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## SALMON FISHING IN THE RESTIGOUCHE.

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THE hilly country in the eastern part of the Province of Quebec will probably in the future be one of the great summer play-grounds of the people of North America. At present, however, it is but little known, and tourists and visitors are sparse: a few of them, Americans, conscientiously "doing the Provinces," a few, denizens of the cities of the interior—mostly Montrealese—who rush to the sea side for cooler air; and a larger proportion, devotees of the Gentle Art, whom the observer identifies by their stacks of fishing-rods, bales of waterproof gear, and grey habiliments. For this last class of visitors these regions have special fascinations; and why? Because in a hilly country where the annual rain-fall is so great, every mountain-gorge has its brook, and every glen has its river; and the rivers here, unlike the tepid, oozy streams of lowland regions, are clear with a crystaline transparency, and cool with the coolness of the hills where they were born; now breaking into tempestuous arrowy rapids, and again creeping noiselessly through deep pools as if afraid to break the stillness of the forest. These are the favorite haunts of the aristocratic species of the Salmonidæ, and the scenes of the exploits and hazards of the sportsman.

A short account of an eight days' excursion on one of the best of these streams, the Restigouche, may not be without interest, especially to the lovers of salmon-fishing.

The river Restigouche has its sources far away in the scarcely explored depths of the New Brunswick forests, and through a large part of its course forms the boundary between that Province and the Province of Quebec. At six miles from the tidal waters, it is joined by the Matapedia from the north, an affluent nearly as large as itself. At this point there is just now a magnificent railway bridge in course of construction, for the Intercolonial Railway crosses here and continues up the valley of the Matapedia. The united stream falls into the Bay of Chaleur, so named, as some say, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, while others contend that the Bay shores are perceptibly warmer than the adjacent coasts. Our party numbered eight, its central figures being the Chief and the Doctor, the eighth being the warden of the river. The Doctor was appointed First Officer of the Commissariat, a post he was singularly qualified to fill, and the duties of which he ably administered throughout the expedition; and as we intended to go a long way up the river, and thus would be for several days far from our base, another of the party was told off to follow with provisional supplies. Our conveyance was a large barge or "scow," kindly lent to our Chief and party by the other lessee of the river. It was about forty feet long by ten or twelve in breath, carried in the middle of it a flat-roofed house, and, seen from without, looked like a gigantic Child's Noah's Ark; within we had drawing-room, dining-room and kitchen, and sofa-couches for eight persons, with their appropriate furniture. Mosquito curtains gave to the carpeted interior a suggestion of luxury, which was fully realized when the subject of eatables and drinkables came on the *tapis*. The "scow" was an epitome of material comforts and itself the greatest of them all. The appliances of a Pullman car, of an ocean steamer, of a first-class hotel disappeared into the impalpable, compared with the comforts of our "scow." The river-warden took the captaincy. Our crew consisted of four white men and four Indians. On the morning of the 18th of July, all hands were piped at Matapedia, and taken aboard: four canoes were attached to the "scow" behind; a motive power of three horses was hitched on in front; and the whole system of us, thus composed, moved off up stream, amid the cheers of the Railway employès, which we exerted ourselves to reciprocate.

The scenery of the Restigouche will compare favourably with

that of most rivers. The writer has seen some of the most picturesque, as well as productive, of the rivers of the Scottish Highlands. He has wandered by the banks of Tay; he has explored the Dee; he has thrown no unsuccessful fly on the Spey, the best of Scottish salmon streams; he has hunted the grilse and the huge sea trout (salmo salar) in the cool waters of the Avon under the shadow of the snowy-browed precipices of the Cairngorm hills; but for scenery—and that is a large part of the sportsman's joy, if he have any soul in him—he gives the preference to the Restigouche. We travelled fifty miles up the river without encountering a tame or uninteresting landscape. At almost every turn, there was some bosky little nook for the photographer, or some larger and bolder scene for the artist of the pencil and brush. If the tourist finds not here the stern and ample grandeur of the panorama, as he comes "Down by the Tummel and banks o' the Garry," or the vastness of hill and forest beauty which he was awed and pleased with in the Pass of Killiecrankie; or the solemn savagery of the upper reaches of the Dee, as he pursues his way past Balmoral and Castleton to the wilderness of the Linn, sentinelled on the one side by the "steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar," and on the other by the pitiless heights of Brae-riach and Ben Muicdhui; or the wondrous green valleys of the Spean and the Shin with their foregrounds of birch forest and background of fantastic hills choking up the horizon, and giving one a vague sense of wild pibrochs in minor keys floating through the air. If the tourist misses all this, he ought in fairness to remember that, mixed up with even the best of highland river scenery at home, there is much that is "stale, flat and unprofitable." The peculiarity of the Restigouche scenery is, that it is almost without a break, interesting, never overpowering, seldom majestic; always grand and beautiful. The river flows through a great ravine flanked by hills rising steep from its bed to the height of from three hundred to eight hundred or nine hundred feet. These are almost all wooded to the top, and cleft and separated by deep gorges, each with its impetuous brook, where the sunlight has scarcely a chance. Forests of hardwood and the graceful cedar stretch along the lower slopes, while hardier coniferous trees have established themselves on the heights. At intervals, one sees a scaur too bare of soil to give foothold to anything but the neediest and most frugal grasses and shrubs; and here and there, where the river turns a

sharper curve and bowls itself against the opposing rocky wall with the force of a hundred battering rams, we have, as if smoothed out by the backwaters of thousands of years, a glorious amphitheatre of green; where you feel as if you would like to rest for ever and dream to the music of the winds and the waters. River-banks in the proper sense, there are none: for in the spring and the fall of the year the ravine is in most places filled from side to side with the stream; and all debris, and whatever water can undermine and tear away, is hurried down to the sea: and now, when the stream has shrunk to its summer size, it flows well within the limits of its pebbly and rocky bed. The exposures of rock in sections almost verticla, so frequent along the river, would interest the geologist. Having puzzled himself over the rock formations of Gaspe, he would do well to look here. The variety of stratification is not great, chiefly sandstone and a dark bluish-grey slate; but it has been heaved into all imaginable positions and angles, from the level up to the "perpendicular and more," and twisted into wisps and curves of distracting curvature. There must have been hot and heavy work here in prehistoric and plutonic times.

We travelled up the river at the rate of from ten to fifteen miles a day, doing our journey in the warm time of the day, and fishing in the mornings and evenings. From the roof of our scow-house, we could enjoy the scenery and do a good deal of fictitious fishing. For it is the privilege of the angler to ply his vocation and accomplish some of his most successful exploits in the realm of imagination. As he travels with a stream of the right kind under his eye, he notes the rocks behind which the fish are likely to lie, he drops his hypothetical fly into the feasible eddies and ripples, enjoys vivid conceptions of nibbles and plunges and races up and down stream, and beaches visionary monsters on probable landing places. In no other case that we know, do the pleasures of sport or recreation extend so much beyond mere matter-of-fact. Hence perhaps, the tendency to "romancing" so deeply seated in the angling breast. Let psychologists look to it, and explain for us this phenomenon, and show why it is that, let a man be ever so estimable and exemplary in all the relations of life, inflexibly upright and scrupulously true, yet, when he narrates you a tale of his fishing triumphs and losses, you mentally reduce each of his several statements about forty per cent. Our present narrative—*exceptio firmat regulam*—is for obvious reasons an exception to this rule.

We started with great expectations. Some weeks before we came on the scene, men who never in their lives before had hooked a salmon, had killed an average of five or six fish a day, for a week on end. A skilled fisherman who was in camp at "Indian house," about thirty miles above Matapedia—and whom the Indians in admiration of his prowess called Chikkigeleegit, (which is by interpretation, "king-fisher")—had in about three weeks captured over one hundred and eighty salmon. And we—some of us indeed were novices, but some had killed grilse with midges and horse-hair gut—judging from these reported facts, had great expectations. Several things, however, were against us as the sequel proved. The water was unusually low and clear. The first great run of fish was over: and though there were "transient brutes" fresh from the sea, by far the greater number had been in the fresh water for two or three weeks, and were shy and dainty. We were all new to the river, and had equipped ourselves with flies and other gear, partly by the light of nature, and partly by the advice of the vendors of fishing-tackle; so that most of our flies were worthless. We had come a fortnight too late, and soon saw that we could have no such success as our predecessors.

The first evening we spent at ten miles from Matapedia, where a lovely stream, the Upsalquitch, about the size of the Cape Breton Margarie, pours itself into the Restigouche. If an *a priori* judgment is worth anything, one would, for fishing purposes, prefer this tributary to the main river. In the pool at the junction we saw some large fish "rising to themselves:" but the evening was chilly, the sky almost of a wintry hue, and we could establish relations with none of them. Here however, we met, encamped for the night, a party of three—two being an English Clergyman and his wife. We afterwards saw the lady using the rod, and certes she could lay down a fly very prettily. The recent history of this party seemed to be, that for two years, they had been "doing" certain out-o-the-way parts of the Dominion, on sport intent; and that they had lately canoed up the St. John river, and portaged to one of the upper tributaries of the Restigouche. They were now "canoeing it" down the river, and purposed further adventures. The weapons of warfare employed by the minister of the gospel, struck us as having a dash of the carnal about them, being a "six-shooter," "tommy hawk," and hunting-knife or dagger stuck in his belt, besides unknown rifles which he did not

carry when he came in the evening to visit us. He was a whole storming party in himself, but he spared all our lives and chatted very agreeably far into the night.

