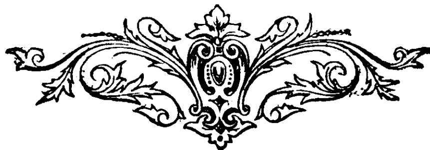
The poor old soul cowered and shivered like a beaten dog. "I'm all wrong; all wrong," she said feebly. "Only let me get home. To think John Wilkinson's widow should be tipsy!" and she moaned and wept.

The young man helped her kindly and tried to put the once neat bonnet straight and to dust the draggled gown before he led her to the little home, where she had spent so many peaceful years.

The neighbors who witnessed her pitiful plight helped her to bed in awe-stricken silence. It seemed to throw a shadow over their own bright, little homes when they thought of the active, cheery, clean old woman who had left them in the morning to return in the evening, footsore, weary and wretched. Poor Mary never rose from her bed again. The strong mind was weakened and the stout heart broken by her disgrace, and all through the last days of her life the neighbors heard ever and again the mournful words, "To think John Wilkinson's widow should have been drunk!" and the sad tones of the dying woman made the listeners thrill with sorrowful sympathy until at last the angel of Death touched the quivering lips and the plaintive voice was hushed for evermore.

"May Christ indeed have been her hope," even through the darkest hours of Mary Wilkinson's last days on earth.

HOPE.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VEGETARIAN.

A TRUE NARRATIVE OF A SUCCESSFUL CAREER.

REPORTED BY C. O. GROOM NAPIER, F. G. S.

After the reading of my paper on the vegetarian cure for intemperance, before the Bristol meeting of the British Association, in 1875, I was addressed by an elderly gentleman and his wife, who said my views were strictly in accordance with theirs. After some conversation we adjourned to his hotel, where he hospitably entertained me and gave me a narrative of his life, with permission to publish it in the interest of the good cause, suppressing his name and abode, as he said he was particularly shy and retired in his habits, and had a great objection to see his name in print.

He was born in the north of England, in 1811, but although his hair was gray, he otherwise appeared better preserved by fifteen years than most persons of his age. His father was a minister of religion, and he was the eldest of twelve children. He was of ancient and distinguished lineage, but his father never having had more than £300 a year, he was obliged to send his children out early into the world, and so at fourteen he was put into a house of business in a great northern town.

For the first three years he had nothing but his board with one of the senior clerks, but at the end of that time he got as much dry bread and water as he could take, and ten shillings a week to board and lodge himself. He accidentally obtained some work on vegetarianism, and was resolved to put into practice what he had read, as otherwise he found he could not support and clothe himself decently. I will give now his own words as nearly as I can recollect:—

"I was seventeen years of age then, five feet eight inches high, and strongly built. I had but ten shillings a week for everything. How should I best lay it out? The senior clerk took me as a lodger at eighteenpence a week for one good room. There was a bedstead in it, but no bedding or other furniture. I was resolved to do what best I could, and owe no man anything. Some canvas coverings, which my good mother had put round my packages, served me to make a mattress when filled with hay. For the first eight weeks I slept in my older clothes on this mattress. My diet was ample and nourishing, but very cheap. Three pence a day was the cost. About one pound of beans, which did not cost more than a penny, half a pound of bread daily, and two halfpenny cabbages, and three pounds of potatoes in the week; twopenny worth of seed oil, one pound of twopenny rice, and about a farthing's worth of tartar from the wine casks, constituted my very nourishing diet. The object of the tartar was to take the place of ripe fruit as a vegetable acid.

"When my parents sent me a basket of fruit I indulged in it freely, but I did not care for it unless the carriage was paid, which was not always the case. Thus 1*s.* 9*d.* for my food and 1*s.* 6*d.* for my lodging, and 9*d.* for my fuel and light, left me 5*s.* 11*d.* for other purposes. At the end of the eight weeks I have specified, I was in possession of about £2. It took me nearly this sum to purchase a straw paillasse, blankets, sheets, and pillows, second-hand. I persevered for another year on this diet, and found myself in possession of £12. As I had some respectable acquaintances in the town, I

resolved on spending this sum on furniture, in order that I might have a decent room into which to ask my visitors. Taking a lesson from the poet Goldsmith, I had 'a bed by night and a chest of drawers by day,' so that my apartment, alternately sitting-room and bedroom, was suitable for lady visitors. I often invited the lady you see sitting opposite you to take tea on Sunday with me, and then go to church. She was my own age exactly, and was the prey of a cruel stepmother; she was in fact a sort of Cinderella in a large family. Her stepmother aimed at marrying her to a widower of forty-five, with seven children, but this my young girl of eighteen objected to. Her father at first sanctioned our engagement, but when a suitor in a good position came forward for his daughter, he forbade me the house and made her walk daily with the gentleman whom we nicknamed 'number forty-five.' I resolved to marry her as soon as I could furnish two more rooms and had laid in a good stock of clothes.

"My young lady studied my vegetarian books, and determined not to eat any meat at home. All the family laughed at her, but she was sufficiently resolute to withstand ridicule.

"She told her father that he having once sanctioned her engagement to me, she must be bound to me and could not accept any one else. Her father remonstrated with her, but it was of no use. At the end of the two years, when I had just passed my twentieth birthday, I called on her father and said: 'I have now three rooms well furnished, and am able to keep your daughter: I want you to fix a day for my marrying her.' He pressed my hand warmly, and said: 'Well, I will, and give you my blessing into the bargain.' He was a good-hearted man at bottom, but too much ruled by his wife. He gave my wife a good large outfit, and a purse of £10, and her stepmother even gave her £2, and her brothers and sisters bought her a family Bible, and one of them wrote in it: 'At the end of ten days their countenances did appear fairer and fatter of flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat. —*Daniel*, i, 15.'"

[The old gentleman laughed very much when he told me this, and said that the vegetarianism of Daniel had been the text of many a sermon which he had preached to his children, who, profiting by so good an example, *were all vegetarians*.]

"I found myself married and very happy, but with ten shillings a week only. We laid out our money as follows: We paid three and sixpence for three rooms, one shilling for fuel and light, three and sixpence for food, and had two shillings for other contingencies. Our food consisted of bean stew three times a week, potato pie twice a week, puddings without eggs twice a week, carrots, turnips, or some green vegetable daily. Our breakfast was porridge, either of corn or oatmeal We ate bread with it, thus insuring mastication, and rendering butter, milk, tea, coffee, or cocoa unnecessary. We sometimes took tea in the evening, but oftener cold water. We formed the acquaintance of a fruit merchant, who, though laughing at our vegetarianism, often sent us baskets of fruit. I was married in December, and in the following November my wife had a son. In a few days the wife of the head of the firm paid us a visit, and the next day I was informed that my salary was to be raised to eighteen shillings a week. I was before this in great difficulty what to do, as I did not like my wife being the sole nurse of her child. Before this she had attended to all our wants. I now took an Irish servant girl, who was willing to be a vegetarian, and receive sixpence a week in wages for the first year.

"I was in possession at the end of my second year of married life of £10 sterling. I will now tell you how I invested it. Our firm was both speculative and manufacturing, and employed some hundred workmen, who purchased the tools they required at rather high prices in the town. Ascertaining that the tools might be had cheaper at Birmingham and Sheffield,

I went myself and laid in a small stock, which I sold within a week to the workmen at eighteen per cent. profit, but still full ten per cent. under what they were in the habit of paying. Being offered a month's credit, I received a consignment of tools from Birmingham and Sheffield. At the end of a year I found myself in possession of £150, which I had made by the sale of these tools to our own hands. My wife kept my books, and this little business necessitated the hiring of another room. But in other respects this great increase of income did not induce us to enlarge our expenses.

"A foreman lost his hand by an accident, and was incapacitated for work; I made him my traveller, to call at other workshops and sell tools to workmen.

"The firms at Birmingham and Sheffield had confidence in me. I obtained credit more largely. I engaged a warehouse and a clerk. At the end of my fourth year of marriage I was in possession of £1,500 by the sale of those tools. I now thought of a bold project, since I was a capitalist. I went to the head of our firm, and I said: 'My wife is carrying on a business which seems likely to produce us £1,500 a year clear profit; I have no wish to leave your service, but I shall certainly do so unless my salary is raised to £250 a year.' This sum being agreed on, I was contented for the present.

"We now kept two servants, and lived in two floors over our warehouse, and had two children.

"I had been married about six years, and had three children, when my warehouse and all my furniture were totally destroyed by fire; fortunately they were insured for about £5,000. As this was another crisis in my career' I went to the firm and said, 'I now know about as much of my business as I can learn, and have a large connection. I am offered credit if I will embark my capital—£8,000—to open a business in opposition to yours. But I do not want to do this, if you will only give to me a liberal salary. I want £450 a year, and I will carry on my business in tools in my leisure hours as before.' My terms were accepted; I was assigned a separate office, and five clerks were at my command. Every letter to me was now addressed Esquire; formerly I was only Mr., at least to the firm. I got my family arms engraved on a seal, I began to dress better, I kept three maid-servants and a page, and lived in a house out of town—a roadside villa, with good vegetable garden—bringing my expenses within the £450 a year; reserving the profits of my business for the increase of my capital.

"The heads of the firm—two brothers—paid a visit to Ireland, and coming back a terrific storm arose; they were washed off the deck of the steamer and drowned, leaving in the firm only the junior, the son of the elder brother, a young man of twenty years of age. As his capacity was moderate, and his habits not very regular, the trustees of the two deceased partners, of their own accord, proposed that I should receive £750 per annum, take the entire charge of the business, and stay an hour longer than hitherto. But after six months, finding that I lost rather than gained by the arrangement, as it encroached on the time I had hitherto devoted to my private business, I plainly told the trustees that I must be taken into partnership, or I would abandon the concern and establish a rival business, which might very seriously damage theirs. They proposed that I should be partner for life, with £1,500 a year as a first charge on the profits of the business, but should have no right to leave any part of it to my family, but should have two-thirds of the profits as surviving partner in case of the death of the present head of the firm without children. A deed was executed to embrace these provisions, and I bound myself not to enter into any other business which would aim to rival that of the firm. On this I took a superior house, kept a horse and open carriage, two gardeners, and otherwise lived at the rate of about

£1,200 a year. My wife now retired entirely from business, which she had seen after for about the half of three days in the week.

"About four years after this, to my sorrow, but at the same time pecuniary advantage, the young man, my senior partner, died, after a few days' illness, from pleurisy, brought on by bathing. His constitution was mainly built up on beer, beef, and tobacco. I, a vegetarian, was never ill after bathing. This young man was a martyr to the abuse of stimulants, whom his foolish doctor encouraged in their use. I have made my will, and none of my children shall inherit a penny if they are not at the time of my death vegetarians and total abstainers.

"We had been so absorbed in business since we were married, that we had not for ten years taken a seaside holiday ; so in the summer of 1846 we determined on a yacht voyage to last two months, from May 1 to July 1, round the coast of Ireland. We hired a yacht of 14 tons, four men and a boy. My wife and three eldest children and self went on board at Liverpool, and we had a most enjoyable sail until we reached the northwest coast of Ireland. We landed and explored many rocky bays, and I collected many beautiful sea-birds' eggs and shot many of the more uncommon of the sea-fowl, of which I have at present a trophy of stuffed birds, nine feet long, in my hall.

"Wishing to see the wildest part of the Irish coast, we sailed for the Arran Isles, and landing there, spent some days in examining the curious stones for which these islands are famous. Some fishermen there spoke of an isolated rock in the sea, about a quarter of a mile long, very high, with a cavern in it, as the haunt of myriads of sea-fowl, some of species found nowhere else in the same abundance. With one of these fishermen as our pilot we reached the spot. There was a heavy swell round this island rock, and we had great difficulty in landing. We determined to anchor the yacht about half a mile off, and proceed to the island in the boat with two of our men. Thinking we might like to spend the day there, we took with us two bags of rice, a basket of oranges, some loaves of bread, some peas and beans for soup, and utensils and wood for cooking. In order to afford a seat for the children, a tin chest from the cabin, full of a variety of provisions, was put in the boat's stern, and we embarked, my wife expressing a regret that the provisions had not been emptied out lest they should make the boat too heavy. With great difficulty we managed to run the boat into a chasm about twenty feet wide and one hundred feet long in the cliff, which was high and very precipitous. This chasm formed a miniature harbor, where the boat could lie without any danger of being swamped, in deep water close to the cliff, against which it was moored to a projecting rock, as to an artificial quay. It was a considerable scramble to get out of the boat and up the cliff; we just managed it, and, landing our provisions, one of our men made a fire and acted as cook, while we wandered over the island and explored the cave. It was, in fact, a sort of twin cavern, two branches having one entrance; that on the right hand side was about a hundred and fifty feet deep, and was not tenanted, as it had no exit; that on the left hand was a tunnel of even greater length, and about forty feet high ; it was the nesting-place of many sea-birds ; cormorants, puffins, guillemots, razorbills, several species of sea-gulls, the arctic tern and gannet very abundant, and a few pairs of the shear-water ; of some sort we took a good many eggs. We packed baskets with at least one hundred dozen. I did not shoot, as I did not like disturbing the birds, they were so tame, being but little accustomed to the visits of man. There were some goats on the island. which we conjectured had swam ashore from a shipwrecked vessel.

"This plateau, which was the highest part of the island, was reached by a path ascending about two hundred feet. It was a beautiful emerald meadow, bounded by almost precipitous cliffs, which my eldest boy and I

climbed up, but my wife declined the ascent. At about five we sat down to our dinner of pea soup, boiled cabbage, bread, haricot beans, batter pudding, and fruit.

"We were seated in the entrance of the cave, when suddenly a storm sprang up. The wind was so violent that, though we sadly wished it, we did not deem it prudent to get into our boat to rejoin the yacht. One of the sailors went on a high part of the island to observe, and soon informed us that the yacht had apparently dragged its anchor, and was fast disappearing.

"We were all in a sad dilemma. Leaving my dinner unfinished, I and my eldest son went up to the cliff; the yacht was nowhere to be seen, and the wind was so violent that we were hardly able to keep our feet on the cliff. I came down and said we should be obliged to pass the night on the island. Accordingly, the sailors brought out of the boat all we had left in it, including some shawls, a large fur rug, and two sails and a quantity of tarpaulin, which we had intended to sit on had the ground been damp. Lighting a small lamp, I made a careful survey of the right hand cavern; it was not straight, but turned at a sharp angle; the floor was dry, as were also the walls. I collected a heap of loose, dry sand, eight or ten feet long by as many feet wide, and in this I spread the tarpaulin, and over this some shawls. As it got dark, myself, wife, and three children lay down on this extemporized bed, covering ourselves with the large fur rug. The wind made a great noise. The sailors lay down a short distance from us, wrapped in the sails. The next morning between five and six we were all up, and I made an inventory of our provisions. We had about eight pounds of oatmeal, about the same quantity of haricot beans, about fourteen pounds of lentils, about twelve pounds of maize flour, three pounds of arrowroot, two pounds of potatoes, a cabbage, four loaves of bread, and about a dozen oranges. With economy, we had vegetarian provisions enough to last a fortnight, if we could get fresh water—as yet we had found none. In the cavern where the sea-birds were there was a patch of green moss on the wall, nearly obscuring a deep crack, extending for some yards into the rock. On putting my ear to the crack I distinctly heard water dropping. I tied a towel to a walking-stick and poked it into the crack, and pulled out the towel dripping. By dint of probing the rock, I increased the supply, and at last was enabled to get an oar into the crack, which, being placed obliquely, acted as a lead to the water, which now trickled down sufficiently fast to fill a tin can of a gallon capacity in about a quarter of an hour. I considered this providential. We were on this island ten days, and slept in the same manner. During the day we kept a sail on an oar attached to the boat's mast, on the highest part of the island, as a signal of distress. We saw several vessels, but they did not come near the island. At last a smack lay to, and sent a boat to the island, and in about an hour we were on board the smack. On the island we adhered strictly to the vegetarian diet, substituting sea-fowls' eggs for hens' eggs. The sailors killed and roasted two kids.