Next day some of us were atop of the scow, our favourite drawing-room, when the captain, who had tooled us through some stiff rapids into a long reach of still water, suddenly threw up his hands, made an involuntary jump of astonishment and assumed a general resemblance to a St. Andrew's cross as he cried, "Look at them, look at them! great Cæsar, look at them! was there ever the like o' that? Queen o' Scotland, look at them!" and we looked and beheld. It is not often one sees a *shoal* of salmon in a river, so far as we have ever heard; but here they were by dozens and by scores. Some gliding up stream in front of the scow, some scudding athwart into the deep water, but most lying heedless of us on the other side of the current, which was here very gentle, and darkening the bottom of the river. No doubt after this there was abundance of fish in the river; but when they congregate thus, they are evidently waiting a rise of the water, and are in no humour to make their greetings to the sportsman. We passed on to a more hopeful place—a long pool, deep and sluggish on one side where it may be fished from the overhanging rocks; on the other, swift, rough, and comparatively shallow. The captain and the Indians agreed on the best spot, one however that none of us would have selected. Against this spot canoe No. 1 was launched, and in less than ten minutes were greeted with a splash and a spring, and a demand for eighty yards of line. The fish was evidently a twenty pounder at least. The battle was in no wise remarkable. In less than an hour, and after an ineffectual attempt on his part to sulk, the gaff brought him ashore. We cheered and weighed him on the spot—twenty-six pounds. Canoe No. 2, as soon as No. 1 had cleared away, entered the pool at the same place, and had hardly buckled to their work when, presto, the whirr of the ratchet-reel and three splendid leaps that would have made the fortune of a circus gymnast, told that a battle royal had commenced. There is no aquatic adversary like a twelve or fifteen pound salmon, fresh from the sea: and such was the foe in this case. But—and here we speak for ourself—we have always felt that a man with a ratchet-reel was unfairly handicapped in such a fight. *Punica fides* is a light description of the treachery of these instruments: and the event proved it so. After executing as many of the usual

dodges as could be well condensed into a quarter of an hour, our fish, now well nigh exhausted, made a last desperate rush down stream, the ratchet hitched, and the Doctor—for he was the central figure in canoe No. 2—came into the undisputed possession of his line with some residuary gut. Re-armed in a few minutes, he again offered battle at the same spot, and—*cur memorem?*—with the same result, though the duel was shorter. No wonder he used strong expressions in contemplation of these results. Moses was a meek man, and Job was a patient one; but how either would have conducted himself, had he, through a vile ratchet, lost two salmon within half an hour, is not known. For ourself, we were not altogether dissatisfied with the event; for we had long ago suffered similarly, and have prophecied against the ratchet for years: and now we found in the Doctor an enthusiastic and denunciatory convert.

Canoe No. 3 now tried their fortune, hooked a fish, and immediately lost their gear: and, the spot seeming inexhaustible, there entered canoe No. 4, but by this time the finny monsters must have become suspicious. Our fly however was seized, and we swept down the pool *en rapport* with our fish; but after half an hour's play, the game ended in a "draw," for the fish lay behind a stone, and took to shaking his head in that peculiar manner which is the sportsman's terror, and the salmon's last card, and he shook himself into freedom.

Thus the net result of this day's sport was fairly against us. At the same time we had got a very exalted notion of the resources of the river: for here we had fished only about an hour and a half, and within an area of a few square yards, five fish had been hooked. Making the best of our ill luck, we moved up stream to our Sunday's resting place, and next day faithfully observed the Sunday truce.

On Monday, matters mended somewhat. Two canoes "poled" off up stream before sunrise, and at the ten o'clock breakfast, three salmon and several grilse were exhibited, with the usual distressful tale of fish that had been *lost*, notwithstanding Isaac Walton's admirable criticism on this word, "You never *lost*, sir, what you never had." Evidently the river was too low and too clear, and our flies were not of the right kind. We could get help, however, in the matter of flies from the already mentioned Chikkigeleegit; and by a forced march we reached "Indian house," his camping place, in the middle of a magnificent panorama.

The report of "Chikky's" success had not been exaggerated. The shore was redolent of decomposing offal, which showed that his fourteen barrels were filled with acephalous and invertebrate salmon. He had killed between the 25th of June and the 18th of July one hundred and eighty fish, averging from nineteen to twenty pounds, his greatest catch in one day having been 13! His record was thus between three and four tons of fish—such a record as no sportsman we have heard of in Scotland, Ireland, or "Gemle Norge" itself, has equalled in the time. Clearly "Chikky" and the Restigouche together, carry off the belt from all streams and fishers whatsoever that we have heard of.

He shook his head sadly over our flies, dressed a few small hooks for us—he is a most admirable composer of flies—and sent us forth with fresh armament and new hope, at the same time confirming us in the belief that we had come too late for any great success. From this time to the end of our expedition—which was purely of a tentative and exploratory character—our daily tale of fish improved. We found that the smallest flies attracted the largest fish; and that a fish was never so surely hooked as when he seized the fly *under* water. This latter is a peculiarity none of us had witnessed before. Generally, the salmon we had seen had come on with a rush, breaking water a yard or two below the fly, and exhibiting his length from stem to stern; but, on the Restigouche, so surely as the fish behaved thus, he either missed, or at the last instant declined the fly. In explanation of this, it was "Chikky," if we remember, who said, "In fact the salmon of the Restigouche are not yet fully educated up to the fly. There are rivers in the districts of the lower St. Lawrence full of fish, but where the ignorant brutes, like their relatives in the rivers of British Columbia, don't rise to the fly at all. In these, civilization has not yet begun; in the Restigouche it has made some progress, and more may be expected with the growth and expansion of the Dominion. Return here three hundred years hence, and—no doubt of it—your fly will be grabbed as beautifully as you could wish."

If you ask us what was the net result of our expedition, estimated in salmon? we have first to give an explanation, without which the answer would be misleading, and then to give the answer itself. During the seven days on which we fished, two canoes were steadily at work, and two others were employed about half time. We tried fishing from the shore, but never got any-

thing bigger than sea-trout, and very few of them: and ultimately abandoned this form of activity as useless. Our effective operations being thus reckoned equal to the work of three canoes, the total catch was about forty salmon, averaging fifteen pounds, and fifty grilse, averaging five pounds; a very small result, but the causes of its smallness have been already indictated.

Those who know salmon-fishing in other regions, will compare this result with their own experience. For ourself, we can only compare it with what we know of Scotch rivers.

An average of two salmon a day used to be considered good sport on the Spey; for though on very good days, a skilled sportsman might kill four or five, yet on other days his basket would be empty. Our average was nearly equal to this in salmon, and exceeded it, if grilse be taken into account; and ours was the poorest fishing this year on the Restigouche. Since we left the river, we have come to know, that during one afternoon, in a favourite pool, our captain hooked eighteen fish, of which he landed eight.

If the Restigouche be taken as a specimen of the Canadian rivers—and we believe it is, though a favourable one—it is clear, that for a certain season, a greater weight of fish may be taken in a given time in them than in the best rivers in the old country. But the season is short. In the Margarie of Cape Breton, for instance, it lasts only two or three weeks. In the Restigouche it covers, with slight breaks, upwards of two months, from about the 20th of June to about the end of August. In the best Scotch stream, the season extends, with perhaps a lull in the dry weather of May or June, from March to September: and there are pools in which, those who ought to know declare, there are clean fish every day of the year. The comparative dryness of the Canadian summer, and the want of snow-deposits in the hills, all the year round, to supply cool water to the rivers, may help to explain this contrast.

It may be doubted, however, whether a moderate take of fish, such as ours was, is not more in the nature of sport than Chikkigeleegit's long roll of success. Ten or twelve salmon a day! That must mean pauseless battle, a fish hooked as soon as the last is killed. It means also tackle of the strongest and therefore not of the finest kind. It means, further,—if we allow each fish the average of an hour from hooking to gaffing, and count nothing for run-

aways—ten or twelve hours of the very hardest work. But we hold that, as in philosophy, so in fishing. Search after truth is, according to illustrious philosphers, better than truth itself; which would be valueless without the discipline involved in the search. Thus with the salmon: it is the hunting for them that gives zest to the battle and glory to the victory. If you are no sooner "off with the old love" than "on with the new," we care not for the sport:—nay, we deny that it is sport: it is an aquatic *battle*. So, for our part, we desire no discoloured water, no undiscriminating hungry brutes competing for gigantic flies, no codfish line with treble gut, that ploughs up the water as it falls, to haul our fish ashore by main strength. Give us clear water, strong light line, and single gut that will bear a strain of four or five pounds, and fall gently on the water: and give us time and room to seek and tempt our adversary. Our battles may be fewer; but they will be more eventful: we shall have what we came for—not the greatest possible tale of fish, (if you want that, you can purchase them from the fishers at six cents a pound,) but, cheerful hope in the pursuit and that exhilaration which, when the battle comes on, arises from the exercise of skill: and we shall have more to remember in the future.

The great charm of salmon-fishing undoubtedly lies in the seeming disparity between the means used and the end achieved, the triumph of skill *simpliciter* over mere force. A paltry little hook $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch long with a barb that requires good eyesight to perceive it, stuck round with a few glittering colours; a line not much thicker, though much stronger than packthread; a rod so attenuated that it bends before the faintest puff of wind: this is the armament with which you have vanquished that silvery giant, who now lies palpitating on the shore and who, a little ago, in his own wonderful, beautiful, dreadful element, had the strength of a buffalo and the speed of a race horse. You could never conquer him except by tempting the fool to destroy himself; you have first cheated him, and then goaded him on to despair and suicide. But with what suavity you treated him all through the struggle! How liberal you were of line at his first rush, deferring to his airiest caprices. How you lowered your rod to him, as if in obeisance, when he made that compound spring into the upper air. With what keen observance you waited for him, as you saw him gathering up his faculties for another bolt, ending in a triplet

of leaps, a heavy plunge and silence deep. How you craved permission, as he lay still to recruit after his exercises, to take back the line you gave him and cautiously closed up with him, and put slowly on him more and more pressure, till by and by, from having all the field to himself, his brute intelligence came to know the force of the words "Est quâdam prodire tenus sed non datur ultra," in other phrase, that you were now his master and could control his motions; till, after further brilliant darts and sallies with intermitted flashes of repose, he came rolling to the shore where you received him with exultation. Doesn't the charm of the little drama depend much on the lightness of the tackle employed, *i. e.* on the disparity of means and results? and would not the certainty which the heavy gear goes a long way to ensure, destroy much of this? We think so: let every one judge for himself.

Light tackle, we admit, sometimes has its drawbacks. Contests present themselves which the prudent fisher will decline. One evening there rolled up *de profundis* to look at our fly a fish for which a harpoon would have been a juster weapon of attack than our puny gear which was known to break with a three pound strain. He was the largest salmon we ever saw in the water, though we think we have seen bigger on shore, and would have made short work with us. Whether he intended to seize the hook or to play, we do not know, but we took his appearence as a friendly hint to be off his ground: and our detrectation of battle was owing to the lightness of our tackle. On another occasion, one of our party experienced a sudden call for unlimited line: one hundred and fifty yards were run out in a few seconds,—he had no more to give, then a bright gleam in the air, and the fish was gone. There had been no time granted to put pressure on the brute; but a heavier line by its greater weight and friction might have arrested him before the last turn of the reel was paid out.

As life, save to the most fortunate, is not all beer and skittles, so fishing on the Restigouche and such rivers has its disadvantages. One of these is that you cannot fish satisfactorily from the shore or even with safe wading. The canoe with a pair of Indians becomes a necessity; and though it is possible to *sit* in your canoe as you ply the rod (our Chief, who was still encumbered with the effects of a sprained ankle, had to fight his battles from this posture),

still, to throw a fly well and far needs that you stand to your work. "Impossible," several people have said to us. "Not at all," say we. Some of our party that had never been in a canoe before, stood as easily at the first trial as if they had been fishing from the shore. Of course accidents will happen. The sad upset in the Gaspe, ending in the death of Mr. Macfarlane and his nephew Mr. Thompson, and two or three narrow escapes from the same fate, one on the Matapedia and the others on the Restigouche, this summer, prove that they do happen. But light clothing, mocassins on the feet, the power of swimming and *prudence*—that above all—bring you as near to safety as seems compatible with the notion of sport: and always, *in taking rapids, be guided by the advice of your Indians.* Without an upset, however, no fishing excursion can be considered complete. One morning three of our party were tumbled out of their canoe; but they were well within their depth, and the only grave disaster was the extinction of a pipe.

A greater drawback than the canoe difficulty, amounting in fact to a terror, is the pest of sand-flies. They are the guardians of the streams, the foes of the sportsman—compared with which the black-fly is modestly playful, and the mosquito not unfriendly—sent forth by the powers of darkness, which thereby prove their continued interest in mundane affairs. Their assults set in shortly before sunset and end shortly after sunrise. In a damp and sultry night, they attain their most infernal development. You "smudge" them in vain. Horses and Indians crowd around the camp fires, and compete for a position to leeward if there is a leeward. Inside the "scow" the darkness is cimmerian by reason of the injected smoke: the human countenance is vaguely discerned in various degrees of distortion with coughing, and apoplectic phenomena present themselves: the cure is nearly as bad as the disease. You court repose in veil and gloves: but unless you are a pachyderm, you will agonize through the night with these microscopic foes. To some persons the punishment is very exquisite. We know the enemy of old. Long ago when fishing on the Cape Breton Margarie, with our friend, we remember with a feeling approaching to awe, their effects on him. He is a gently-spoken, kind-hearted man, who would with Uncle Toby open the window to liberate a blue bottle; but, on the occasion referred to, he put a strain on the English language to supply him with words expres-

sive of maledictory emotion, and in fact swore oaths enough to last a ship's crew for a month. On the Restigouche, the pest was worse than any of our party had ever experienced. One morning—the night had been one of torture—we sprang from bed to plunge into the river for the mitigation of our troubles, and stepped on a heap of blankets from which to our astonishment the Doctor unrolled himself. He had taken refuge from the enemy on the floor. "How are you off for flies," said we. "Oh!" was the reply, "I can't stand it: I'll go home: what have I done to be punished like this?" and springing up, he threw back his shirt, revealing a chest on which the flies had evidently expended much careful work; "look what the cusses have done. All the devils on the river have been down on me. I'm a martyr: write me in the noble army. I ought to get to heaven on the strength of that chest alone:" and he slapped himself in serio-comic despair. A thorough wash with soap, however, soon brought him up to the level of his usual equanimity; and at breakfast he proved to be, in every sense, himself again.

N. B.—After a night with the sand-flies, wash all over with soap, and rub it well in; it's a charm to make you forget your troubles.

We have mentioned these inconvenient concomitants of the Restigouche fishing, because we understand them to be common to the Canadian rivers, and general. They are specially interesting to the salmon-fisher, as showing him what he has to expect. We cannot close our narrative without a word about our Indian assistants. They were excellent fellows, cheerful, obliging, trustworthy: ready to "pole" or "paddle" you off at a moment's notice, by day or night, ready to do you any service on land or in water, never obtruding their good offices on your recognition, careful of your property as if it had been their own. "A man's a man for a' that," though he have straight black hair and tawny skin. With such men as Larry and his nephew, and the two Peters, one felt he could have "gone anywhere and done anything." A few men like these, we believe, would have saved Sodom: such is our estimate of the *morale* of these Restigouche Indians (Micmacs). Their skill in handling the gaff is astonishing, but the gaff is brother to the spear, their ancestral weapon. We saw old Larry gaff a salmon in the following case. The fish had fought nearly an hour, and the strain upon him being slight, was far from exhausted. He had taken the canoe down the best part of a mile to a deep pool, and

was sailing quietly about, preparatory to another rush. A few yards below, was a tumbling rapid, which he would certainly make for, and, where he would certainly have been lost; and where, had the canoe ventured to follow, it must have been a case of *sauve qui peut.* Larry leant over the bow, with left hand waving instructions to his nephew, who was paddling in the other end, and in the right grasping a gaff, six or seven feet long. This was the state of things for two or three minutes. At length the canoe, which had been moving slowly, halted: closer down to the water went Larry's head: slowly swung he round his armed hand, thrusting the gaff forwards and downwards until the butt reached no further than his elbow; then there was a short pause, during which we held our breath, till Larry rose erect and held out his gaff with a twenty-four pounder, as it turned out to be, struggling on the iron. The fish had been gaffed securely, and at least four feet below the surface of the water:—a prodigious feat, as the salmon-fisher will recognize. Larry has, however, done a greater thing than this; but we restrict our narrative to what we saw.

We left the Restigouche, on our way to meet the "Gulf Steamer" at Dalhousie, casting some "longing, lingering, looks behind," and feeling that a pleasant recollection is an imperishable good. Before the breaking up of our party, however—some of them were old and experienced hands—we made some enquiry into the past history of the salmon-fishings, both in the river proper, and in the tidal waters; of which, in conclusion, we offer a summary for the consideration of all to whom these presents may come.

Forty or forty-five years ago, when net-fishing had not well begun, and the spear was almost the only weapon used by the few white men and the Indians alike, the fish were more abundant in the river than now. It is about thirty-seven years since net-fishing may be said to have commenced. At that time the legal season for killing salmon extended from the beginning of May till the middle of August; and the Quebec Fisheries Act prescribed a weekly "open time" (during which no fish might be caught) of thirty-six hours. For New Brunswick there was no corresponding prescription. The two sides of the river were under different laws. The consequence was that that law was not much regarded; fish were captured in season and out of season with defiant assiduity. By the year 1858, *i. e.* in twenty-two years, this method of lawless

capture had reduced the annual supply of fish to a minimum, where it stood till the year 1865. Ten or fifteen years ago, we were told by more than one brother of the rod, you might fish from the upper waters to the sea "without seeing a fin, or getting a rise."