"The smack put us on shore at Dingle Bay, and after a month's travel in Ireland we returned home, and heard that our sailors, taking advantage of our absence, had drunk too much of the store of rum they had provided at their own expense for the voyage, and that the vessel, becoming unmanageable, had capsized, the two men and pilot being drowned, the boy alone escaping, and clinging to the keel of the yacht, he was picked up a few hours after. The yacht was righted by some fishermen, and eventually brought to the Isle of Man, where she was claimed by her owners, who had to pay a salvage of £70. As this incident had occurred during my hiring of her, I recouped them of part, and received back my baggage, not so very much injured as I expected. At the bottom of our box of provisions were some seeds

from our garden, which we were carrying to distribute amongst the poor Irish at the places where we landed; so, thinking that some future shipwrecked wanderers might be benefited thereby, I cleared a patch of ground and planted carrot, parsnip, and cabbage seed, before I left the little island; hoping, but not expecting, the goats would leave the tender vegetables unmolested.

"I had been married about sixteen years when I resolved to print a pamphlet on the subject of vegetarianism, giving my experiences and those of my wife and family. I gave away two thousand copies, and with some result, for they were the means of adding over forty to the vegetarian flock. In this pamphlet I propounded a scheme for the renovation of my neighborhood on vegetarian principles. At this time I employed about eight servants, male and female, in the house and garden. I gave the men 14s. a week to find themselves, and they were allowed a certain proportion of such common vegetables as potatoes, carrots, turnips, and onions free. Being married men, they had each a distinct cottage, large and comfortable, with an ornamental flower garden in front, and a fruit garden at the back. They were built in the Gothic style, after my own design. Each of them kept bees and fowls for their own profit. Their style of living was the envy of all their neighbors. I allowed none of them to take lodgers, and insisted on cleanliness; no rooms were papered, but all were whitewashed annually. During the many years that have elapsed since the first cottage was built according to this plan, I have added to them, until the number has reached fourteen. They are mostly inhabited by Scotchmen. They are all Temperance men, anti-tobacco, and mostly vegetarians. I do not give a man a cottage to himself unless he is married to a clean, orderly, industrious woman. My laborers' children turn out well.

"One cottage is inhabited by my second gardener and his wife, without children. She teaches the boys and girls of the other cottages, and has done so for twenty years. I pay her £30 a year. She was a trained schoolmistress before she was married. My head gardener is a religious man, and holds divine service in one of my barns, for about a hundred persons connected with the estate. It is like a mothers' meeting, children of all ages being present. I am not sorry for this, for the parson of the neighborhood is a great man for beef and beer, and his influence I dread on my little Arcadia. My head gardener now and then gives a lecture on vegetarianism in schoolrooms, and we two have drawn up a table suggestive of expenditure for rich and poor. Out of his wages he keeps his father and mother and two maiden aunts, comfortably, at an expenditure of about 7*s.* a week. He is an Aberdeenshire man, and about forty years of age. I hope his eldest son will become an eminent man; and I am paying for his education at one of the universities, on account of his extraordinary ability and fine natural disposition; and also on account of the respect which I feel for his father, who has helped me to carry out my principles on my estate. This man's parents and aunts live in Aberdeenshire, and have never been out of the parish. The laird gives them three rooms over an outhouse at 6*d.* a week. They spend 2*s.* a week on oatmeal, and 1*s.* a week on milk. They grow vegetables enough to make a stew for dinner; 1*s.* worth of flour gives them a meal of bread in the evening. They eat their bread without butter, but with their vegetable soup made either of peas or beans, 3*d.* buys what groceries they require. They are always clean and tidy, and gather what fuel they need from the peet on the moor. The blind aunts are very strong, whereas the father is very feeble. They work the garden and collect the wood, he going with them to lead them on their way. My gardener has drawn up a table showing how an adult man may supply himself with wholesome food, lodging and clothing, at 7*s.* 6*d.* per week; he can get attendance to a certain extent for 1*s.* a week

extra; his bread bill need not be more than 1*s*. 6*d*. per week; 1*s*. 6*d*. for green vegetables, including potatoes; 6*d*. for butter or oil; 6*d*. for cocoa; and 6*d*. for groceries; 6*d*. for clothing; 6*d*. for washing. So the money is spent.

"Some of my gardeners' sons trained on the estate spend no more when they go away from it. In one of them named Dickenson, I have always taken a great interest, as he was the first born on the estate, and for a humble workingman he has had a glorious career. At sixteen I gave him 16s. a week for attending to my stove plants. At fourteen he had 10s. a week. When he was eighteen a nobleman's steward saw him and offered him 30s. to superintend a great stove house. As I could not give such wages I let him go, but with great reluctance. He wrote to his father that although he got 30*s*. a week and many perquisites, yet he limited his expenditure to 8*s*. a week, until they offered to feed him and house him, when he cut down his expenditure to 3*s*. a week. He could have had the best of meat, but still preferred the vegetarian diet, and he induced two of the other servants, who were much troubled with indigestion, to become vegetarians. This vegetarian movement in the servants' hall, attracted the notice of the nobleman, who was much pleased to hear of it. By the greater use of vegetables than had been done formerly, especially by the introduction of potato pie, haricot-bean stew, and macaroni as every day dishes in the servants' hall, a saving of £500 per annum was thereby effected in the commissariat of the vast establishment; therefore the nobleman was well satisfied, and presented my young Dickenson with a gold watch and chain worth £36, with an inscription acknowledging his economy and fidelity. Dickenson's head was not turned by all this, although his wages were soon after raised £3 per week and all food found. When the nobleman died his successor presented Dickenson with £250, accompanied by a flattering letter, and retained him in his service at a salary of £200 a year, Dickenson still living as he did before. After eighteen years' service he was pensioned off with £100 per annum, and now has a nursery of his own, and is reputed to be worth between £7,000 and £8,000, although he is not more than forty years of age. He has married lately a most frugal but accomplished governess, who has saved £2,000. She was not a vegetarian when he married her, but is so now. I am as proud of Dickenson as if he were my own son. His sister is a most exemplary vegetarian governess: she has induced no less than eight families, with whom she has lived, to become vegetarians, and from her economy in her dress she has saved in the course of twenty years of governessing £400. On her showing me her bank-book I added £100 to it, and said if she saved £1000 during my lifetime I would add £1500 to it. She is trying hard, and her brother has given her £110 toward it.

"My eldest unmarried daughter keeps my domestic accounts most beautifully, and audits those of any of the people I employ, with the object of impressing on them the advantages of economy. I have intimated to my children that in proportion as they save they shall inherit. This may be an excess of paternal government in the estimation of many, but it has had a most beneficial effect. My family are so methodical and self-denying that they are said to realize some people's idea of Quakers; but I have had little intercourse with that sect. The success of my own offspring, and the prosperity of my household and establishment seem to be due to an exceptional combination of qualities and circumstances—in my wife and myself in the first instance, and, secondly, in those I employ, who are somewhat like myself. This is true, I will admit, but it does not militate against the great principle as laid down in the Bible, that 'the hand of the diligent maketh rich,' that 'industry has its sure reward,' and that those who honor their parents shall

receive blessing. I have done more for my parents than all my brothers and sisters united, and I have received more blessing than all of my brothers and sisters united. Pardon my egotism.

"I will give you a few facts of vegetarians in our county. A squire and magistrate, with £2,000 a year, used to spend £1,500 as a flesh-eater; he now spends £1,150, and is more comfortable as a vegetarian. A barrister, whose doctor assured him that he should take three meals of meat and a bottle of wine daily for his health's sake, now finds that by a vegetarian and temperance diet his expenses are reduced more than one half, his health is better, and there is a corresponding increase of vigor, and power of sustaining labor, such as he never before knew. A struggling clergyman, whom custom induced to take three meals of meat daily, was under this system always in debt, and obliged to send the churchwardens round every Christmas to ask for means to pay his way. Now on the vegetarian diet he balances his income and expenditure, and is able to carry forward a few pounds every quarter. I believe, from more than forty years' experience of the vegetarian diet, that were it generally adopted, nine-tenths of the pauperism and crime would disappear, that England would be able to supply herself with all the home-grown corn she requires, and that the National Debt could be paid off in thirty years, if deemed desirable.

"I correspond regularly with my parents, and they, hearing I was getting into comfortable circumstances, would frequently write me complaints of poverty. To these I responded by remittances of money, and at this time wrote to my father saying I would allow him £25 a year, and my mother a similar amount. I visited my father about once in two years, but always took a lodging and took my meals apart from him, for he was an inveterate smoker and a great beer-drinker, and filled his snuff-box three times weekly. I once made a random calculation that he had wasted £1,500 on stimulants in his life. These reflections prevented me from being more liberal to him. If I had given him £100 a year, I knew he would only have spent more on cigars. He would have bought wine at 6*s*. a bottle, and, perhaps, have increased his consumption of snuff. On getting a legacy of £75 once, £40 of it went to pay his publican's bill. One day my father wrote asking me to accommodate my youngest brother and two sisters a few weeks, that they might see the sights of the town and get change of air. I wrote to my father that my wife and I would be very glad to see them, but they must not expect us to make any change in our vegetarian and temperance diet, but at the same time intimated that our style of living was very comfortable. There was an amount of formality between me and my father; he would sometimes call me, in derision, the Joseph of the family, because I went away from the rest and got rich, and I held his ill-success in life to be owing to improvidence and self-indulgence, and feared he might want me to keep the whole family in idleness; accordingly I was not very much pleased at his proposal to send my sisters and younger brother to me. However, I assented, and they came. My elder sister, Mary Ann, was one of those sulky, vain, indolent natures, which neither my wife nor I can sympathize with at all. Public opinion was her god, and Mrs. Grundy her godmother. One day she said to my wife: 'I do wonder that you can endure to live as you do with your means; it strikes me as being very poor and miserable. Most people of your means have three meals of meat a day. Do you never feel tired of the vegetables?' My wife said no, and that she did not think she could preserve the same health and strength on a meat diet. My wife rose at six, and went to bed at half-past ten, whereas Mary Ann and her sister could not get down to breakfast till ten at home; but when they

were with us we took care to have the breakfast cleared away at eight, so that if they came down at ten they had to wait till lunch before they got anything to eat. This strict commissariat roused Mary Ann two hours sooner than usual.

"Mary Ann was fantastic in her dress, and talked a great deal of nonsense to the servants, endeavoring to make them discontented with the vegetarian diet, and one of them gave notice to leave in consequence; so I thought it was time to settle with my sisters, and I placed them in a lodging and gave them £2 a week to feed themselves as they chose, but they were welcome to come to our meals if they liked. To my surprise, although professing abhorrence of the vegetarian diet, they always came to take dinner and tea with us. My sisters were without watches or jewelry of any kind, and begged me to supply them. This I did at a cost of £40. My other sisters living at home, as well as those married and away, hearing of those gifts, wrote to me and demanded similar presents, almost as a matter of right. I complied, although it cost me £120 more. I began to be weary of my family connections; they were no comfort to me, and my elder daughters began to be impertinent in consequence of the example of their aunts. My wife and I, when they left, resolved to drop all intercourse with them, lest the evil association might impair the discipline of our house.

"After staying six months, instead of a few weeks, my sisters and little brother left, saying they would probably come again about the same time next year. True to their promise, they appeared the next year, and asked me to take a lodging for them as before. As they had come without any invitation, I thought that I would now for the first time read them a moral lecture, which, for the sake of the other members of the family, I put in the form of a letter, which was a good deal to the following effect. I have a copy of it in my letter-book at home. It began:

"'DEAR MARY ANN, AND MY SISTERS AND BROTHERS.—After some prayer, I consider it my solemn duty to write you, and warn you of your dangerous position. There is not one of you that fears God; you all are steeped in self-indulgence of one kind or another. I won't mention names, but I put it to your consciences whether any of you has ever denied him or herself to do any good action? whether or not you have not lived lives purely selfish. You wrangled and quarrelled like vultures at your meals, each demanding the largest share. You girls esteemed it degrading to make your own clothes when your milliner's rags were worn out, and adopted a style of dress which to my mind seemed a burlesque. You were at good schools, but you were too indolent to make good use of them; and your brothers have spent a small fortune on stimulants. Your marriages have all been contemptible. Finally, let me say, I have no respect for any of you, but, as I fear God, I will not see you want. Those of you, married and single, who will become vegetarians and renounce stimulants, I will endeavor to assist in life, provided you bring up your children as vegetarians. But I shall renounce all connection with those relatives who do not in six months become vegetarians. I feel impelled to do so by a sense of duty.'

"I had this letter printed, and sent a copy to all my brothers and sisters; most of them replied, and said they would consider the proposal. Of my numerous brothers and sisters, none were at this time in prosperous circumstances, and yet they had all had a better chance than I; more money had been spent on their education, and all of them had some legacies left them by an uncle, who left me nothing, as I was supposed to be separated from the rest.

"After spending about £15,000 on endeavoring to benefit my brothers and sisters and their children, I have determined to spend no more money on them, as they are incorrigibly self-

indulgent, reckless, and vain-glorious, but keep all my money for my own offspring and those whom I can morally respect.

"I will now tell you the state of my family. They are all healthy and well-formed, luxuriant in hair, sound in teeth, and much better proportioned in feature and figure than usual. I confess, sir, that I take no small pleasure in my family. Even my married children do nothing of importance without consulting me. I share my income liberally with them, but they, with commendable prudence, live plainly and economically, and save much; some are better at it than others, but I cannot complain of any of them; they are liberal too. My grown-up sons spend a tenth of their incomes on moral and religious purposes. I do not devote much time to business now—not much more than three hours daily; literary, scientific, and other intellectual pursuits fill up the rest of my time."

The vegetarian's wife described their mansion in the country as containing thirty rooms, among which is a fine picture gallery ninety feet long; about twenty conservatories and thirty gardeners are attached to the house. By the sale of early fruits and vegetables, and the rearing of orchids, the great expense of this wholesale gardening is reduced to about £1,000 a year, which her husband does not wish this hobby to exceed. He grows grapes throughout the greater part of the year, and pine-apples also, so that the dessert fruit on his table is scarcely to be surpassed. His entire living expenses do not exceed £3,000 a year, although his income is something like six times that amount. Sometimes he will spend £3,000 a year in relieving distress, as he did at the time of the cotton famine. His wife said he is so shy and reserved with people in general that he avoids society; but rich people are sought after, and he sometimes receives a thousand begging letters in the year. He thought his life ought to be written, and added as an appendix to Mr. Smiles's "Self-help," and so I have sent this sketch of it for publication.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

MY LADY HELP, AND WHAT SHE TAUGHT ME.