In 1865, a system of protection was instituted, a warden was appointed for the upper portion of the river, and so early as the second year of his administration, the fish gave signs of increase. In 1868, the New Fishery Act came in force; the weekly "open" time of thirty-six hours was prescribed for both sides of the river: and, by as strict a surveillance as the circumstances permitted, the law has since been enforced.

The result has been a rapid increase in the annual take of fish in the nets. Probably, it is this year three times as great as it was five years ago, and equal to what it was in the first years of the net-fishing; only, it must be remembered, *there are now more nets*. The average annual take between the years '55 and '68 may be set down as not over one hundred thousand pounds. This year, including the estuary fishings below Dalhousie, it must be at least five hundred thousand pounds. This year, however, is evidently so good as to have far exceeded the expectation of the fish-curers; for the season was not half gone when they found their tins for the preserved fish (which have to be prepared beforehand) all filled, and were driven to the less profitable expedient of *salting* the remainder of their catch. These facts surely testify to the advantages of river preservation.

If the salmon were a mere fancy of the sportsman, the plaything of a few people of leisure, river preservation could not be a subject of general interest. But such is not the case. The salmon is as truly a source of national wealth as our timber, our soil, or our coal-fields. Whatever influences tend to extirpate this wonderful fish from our rivers, tends, *pro tanto*, to lessen the resources of the country, and to make it less attractive to the emigrant choosing his future home. With the progress of our country in population and wealth, and with the increased accessibility of markets, the value of our fisheries, under a wise system of preservation, will assuredly rise. Let our legislators consider this, and let them not permit such streams as the Restigouche to be made sterile by short-sighted and lawless cupidity. In Nova Scotia, the goose that laid the golden egg is expiring; the same may be said of

some parts of New Brunswick. Thus—legislation, neglect, and sawdust have done the work. Shall this be allowed to go on?

The fisheries at the mouth of the Restigouche are already very valuable. The steamers leaving Dalhousie for Quebec and Montreal are weighed down with endless boxes of preserved salmon. The trade is very large and must be very profitable already; and its growth and increasing gains are due to the preservation of the river.

In any other country the fishermen would pay handsomely for the privileges of netting. These must be worth many thousand pounds annually. Would it be believed that the *annual rental of all the net-fishings amounts to only a few hundred dollars!* while public money pays the salaries of the river wardens. It just comes to this, that the Government make a present of a good many thousand dollars annually to the happy fishermen of the Restigouche. In other words, the public are taxed to maintain one set of men in order that a set entirely different, who give no equivalent, may have the opportunity of speedily enriching themselves! The only admissible extenuation of this abuse of public money is, that legislation is now only feeling its way and that the present is a temporary arrangement.

While this indefensible boon has been conferred on the fishermen that happen to be whites, what of the poor Indian? The rights of aborigines, which British legislation has been wont to lay a gentle hand on—have received irreverent treatment. By a law passed in 1868, spearing salmon (the Indian's method of capture) was made illegal: but a special permission to the Indians of the Restigouche, about three hundred in number, was granted by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. They were allowed to spear for their own use, but not for sale, over about sixty miles of the river. The restriction seemed reasonable; but year after year the ground over which their privilege extended has been lessened, till in 1871 they were restricted to the waters below Matapedia. In 1873 the privilege has altogether been taken away! And now, for an Indian to be found with a speared salmon, though the fish are swimming past his wigwam or cottage in thousands, is a punishable offence. White men, his neighbours, take them by the hundred in their nets. It is hard for the "untutored mind" to see the justice and beneficence of this arrangement.

But let us do the Government justice. If we wish to "extenu-

ate nothing," neither would we "set down ought in malice." This year, when the fishing privileges were withdrawn from the Indians of the Restigouche, the "Indian Department" gave five hundred dollars for the purchase of nets, to be used in the Indians' behalf. The salmon taken in them were to be sold, and the proceeds divided among the Indians. Two good spots were selected for placing the nets, the stakes were planted, and the nets were to have been superadded, free of cost, when one night in June the stakes were cut down. Can one wonder at the poor fellows expressing their resentment against the treatment they had received at the hands of the Government, and doing so in this simple way? Economically, it was to their disadvantage: for the chances of the first run of fish, which is usually the best, were over, before the stakes were restored and the nets spread: but anger and prudence are often dissociated. The Indians, as our men told us, didn't care for the paltry dollar or two that would come to them from the sale of the fish: they wanted the salmon and loved *their* sport as dearly as the white man prizes *his*. We sympathize with them. If the instinct of sport, which the *savans* say is the inheritance from our savage state, has not died out of civilized man with centuries of culture, how strong may we suppose it still to be in the children of the forest! You cannot drive out nature with a fork or with an Act of Parliament. We have written at greater length than we intended, and have given these facts on trustworthy authority. In some of the details of our figures, we may be subject to correction: the general drift of them cannot be impugned. We will further only say that we expect to see the time when the interests and rights of all parties will be fairly consulted; when the "open" time of our Canadian rivers shall be extended from thirty-six to forty-eight hours per week; when the net-fishing will yield an appreciable revenue to the country, while the fisherman prospers; when the Indian will, under reasonable restriction, rejoice in his traditional sport, and supply his simple wants by the use of the time-hallowed spear; and when in our summer tours, we shall meet many more brethren of the rod than we are wont now to encounter. We believe that the rivers of Canada, properly cared for, can meet all these requirements, and still preserve, for the sportsman's delight, and the people's boast and enjoyment, in the shape of cheap and exquisite fish dinners, the character of being in the very front rank of the salmon-rivers of the world.

# A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

WE will venture to intrude on another conference, shorter and more guarded than the one we have just detailed:—one that took place between Delaval and his sister, while the former was in progress.

We have noted Marie's abrupt departure from the room when the words were uttered,—"The child found still alive is Madeline, your true niece." Words cannot describe the wrath, the concentrated passion that burned luridly in the blazing eye, and hissed through the set teeth of the baffled and detected adventuress.

She stood there in the dim light of the corridor with her beautiful but evil face all convulsed, and her lithe, superb figure thrown into an attitude, graceful always, but speaking in every line the rigidity of rage.

For her counterpart, picture to yourself Athaliah, the Israelitish queen, when confronted by the child Joash,—escaped alone of all the murdered seed-royal,—with the nation around him, shouting, "God save the King!"

Was not this too a dethroned queen? Were it not for very pride, she too would have rent to tatters her silken robes, and shrieked out into the startled night, "Treason! treason!"

Delaval came upon her in her rage. She turned raving upon him; even lifted her hand to smite him. The raised hand was caught firmly! Coldly, almost contemptuously, he looked down upon her.

"Ah! no need to ask if you have failed!" said he, dragging her after him to her own apartment, flinging her down, almost with violence, on a lounge, and then closing and double-locking the door in the face of the inquisitive house-keeper, who had just been in time to catch the latter part of this scene.

"No need to tell me you have failed!" he repeated savagely. "All your pretty little finessing trickery, what is it worth now? Paf! It is gone, like that cobweb."

He was striding up and down the carpet now, gesticulating, foaming, furious.

The sight of that fury calmed, but did not alarm the girl. On the contrary, it seemed but to nerve her courage. She rose, and quietly extending her hand, said:

"Stay, Adolphe. *That* has failed, but *all* has not failed."

"What now?" said he rudely. She continued quietly:

"All is not lost. On the contrary, there is a gain. The game is simplified. It is now definitively a combat *à l'outrance.* It is now a war of extermination. They or we are to be destroyed."

"Yes: I like that better:" said the Frenchman. "'War to the knife'—that is my motto."

"This night then; barely two hours hence—you remember what I told you?—battle will be delivered; and it *must* be decisive; do you mark me?"

"I do: but I scarcely understand:" replied he. "*If* these people come, we may do something. But there is another *If*:—*if* the prisoners will consent to escape."

"*Bah, mon ami!* I have changed all that. We will make them very glad to escape, if they can; but we will no longer assist them. On the contrary, *not one* must be suffered to escape. Look to it, Adolphe. I have need of them all for my revenge."

"But, Marie, still I do not understand. That would only ensure the *exposé* we wish to avoid."

"You are obtuse, *bel ami;*" and she fixed on him a Lady Macbeth stare.

"I tell you, I do not comprehend your drift in the least;" and his eyes shifted uneasily beneath her sinister gaze. "I—in short, I fling my tongue to the dogs. What is it you mean, Marie?"

The girl bent towards him, and with the cruel gleam of a tigress' flashing eyes, and bared teeth, she hissed behind her hand one word into his ear.

Hardened as he was, even *he* recoiled.

"No; No! That is too horrible. Besides, it is altogether too uncertain."

"You must make it certain;" she insisted. "The same fortunate conjunction of circumstances will never occur again. We are shut up to this, or to ruin,—death."

"Be it so: I accept;" said Delaval, after long pondering, and looking up gloomily.

"And now:" resumed he, "where is that precious grandfather of yours? He has blundered all through the piece. I will shoot him like a mangy hound, if he fail me now."

A few seconds later, and the two conspirators had parted on their several missions of mischief.

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You and I, courteous reader, may as well make our rounds whilst we are about it.

We are divided in opinion, though, which way we will direct our footsteps.