BY MRS. WARREN, AUTHOR OF "HOW I MANAGED MY HOUSE ON £200 A YEAR," ETC.

(*From the Ladies' Treasury*).

CHAPTER XII.—*Continued.*

That very afternoon some totally unexpected and far-off residing visitors called,—a mother, father, and two daughters, the latter of the class of girls said to be well educated. Miss Severn and Mrs. Newton were both in the dining-room when the bell rang, and the latter, being near the door, answered the summons. She welcomed her friends with cordiality, and they on seeing Miss Severn, bowed. Mrs. Newton, taking her by the hand, said, "You will be glad to know my very dear friend and kind companion Miss Severn."

There was no stiffness in the meeting; each lady shook hands, and the gentleman bowed. After a general conversation, and an invitation to an early tea, Miss Severn left the room, and soon returned with refreshments. Mrs. Newton rose, and met her half way to take the tray, but this was not permitted. The guests looked up curiously, as if missing the usual attendance, when Mrs. Newton said, "We are maids of all work here, we have no servants, and Miss Severn and

myself make it a matter of rejoicing rather than of trouble; she is kind enough to manage a great deal for me, and we really find it pleasant to be without worry."

This was scarcely uttered before there was such a tirade about the incompetency of servants, and the worry of housekeeping, that Mr. Waller said, "We seriously think of giving up our house and going to a hotel, or to board somewhere, for there is no replacing those servants we had so many years. I don't know what it is all coming to."

"I have heard a great deal about lady-helps," remarked Mrs. Waller; "but I'm afraid to venture upon one. I think she would make more confusion, and give extra trouble;" and the lady related the result of her interviews with several. "One wanted this, and another that, all impossible or inconvenient to grant, so that I have given up the hope of help from this quarter." Little more was said on the subject, Mrs. Newton not encouraging the conversation from preoccupation of mind as to the forthcoming tea. Miss Severn was full of resources, she knew; but if food was not in the house who was to get it, this being one of the charwoman's off-days? Mr. and Mrs. Waller had come from a distance, wanted something substantial, and could not be asked to wait for the seven-o'clock dinner which was salmon cutlet, lamb chops, potatoes, tomato salad, and stewed fruit.

With management, however, there was enough for both meals; enough was cut off the neck of the lamb, and a dainty bit of salmon, for Mr. Newton's dinner. There would be certainly only sufficient for himself. The thin top of the neck of lamb was cut off for boiling, the remainder being cut into thin chops, which were rolled in egg and bread-crumbs. There were luckily two salmon cutlets. The thickest was selected. A large piece of white paper was buttered; a little butter melted in the oven, with which the cutlet was entirely covered, then slightly peppered with white pepper, and a very little salt sprinkled on the top; it was placed in the centre of the paper, and the latter folded over it, the ends well folded in to exclude air. Another and unbuttered paper was folded again over it, and thus enclosed in double paper the cutlet was placed in the very hot oven on its centre or revolving plate, and baked for twenty minutes, with the oven door slightly ajar, so that no *flash* of excessive heat should injure it. The chops were fried in plenty of *boiling* fat, which was none the worse for having done frying duty twice before. They were not turned till one side was brown, and felt firm across the knife. This was Miss Severn's test of trial with frying chops and fish, and it never failed her, and temptingly brown the chops looked when ready for serving.

These dishes were supplemented with three hard-boiled eggs, laid on anchovy toast, and surrounded by thin rashers of bacon, partially fried, then rolled with a knife and fork, and browned while the chops were frying. A thin round of bread, free from crust, was toasted and buttered; a little butter melted was mixed with a table-spoonful of anchovy sauce, and a teaspoonful of flour, mixed with cold and set with boiling water. The toast was made slightly soft by dripping drops of boiling water over it; then the anchovy was spread on the toast; it was made hot in the oven, and transferred to the hot dish on which to be served; then cut into six sippets, upon each of which was placed the half of a hard-boiled egg, cut lengthways. The rolled bacon was placed round. For the salmon cutlet a few capers were chopped, and mixed with a little butter melted. When the cutlet was cooked, the outside paper was opened and removed, and the inner packet, containing the salmon, lifted *unopened* on to the hot dish to serve it in. With a sharp pair of scissors the top of the paper was cut off, leaving the salmon exposed, but still in its cradle of paper. In the centre and top of the fish the chopped capers were placed, and the paper sides hidden in a measure by some sprigs of parsley. Lastly, slices of bread and butter, both brown and white, were cut, some rather thick squares of bread cut, and put in the bread-basket; and, lastly, the teapot was warmed, and tea made with boiling water.

Miss Severn had an invincible dislike to what she termed "watered tea;" that is, after the first cups had been poured out, to have more water poured on the leaves; so the quantity of tea usually allowed, that is, of one large teaspoonful for each person, and one extra "for the teapot," was divided in half, and the tea, made in two teapots, allowing, of course, one spoonful extra for the second teapot. The whole work of this tea-getting and cooking did not extend to an hour, and it was nearly ready when Mrs. Newton came into the kitchen.

"You are a veritable 'Angel in the House'!"

was her first exclamation; "how have you managed it all? I am sorry to have lost the lesson, but another time you will show me. If you will kindly take the tea-tray to the top of the stairs, I will lay the cloth."

"Excuse my rebellion against kind offers, but I think I shall manage to place it all in the dining-room in a few moments, for I have the tomato salad and the plums, but both won't take five minutes. Will you peel the two tomatoes, and cut them across the top, in not too thin slices? I like this link between vegetables and fruit to be served in a glass dish; it may not be usual, but it looks best. Now just sprinkle a little moist sugar, a little salt, and a tablespoonful of vinegar, and the salad is made. I would put a little salad oil, and prefer it myself, but many do not, so I abstain; for salad at dinner a very small quantity of chopped onion improves it.

"The syrup for the plums is made with half a pint of boiling water and three ounces of powdered loaf sugar, both boiled together; then the plums are put in *while it is boiling*, and in five minutes, or less, after they boil up, these are also done. The skins are then readily taken off them, and the plums are sent to table every bit eatable and well cooked. Of course, some plums take longer than others. These happen to be of the right sort, and are quickly done. Now for the cake; the marmalade in a glass dish, and the biscuits."

It need not be said that the tea laid out on a fine damask tablecloth, and with damask serviettes, and a few flowers in the centre ornament, was a success. Miss Severn took her place at the table, and attended to the guests as if she had been a daughter,—a Miss Newton, instead of Anna Severn. Mr. Waller, being an intelligent and travelled man, spoke well upon many agreeable subjects, and frequently Miss Severn joined in the conversation, with a spirit and intelligence which delighted him. Mrs. Newton spoke to her several times, and appealed to her in almost a deferential manner; and this cue being taken by the guests, they had no more idea that she filled a subordinate position than that she had cooked the repast before them; and if they had been told that she had done so, would have said, "Impossible!" Finally the visit ended in a cordial invitation to Miss Severn to visit them with Mrs. Newton.

The seven o'clock dinner was cooked much in the same way, excepting that the top of the neck of lamb, usually roasted and never eaten because of its hardness and toughness, was put into boiling water, and boiled for an hour and a half; then taken up, rolled in egg and bread-crumbs, and fried in plenty of boiling fat. "I must have what seems a great quantity of boiling fat for most frying purposes, which to many would seem extravagance, but it is really economical, for it may be used many times, so long as it is not burned; a little fat is sure to burn. I never can impress this on a would-be cook; her highest idea of cooking is to be 'penny wise and pound foolish,' wasteful to extravagance, and when she should be liberal and lavish, she is mean; and such there is no altering, no teaching; nothing is left them but for the mistress to understand the art of cooking."

"All that is very well," returned Mrs. Newton, "for you who can grasp the whole subject; but for poor me, I know so little."

"Like all other arts, practice each day increases one's knowledge. I know far less than you imagine; but the simple and true principles of cookery any one may learn in an hour. It is the same in every art. I will try to give those principles in as few words as possible:

"*First.*—All meat, whether salt or fresh, must be put into *fast*-boiling water, meat for soup and for beef tea excepted.

"*The reason why.*—Because the water, if slowly heated from cold to boiling point, draws out the essence of the meat, in the same manner as beef tea is made, or soup. While if the meat be plunged into boiling water it at once sets the albumen; and made to boil quickly, and then kept slowly *boiling*, not simmering, which is not boiling, it is just impossible for the essence and flavor of the meat to escape, and the meat is thereby more tender.

"*Proof of this* is that if a joint be so cooked in boiling water, the remains of it the next day being plunged into fast-boiling water, and kept slowly boiling for twenty minutes, the flavor remains the same, and the gravy is as much in it as it was before this second process.

"*A second proof.*—If half a calf's head be boned, prepared, and rolled tightly, and put into fast-boiling water, and boiled *rapidly* for two hours and a half or three hours, according as it is small or large, it comes to table a shaking mass of jelly, and the water in which it is boiled is totally free from nourishment, and no more fit to make soup of than is clear water.

"*A third proof.*—If suddenly tainted meat

must be placed with charcoal in *boiling* water, the taint remains, it cannot thus be drawn out; but if put into cold water, and then cooked, the taint is removed, and the meat is rendered sweet, but it has much less flavor, because the cold water has drawn it out. Neither is there any taint in the water—the marvellous action of the charcoal has totally destroyed it.

"These proofs are quite sufficient to convince an unprejudiced mind that if one wishes good flavor and tenderness in a joint, the meat, whether salted or fresh, should be put into fast-boiling water, be made to boil up quickly and then slowly."

"And why quickly, then slowly? This I can remember, you have told me that whether water boils slowly, or as it is termed 'galloping,' it is never hotter than 212 degrees."

"For the reason that meat being boiled very fast, it is thrown against the sides of the saucepan, and this usage breaks the surface of the meat, thus it comes to table 'ragged.' I have seen a leg of pork cooked in this way, which appeared as if thoroughly done, but in cutting it the meat was raw.

"*Fish, for boiling,* from its gelatinous texture is considered far more difficult of manipulation than meat, but it is not so, if only a little care and memory be exercised. Water alone, even if boiling, is far too soft for fish; a lump of salt, say one or two ounces, is put into the water, which both hardens it, and causes greater heat of the water. Then a wineglassful of vinegar is added, to bind the color of salmon; and, indeed, all fish is the better for this addition. Another case is, there should be enough water only to cover the fish about an inch, *not more*, and when the water boils *fast*, weigh the fish, and write down its weight; then put in the fish, either *tied* like a bundle in a piece of old window-curtain muslin very clean, or bound on to the drainer of a fish-kettle. After the fish is in, make the water boil quickly, and reckon *six minutes to each pound;* if a half pound or more it over the extra number of pounds reckon it as if one pound; if four or six ounces, allow three minutes for these instead of six. Thus, a piece weighing four pounds six ounces will take twenty-four minutes for the four pounds, and three minutes for the six ounces; one four and a half pounds, to be reckoned in the cooking as five pounds, will take half an hour. There need be no trying if the fish be done; it is certain to be done *if it has been* kept boiling. It is almost an impossibility for fish to be broken if it be put into *fast boiling water, with the addition of salt and vinegar*, and cooked six minutes to the pound. Thick or thin fish is all the same. For ensuring the certainty of a uniform heat, a gas stove is so excellent, nothing elaborate, but one with two or three yards of tubing, for attaching it to the gas jet, will not cost more than five or six shillings, if so much; and with the stove placed on a plate or old tray, and stood on the kitchen table, the fish may be cooked, and no room be taken up on the kitchen grate. The comfort of this certainty of temperature to a mistress or maid is beyond conception. In fact, with a gas stove cooking may be estimated as a refined amusement, one sure to be appreciated and to bar the visits of the doctor.

"*Frying fish.*—There can be no certain rule of the time laid down for frying fish; but all the same success depends upon the observance of certain rules, and failure upon their non-observance. The rules are so simple, and the result so gratifying, that it is not worth the trouble to neglect them.

"First, the fish must be clean and dry. A plank of wood about a yard long should be kept for the purpose of laying them upon it. On this a piled tablespoonful of flour to be placed each fish to be rubbed in this and laid—if sole,—that side *upwards* from which the black skin has been taken off; *for unskinned fish it does not matter what side.* If fish lies for an hour or two it will greatly advantage the cooking; but if it be wanted quickly, then it must be dabbed dry with a cloth, and, if egg and bread-crumb be not used (and there is no need of it), then be floured with as much flour as will adhere to it, and be placed for five minutes on the fender before the fire—if it be a sole—with the skinned side upwards. It may reasonably be asked, 'Why this seeming trouble?'

"Simply to prevent the dead coldness of the fish from chilling the boiling fat in which it is to be fried, which chilling of the fat causes the fish to stick to the pan, and it thus soddens and falls to pieces from the water which hangs about it, and which literally stews it. You cannot fry anything in half-hot fat; it must be boiling, and the articles to fry must not have water clinging to them."

"Yes: but why insist upon having the skinned side of the sole put uppermost to dry?"

"For two reasons. One is that, the skin being taken off, the flour or egg and bread-crumb will quicker adhere to the fish, and, being in contact with the air or fire, it becomes drier; and again, that this is the side which must always be first placed downwards in the pan, then, when it is cooked and served, the white of the fish gleams just through the brown, and it thus looks more appetizing. If the reverse be done, and the skin side be first browned, the skin will often hang loosely on the fish, and it is then by no means so presentable.

"How is it that the cookery-books never tell one all these things? If perfection depends upon such trifles, I don't wonder there is so much failure in cookery matters."

"I believe the omission—of these, by no means, trifles—is the result of not having an *intuitive* knowledge of cookery matters. If any one, having written a cookery-book, had first to find out every matter for themselves, not first learnt it by rote or compiled a book from receipts, there would have been no shortcomings of little matters. An eminent musician, born with a musical genius, whose knowledge is half of it intuition, has an innate perception of all that constitutes true art in music, without the drudgery of acquiring it; and although he may be most distinguished for his genius, yet, if compelled to teach all the minutiæ of his art, he would be incompetent, and would marvel that the pupil could not understand the matter as he does himself—intuitively. So with cookery. An accomplished cook will not, or cannot, explain the causes of success or failure. These are trifles far too much out of the way for explanation or commentary.

"Also a good cook, equally with a good chemist, must have the faculty of observation, must note the merest shadow of a trifle, must be able, not only to say that a thing is ill done, but also *why* it is so, and the future remedy. This comes only from individually wading through difficulties, which books never point out. Depend upon it, no good cookery was ever accomplished without the most rigid attention, any more than a perfect picture is painted by carelessness and unobservant ignorance."

"I like to hear you dilate upon cookery, but I am too stupid to understand it all."

"Not so; a little by little, and one becomes clever and intelligent without being aware of it. A story is told of Farinelli, once the marvellous singer, and pupil of Porpora, the celebrated Italian master, that, being nearly seven years kept only to the scales, he remonstrated, when Porpora answered, 'Go: you are the finest singer in the world,' and so it proved upon trial; for his voice, in all its wonderful inflections and modulations, had such a power over his audience that even Handel had no listener for his music when Farinelli sang. This was an instance of slow acquirement resulting in perfection; of so thoroughly mastering the rules of an art that difficulty was impossible."

"You have taught me many things, and I see that the words 'impossibility' and 'cannot have no place in your practice; but you must have 'the gift' of the thing, you know."