The sounds of roystering merriment ascend from the Hall, where the soldiers, not on active duty, their prisoner Barney, and his whilom judge, McWhirter, are fraternally carousing together.

Doubtless the unlucky Scot has been elevated into a convenient target for the exercise of Barney's coarse wit. For the factor's voice is raised high in querulous and nasal dissonance: whilst the rollicking hoarse laugh of the red-coats, and the rich, rolling brogue of the Irishman, together with the clinking and clattering of glasses and pewters form a pleasant accompaniment and a ready chorus.

But we will resist the temptation to linger awhile and hear the joke; for is not that the voice of sobbing that sounds from Madeline's apartment?

We are told on high authority, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting:" and none would ever think of neglecting the charge of the preacher, could he always set before us such charming illustrations of the abandonment of grief as that which we now descry on opening the door in question.

What has happened? To use the vernacular,—Has there been a *spat* between the brother and sister?

Surely nothing so vulgar. Only it looks very like it. Here is Maddie shaking like a reed before a storm, with gusty sighs, and showery sorrow, and clinging with white arms and caressing cheek round her big brother's neck,—whilst a torrent of disclaimers, and excuses, and repentance, and caresses is surging over her helpless victim. And he, it is plain, has yielded to his fate with commendable resignation.

"Oh, Reginald! What *will* they think of me? That horrid, horrid creature,—to put such a notion in the old gentleman's head, as if *I* wanted his son. And Oh! Isn't he a dear, to stand up for me as he does? But I won't stay here another minute,—*that* I won't."

"You wouldn't like to leave Calvert without bidding him good bye, would you?" said her brother mischievously.

"There now, don't laugh at me, please. But, O Reginald, you dear old fellow! you are worth forty thousand of them any day; and I love you beyond all the world beside"—

"Beside Calvert, you mean;" interjected Harvey.

"Oh, I'm so sorry I let you find that out! And it's too bad, you should be anyway disappointed in me. But, you see, you've always been my dear, dear brother; and that's nicer than to think of you as anything else. Isn't it now?"

This last, with a pretty appealing air, which there was no gainsaying nor resisting. At least so Harvey seemed to think. For, though it cost him an effort to gulp down the rising in his throat, he acquitted himself very creditably of his *rôle* of the good genius by replying, as he wiped away the fast-falling tears of the little witch beside him:

"There now; there now! Of course it will be a thousand times nicer; and I'll not grudge you to him one single bit. But who in the world will play mad with me when you become Madam la Comtesse?"

"Don't break my heart, Regie; you know you never can leave me;" etc.

All which fragmentary, and somewhat enigmatical observations we consign to our fair readers, to spell out the meaning of as they alone can.

The entrance of their young host at this juncture, and a precipitate rush of Maddie to her own chamber to bathe her tear-stained and swollen face, put an end to the conversation.

A long and anxious discussion ensued between the two gentlemen, as to the best course to pursue in the present emergency. Into this, however, we propose not to enter; especially as their enemies' prompt action rendered all their schemes nugatory.

## CHAPTER XXV.

APPARENTLY there is a fascination for Delaval in the Dog's Nose. He has business there again to-night, it would seem.

At least one of two figures we can faintly see dodging one another in the gloom, seems strangely like him, and his voice soon settles the doubt.

He is in a villainous humor, to judge by his muttered ejaculations:

"The dolt! The idiot! He will spoil all by his cursed nonsense! What is he afraid of? Whom does he take me for? Hist; holloa there! It is I:" he calls out in a suppressed voice. "Stop, I say, Barillot! The ass! He is afraid of his own shadow."

It is true. "The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth." The wretched fugitive, alone with his terrors, hears in every rustle of a leaf, much more in this stealthy fall of a human foot, the avenger of blood on his track.

At last he is brought to bay. His back is to the surging billow, his foot is on the last verge of the rock at the extreme southern point of the promontory.

Delaval, advancing, hears through the darkness the ominous click of a gun-hammer being cocked.

The case is imminent. An instant more, and the fool will fire on his friend. He pulls out and waves his white handkerchief, and utters in a louder tone:

"It is I; Delaval."

At last he thinks he may venture to advance. But the moment he is near enough to discern clearly, he experiences an involuntary shiver.

In the eyes of Barillot, there is the sombre hostility of flight, and all the menace which there is in fear. They are the eyes of a hunted wolf that glare at him over the gaping gun-barrel.

Bristly, tattered and skulking, restless and shivering, this man is dangerous to encounter.

Desperation does not discriminate. It is more to be dreaded than hostility itself.

Hostility pauses to pick out its foe. Despair strikes at the first comer.

Delaval realized all this in a breath. In that breath the gun-hammer fell; the cap snapped: he might safely break within the guard now.

Fear and cowardice are akin. Both are merciless.

Was this the reason that, as he rushed in upon and grappled with the wretch, Delaval was not content with merely throwing him down, but he must also kick and stamp upon him?

The wretch had frightened him; and a coward cannot forgive a fright.

Probably also, Delaval reasoned just as does the keeper of a

menagerie, who castigates without mercy the brute that has ventured to turn on him.

You see it is necessary that the brute be kept well under, if he is to be useful.

"Get up, you beast!" says Delaval roughly, when he finds the poor macerated wretch lying unresistingly under his blows.

"Get up, and eat;" he repeats, and pulling some broken victuals out of his pocket, he throws them to the miserable being, as to a dog.

And like a dog,—grovelling like a whipped hound, Barillot crept to the feet of his master, and snapped voraciously at the fragments, all the while growling and muttering to himself unintelligibly.

"I verily believe the old fool is getting crazy;" said Delaval, looking attentively at him.

"See. Here is drink, you brute!" and a flask was held out to Barillot. "You shall have enough to make you drunk when your work is done."

The flask was greedily drained to the last drop.

At length some latent manhood was brought to the surface. The ruffian started up and faced the intruder.

"What, more work! I know, Monseigneur, what *your* work means: more blood, more death, more murder!"

"Pshaw! after all, what have you ever done? Why, your old brigand of a wife did more. She made *one* corpse at least. The pretty affair! And I am to make your *fillette* the Comtesse de Courtenaye at my own sole risk and trouble? No, no, Jacques. You must make it worth my while to make a lady of her."

"Ah! If it is to help *la fillette*, that is another affair. She can bind me with one of her silken eyelashes. Poor Lisette! If you would only come back and see La Petite a *Grande dame* now."

"That is just it!" said the cunning tempter to his tool; "Lisette will never come back. They killed her; and they have brought back that other child to chase out Marie, and take her place."

With glaring eye and claws clutching vaguely about him, the half-frenzied wretch strove to take in the idea. At last, as he grasped it, he leaped, flung up his hands, and gave a roar like a wild beast.

"We will soon stop all that!" said he, and off he rushed with his gun at the trail.

With difficulty Delaval kept up with him.

They had need for all their speed too. Others besides themselves had held their *rendezvous* at the Dog's Nose that night. Barillot's inconsiderate cry had drawn attention; and though no counter-challenge had been heard, Delaval had the vague sensation of one who is being followed.

He stopped an instant to listen. Yes, there they come! That is the rapid beat of many rushing footsteps; and those are the audible pantings of labouring respiration.

Away, away! No time for lingering now!

"They are after us!" he hisses in the ear of his confederate.

A few furlongs more; and at last Delaval's horse is reached.

In an instant he is in the saddle; his companion seizes hold of the mane; and they are off with redoubled speed.

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Marie's sagacity has not failed her. Eleven has scarcely struck, when she hears in rapid succession the clatter of a horse's hoofs, the hoarse challenge of the sentry, and the wild response in her brother's voice:

"To arms! They are upon us!"

All the inmates of the dwelling have retired. Only from the roisterers in the Hall, are heard at intervals, occasional bursts of revelry.

At the first challenge, the men half-sobered, spring for their weapons. Delaval, bursting in, cries:

"Look to your prisoners, men. In five minutes they will be here."

With the steadiness of men on dress-parade, the sergeant marshals his little troop. Two are told off to guard against any attempt at escape from the interior. The rest issue forth and line the terrace, whose parapet forms an admirable breast-work round three sides of the house. The outlying pickets are called in and stationed to guard the stables and out-buildings, thus completing the *cordon* round the dwelling.

Not a moment too soon are these arrangements accomplished. An approaching clamor, momently growing more distinct, is heard. The domestics, pale and frightened, rushed forth from their apartments into the common hall. Harvey and Calvert amongst them, make for the door; but the troopers on guard crossed their weapons, barring the exit. In a respectful tone they answer to

Calvert's angry remonstrance that they are acting under orders; and moreover they request the gentlemen to retire to their own rooms, where they will be secure. After a moment's hesitation, the two friends turn on their heels, Calvert to make his way to the side of his exhausted and slumbering parent, and Harvey to pace up and down the long corridor, and from time to time to peer through the window at its end.

Poor McWhirter, more than half fuddled by this time, and thus unpleasantly disturbed in his cups, was weakly wringing his hands and bewailing himself.

"Wae's me, wae's me! what's this o't? We'se a' be harried, an' brunt, an' slain. What set ye, Saunders McWhirter, to mak or mell wi' ither fowk's bizness?"

Barney, who had been sitting quietly in his original position at the board, ever since the alarm, here essayed a word of consolation; but it must be confessed, somewhat after the fashion of Job's comforters.