"I certainly never had the 'gift' of cookery; it was only when we were driven to extremity by the atrocious dishes which were served to us by high-waged cooks, that it occurred to my father to say, 'There must be an art in well cooking the simplest food; let us find it out;' and so, little by little, myself and sisters 'found it out,' as he phrased it; and like any other riddle, when solved there was nothing in it; but the result was just comfort without worry. A few simple rules must be practised; all the rest follow. There is only one way of cooking well, as there is but one way to fit a dress properly, but the difference in flavoring or manner of serving food is indeed all the difference. One likes onions; another dislikes them. One likes oil, which is another's detestation; and so on; but for the art of cooking meats or vegetables plainly and well one requires only to recollect a few rules:—

"Fast-boiling water for every meat but *soup meat*, and slow boiling after it boils.

"Fast-boiling water for all fish—no simmering; but, instead, *slow boiling*, reckoning six minutes to each pound after it boils.

"Hot oven for roasting, and *oven door never quite closed*.

"Well covering the meat with dripping *before* putting it to roast or bake, and this to keep in the juices.

"Plenty of boiling fat for frying fish, and the fish *dry* as possible, and not *too cold*.

"Only enough boiling water to cover fish when boiling.

"Plenty of boiling water for all vegetables except potatoes and spinach, and for the latter no water; indeed, for other vegetables you cannot with reason have too much water; they re-

quire plenty of room to move about, while fish and meat are more conservative; they must not be treated liberally in the matter of water, only sufficient to *cover* them, but yet both must be *covered;* even an egg not well covered is only properly done on one side."

Mrs. Newton was very busy with her pencil putting down the heads of Miss Severn's discourse, for it really amounted to that. In a few moments, she said,—

"You have told me nothing about pastry; for whether short crust or flaky, your pastry is always good, and I observe that the ingredients are never used by 'rule of thumb.'"

"No; like the immortal Lavoisier, the balance is the measure or the weight of my practice. Some people say a cupful of this and a cupful of that, forgetting that one thing weighs heavier than another; that the weight of ingredients is the true measure. Yet there are a few things which make the exceptions to the rule, and rice is one of them. I was taught by an Indian officer to boil rice for curry so that each grain stood separately from the other when it was cooked. 'Now,' said he, 'here's a teacupful of rice; wash it well. Take another cup of the same size; measure it twice with boiling water; and a pinch of salt; make the water boil quickly; throw in the rice, and after it is boiled on a slow fire, reckon twenty minutes. There will be no water to drain off. Stir up the rice with a fork; turn it into a dish, let it dry two or three minutes before the fire, and it is done.' This, with butter, nutmeg, and sugar, is no bad impromptu food. If you like to try it, we can have it for our luncheon; only it is best eaten very hot. With such dishes as these, and with corn-flour, there is literally no trouble, no fuss; only one must know how to do it.

"Oh, with corn-flour cooks will boil it, and make such waste! I have seen you make it in the manner of starch, and then it is very nice."

"Truly, if you don't forget the little pieces of butter."

"Ah, yes; perhaps I should have forgotten this trifle."

"Then you would have forgotten a very important matter, for plain corn-flour is better with it."

"But why place the rice before the fire?"

"Because if suddenly taken from the heat before the steam had evaporated, the latter would be thrown back into it, and it would become heavy. Cakes and pastry when taken from the oven and suddenly carried into the cold become heavy; bread the same. Cakes are allowed to cool in a warm place, or are slipped from the tins and turned upside down, and rested against the inside of the tin—a process more easily done than described. Chilled bread is heavy, and arises from improper management when taken from the oven. Another trifle, you see, which is really no trifle, to have your cakes, bread, and pastry heavy from a cold atmosphere condensing the steam, which tells upon cakes, or whatever else it might be."

CHAPTER XIII.

"You asked me yesterday about pastry, which some people condemn as unwholesome; like everything else, there are two aspects to this question. It is certainly unwholesome," said Miss Severn, "when made with weight for weight of butter and flour, then baked brown, and flavored by the hot flash of air from the oven, which gives it a burnt taste. Excellent pastry can be made with a pound of flour to half a pound of butter, or half lard and half butter; but there are some trifling matters to be remembered here—too much water, too much handling, a half cold oven, spoils 'the pie;' and if a portion, say a quarter of the butter, be not rubbed into the flour first, before putting in the water, it will not be well. No more water should be put to the flour than is necessary to make it into a crumbling mass, and when turned out of the bowl none should stick to it, neither must the fingers touch it. The paste is then rolled out as thin as possible, and on this a thin layer of butter or lard is placed, then flour sifted lightly over. The paste then is *folded over once, not rolled.* It is again spread out with the rolling-pin, the remainder of the butter placed over it; again floured, and doubled or folded once over, then rolled out; the pie-dish inverted, and the shape cut round, the remainder of the pieces doubled together, rolled lengthways into a narrow strip, and cut down the centre; the edge of the dish is first larded, and the straight sides of the paste put to the edge of the dish. It is then half filled with fruit, half the sugar put in a little water, then the remainder of the fruit and sugar, a small cup put in the centre,

the top put on, but the edges not pinched together, only just at the inside of the edge of the dish ; and thus a homely pie, and a wholesome one, too, is made.

"The baking will depend upon the one trifle of seeing that the oven is very hot, indeed—too hot to bear the hand in it for a moment—when the pie is put in. Then the oven door shut close for ten minutes, or sufficiently long for the paste to rise well and be firm, and for the steam to be well out of it. Then the oven door be set ajar till the baking is finished. When this is done another care is that it be not suddenly taken into the cold air till after a few minutes for the steam to evaporate. Another trifle to remember. This is called half puff paste."

"And the flaky paste, how is that made?"

"There are several ways of making this; the only one I have been successful with, is the following ; but it will be well to show you how this is done. You will understand it better. I always use half lard and half butter not salted, and squeeze the buttermilk from it by putting it in a coarse cloth or coarse muslin :

"A weighted pound of dry flour and the same weight of butter, or butter and lard together—flaky paste cannot be made well without these proportions."

It took a few moments to get the necessary articles, and then the lesson commenced. Two ounces of the lard were laid on one side, to be rubbed into the flour, the board was well floured with some of the pound of flour, the remainder of the lard and butter put upon it, the rolling-pin well floured, and the mass rolled out very thin. It was then cut into pieces about an inch square, which were taken up with the point of a knife and placed on a floured plate. The two ounces of lard were rubbed into the flour and then wetted with two wineglassfuls of cold water ; the whole mixed with a spoon, and turned in a crumbling mass on to the table. It was then rolled out very thin ; the squares of butter and lard divided into three portions ; one portion taken up and placed all over the paste, then the paste doubled in half, and rolled out. Care was taken not to fold it in more than half, *not at all at the edges*. Again a second portion of lard was taken up and placed on the paste, taking care neither to turn the paste round, nor to fold it in any different way than just in half, as before, and not to flour it beyond what the fat had taken up in the process of its first rolling, then this was rolled. This was repeated for the third time. The inverted pie-dish was then put on the paste, the shape cut out, and the pie finished in the usual manner.

This quantity of paste made two tartlets as well as a fruit pie ; but for the tartlets, the paste being put on a flat, buttered dish, it was scored with a knife here and there at the bottom of the dish, to prevent the paste from rising in the centre, and these were baked before the sweets were put into them.

"The trifle to be remembered here," said Miss Severn, "is not to turn the paste round in any way, and not to roll it over and over in a round mass, but to fold it always one way—*never to turn in the edges*—for if the layers of paste be turned in different directions, it will not be in flakes when baked."

"I am glad to know the reason for what one does ; people say, 'You must do this and that,' and when one asks 'Why?' they don't know. Did you observe that delicious-looking iced tart at Sandon's yesterday?—how was that done? And how firm and raised the tart looked."

"Not icing on flaky paste, certainly. To make this paste firm enough to bear icing and retain its dome-shape, the paste is mixed with the yolk of an egg beaten with a very little water, and this egg causes it to be often indigestible. Pastry made with a pound of flour to half a pound of fat, in the way I just described to you, will bear icing very well."

"But how is the icing done? I have always failed in my attempts to make it."

"At our little parties, when we were children," said Miss Severn, "it used to be one of our triumphs to ice the buns and cakes provided for us. The buns were always favorites. My sister ingeniously hit upon the device of cutting the buns into two slices, and icing both. Little ones dearly love sugar. Of course there are several delicious ingredients in elaborate icing such as ours was not. Almonds beaten to a paste make a foundation for the icing of wedding cakes, or, when the icing is wet upon the cakes, white sugar-candy broken to spar-like fragments is strewed on it, and very pretty it looks ; but our icing, and that which serves well for household use, is to beat the whites of two eggs well, and strain them, then beat up gradually with the whites half a pound of powdered sugar—that is to say, castor-sugar, formerly used in castors. If this is unattainable, the sugar must

be broken, then be rolled and sifted, and finally beaten to dust in a mortar. The mixture is now a white glutinous mass. And *when the pastry is baked* the icing is spread thickly over, and then returned to the oven to set firm and white, which it does in about ten minutes. This icing is really excellent, if care be taken that the oven be not hot enough to brown it. Flavor can be given by beating with the icing before it is put on the pastry a few drops of essence of vanilla or strong orange-flower water.

"One may make very pretty things with this icing. Strips of sponge cake iced are very good, and pieces of cake cut, but dry from keeping, are thus rendered very presentable."

"As for sponge-cake," said Mrs. Newton, "with me it has been always a failure—heavy as lead."

"Mine used to be the same," Miss Severn replied, "till a friend, famous for her cakes, which I imagined came from a pastry-cook, told me the reason. She asked, 'How do you make it?'

"'I put in the eggs and sugar and flour, and well beat it, and the longer I have beaten it and the more pains have taken with it, the heavier is the cake.'

"'You beat it, then, *after the flour was put in?*'

"Certainly; I thought all cakes should be so beaten."

"'Sponge-cakes, never. Their lightness depends upon the eggs being well beaten with the sugar, then the flour and the flavoring, as lemon-peel chopped, be very gently *stirred* in—no beating, no endeavoring to get the air out of the whisked eggs.'

"Now this was just one of the overlooked *trifles*, but yet one upon which success depended."

One morning Mrs. Newton said, "I will do the cooking entirely for one month. Where I fail, please set me right. One may be forever shown—it amounts to nothing; it is not like doing it one's self. To-morrow I will begin with soup. One thing at a time. Meat, carrots, turnips, celery, salt, pepper, onions and water. That is all, I think."

"There need not be meat—threepennyworth of fresh bones and a pennyworth of celery seed; the latter will do for twice instead of celery, which is dear."

"Well, well, don't tell me; I shall manage it."

The soup was made, and was perfectly flavorless, excepting that it had a stale flavor of vegetables.

Mrs. Newton's dismay was ludicrous, as she said, "I put all the things into fast-boiling water, and—"

"Then you did wrong. The meat and the celery-seed, the latter tied in muslin, should have been put into cold water to extract the flavor, but the other vegetables into the soup when it was boiling. Just try the remainder of the celery-seed by putting it into cold water; in half an hour after it you will have a delicious flavor—another proof that boiling water keeps in the flavor and cold water extracts it."

"I see," said Mrs. Newton. "Many failures are necessary to success. I will accomplish this cooking."

It is a fact that success came at last by many failures. This lesson Mrs. Newton learned, and a great deal of worry fell away in consequence.

There were many things besides that of cookery in which Miss Severn was most useful; for instance, one day an electro-plated coffee-pot had been carefully cleaned and put away, but unfortunately near where a gas-jet was alight every night. It was presumed that putting the coffee-pot away in blue paper would preserve it from tarnishing. However, this proved not to be the case. When the paper was opened, it revealed an almost black surface, iridescent with rainbow hues; in fact, it looked as bad and old as tarnished copper. Mrs. Newton when she saw it, exclaimed:—

"Spoiled! What is to be done?"

"This will all come right in a few moments," said Miss Severn. And, certainly, within a very short space of time the coffee-pot was as bright as ever.

"How was this cleaned?" Mrs. Newton, in surprise, asked.

"Just a little strong ammonia water and some calcined, or, as it is sometimes called, prepared hartshorn; only the genuine is of use for this purpose; generally, if one asks for it one gets a preparation of chalk instead, and this is the only drawback, that the hartshorn is difficult to obtain pure. We call it 'magic dust' at home. My father used to say that if we ever wanted bread this 'magic dust' ought to bring us food, forgetting that without means to advertise it there would be no purchasers. However, it will quickly remove all tarnish from silver, no

matter how bad is its condition. I always keep the powder by me for cleaning my gold ornaments, and occasionally my teeth."

Just at this moment came a double knock. Miss Severn admitted the visitor, who, laughingly, said :—

"Ah, my friend, I have come to tell you that some of your rules, or one of them at least, fail. I shall convict you in the presence of Mrs. Newton, for she believes you are faultless, and all your words oracular."

"So much the worse for me, Mrs. Andrews; but here comes Mrs. Newton."

The three ladies seated themselves in the dining-room.

"Now," said Mrs. Andrews, "how could you tell me when I was last here that fish was to be always cooked in plenty of boiling fat?"

"Quite true, I said so. What of it?"

"Only that the splendid fresh herrings we were to have had for breakfast this morning were totally spoiled; they fell to pieces and would not brown. I know that the pan was half full. I saw it myself; so you see, Miss Severn, your plan does not always answer."

"No rule is without an exception, and I forgot to name that exception, and thus your breakfast was spoiled. I am very sorry. I omitted to mention that fresh herrings, bloaters, sprats, and pilchards, all being of a very oily nature, can be cooked nearly in their own fat; just the greasing of the hot pan suffices. I believe these are the only exceptions to the all but universal rule of frying fish in *plenty* of boiling fat."

"I only wish I had known this before; however, I shall not readily forget it," said Mrs. Andrews, "and I am glad that I came to tell you of the mishap."

"I am very thankful to y u. Some people would have condemned me altogether without giving me the opportunity to explain."

"I don't know but that failure makes one remember the right way from the wrong; and this reminds me of something else I had to ask. We get our table serviettes so stained, the laundresses never get out the stains; on the contrary, they seem of darker hue than before the articles were sent to be washed."

"We always bleached ours when similar accidents happened at home. My father's recipe was the following :—

"One ounce of fresh chloride of lime mixed gradually with five half pints of cold water. This was put into a jar, and daily shaken for three or four days. Then let it settle for a week. Then pour off the clear portion by straining it through muslin into a clean bottle; it is then ready for use in the proportion of three tablespoonfuls to six of cold water. The articles must be first wetted with cold water, then plunged into the bleaching liquid until the stains disappear, afterwards be rinsed in cold water and dried."

"And will this do for any stains? Iron-mold, for instance?"

"No. The last is a metallic stain, to be remedied only immediately before the ink dries, by plunging it into milk, changing it as often as it is discolored; or, if the ink is dry, use salts of sorrel most carefully, by wetting the iron-stain with hot water, placing it on a hot plate, and with the end of the finger dipped in salts of sorrel ('oxalic acid') rub on the stain and it disappears at once; but the linen must be instantly dipped in cold water, then the water be changed and let the linen remain in it.

"The bleaching liquid will only remove a vegetable stain, with this exception, marking ink will not resist the action of chloride of lime. I always know when the laundresses have used it, because the name marked on the linen rapidly disappears. They may protest they do not use the lime; but all of them use the washing powders, which contain more or less something analogous to it. I have known several laundressess declare they never used it themselves, and never saw their people do so; but all the same it was used."

"Perhaps you can tell me how to dry colored print dresses and black and colored stockings, so that the colors will not separate and run. Some people say that no soda should be used."

"Soda will not harm as the washing-powders do, and few laundresses will use soda. We had always those things washed at home; dresses, if dark, were stiffened in thin gum-water, or if light-colored, in thin starch, wrung very dry, then again wrung in a cloth, then folded in another cloth, then opened, shook well, and dried in *the dark*; but only sufficiently dried to iron well without damping. When dried rapidly with a good wind, and in the *dark*, colored cambrics can be kept fresh-looking for a long time; colored stockings will run if exposed to the air. One maid we had, used to keep our stockings in good order, and would never say that she did more than wash and dry them; but, coming suddenly upon her during this process, I discovered that she had them laid flat between

cloths, and had been stamping upon them, and so she literally stamped them dry between cloths; thus there was no time for the colors to run.

"Another reason for clothes getting a bad color is that they are often plunged into a copper of boiling water, which permanently sets the bad color at once, or they will be put into cold water, which is quickly brought to boil, and are kept boiling till the dark color is again boiled into them, just as a dyer would dye clothes. Clothes should *not* be boiled at all, unless they are very greasy, otherwise scalded till boiling point, but no longer, be taken out again, put into cold water and suds, and again be brought to boiling point—not boil—then be instantly plunged into cold water. Indeed, a similar process to that of blanching food does for clothes; taking them from the boiling water and putting them into cold without an instant's delay just starts the dirt. Moreover, clothes should be first soaked in cold water and a little soda, then be soaped and rubbed—if the water is soft, soda is not needed—afterwards finish with very hot water, be plunged into cold and and brought to boiling point, then be instantly plunged from the boiling water into the cold, then wrung and rinsed in clean water mixed with a little blue—Reckitt's is the best—and this is all the trouble there is to keep clothes a good color. However, the very simplicity of any management will not for a long time be believed in. People think there must be fuss and worry, or the work cannot be accomplished."

Servants came and servants went at their own sweet will during Miss Severn's stay, but there was no confusion, no meal was ill-cooked, none ill-served. The household work was done, ill or well, as the servant happened to be skillful or otherwise, or in good or bad temper. Miss Severn took no notice, but what any neglected of house-work she helped to do it over again, and during this time tried her uttermost to improve her in all possible ways. In the end her endeavors were of little avail, so far as she could see. Desultory habits, untidy ways, and dirty practices were so inherent in them, so ingrained, that by no kindness could they be eradicated. The antecedents of many were, to say the least, equivocal, and such that would formerly have shut them out from respectable service, but now their star was in the ascendant, and it was "Take me, or leave me; I don't care." This, if not said plainly in words, certainly was so in manner.

Chapter XIV.

Our story draws to its close. Miss Severn stayed four years with Mrs. Newton, whom she thoroughly instructed in household matters, as she did every girl who came into the service; that is, as far as she was able. Some had a smattering of tidy habits, and imbibed all the knowledge, but rapidly tired of learning orderly ways. Mrs. Newton, by Miss Severn's advice, gave each of them to understand that she never gave a servant notice to leave her service but for two things,—dishonesty and bad language. She considered those who came to her were led by Providence to her house, and she proposed to teach them all she could to make them good servants. With a number this teaching was unbearable, and they discharged themselves in a month, always saying that they did not care for characters; they could get them any day. Occasionally one would remain for six months, and then left better skilled for her stay; but with the majority two or three months sufficed. Each hated the restraint of regular work, and of stated hours for work and meals, far more than they did the temporary abridgment of their liberty.

"Missis and Miss Severn are both very kind, but they do worry so over the cooking. Everything must be done exact to time, and I can't stand it."

This was the speech that was told one day to the milkman. "They never do keep servants long in this place," was the reply.

At the next place the girl offered herself, she told the lady that Mrs. Newton never keeps her servants long. She is such a temper, if everything isn't done well, and there isn't time to do everything.

One would deem it a pleasant amusement that of changing servants, knowing how readily trades-people listen to servants' tales instead of giving them seasonable advice.

"This they can't do," said Miss Severn; "the girls would turn against them and say that whatever they sold was bad. Girls rapidly form friendships or otherwise with those coming for orders. A friend of mine, with three 'rose-bud' daughters, lives in good style, and her servants have every comfort, but they won't stay, 'because it is dull.' The kitchens have no view of the street, and those who come for or with orders are turbulent boys."

During this conversation Miss Severn was cleaning the glass globes of the gasaliers; she scrubbed the ground glass with a nail brush, curd soap, soda, and water, then rinsed them in warm water, and let them drain without wiping them. "Shall I wipe them?" asked Mrs. Newton.

"Not at all, if you do the glass will be smeared; they must not be touched till dry, or every finger-mark will show; when dry on the outside, they may be lifted with a soft towel, and then the inside be wiped dry; cold water should never touch them, it would contract the glass so much that the heat of the gas flame would crack it."

There had been some desultory talk about Miss Severn's leaving Mrs. Newton, and living with a young married cousin who was as innocent of household matters as a charming girl accomplished in all the "ologies" could possibly be, and who, up to the time of her marriage, had gloried in declaring her supreme ignorance of domestic duties. It was always grief to Mrs. Newton when the subject was broached, and so it had been put off from time to time till one day a letter came from a friend in an influential position in a country town of no small size.

"DEAR ANNA SEVERN:—Can you make up your mind to leave your pleasant home, and come here for a while? There are hundreds of little children waiting for a friendly teacher. It is all very well for the Dons to get from London qualified teachers of cookery and other similar matters to teach the elder girls of their system; but I want you to come and care for the little ones. My wife and I are of opinion that these little ones will more readily remember such teachings as yours. You see I think of the happy time at home when you taught your sister 'why' things were done this or that way, and no other; so, like 'a ministering angel,' as I believe you to be, come to us as quickly as you can. It shall be made, in a pecuniary point of view, worth your while."

This was all of the letter that bore upon the subject, and, after due deliberation and much painful conflict, the letter was given to Mr. and Mrs. Newton. We will not enter into the various inducements both held out to her to remain with them till she said:—

"Where lies my duty is plainly my path to take. I shall be sorry indeed to leave you both, and this home, where I have been so happy; but when hundreds call me elsewhere, and one, who is a better judge than myself, thinks that I can be useful to these children, certainly it would be wrong to remain in idleness here."

There was no combating this argument, and Miss Severn left, but ever retained the warm friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Newton, and their house was at all times her home.

THE END.

SHOPPING HINTS.

It is too much the custom for ladies to set out on a shopping expedition with but vague ideas as to what they really require; and the consequent annoyance to the assistant who serves them in the shop, and almost certain disappointment to themselves with their purchases, are but what might have been foretold, and yet what might easily have been avoided. All the calculations should be made beforehand, and the decision as to colors should never be left till a moment when, being shown a number of different shades, the eye becomes dazzled and confused, and totally unable to disentangle fresh impressions from those on which the mind had previously fixed as desirable. The advice usually volunteered by the shopman is apt, also, to confuse the undecided, and it is difficult to keep pace with his rapid calculations. It is well, therefore, on many accounts, to go into detail of every kind beforehand.

Supposing, for instance, that a dress is to be bought, it is a mistake to enter a shop with a

vague idea that a winter costume, let us say, may be chosen out of the numerous materials and designs that will be offered to the purchaser for selection. But if, on the other hand, a definite idea as to style, quantity, and trimmings be arrived at, it will not be difficult to resist the persuasions of the shopman, and to adhere to one's own convictions. An excellent plan is to mark down in one's tablets the requisite number of yards of materials of different widths. The color must be decided with reference to the articles of clothing already in the wardrobe which may have to be worn with the new dress. The style can be chosen from the illustrations in a fashion book, or from a dress already seen. The quantity of material necessary for a dress depends so much on the trimming, that this must not be left for after-consideration.

As to the choice of materials, it is rather difficult to give general advice, but those which undoubtedly wear well may be mentioned. In the list of these, cashmere comes first. The thicker qualities wear out two dresses of any other material. Velvet might be excepted only that it crushes so readily, and spoils with rain. Thick winter cashmere is not very expensive, and when black keeps its color excellently. It dyes well, and when it has fulfilled its mission as a dress, it makes a useful petticoat.

There are many soft woollen materials that wear well, but a mixture of cotton and wool is always to be avoided. In choosing these, the threads of both warp and woof should be examined, and if any cotton be found, the material should be at once rejected. Some very pretty stuffs are to be had cheaply on acconnt of this mixture, but they cockle with the rain, and it is only wasting money to buy them, and wasting time to make them up. The materials known as homespun, beige, and a dozen other names unfamiliar to all but drapers, are or ought to be, all wool, but their great popularity has caused them to be imitated in cheap textures, which of course contain cotton more or less. An examination of the threads should therefore be carefully made before buying.

Velvet is a material scarcely suitable for dresses, except to those who can afford to have several; but its humble cousin, velveteen, is not only pretty but useful, though cheaper kinds cannot be recommended. Velveteen is a material that requires care, or it will become shabby soon. It should not be chosen in a very heavy quality, as this soon cuts, nor should a very light kind be selected, as that will readily tear. As to color, I shall have something to say further on. Velveteen should not be too much trimmed; the material is rich enough in appearance to dispense with additions of silk, satin or braids, and it is too heavy to be self-trimmed to any extent. Lace may be used with advantage on the bodice if it be meant for evening wear, and a slight addition of jet is often an improvement. Silk fringe goes well with velveteen, which may be trimmed with woollen braids and gimps when intended for street wear.

Black silks are very difficult to choose. Professional buyers have probably mastered the mysteries of the various qualities and their outward indications, but for the uninitiated they are baffling. A soft silk often wears greasy, and a stiff silk cuts. A silk at 7*s.* 6*d.* a yard frequently outwears one at 12*s.* 6*d.*, so that price is not a safe guide as to wearing qualities. An expensive black silk seldom wears brown, but it is a good rule with silk as with velvet and velveteen, to choose those in which the lights are blue. These keep their color best. The same is true of cashmere and French merino. Colored silks may now be bought at very low prices, and if cleverly managed, even the cheaper ones make very useful dresses. To people who go out much in the evening, a light silk is a valuable possession, and may be worn with different accompaniments, so that an impression of sameness may be avoided, both as regards the wearer and her friends. Silk dresses should never be made up with machine-work, as they will inevitably require altering before they wear out. Good dark colors should be chosen, when the silks are intended for wear in the street or in the house—navy blue, prune, claret, myrtle and sage green.

In choosing silk and cashmere for a costume composed of these two materials, it is well to get the shades to match as nearly as possible, but as it is sometimes difficult to match colors even approximately in different materials, it should be borne in mind that if either must be appreciably darker, it must be the silk, not the cashmere.

A white cashmere dress is not an extravagance when the owner goes out constantly in the evening. Cashmere washes well in experienced hands, cleans, and dyes. It remains clean much longer than batiste, muslin, or the thinner materials enumerated above. It should be chosen of a bluish shade of white.

The question of washing materials is an important one to the economist. Living in town or country makes a great difference in this respect. In the country, the washing is frequently done at home, and therefore washing dresses are not expensive, but in town it is another matter. The first cost of a piqué or muslin is as nothing when compared with that of frequent washings during the summer. Then again, white dresses necessitate white petticoats, which are also an expensive item in the laundress's bills. Washing materials must therefore be invested in discreetly, and with a cautious outlook towards possible future expense.

The choice of colors is one that requires some thought and experience. The brilliant shades that were fashionable at one time faded very rapidly. The darker ones now worn even in summer are much more durable. Black, brown, and dark green are perhaps the most economical colors for dresses; lavender, and some shades of grey the least so. Navy blue wears well in good materials. In cheap fabrics, it soon begins to look greyish. The bluer shades of prune are durable, but the redder tints rapidly become hard and disagreeable. Cream color is rather more economical than white, though in a large town the smuts observe a strict impartiality towards both. In buying materials for making or trimming bonnets and hats, the very best must always be chosen.

Gloves and boots should not be bought "promiscuously," at this shop on one occasion, at that on another. Having discovered a hop where good gloves are sold, and where the size fits well, that shop should be the one chosen place to buy them in, only to be deserted when they cease to be good.

In the matter of boots, also, consistency is a virtue. Let a good maker be found—and it is worth taking some trouble to find one—and much trouble will be saved by dealing with him alone. Every pair of boots he makes for an individual customer ought to excel the last in accuracy of fit.

In choosing materials for underclothing, the width is an important consideration. Longcloth should have no "dress" in it, and should be selected of a suitable thickness for the articles which are to be made from it.

In choosing linen or calico, a small piece should be taken between the fingers and rubbed well; by this means the presence of any "dress" is immediately detected. It falls in a coarse powder from the fabric, and allows the lines to appear. Inexperienced purchasers are often misled by this "dress," and buy a calico which looks quite thick and close, but when washed becomes very thin and poor. A great advantage in buying unbleached longcloth lies in the fact that it works so easily in the sewing-machine, and is also much pleasanter to sew with the needle. The absence of stiffness makes this difference, and the particles of the coarse powder injure the machine very appreciably, and retard its motion.

Both for machine and hand use, good cotton is indispensable to pleasant work. Habit is said to be second nature, and everybody naturally prefers that to which she has been accustomed. —*From "How to Dress Well on a Shilling a Day."*

Literary Notices.

THE ART OF BEAUTY. By Mrs. H. R. Haweis. Harper Bros., New York.

This is a beautifully illustrated volume consisting of a series of papers written originally for an English magazine. It deals with costume, color and furniture in their relations to beauty. Our extracts will show the writer's line of thought:—

EXTRAVAGANCE.

Ladies are accused of spending too much on their dress; my point is, that whether they spend little or much, they may lay their money out on right—or wrong—artistic principles. A woman who understands and knows how to apply a few general principles, such as I have tried to point out, may often spend half as much as her friend who gives herself over to the dressmaker and empties her purse by exhausting the last fashion book.

We are told, again, that ladies think too much about dress; I should say they think too little, or rather they don't think at all. If they *thought* a little more about dress, they would waste less time, and probably spend less money, but the result would be grace, harmony, and expressiveness, instead of those astonishing combinations which rob the fairest women of half their charms, and expose ruthlessly the weak points of their less favored sisters.

We are most anxious that women should devote, not less time, less money, less study, to the art of self-adornment, but even more, *if the results are proportionately better.* We are anxious that a pretty girl should make the very utmost of herself, and not lose one day of looking beautiful by dressing badly while her fresh youth lasts. We are desirous that when the first freshness is past, advancing age should not grow slovenly, as it is apt to do, but that then the art which once enhanced beauty should conceal its fading away; we want every woman to be at all times a picture, an ensample, with no "bar" between herself and her surroundings, as there should be none between her character and its outward reflection—dress. For this reason, Nature must not be destroyed, but supported; her beauties revealed, not stifled; her weaknesses veiled, not exposed; her defects tenderly remedied; and no fashion should be tolerated which simply tends to burlesque her. As, in spite of Quakers and philosophers, women are likely to spend money and time over their dress to the end of the chapter, the sternest censor may well join in the hope that not the girl of the period, but the woman of the future, will produce greater results, waste less time, whilst bestowing more thought upon the beauty and the propriety of her dress.