"Thrue for yer haner; ye'd best have kept yer spoon for yer own stirabout. Ye're like to get it scaldin' hot now, I'll be bound."

"Oh, Maister Bralligan, ye winna let them shoot me, will ye?"

"Niver a ha'porth o' fear, man!" was the consoling reply. The boys wouldn't waste shot on the likes av yez. Ye'll nivir lave the wurruld till ye get a lift in it, me sowl. It's the yard av himp, an' the lape from the lafeless tree that's to fit ye out for your long home. But maybe the boys wouldn't be again accommodhatin yez wid a bit av divarshin that way, whin wanst the fight's over."

"Losh! man; it's no hangin' ye mean, is it?" said the trembling Scot with every particular red hair of him standing on end like the "quills of the fretful porcupine."

Barney's meditated reply was cut short without ceremony.

A burst of ferocious cries shook the windows of the room, and a crash of musketry so near and so loud that all its inmates rushed behind the heavy oaken stair-case for protection.

Only Barney sat impassible to outward seeming, but eagerly listening nevertheless.

His practised ear distinguished with accuracy the more distant and scattered pattering of the assailants from the regulars' steady and measured volleys.

A rush had evidently been made and repelled: for he heard the sergeant's hoarse call.

"Well done, boys! Give it to the cowardly rebels. Give it 'em again!"

A hearty cheer from the men responded. But at the instant a wild shriek in a woman's voice rung out clear and distinct above the din.

Who had uttered it? None in the Hall, it was evident. The bevy of women, grouped together in affright, looked round on each other with glances startled anew.

There was a sound of hasty footsteps running along the upstairs hall, and immediately a voice in manly tones shouted,

"Fire, fire! Help for the women!"

What has occurred?

Madeline in her night-robe was kneeling at her evening prayer. Her golden veil of hair half hid her face, and shrouded her alabaster shoulders. A noise behind her made her half turn. An evil face glared at her from the window embrasure. It was Marie. With one hand she held the casement half open. Her voice was husky and hissing.

"Ah!" said she, "Doubtless you are very fair; but I will spoil your beauty for you!"

Then from her free hand came flying in an object that, missing the girl but by a hair's breadth, crashed with the shiver of breaking glass against the bedpost. A mocking laugh, and the casement was shut down; then the fiendish visage was gone. Paralyzed with terror, the child still knelt in the same attitude; till stifling fumes and then flames breaking out all around her, and a sudden intolerable agony of burning round her naked knees made her start up with that shriek of anguish that had startled the dwelling.

Beyond this she new nothing.

Nitro-glycerine would have been more suddenly destructive in its effects. Probably vitriol was preferred, because of its slower action, and its inextinguishable tortures.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

HARVEY, through the painted window of the corridor, had been absorbed in watching the struggle outside. Not until roused by the voice of his sister was he conscious of a growing heat and a stifling in the air. As he rushed to the door of her suite of rooms he found it locked. He called; a stifled cry was his only answer.

Another door and another he tried: all were fast. A second time his alarm-shout sounded:

"Help, help! For God's sake, quick, men! Help me break open the doors. They are all locked."

A crash, and then the ominous crackle of fire, and a volley of smoke rolling downwards emphasized the summons.

"Come lads!" shouted Barney to the two soldiers, who, as they saw him starting up had covered him with their pieces,—"You're not the men to stand by and let women burn in their beds, are ye?"

And he started up the broad staircase at a run, closely followed by the two brave fellows, to whose hearts his appeal had come straight home.

They were but half way up, when suddenly with a roar like a volcano, the house seemed torn from its foundations.

First it lifted, and then it settled amid horrible grindings and crashings, and after swaying some instants, it collapsed into a very crater of fire, and of belching, thunderous discharges.

Fortunately for them the appalled domestics had rushed for the door the instant it was left unguarded. But what of the other ill-fated ones amid this Gehenna of ruin?

Booming explosions resounded at intervals from beneath, and blast after blast of bursting flame and flashing fire-clouds soared aloft to the skies.

The combatants with one accord had dropped their arms, and in presence of this awful catastrophe, friends and foes mingled side by side.

The frieze-coated rebels, and the red-coat supporters of law and order stood in mute, pale horror, gazing upwards at the dread spectacle, without thought of further strife.

There is life still there somewhere, nevertheless. Hoarse cries and a woman's shrieks are faintly heard.

There is a rush round to the rear of the building.

"Help, help, for the love of Heaven!" shouts a voice from above.

All eyes are raised, and there, hanging by the blistering balcony, the lurid glare shews a man clasping to his bosom, a female form swathed in white night-robes.

Her shower of golden hair is streaming on the fiery breath of the conflagration like a sheet of living flame; and the forked

tongues are plucking at them, and the billowing gusts of smoke are wreathing them round, as if they feared to lose so precious a prey.

"Haste, haste; they are falling! Will no one break the shock?" cry voices in the crowd.

"Well done, Sergeant! They are all right now!" shout the multitude.

The ready-witted soldier has dragged a sturdy peasant directly under the pair, has bid him "hold hard ahead;" while with iron gripe he himself holds by the tail the long-skirted garment of tough frieze.

And so they are let gently to the ground, with no broken bones—thank God! although both are sadly scorched; and the poor child Madeline, half-naked, and more dead than alive, is borne off in tender women's arms. Hurrah, hurrah! Two saved, at least! But the rest? Ah!

What is here, though? A flaming, frizzled-up mass, shapeless, horrible,—but with a groan in it still—rolls out of this lower window to their feet. Work, men, work; there's life in him yet! Heavy coats are torn off by merciful hands, and swathed round and round the charring lump of humanity, that some red rags mark out as once a foe. But no matter for that. Misfortune makes the whole world kin. Another saved: Hurrah! But the rest—the rest! What of them?

"The master, the master! Oh wirra, wirra!—an' the handsome boy wid the angel-face!"—wail the women.

Ah! What is that moving on the ridge-pole of the Conservatory yonder? A wild shout from fifty throats hails the sight.

It is the gallant boy staggering along under the burden of his wounded, fever-spent and helpless parent; like Æneas of old, bearing off the feeble Anchises from the ruins of burning Troy.

God knows how he had got there. Probably it was the only path of safety within reach of the window to which he had dragged his father.

Steady, boy, steady!—and be quick too; for the fierce heat is fusing the iron girder, and the frail support is bending beneath the pair.

Ah! Is he down? No: only a slip. He drags out his lacerated limb from the cruel, cutting glass, and continues painfully to crawl along towards the further end of the hot-house, where they

are nearing a ladder, and gallant men are mounting to lend him a helping hand with his precious load.

But ha! What cry is that?—a scream as of a wounded panther; an inarticulate cry, full of horror, of warning, of menace, of despair?

A shot! And the youth in turn echoes the piercing shriek, reels, and falls: only on his knees and elbows though! But the figure, hitherto motionless on his back, flings up its hands wildly to the fiery heavens.

Good God! Is murder abroad too, mingling with the horrors of the night?

"Help! help! Seize the murderer!"

It is Harvey's voice that rings out anew; and it is Harvey's fire-scathed form that crashes through the crystal walls at a bound. And there follow the whirl and the rush of men in a hand-to-hand conflict, a storm of imprecations, demon-forms glancing to and fro, and closing in the death-grapple.

Hell seems broken loose beneath the affrighted youth, who can do no more now but cling on to his frail swaying support. The hot breath of the fire is a few yards only behind him. The hot blood from the lifeless form above him is trickling down his neck, and mingling in a purple stream with his own. Murder is leaping at him from below. A vertigo seizes him. Everything is whirling round. But he still instinctively keeps his hold. He must hang on for life,—dear life,—a life dearer than his own!

A roar of rage from the multitude rouses his fainting senses. What has happened?

The struggle is over beneath his feet. It has lasted probably only a few seconds: it seems a lifetime to him. He marks a stream of dim figures dashing off into the darkness, and two flying phantoms ahead.

And yonder is a female form sweeping onwards on a white horse, like Death in the Revelations; and she catches up the foremost fugitive, and in an instant the vision is swallowed up in the darkness.

So he rallies once more, and recommences his weary labour. Ah, happy if it be not all useless now!

They were kind hands that seized hold of the spent stripling, and the precious burden he had borne so well. Gently they lower them down, both alike helpless now.

The youth has fainted; and the father,—Is there life in him yet? They cannot tell. So they bear them lovingly side by side to the nearest shelter, the gate-keeper's Lodge,—where Madeline has been carried before them.

Into the next room another sad procession has wended; and there rises the wild wail of a woman's sorrow.

It is no other than poor Biddy weeping over the blistered and disfigured form of her bold but unfortunate Barney.

He had run the gauntlet of the burning mass, "to win at the master," as he touchingly observes; but had been borne down into the whirling Mäelström of fire.

How it was, he knew not. But it seemed as if he had waded through a very ocean of clinging flame, that gnawed wherever it touched the quivering flesh; till at last he had blundered on a cellar-way that opened upwards into the conservatory.

It all came on him in a flash. The murderous wretches had used this means of ingress to fire the spirit-cellar, and blow up the house.