I long for the time when some acknowledged censor will force the laws of propriety and beauty upon the fashionable world, who will absolutely forbid the ill-favored to exhibit their misfortunes with ill-judged candor and false pride; who will forbid the heated dreams of overworked dressmakers to disclose themselves in gigantic patterns on human drapery; who will then perhaps even commence a raid against the obstinacy which clothes our men in swallow-tails, elephant legs, shirt collars, and "anguish pipes."

DRESSES OF OUR DAY.

In speaking of dress it is impossible to go too much into details. I will begin with the gown, viewed in its several parts.

Bodices.—As to the *cut* of the bodice, there are many forms, good and bad. The worst is, perhaps, the ordinary tight bodice, which we may christen the Pincushion style, from its hardness and stuffiness, and which follows the form of the stays, and never that of the body. But you may say, "Why is this 'neat' bodice ugly? It is a pity to conceal a pretty figure forever in loose folds. Why may we never see a clear outline?"

Certainly, if we did but see the outline of the body, and not the French milliner's idea of what the body should be. Nothing can be more beautiful than a close-fitting garment, such as that worn in the time of the Plantagenets, before the modern stays had come into being. But a box that stiffens the whole figure unnaturally, draws the waist into the shape of a V, when the female figure is much more like an H, is a detestable invention, and, indeed, only a kind of coffin; while, as for the bodice fitting it, any garment containing so many unnecessary seams and wrong lines must always be an unpicturesque one.

As for the skirt (which ought to be, if it is not, a portion and a continuation of the bodice), it must partake of the character of the bodice; that is to say, if the bodice be cut tightly and formally to the figure, the skirt should be so. For instance, none but the plain gored skirt, without a single pleat, can properly go with a tight bodice. But if the bodice be full at the waist, the skirt must contain pleats, for this form must signify a full and folded garment closed to the waist by a girdle. Nothing can be in worse (artistic) taste than to wear a loose bodice, such as a Garibaldi, with a tight gored skirt, which

we have seen done, or a gathered skirt with a close bodice ; no dress could be naturally cut in either way. It at once betrays that the skirt and bodice do not belong to each other, and are not cut together, or, as the artists say, "not all painted with the same palette."

As a glove that ends exactly at the wrist bone, or a boot at the ankle, with a straight line, is always ugly, so are the necks of dresses when cut in a circle close up to the throat. They have an incomplete look invariably, and seem to require some sort of ornament, like a turned-down collar ; this is not a natural form, and, besides, it gives the head a decapitated look. The collar corners taken off, thus forming a V, at once give us a natural form. The V may fairly be carried down to the waist, but in this case let me beg my fair country-women to wear a chemise. The fashion in vogue a few seasons ago of wearing the chest bare to the waist, while the dress was high behind and on the shoulders, was inexpressibly odious. We have seen these V-shaped bodices at evening parties, where the V was only stopped by the girdle ! As to the picturesqueness of the dress, it was lost by the hard edge of the V upon the chest. A dress ought never to end upon the skin ; there should always be a tucker, firstly, for cleanliness, and secondly, for softening the line of contrast.

Seams ought never to have been introduced into the backs of close bodices. Surely the human back would be easy enough to fit without these lines, sometimes contradicting so flatly the natural ones of the figure. What can be a more needless break in the line of the arm and shoulder than the seam that chops off the arm just beneath the joint, or the square seam that crosses the blade-bone ? There is another seam, which is just as ugly and just as needless, which goes straight from the arm-pit to the waist. If a tight bodice demands a seam down the back, it can not need the side seams nor the seam under the arm. If the seam under the arm is conceded, no other is required at the back. The old sacque of the seventeenth century was a very perfect pattern, as far as the patterns go. The sleeve, whether tight or full, was put into the neck. The seam under the arm united with the pocket hole, at the lower end of which an extra breadth was gathered in, necessary to admit of the sweep of the train ; the seam of the back was concealed by the long folds of the sacque, while giving the graceful line of the natural waist and hip ; and the line of the side of the neck, which was usually square, swept straight down to the ground, revealing the under-vest or jacket and petticoat (both perfectly legitimate forms and distinct from each other). When a change of fashion brought the dress together on the bosom, with no under-jacket, the neck was cut heart-shaped—a very natural and honest form.

In all cases the seam of garments should follow and recognize the natural lines of the body. A sleeve seam reaching the throat, or one surmounting the shoulder joint, is a more natural and proper form than one cutting across the arm, and should be used in all close bodices, where the eye is meant to take in a smooth outline without a break. In bodices less simple in construction, and where the sleeve rises into puffs or other capricious forms, the seam may be at the joint, or, in fact, anywhere where it is least obtrusive.

HEAD COVERINGS.

For summer out-door wear, nothing in the world can be so beautiful and convenient as the short black or white lace veil worn by the Milanese and other Italian women, which can be made to answer every purpose of a head-dress, and fulfills every quality loved by an artist. The Milanese is a black veil, of a triangular form, and, of course, of varying quality ; it is disposed in many styles, the point usually resting on the head ; sometimes it covers the entire face and shoulders, and shades the neck completely ; at others it is caught up in order to show the hair in massive braids and plaits. Sometimes it seems all on the top of the head ; sometimes all at the back of it, with a spray of jasmine behind the ear. Indeed, individual taste could hardly have better scope than in these little veils. We are struck at Milan by the extreme beauty and grace of the women, same of them with hair powdered white, others with their native dark tresses— but all veiled. The same woman in a veil and in a bonnet is hardly to be recognized ; in the first she will, perhaps, look stately and most graceful ; while in the second, with no flow of folds to enhance the easy movements of the throat—no softening shadow of delicate patterns around the shoulders—she will appear stiff and uninteresting. The explanation is not far to seek. Every body has not the unspeakable charm of carriage and action of a really graceful woman, any more than every body has a beautiful face ; but there are some fashions of dress which undoubtedly add grace, as there are others which add piquancy, etc. Long folds always lend a smoothness, an undulating flow, to the body ; anything that fills up and furnishes the sides of the face adds softness and roundness to even the fairest. Something rather full and lofty on the top of the head is *generally* an improvement, as so many heads are flat or uneven at the top. This light and manageable Italian veil has all sorts of merits, as it can be gathered in any number of forms ; and when the lace is mingled with a flower or a broad ribbon, it is, perhaps, the most entirely satisfactory head-dress that can be found.

There is really no reason why this should not be adopted among us. The material might cost just as much or as little as one chose ; a white crape veil would not last a shorter time than a white crape bonnet, and there would be no wires to press the head when the heat makes clothing of any kind a nuisance ; while a black lace veil would last a long time, would preserve that greatest of all charms, a snowy neck, and be lighter than a hat. A very simple little veil was worn in summer in the seventeenth century, as seen in Hollar's prints.

Matsys's pictures show us veils of green or peach-colored gauzes, falling in long, smooth, and exquisitely tinted folds, half revealing, half

concealing, half alluring, half repelling; but, indeed, there is scarcely a veil of any thing like a simple form that is not beyond all things graceful and becoming, whatever be its color or material. We are wrong: two degraded forms of veil there have been which we must condemn, while confessing the extreme ingenuity of women in spoiling what is good. One is the veil that was stretched on wires, like a valance hung out to dry, in the fifteenth century. There are many paintings and drawings of this hopelessly foolish apparatus. The other objectionable veil is the little scrap of cheap net, in the shape of a half-moon, that modern women have but just cast by, and which binds the nose flat to the face, and ruins the eyelashes. What it was ever adopted for we do not know. Not for warmth, as the mouth and nose were exposed; while a mask is more sensible if disguise be sought, for a mask does not injure, like this "veil," the eyes or lashes, or spoil the outline of the nose.

Gypsy and other hats that throw a pleasing shadow over the eyes (and, by-the-way, preserve the forehead) are extremely becoming. The muslin Dolly Varden hat was eminently so.

For winter wear the nearest approach to beauty would be a hood. The round hoods worn in Watteau's time, of black silk or other material, lined with a color, often crowned with a saucy little shepherdess hat, proved beyond every thing becoming to the face. A still more picturesque hood is the Russian *bashlyk*, which is drawn *over* the hat a little way, and, crossing under the chin, falls in two embroidered ends behind. The ears may be exposed or not; a well-chosen color adds wonderfully to the beauty of the face; the hood preserves from cold—there are no red tips to noses and ears in this at once coquettish and comfortable hood; and were it general in the United States, there would soon be no more influenzas and red eyes. The only objection that could at present be urged against the bashlyk is that it conceals the "back hair;" but a little hair may be coaxed forward with wonderfully good effect, and even the golden-haired need not fear that their locks will shine unseen. Surely the chignon is of less consequence than a red nose? And, besides this, an objection which was not thought of throughout so many centuries of head-dressing can hardly be all-important now. The entire display of the hair in the public streets is a very recent fashion, and is significant of the safety of modern cities.

CLOGS AND PATTENS.

While we are on the subject of foot-gear, a few words on *clogs* or *pattens* will not be inappropriate. When a day's rain has filled our roads with mud, and a hundred feet have covered the pavement with a monotint that beats all the browns of the old masters, what becomes of all our æsthetics? One would have thought so many generations of damp and bad weather would have taught the English how to combine convenience with attractiveness, even under the greatest skyey disadvantages. But, alas! on a wet day no one looks well. The lovely beings of whom England is justly proud are transformed into frights by a few hours pelting rain and a little yellow fog under such conditions. Those who are brave enough to venture out, prepared for the worst, present a depressing spectacle to a lover of the beautiful. There is a general smashedness of head-gear, and vagueness of outline as to feet, which ten centuries have not taught us to provide against. What can one expect when the "little mice" are covered up in goloshes? Ah, woe be to the man who invented that gutta-percha penance! Why did he not elevate the gentle sex on pattens? Now a patten is not an ugly thing in itself, and it has the prestige of antiquity. Our country-women in the last generation plodded through miry fields on "clogs" of a very unpicturesque description, eminently worthy of the name, with an uncomfortable ring of iron beneath the foot; but this clog was not older than Anne's reign. A far better clog was the early wooden one, of which we see many representations in the mediæval MSS., and which is very clearly represented in a picture by John Van Eyck in the National Gallery, a clog that was made in the form of the shoe then worn, with two props beneath it, effectually preserving the decorated boots from injury in the ill-cared-for streets. Again, some of the old Italian pattens, tall, slender, light, formed of costly wood or inlaid with delicate mother-of-pearl or ivory, prove that even a clog can be idealized and made a becoming as well as a useful protection. Little feet were not concealed then, nor soiled with wet, when roads were heavy with mud; they were lightly lifted above it; indeed, a world of chivalrous thought and appreciation divides the two periods. *Then*, glittering props like the wings of Mercury upheld the dainty passenger; *now*, her feet and her petticoat tails may be drenched with mire; *then*, it was a delight to see the fairy slippers unharmed, though the street might be a torrent of mud; *now*, they must not only descend into the depth, but, in addition, be swelled to unnatural proportions by the hideous golosh, and be ugly as well as dirty. Oh, will not some fair lady who has pretty feet make a pilgrimage through the Park in a neat little pair of pattens, and teach her timid sisters how to avoid the annual ordeal of mire?

I suggest two forms for heeled and unheeled boots. The one simple, attached by straps: in these rinking days what is the difficulty? The other is curved to fit the heel, to which it is fastened by a screw and an almost invisible perforation through the heel. Either is pretty, practical, and in price what you will.

THE HAIR.

I shall now say a few words on the subject of arranging the hair.

We are often annoyed by the incapacity to see what is becoming to the face or the reverse, as well as the utter disregard of anatomy evinced by the perruquiers and their pitiably blind and thoughtless victims. Worse than the stupid sheep that fights to follow its fellows to the

slaughter-house, when a means of escape offers itself in another direction, is the woman who, never having studied any rules of art, wastes or deforms the personal advantages Nature may have bestowed upon her, by following a fashion which is unsuited to her, because it is the fashion. When the style, beautiful and simple in itself, but usually most trying to the face, of wearing all the hair scraped back and bound into a circle of close plaits behind, came in ten years ago, every woman discarded the slovenly net that had been ruining the backs of her dresses for years, and scraped her hair tight to her skull. She was right to discard the net, but she was wrong to force the classic style upon herself, *bon gré mal gré*. The consequence was obvious—hardly one woman in ten looked fit to be seen; for the head must be exceptionally fine, the features exceptionally regular, that can stand this treatment. Much the same thing is occurring now among ladies who are striving for heads "like a bird," but the fashion is not very general, nor held so indispensable as to demand comment. Let every woman study her face before she dresses her hair, as she studies her hands before she buys her gloves.

If she find her forehead narrowing above the cheek-bone, let her never fail to insert pads in her hair at the side. If it be a broad forehead, while her face is narrow, let her avoid this style rigidly, *whatever be the fashion*. If her forehead be ill-shapen, let her cultivate a "fringe;" if she possesses a fine brow, she should not so disguise it. If her head be slightly flat, a coronet of plaits, or the hair turned over a cushion, are the only alternatives; but if naturally too high. let her disperse elsewhere the fullness of hair. And should the head be perfect in shape, still let her disregard the fashion, and make a point of showing a charm that is exceedingly rare. It would be simply waste and ruin to pad it into all sorts of shapes.

OLD AND NEW COLORS.

The colors long contemned as "old-fashioned"—the colors in vogue before the present century—have been generally more beautiful and more becoming than any we now have. Why? The truth of the matter is, a color may be too pure; and of late our manufacturers, urged on by the vulgar craving for gaudiness, have so much advanced in color-distilling and dyeing that our modern colors are hideous through their extreme purity. Hence colors faded by age are often more beautiful than in their pristine freshness. The old-fashioned blue, which had a dash of yellow in it, and which looks sadly faded against the fashionable staring blues, was one of the most exquisite hues ever worn; so was the warm dun yellow we see in the old master's pictures; so was the soft brownish crimson. The same remark applies to Oriental colors. The old Indian and Persian manufactures, which will never grow old, look forever perfect and grand; and this is not only due to the wondrous Oriental feeling for combining colors; it is partly due to the imperfection of the colors they used. The reds are chiefly dull; the blues, greenish; the white, yellowish or gray; the black, half brown. This may be noticed in any old Indian carpet or shawl. Unhappily the same undiscriminating demand for cheap work which demoralized art is demoralizing the Oriental markets, since it has become the fashion to ransack them; and it is becoming more and more difficult to procure the old subdued mixtures. In the goods they fabricate for the French and English markets, they are beginning to use the cheap imported European dyes, although they still, through sheer ignorance, adhere to the old patterns. Soon *they* may give place to the modern bad ones, and we shall have nothing better from the East than we can make at home, as far as harmony of tints and poetry of design are concerned.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

No woman can say truthfully that she does not care whether she is pretty or not. Every woman does care. The immutable laws of her being have made physical attractiveness as much a natural glory to her as strength is to a man.