Yes: as he crawled through this only avenue of escape, his first glance shewed him one of two masked assassins taking deliberate aim at his victims on the roof.

His was the cry averting them of their danger; and it was his writhing form that Harvey saw, charred, seared and scarred out of all semblance of humanity, ramping like a half-crushed worm, and clenching his teeth in the leg of one howling ruffian, whilst the American with naked hands engaged the other.

The villains were too quick for them though, disabled as they were; and before help could come they had got clear off. Not so quickly though but what their unsuccessful assailants made them out to be none other than Delaval, and his murderous tool, Barillot.

(To be continued.)

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## THE LIFE AND WORK OF THOMAS BRASSEY.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

ONE of the most instructive and pleasant biographies which it has been my fortune to peruse for a length of time, is "The Life of Thomas Brassey." I have been so impressed with its contents that I should like to make such of the readers of "THE

MARITIME MONTHLY" as may not have met with the book sharers in the pleasure I have felt in reading it. The writer is Sir Arthur Helps, Secretary to Her Majesty's Privy Council, the well known author of "Friends in Council," and numerous other works which have taken rank among the standards of English literature. "By permission," Sir Arthur dedicated his Life of Thomas Brassey to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. In the dedication he says, "I desire so to dedicate it, because I do not know any one who has a deeper sympathy with the labouring classes than your Majesty, or any one who takes a more heartfelt interest in every thing that concerns their habits, their education, and their general welfare." This is no empty compliment from Sir Arthur Helps, but the statement of a simple truth regarding our good Queen. The author adds, "Your Majesty will find that the late Mr. Brassey was an employer of labour after your Majesty's own heart: always solicitous for the well-being of those who served under him; never keeping aloof from them, but using the powerful position of a master in such a manner as to win their affections, and to diminish the distance, which is often far too great, between the employer and the employed."

We may be sure that the man of whom Sir Arthur Helps could write to the Queen, in such terms, must have been no common man. And in truth, if a man is to be estimated by the amount of useful work he does in the world—work which subserves the best interests of mankind—then we must form a very high estimate of Thomas Brassey, and number him among the world's benefactors. He led the way in those vast industrial enterprises which have now covered much of the civilized world with a network of railways, and have done more than anything else to transform the face of modern society, and advance the cause of civilization. The great pioneer in these gigantic undertakings,—the man whose skill, energy and enterprise carried to completion many of the most extensive and important lines of railway, over which thousands are now whirled every hour, with speed and safety, was Thomas Brassey. From 1834, when the establishment of railways, on an extensive scale, first commenced in England, till 1870, Mr. Brassey was engaged, in conjunction with others, in the construction of railways in various countries; and the amount of work thus accomplished by him was enormous. Six closely printed pages of his biography are occupied with a list which contains

merely the names of the lines he constructed, either single-handed, or in partnership with others. On summing up, I find that the total number of miles of railway which he thus laid down was 6,478. When one tries to imagine the enormous amount of work involved in such an extent of railways—the tunnels, the viaducts, the bridges—the quantities of wood and iron required—the station-houses and locomotives—we can at least see that the man who organized the labour and guided the operations of the workmen, and brought the whole to a successful issue, must have been one of the greatest "Captains of Industry" which the nineteenth century has produced. His monument is the vast iron roads in England, France, Italy, Austria, Denmark, India, Australia, Canada, and South America, which were constructed by his energy, ability, and perseverance. No king or conqueror can boast of such a memorial of a laborious, useful life, spent in the construction of great works which have already greatly advanced the civilization of the world, and the ultimate result of which no one can predict. I look upon Thomas Brassey as a typical or representative man of the great toiling, earth-subduing race to which he belonged—the mighty Saxon workers, whose indomitable industry has brought the British Isles from the condition of forest and swamp into that of a fair garden, covered with cities and palaces, overspread with iron roads, along which fire-breathing steeds career, and telegraphs which flash intelligence on the lightning's pinion—the race which have formed an Indian Empire in the East, and thrown off an American Republic, and a semi-independent Dominion in the West, dotted the globe with colonies, bridged the roaring Atlantic with steamboats, and stretched along its bed a gigantic coil through which thought speeds between the Old World and the New. If we honour the wondrous industry which has done all this—the faculty which has grappled with the great forces of nature, and chained them to the car of progress, and transformed them into obedient servants,—the patient energy which has pierced the mountain and enabled man to defy the tempest-tossed ocean, then we must admire in Thomas Brassey the finest living embodiment of this Anglo-Saxon energy and genius for labour. Work was the very atmosphere in which he lived and breathed. He cared absolutely nothing about rank or title or social position. To the ordinary ambitions of life he was completely indifferent. "His great ambition" says Sir Arthur Helps, "his ruling passion,

if I may so express it, was to win a high reputation for skill, integrity and success in the difficult vocation of a contractor for public works: to give large employment to his fellow-countrymen, and by means of British labour and British skill to knit together foreign countries, and to promote civilization, according to his view of it, throughout the world." Such was the high aim of this great leader of industry, according to his biographer; and his whole life furnished ample proof of the truth of the statement. Count Cavour, the great Italian statesman, a man possessed of rare insight into character, and a consummate master in the management of affairs, had much intercourse with Mr. Brassey, in connection with the introduction of railways into Italy; and on one occasion, at a grand dinner given in his honour, he said, "Mr. Brassey is one of the most remarkable men I know, clear-headed, cautious, yet most enterprising, and fulfilling his engagements faithfully. We never have a difficulty with him. He would make a splendid Minister of Public Works; and he added, laughing, if report be true, he understands the Finance Department equally well." This was high praise from such a quarter. But other testimonies regarding his worth were not wanting. The late Emperor of the French, whose shrewdness in estimating character was so remarkable, presented the English Captain of Industry with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, as a mark of his high appreciation of his services in connection with French railways; and the Emperor of Austria, for a similar reason, sent him the Cross of the Iron Crown.

The laughing remark of Count Cavour, about his financial abilities, had reference, no doubt, to the immense fortune which Mr. Brassey accumulated in the course of his lifetime. It is very striking to find that a man who cared very little for money in itself, who was most liberal in all his dealings, and never made it an object of his life to become a millionaire, should, almost in spite of himself, accumulate six millions sterling. Few people have a definite idea of what a million of money means. Suppose a man were set down before a pile containing one million of sovereigns, and were told that the whole should be his provided he counted the sum before he slept, what frantic efforts he would make to keep awake and win the prize! But it would be all in vain. Supposing him to go right on, counting at the rate of a sovereign each second, for three days and three nights, he would

find, at the end of that time, that he had only got as far as £259,000, or somewhat over a quarter of the pile, and that he must keep awake eleven days and three hours altogether, to complete the work. To count the six millions accumulated by Mr. Brassey a man would have to spend about five months counting sovereigns, at the rate of one per second, and devote twelve hours each day to the task—an employment which would probably give him a "scunner" at gold for the remainder of his life. After all, money is a great power, in its way. Some one has forcibly remarked that "though poverty is no disgrace it is confoundedly inconvenient at times." It is easy to scoff at the millionaires, or to commiserate their unhappy lot: but, at the bottom of our hearts, we cannot help respecting them, and if we only got a chance, we would not mind incurring the odium which all men must encounter who get rich, and we would try to bear it patiently. After all, it is difficult to see how men could spend their time more harmlessly than in the accumulation of wealth. However selfish they may be, they cannot do so without benefiting others, for capital is one of the great moving powers of the world; and in due time, the largest accumulations are sure to be distributed.

The world would be a very different place, if all men who become rich acquired their wealth in such an honourable way as Thomas Brassey, and accomplished so much good in the process. Sir Arthur Helps attributes his immense accumulation of wealth to two causes. One was the small extent of his personal expenses. "He was a man who hated all show, luxury and ostentation. He kept but a moderate establishment, which the increase of his means never induced him to extend." This, however, was comparatively an unimportant matter; the immense extent of his business was the chief source of his wealth. "That extent," says his biographer, "was gained not only by his intellectual qualities, but by his moral qualifications. Other men were very desirous of dealing with a man who was not only of known skill in his work, but who was of good repute for uprightness, for promptitude, and for going through thoroughly with anything which he had once begun. He never haggled or disputed, or sought by delay to weary people into his terms. His transactions were frank, distinct and rapid; and there was no man who could less abide any loss of time, in the completion of any of his enterprises. The success of such a person is almost inevitable. As one of his enthusiastic admirers,

who had been employed by him from the first, and who knew him well, was wont to say, "If he'd been a parson he'd have been a bishop; if a prize-fighter he'd have had the belt." It is surprising to learn that his fortune was not made by lucky speculations, or excessive gains on any one or two transactions. Taken as a whole, the per centage of profit which accrued to him on all his enterprises was but the moderate amount of three per cent. He laid out about seventy-eight millions of other people's money; and upon that outlay retained about two millions and a half. The rest of his gigantic fortune arose from accumulations. His operations were chiefly but by no means wholly limited to the construction of railways. He interested himself and took prominent part in various other vast projects, such as steamships, mines, engine-factories, marine telegraphs; and, in many cases, he became the main support and the largest proprietor of these costly undertakings. Mr. Brassey therefore may be said to have been a man of almost universal utility, in the civilized world; and the results of his long industrious career have not been merely the accumulation of a colossal fortune, but great services rendered to mankind. His habitual liberality may be judged of by the fact that during his lifetime he gave away the immense sum of £200,000.