Here I may be told that what I am saying is superfluous, for perfect beauty has no need of art to enhance it, and that those who have been born with hard, or, worse, with perfectly uninteresting features, do not want to be told that physical attractiveness is indispensable to them. But it is especially to the plain and to the generally ill-favored that I address these words of advice and warning, and should Beauty's self find a few useful hints, I see no reason why she should not avail herself of them. I know that there are people who look well any where and any how; no vulgarity, no carelessness of speech, dress, or attitude, seems able to dethrone them; but these rarely gifted persons are but the exceptions that prove the rule; and even in their case what Sir Philip Sidney spake is true—there is that in well-chosen surroundings

> "Which doth even beauty beautify,
> And most bewitch the captived eye;"

and Herrick, too, in his "Poetry of Dress," seems to have had an astute appreciation of how beauty may be beautified. These men lived in the sixteenth century—a time when color in dress was still an understood and valued adjunct, and before we had learned to make our dwellings intolerable to the eye.

An immense number of ill-tempered, ugly women are ill-tempered because they are ugly. They do not know it; their friends do not understand, and make no allowances; but heavy, indeed, is the burden upon these poor women, and pernicious is its effect on their moral character very often. I have heard it said that ugly women are *always* bad-tempered; this is an overstatement, but there is a certain degree of truth in the saying, cruel as it is. An ugly child cares nothing for its ugliness, but when it grows older, and perceives that it lacks something which is prized and honored, and is twitted with the deficiency, and neglected through it, and is reminded of it every time it looks in the glass or in another face, the constant disappointment

begins very early to imbitter the whole nature, and creates a melancholy shyness; and when the desire to attract awakes with years, and the young girl finds her fairer friends preferred before her, the vain endeavors to please by other means dishearten her, and she grows sarcastic, ill-natured, envious of every body, though half unconsciously; many other faults follow, and she becomes unhappy and morose.

But one chief aim I have in writing these reflections is to prove that no woman need be ugly if she knows her points, and points of attractiveness every woman has. There is manner, there is mind, as well as *physique;* but while I should advise all women to become as intelligent and clever as they can, whether they be plain or pretty, still I wish mere beauty and the study of "points" were made more an acknowledged and honorable art than it is by all those to whom God has given eyes and an intelligent brain. It is *not* a sin or a folly to long, as every woman longs, to be lovely. She is so constituted, and her beauty "is a glory to her."

ROOM DECORATION.

It may not here be superfluous to offer a few hints on the decoration of rooms as affecting our personal appearance.

First, as to color in rooms.

Too much cannot be said against the pale, glossy, or white papers so much in fashion for drawing-rooms and boudoirs. They are ruination to any material, to any picture hung upon them, to any complexion. The same objection applies to white ceilings, and still more to carpets. A pale carpet not only destroys every thing in the room, but it visibly decreases the size of the room; pictures simply disappear. A light ceiling may pass unnoticed, since we have lost the habit of ever looking upward in a room, owing to the glare and to the certainty of there being nothing to see; but a light floor cannot be forgotten. It forces itself on your attention whichever way you turn, casts up unpleasant reflected lights upon the polished legs of chairs, and destroys the colors and outlines of all the furniture by its own obtrusiveness. Once having purchased a curious carved cabinet of light oak, made in the sixteenth century, and brought it home to my white drawing-room, I experienced an unaccountable sense of disappointment on seeing it in its place. I found it only half the size I expected; I found the carving more trivial, the color more dull—the whole thing an eye-sore. I could not for a time understand how I had been deceived into spending money on it. I mourned over my empty purse, and decided, not without feeling rather small, on selling it again, without boasting about it to my friends. About that time I conceived a plan of covering the walls of my drawing-room with some very dark tapestry which I possessed, and did so just before my cabinet's destined departure. When all was done, behold! my eyes were opened—a sudden light flashed upon me. To my astonishment, against the darkened walls my cabinet once more became its former self. Never had I supposed that oak could "tell" against brown; but it did so. It rose in height, it spread in breadth, the color brightened, and the carving seemed to be under a spell, to move and live. I hardly recognized my lamented bargain now that it was going away. And then I saw at once that the whole thing was owing to the altered background; and I have waged ceaseless war against pale walls ever since.

I suppose in the happy days for artists, when there were panelled oak walls and carved window-seats, every one looked well against them, and perhaps these very walls had an indirect influence in moulding the fashions, for the constantly observing even a bit of grained oak may cultivate the eye in some measure unconsciously. But the oak, from being of a pale color, darkened with age, and in about a hundred years from the time when it was put up, the extreme darkness of the rooms, especially in towns, with the black walls and low ceilings, drove the inmates in self-defence to light tints somewhere. Now as shaving the wood or repanelling would have been far too expensive a process for our thrifty ancestors, they generally took the simple means of white-washing their walls and ceilings, and so first let in the demon of white ugliness who has at last lured most of us into his snare. Are not white walls and ceilings to be found everywhere?

Now in a white room, when the eye is unaccustomed to it, one can scarcely for a time distinguish forms and textures. The pale glare takes the gloss out of silks, and habituates the taste to pallid colors and an absence of shadows. Small detail is lost; witness the effect on my cabinet just described. And when use has brought the eye back to its original perceptive power, there is the chance that the white will have done its woful work; the "favorite" colors will be found greatly heightened, without any regard to complexion or propinquity, and the fashionable shapes more *prononcé* and grotesque. No one but old Father Time, with an infinite compassion, is brave enough to tone down our glaring white, to dim our dazzling blues, our raw greens, and warp our contorted shapes into something more easy and graceful.

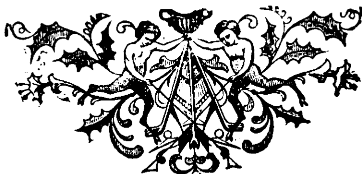
The whole style of our modern furniture, as well as our modern dress, is largely due to these terrible white walls. Unlimited cheap gildings came in, *glacé* silks and satins came in, plentiful varnish; the very designs for furniture we see all about us, coarse, florid, and conspicuous, are all due to the white walls. The reason for this probably never occurred to the public—that a want of some kind was felt, and the want was falsely interpreted to mean contrast. Everything to "tell" against them must be of this kind, gaudy and "loud," to avoid washiness. Hence the staring suites of furniture which seem positively to scream at one in their obtrusiveness, with the result of obliterating the company who vainly struggle to be conspicuous by still gaudier phantasies in dress. I am not denying the benefit of the introduction of wall-papers, which have been getting paler and paler, shinier and shinier, every year; I am not even depreciating the wholesome delight in "cleanness," and the ad-

vantages of being able to see when dust accumulates; but I am convinced that the whitewash upon our oak was the commencement of our artistic deterioration, and we are only now beginning to see how great that deterioration has been.

How it was that in the ancient days, when cleanliness had not come into fashion, when carpets were not, but floors were covered with rushes and strewn with rejected bones and wine lees, when forks and pocket-handkerchiefs did not exist, and when people were recommended in the directions of etiquette of the period to inspect the very seats in noble halls before they sat on them—

> "Se aucune chose y verras
> Qui soit deshonneste ou vilaine," (fifteenth century);

how it was that in those days people could have indulged to the extent they did indulge in quaint conceits of dress—flowing trains edged with rich furs, delicate veils that fell to the feet, and trailing sleeves of cloth of gold or velvet—I cannot tell. At that time windows were few and small, chimneys had only just come into general use, and the walls of the low rooms were entirely bare—mere brick or stone, save for here and there in rich houses a "hanging of worsted" (the tapestry we now see in our museums) or a very rude stencilled decoration. Costly and graceful dresses seem to us strangely out of place, even for high days and festivals, in such abodes. And yet this was the period of the greatest and most profuse magnificence of attire in England, as it was that of the richest and most gorgeous architecture, and many of the most beautiful and artistic shapes and patterns. Perhaps the darkness and bareness of the interiors created a desire for brightness of some sort at any cost, and the mediæval love of minute detail; and hence the people's garments were made rich and varied, as an unconscious atonement for the lack of furniture and light and beauty about them. Detail "told" against the dark walls; it never "tells" against pale ones. They were, in fact, the only furniture and attraction within the massive granite walls. The attention was concentrated on the people, and the walls were (as they should be) the background to set the people off. *Now*, when an ordinary dwelling-house is handsomer, cleaner, and more comfortable than the royal palace was in 1400, we make ourselves subservient to the rooms in which we live; we are content to be always secondary (sometimes imperceptible) objects in our glittering saloons, which we cannot outglitter.



LITERARY NOTES.

A HALF-GUINEA BIBLE has been issued by Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin of London, which contains nine hundred illustrations. The engravings are largely taken from the photographs of the Palestine Exploration Series, and the work is said to be a marvel of cheapness and beauty.

THIRTY-EIGHT wood engravings which were cut in 1470, and which apparently have been laid aside and never been used, have recently been printed in London by Unwin Brothers. Seventy-eight illustrations of the New Testament are given on the thirty-eight plates, and are curiously interesting as specimens of the quaint conceits and rude drawing of the period. Each picture is accompanied by a description taken from Wicliff's translation of the Bible printed in *fac-simile* of Caxton's characters. The paper was specially made by hand to imitate that of the fifteenth century, and is printed only on one side. The binding is copied from an early Block book in the British Museum.

MR. GREEN, the author of the "Short History of the English People," which has enjoyed such popularity, is at work upon a longer history of the nation, of which the first volume is now completed. It brings the history down to the Wars of the Roses, and shows England in the actual process of growth.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY suggests a history for the "little bits of funny verse," with which Miss Ingelow enlivened her recent novel, "Fated to be Free." Mr. Calverley, perhaps the most dexterous of later parodists, had parodied in "Fly Leaves" some of Miss Ingelow's most popular pieces, exposing all her worst faults, and it was only natural that she should try to retaliate in kind. Literary experts are therefore enclined to find a satiric reference to Mr. Calverley's efforts in the smart parodies with which Master Crayshaw furnishes his friends.

THE CORRESPONDENCE of the late Mr. Richard Cobden is being collected and arranged by his daughters with a view to publication.

MR. STEWART'S "Evenings in the Library," published serially in *Belford's Magazine*, have just been issued in book form by Belford Bros. The volume is dedicated to the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-table."

SPEAKING OF the future of education in Great Britain, James H. Rigg, in the *Contemporary Review*, says that except in villages nearly all schools in the future will be large schools effectively and economically organized. The better sort of working people will think it no hardship in the time coming to pay a higher sum than they do now for the thoroughly effective education of their children. The weekly payment will vary from two pence to nine pence according to the natural grade of the school. Nothing ought to be paid out of public rates or taxes directly towards the cost of education for any child except on the principle of poor relief. This, he thinks, is the only ultimate solution of the educational problem.

AN AMERICAN PAPER gives the following list of poets who are also editors:—Dr. C. L. Thompson, Dr. W. C. Gray, W. C. Bryant, J. G. Whittier, W. L. Garrison, J. R. Lowell, Bayard Taylor, J. G. Holland, William Winter, Bret Harte, John Hay, W. D. Howells, R. H. Stoddard, E. C. Stedman, T. B. Aldrich, J. J. Piatt, Paul Hayne, J. T. Trowbridge, J. T. Field, Theodore Tilton, George Lunt and John G. Saxe.

LORD SHAFTESBURY has withdrawn from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, on account of its publication of a "Manual of Geology" and "The Argument from Prophecy," both which volumes he condemns as neological.

THE FOUR GOSPELS have been arranged in one continuous narrative in the words of Scripture without omission of fact or repetition of statement, by G. Washington Moon, F.R.S.L.

A LONDON PUBLISHER having purchased at auction a MS. containing a number of Mr. Keble's poems in the author's handwriting had it reproduced in *fac-simile* and published. The proprietor of the copyright of some of the poems, however, obtained an injunction against the publisher, and the volume can no longer be obtained,

as the remaining copies and plates have been ordered to be destroyed.

THE QUEEN was so pleased with the recent exhibition of the telephone at Osborne House, that she desired to purchase the instrument used, and the following correspondence has passed between Sir Thomas Biddulph and Professor Bell:—"Osborne, Jan. 16.—My dear Sir,—I hope you are aware how much gratified and surprised the Queen was at the exhibition of the telephone here on Monday evening. Her Majesty desires me to express her thanks to you and the ladies and gentlemen who were associated with you on the occasion. The Queen would like, if there is no reason against it, to purchase the two instruments which are still here, with the wires, &c., attached. Perhaps you would be so kind as to let me know to whom the sum should be paid. With many thanks to you, I am my dear Sir, very faithfully yours, THOMAS BIDDULPH." "57 West Cromwell Road, Kensington, January 18th.—Sir Thomas Biddulph, Osborne House.—Dear Sir,—I feel highly honored by the gratification expressed by Her Majesty and by her desire to possess a set of telephones. The instruments at present in Osborne are merely those supplied for ordinary commercial purposes, and it will afford me much pleasure to be permitted to offer to the Queen a set of telephones to be made expressly for Her Majesty's use.—Your obedient servant, ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL."

IT IS SAID that Dr. Parker of the City Temple, London (Independent), has now adopted the novel plan of having his sermons printed and circulated on the Thursday preceding the Sunday of their delivery.

A LADY EDITOR who has been engaged in the duties of her profession for fifty years has just withdrawn from active work. Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, who is now in her ninetieth year, conducted *The Ladies' Magazine* in Boston between 1828 and 1837. This periodical was afterwards merged in *Godey's Lady's Book*, with which she has been ever since connected. Mr. Louis A. Godey, an editor for forty-six years, retires at the same time. The only American editor who has been longer at work than Mr. Godey and Mrs. Hale is Mr. Bryant, who has been connected with the *New York Evening Post* since 1826. Of late years, however, Mr. Bryant, has done little personal work in the newspaper office.

Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. Ascher, Montreal.)

GAME 28.

THE FIRST GAME OF CHESS BY TELEPHONE ON RECORD.

WHITE.	BLACK.
Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Belden.	*Mr. Olmstead and Mr. Lincoln.*
1. P. to K. 4.	1. P. to K. 4.
2. Kt. to K. B. 3.	2. Kt. to K. B. 3.
3. Kt. × P.	3. P. to Q. 3.
4. Kt. to K. B. 3.	4. Kt. × P.
5. P. to Q. 4.	5. P. to Q. 4.
6. B. to Q. 3.	6. B. to K. 2.
7. Castles.	7. Castles.
8. P. to K. R. 3.	8. Q. B. to K. 3.
9. P. to Q. B. 4.	9. P. to Q. B. 3.
10. Q. to B. 2.	10. P. to K. B. 4.
11. Kt. to K. 5.	11. Kt. to Q. 2.
12. B. to K. B. 4	12. B. to Kt. 4.
13. Kt. × Kt.	13. B. × Kt. (*a*)
14. B. to K. 5.	14. B. to K. 3.
15. P. to K. B. 3. (*b*)	15. B. to K. 6 (ch)
16. K. to R. 2.	16. Q. to K. Kt. 4.
17. Kt. to B. 3. (*c*)	17. B. to B. 5. (ch)
18. B. × B.	18. Q. × B. (ch)
19. K. to Kt. sq.	19. Kt. to Kt. 6.
20. R. to B. 2.	20. P. × P.
21. B. to B. sq.	21. Q. × Q. P.
22. R. to Q. sq.	22. Q. to B. 5.
23. K. R. to Q. 2.	23. Q. to K. 6. (ch)
24. K. to R. 2.	24. Kt. × B. (ch)
25. R. × Kt.	25. Q. R. to Q. sq.
26. R. (Q. 2.) to K. 2.	26. Q. to B. 5. (ch)
27. P. to K. Kt. 3.	27. Q. to R. 3.
28. R. (B. sq.) to K. sq.	28. R. (B. sq.) to K. sq.
29. P. to K. B. 4.	29. K. to B. 2. (*d*)
30. Q. to R. 4.	30. P. to R. 3.
31. Q. to Kt. 4.	31. R. to Q. 2.
32. Kt. to R. 4.	32. Q. R. to K. 2.
33. Kt. to B. 5.	33. P. to Q. Kt. 4.
34. Kt. × P.	34. Q. to B. 3.
35. Kt. to B. 5.	35. B. to Q. 4.
36. R. to K. 5. (*e*)	and the game was discontinued.

NOTES.

(*a*) Q takes Kt. seems preferable, inasmuch as the subsequent move of the B. shows it to have been last time.

(*b*) The advance of this P was premature.

(*c*) Taking the Kt. would have precipitated a fierce attack, which would have required all of White's resources to overcome.

(*d*) Weak. P to K Kt. 4. is stronger and more aggressive.

(*e*) The Rook is now well posted, and Black's cramped position is hardly compensated by the advantage of a Pawn.—Hartford Conn., *Times*.

AN ODDITY.

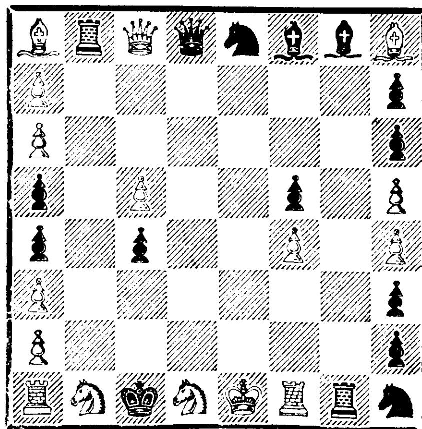
BY SAMUEL LOYD.

In the "Chess Monthly."

Poor Abu-Abdallah Mohammed ben-Achmed al-Chegat, whom God preserve, is an enthusiastic lover of the sport, which consoles the mind and refreshes the body. His problems are the delight of the student, and the gratification of the adept, but he lately made this stratagem :

PROBLEM No. 18.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

which is so utterly absurd and ridiculous that it has affected his reason. And now, alas ! he lies a raving maniac in the madhouse of Damascus. Let no composer imitate such folly, lest he share the sad but merited fate of Abu-Abdallah Mohammed-ben-Achmed-al-Chegart.

SOLUTION.

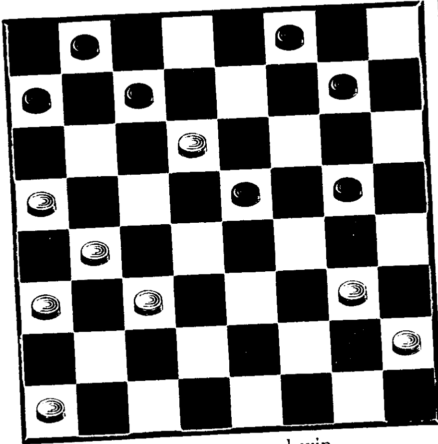
1. Kt. Q. 2 (dis. ch)	1. R. Q. Kt. 8.
2. R. × R. (ch)	2. K. B. 7.
3. Q. × P. (ch)	3. Q. Q. 6.
4. Kt. K. 3. mate.	

Draughts.

All communications to be addressed to Mr. Andrew Whyte, Draughts Editor of the "NEW DOMINION MONTHLY," *Bolton Forest, Que.*

PROBLEM No. 3.

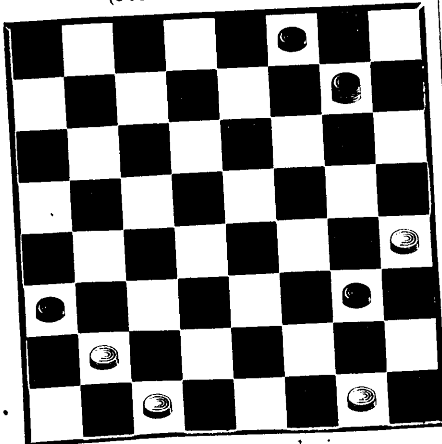
(*Selected.*)



Black to move and win.

PROBLEM No. 4—FOR BEGINNERS.

BY JAMES RENNIE, TORONTO.
(From the *Boston Post*).



White to move and win.

DRAUGHTS ITEMS.

Mr. J. A. Kear's new magazine is to be called the *English Draught Player*. It will be sold at 4d. Mr. Kear's address is 18 Kingston Villa, Stapleton Road, Bristol, Eng.

The specimen pages of the third edition of Anderson show various typographical improvements on the second edition. Marks are introduced to distinguish the moves of Black and White, thus enabling the student to see at a glance, no matter how far advanced the game may be, which side varies; and still further to assist the working out of the games, at the bottom of each column is indicated the number of the variation from which it branches.

Mr. James Wylie commenced a draught-playing tour through England on December 26th last. He purposes returning to America in the spring to play a match with Mr. Yates, of New York.

Some months since Mr. Labadie, of Chatham, challenged Mr. J. M. Dykes, of Wardsville, to play a match for a medal and the championship of Canada, Mr. Dykes claiming to be the champion. This challenge was immediately accepted by Mr. Dykes, and the match was to have been played on Dec. 29th. Mr. Labadie backed down, however, and on January 7th issued another challenge to Mr. Dykes to play a match of fifty games for a monetary stake and the championship of Canada. This challenge he extends to all actual resident players, and if not accepted within forty days from the date it was issued, says that he will claim and be ready at all times to defend the title of draughts' champion.

Next month it is intended to give, for the benefit of beginners, one of the standard games with variations. The "Single Corner" will be given first, as a great many beginners play it, and are, to a certain extent, acquainted with the opening moves. A new line of play will be given on the same game each month till finished. Any new variations on this opening from our contributors will be attended to. We also intend to give in an early number some of the elementary positions, that is, positions that occur very frequently at the close of a game in which one side has a won game, though often drawn, through the winning side not knowing the proper moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 1.

12. 8	7.14	32.16	22.26	11. 8
3.12	18. 9	31.27	30.23	21.25
19.15	5.14	16.11	27.18	8. 3
12.19	27. 9	17.22	28.24	
15.10	20.27	9. 5	18.15	

Drawn.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 2.

15.10	2.11	20.16	11.16	31.27
14. 7	27.23	12.19	24.28	

White wins.

The following two games were played in Quebec by A. Brodie and friend :

GAME No. 7.—SWITCHER.

(Mr. Brodie played White).

11.15	26.23	7.16	13. 6	17.21
21.17	15.24	20.11	20.27	10.14
9.13	27.20	13.29	31.24	29.25
25.21	8.11	21.17	2. 9	14.18
8.11	32.27	1.10	11. 7	13.17
29.25 (a)	11.15	27.23	10.14	23.19
15.18	23.18	12.16	7. 2	17.22
23.14	6. 9	28.24	9.13	18.15
3. 8	18.11	5. 9	2. 6	
24.19	9.18	17.13	14.17	
11.15	22. 6	16.20	6.10	

White wins.

a—Several authors give this as a losing move.

GAME No. 8.—LAIRD AND LADY.

(Mr. Brodie played Black).

11.15	28.12	6. 9	15. 6	17.22
23.19	11.15	19.16	2. 9	11. 8
8.11	25.22	9.18	16.11	14.17
22.17	18.25	15.11	24.19	8.11
9.13	29.22	20.24	11. 8	17.21
17.14	8.11	27.20	19.15	11. 8
10.17	31.26	18.23	20.16	22.26
21.14	15.19	11. 8	9. 14	8.11
15.18	23.16	22.26	8. 4	26.31
26.23	11.20	8. 4	15.19	11. 8
4. 8	26.23	26.31	4. 8	31.27
19.15	1. 6	4. 8	5. 9	8.11
12.16	22.18	31.27	8.11	27.24
15.10	13.17	8.11	9.13	11. 8
6. 15	23.19	27.24	11. 8	24.20
24.19	17.22	11.15	13.17	
15.24	18.15	7.10	8.11	

Black wins.

GAME No. 9.—SOUTER.

Played at Garden Island, Ont., between A. Brebant and Bristol.

BREBANT'S MOVE.

11.15	25.22	9.18	25.21	23.27
23.19	4. 8	24.20	6. 9	31.24
9.14	22.17	11.15	13. 6	10.15
22.17	15.18	17.14	2.17	19.10
6. 9	29.25	15.24	21.14	12.28
27.23	18.27	28.19	7. 10	10. 7
8.11	32.23	10.17	14. 7	28.32
17.13	14.18	21.14	3.10	7. 3
2. 6	23.14	18.23	20.16 (a)	8.12

Drawn.

Note by Bristol.

(a)—White could win here with 26.22, I think.

GAME No. 10.—LAIRD AND LADY.

Played between Mr. D. Bole and "Bristol."

BOLE'S MOVE.

11.15	15. 6	6. 9	6. 2	15.18
23.19	1.17	22.18	7.11	7.11
8.11	25.22	16.20	15.10	19.15
22.17	18.25	19.15	26.31	10. 7
9.13	30.14	9.13	19.16	3.10
17.14	2. 6	14. 9	31.24	28.24
10.17	29.25	5.14	16. 7	20.27
21.14	11.16	18. 9	24.19	32. 7
15.18	26.23	13.17	2. 6	15. 8
19.15	13.17	23.19	8.11	
4. 8	25.22	17.22	7. 2	
24.19	17.26	9. 6	11.15	
6.10	31.22	22.26	2. 7	

drawn.

GAME No 11.—SINGLE CORNER.

Played between Mr. Illsley, of New York, and Mr. R. D. Yates, of Brooklyn.

ILLSLEY'S MOVE.

11.15	25.22	6.10	9. 6	18.27
22.18	10.15	28.24	2. 9	31. 6
15.22	24.20	15.18	24.19	14.18
25.18	9.14	17.13	15.24	6. 2
8.11	18. 9	11.15	20.16	7.11
29.25	5.14	13.19	12.19	2. 6
4. 8	22.17	1. 5	27.20	

Yates wins.

GAME No. 12.—BRISTOL.

(From the *American Checker Player.*)

Played at Cleveland, Ohio, between Mr. O. P. McIlrath and Mr. A. Bishop.

11.16	4. 8	8.11	10.19	18.23
24.20	29.25	19.16 (*b*)	17.10	10. 6

16.19	11.15	11.15	9.14	2. 9
23.16	27.23	16.11	26.17	13. 6
12.19	19.24	7.16	13.22	29.25
22.18	28.19	20.11	30.26	6. 2
9.14	15.24	1. 5	22.25	23.26
18. 9	32.28	22.18 (c)	26.22	31.22
5.14	6. 9	15.22	25.29	25.18
25.22	28.19	23.19	22.17	(a)
8.11	9.13	5. 9	14.18	
22.17	25.22	19.15	17.13	

Black wins.

(*a*) Which is the losing move ?—A. BISHOP.

(*b*) This is the losing move ; instead, play 20.16, 11.20, 19.15, 10.19, 17.10, 7.14, 23.16, and it can be drawn.—Wylie.

(*c*) This was the 17th game in the 1874 match. Barker and Wylie.

Barker jumped the wrong way here and lost the game. The game caused great differences of opinion, and all Boston worked on it for a week. Barker who had blacks should have won ; he had two or three chances at it afterwards, but played 1.6 at 31st move, only drawing.—[D. ED].

Notice.

THE NEW KING OF ITALY, HUMBERT I.

The youngest kingdom in Europe is that of Italy—which ranks fifth amongst the great powers—with its population of nearly twenty-seven millions, its revenue of $260,000,000, and its national debt of some $2,000,000,000. Its new King, Humbert I., will find his position not an easy one, for as yet the kingdom has not obtained the solidity only produced by time ; but both by birth and education he seems to be well fitted for the duties before him. He is thirty-four years old, and is said to be the best military authority in Italy. For several years he has been in command of the army, and from the proverbial personal bravery of the House of Savoy is loved by his troops and also highly respected by them. He does not come to the throne as a novice, having for the last few years been more active in public affairs than the late King himself, and apparently more disliked by the clerical party. The London *Tablet*, Cardinal Manning's organ, describes him as a "bigoted Rationalist," and expresses its expectation of finding in him a determined persecutor of the Church.

Immediately on Victor Emmanuel's death, Prince Humbert issued the following proclamation, which breathes the true kingly spirit :

"ITALIANS : The greatest misfortune has suddenly befallen us. VICTOR EMMANUEL, the founder of the Kingdom of Italy and its unity, has been taken from us. I received his last sigh, which was for the nation ; his last wishes, which were for the happiness of his people. His voice, which will always resound in my heart, bids me vanquish sorrow, and indicates my duty at this moment. There is only one consolation possible, namely, to show ourselves worthy of him—I by following in his footsteps, and you by remaining devoted to those civic virtues by the aid of which he accomplished the difficult task of rendering Italy great and united. I shall be mindful of his grand example of devotion to country, love of progress, and faith in liberal institutions, which are the pride of my house. My sole ambition will be to deserve the love of my people.

"Italians, your first king is dead. His successor will prove to you that institutions do not die. Let us unite in this hour of great sorrow. Let us strengthen that concord which has always been the salvation of Italy."

The same day, January 19th, he took his oath of fidelity to the Constitution in presence of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. At the ceremony many dignitaries were present—Margharita, the new Queen of Italy, the Queen of Portugal, King Humbert's sister, the Imperial Crown Prince of Germany, the Archduke Renier of Austria, and the Duke of Aosta. After the ceremony the King, at a grand review of the troops in Rome, received from them the oath of fidelity.

VERY NATURAL.

Mrs. Broadrib (sternly).—" ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, THAT THIS IS THE LADIES' WAITING-ROOM ?"

(Mistaking Angelica Stodge, in her " Ulster " and round hat, on her way home from South Kensington, for one of the " ruder Sex ! ! ")—Punch.

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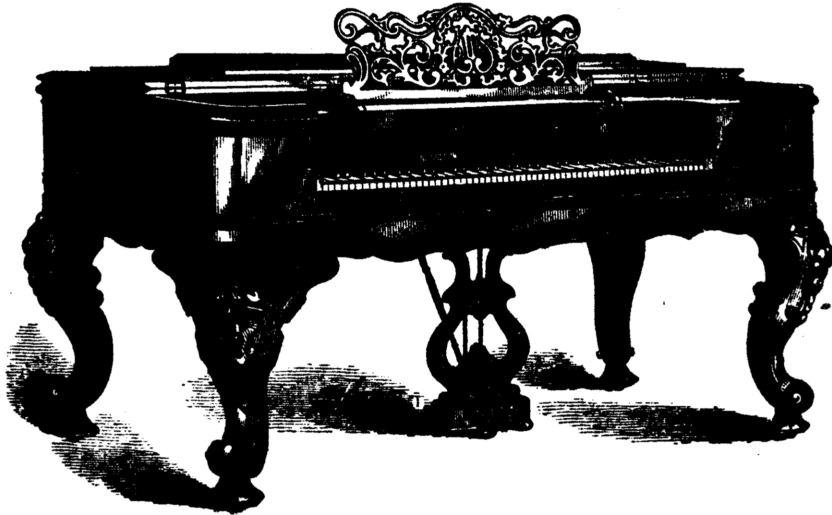

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