The life of our Captain of Industry was by no means an eventful one, and furnishes very few remarkable incidents; but it does suggest many important lessons. An outline of it may be given in a few words. Thomas Brassey was born November 7th, 1805, at Buerton, in the parish of Oldford, in Cheshire. His family was an ancient one, his ancestors having come over with William the Conqueror. For nearly six centuries they resided on a small landed property of three or four hundred acres, at Bulkely, in Cheshire. Thus he came of a good sound stock, of the middle class of English people, having a certain amount of culture and knowledge, but which had not been enervated by luxury, nor yet, as Sir Arthur Helps puts it, "had thought itself out." It is remarkable how few descendants of eminent men of former days are now to be found among the living. Like a slowly developing plant, a family seems sometimes, after long ages, to produce its best flower, and then dies off. The infusion of fresh blood, of minds unwearied by mental labour, and bodies not exhausted by luxury, is necessary, if a family is to go on producing remarkable men.

After receiving a good education at school, in Chester, young Brassey was, at the age of sixteen, articled to Mr. Lawton, a land surveyor and agent. With Mr. Lawton he soon became a great favourite, and, at the age of twenty-one, was taken into partnership, and went to reside at Birkenhead. On Mr. Lawton's death, young Brassey succeeded him as agent and representative of Mr. Price, who owned the whole of the land on which the populous and thriving town of Birkenhead now stands. Here he resided for eight years, and acquired great experience in directing the progress of that thriving place. The bent of a man's whole life is often determined by what we call accident,—the mere turning of a straw. So it was with the young land agent at Birkenhead. One day Mr. George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, called on Mr. Brassey, for the purpose of inquiring after some stone for a viaduct on the Manchester and Liverpool Railway—the first railway for passenger traffic ever constructed. They went out together to examine a certain quarry of which Brassey had the management. Stephenson must have divined something of the high qualities of his young companion, during their walk, for he soon after sought to engage him in railway making. Under his advice, Mr. Brassey tendered for the construction of a viaduct between Stafford and Wolverhampton, and also for ten miles of the railway. He obtained the contract, and completed the work most successfully. This was the turning-point in his career, and the beginning of those great railway operations in which the remainder of his life was spent, and which extended over a large part of Europe, India and the British possessions in America. Step by step he advanced, gradually widening his operations, gaining the confidence of engineers and others interested in railways, by his faithfulness, his determination to do his work efficiently, whether at a gain or loss to himself, and his resolution to avoid all petty subjects of dispute, and never to make difficulties or contingencies an excuse for delay, or for demanding an alteration in the terms of the contract. Engineers and capitalists soon found what a comfort it was to have such a man to deal with,—one whose word was as good as his bond, and who never failed to fulfil an engagement. It is related of him that, on one occasion, when a great viaduct for which he had contracted, gave way, entailing an immense loss, some friends urged him to represent the case to the company, so as to obtain some mitigation of his

losses. His reply was characteristic of the man: "No," he said, "I have contracted to make and maintain the road, and nothing shall prevent Thomas Brassey from being as good as his word."

Like all sensible men, who hope to do any good in the world, Mr. Brassey got married, and in the matrimonial line, as in his railway lines, he proved to be most fortunate and successful. His wife was, in the best sense, a "helpmeet;" and it was in a great measure owing to her advice, that he determined to leave Birkenhead, where he had a large and increasing business, and throw in his fortunes with the small band of men who had then taken in hand the construction of railways. Mrs. Brassey's spirit and sound judgment convinced her that, in this new career, her husband would find a far more important sphere for the exercise of his great abilities. And be it remembered, that when Mrs. Brassey was courageous enough to form this opinion, railways were everywhere decried; and the bulk even of the intelligent classes regarded the project of carrying passengers on them, with speed or safety, as an absurdity. Influenced then by his wife's advice, he entered on a career which proved to be most brilliant and successful, and one of great service to the world. Her advice, too, was most disinterested as far as her own domestic comfort was concerned. The life of a railway contractor necessitated constant change of residence. In thirteen years she changed her residence eleven times, some of those changes being to the continent of Europe. This, however, was not the greatest of Mrs. Brassey's trials. The nature of her husband's employments made constant absence from home inevitable: and even when at home, his family saw little of him from nine in the morning till ten at night. Like a true woman, Mrs. Brassey bore all this without a murmur; devoted herself to the education of her three sons; gloried in her husband's public career; and in her he ever found a wise, sympathetic counsellor, in all the weightier matters of business in which he was concerned.

In a brief article like this, it would be of course impossible to follow Mr. Brassey throughout his busy career of thirty-six years, till his death in 1870. I shall only dwell on some incidents in his career illustrative of the character of the man, and the principles which led to his great success. First of all—a word or two about his occupation—that of a contractor of public works. With the commencement of the railway system began an age of great

works, during which undertakings of far more colossal dimensions than formerly were projected, and required to be rapidly carried into execution. The extension of the railway system called for larger docks and harbours, and enormous buildings of all descriptions. This opened a new field for the contractor, who is an inevitable product of civilization and its consequent division of labour. It is very easy to see how great advantages arise from doing work by contract, and through the agency of a practised contractor; because you thus command the knowledge and experience of a trained body of men fitted for special work, and you have the services of a Captain of Industry, whose specialty is the organization of labour, and the direction of such works. The great contractor finds it to his advantage to sub-let portions of his contract, which are further sub-let to smaller men; by which means individual skill and exertion are gradually developed to the uttermost. The system of doing work by contract is sure to increase extensively in the future; and it is well that it should be so. The great contractor who undertakes to execute an extensive work, in any country, carries thither bands of skilled workmen who gradually instruct the natives of those countries in methods of skilled labour, and make them more useful citizens than they were before. An amusing instance of this is related in connection with the construction of a railway in Jamaica. The Negro labourers were supplied with wheel-barrows from Britain, for the purpose of removing earth. Poor Sambo, however, had no idea of the mechanical advantages of the wheel-barrow, and having filled it with earth, he hoisted it to the crown of his woolly head. The intense astonishment of the English foreman may be imagined, when he saw a score of darkies marching in single file, each bearing a barrow on the top of his head. It was not without great difficulty that he induced them to try the effect of placing the barrow on a plank, and wheeling instead of carrying the load. But then a few trials convinced even Sambo of the advantage, and he would know better ever afterwards.

When in any new country a railway is contracted for, the first thing is the arrival of a small army of navvies—men with such thews and sinews, such brawny arms and broad chests, and such powers of work and endurance that the natives stare in astonishment as they gaze on their stalwart forms. The very sight of such men, with their hands hairy and brown, every one with his

shirt front open as in dead silence their muscular arms pile up the waggon loads of earth, every movement regulated by the gangers like clock-work,—the very sight of such earth-subduers is a lesson for life, and gives better ideas of how work should be done. But, then, along with the navvies comes a band of skilled mechanics of all kinds, with new and wonderful tools, new modes of working, new methods of payment; and to say nothing at all about the public benefit of the railway, the execution of that particular work permanently raises the condition of the whole labouring population, by the enlarged ideas and better methods it introduces. This is just what Mr. Brassey did in France, in Italy, in India and many other places to which he sent his gangs of English navvies. The result was, the improvement of the labouring classes in many portions of these countries, and the introduction of an element of vigour and prosperity, which could not have been so well introduced in any other way. Of course vast numbers of the natives were employed on the works, in addition to the imported navvies; and while immense sums were distributed among them, in the shape of wages, they were trained to skilled labour.

An amusing instance is related by Sir Arthur Helps of the way in which the English navvies, at first, instructed the Frenchmen working under them. Of course they could not speak French; but they pointed to the earth to be removed, or the waggon to be filled, stamped with their feet and uttered emphatically the word d——n. The utterance of this monosyllable, which is unhappily too common among the English toilers wherever they go, had somehow a magical effect upon the Frenchmen, and in some way or other the work was done. It is worth knowing that though drinking prevailed a good deal among the navvies, yet some of the most powerful among them were tee-totallers. On the Great Northern Railway there was a celebrated gang of navvies who did more work in a day than any other gang on the line, and always left off work an hour or an hour and a half earlier than any other men. Every navvy in this powerful gang was a tee-totaller. A full day's work for an ordinary navvy was to lift twenty tons weight of earth on a shovel, over his head, on a waggon. The height of the lifting is about six feet. No labourers in the world can compare with the English navvy. It is worth knowing that they got this name from having first been employed on the cut-

tings and embankments required for canals; hence they were called "navigators," which was abbreviated into "navvies." Though rather rough in manners, they were not, on the whole, bad fellows at bottom. Under Mr. Brassey many of them rose to comfort and independence, and some became employers of labour. Of course they belonged to various nationalities; and on the same line of railway it was nothing uncommon to hear English, Irish, Gaelic and Welsh spoken.

These navvies then were the privates in the great army of workers of which Mr. Brassey was commander-in-chief; and to guide their operations aright required almost as high talent as to direct the movements of an army in the tented field. It was no uncommon thing for Mr. Brassey to have ten or a dozen contracts on hand at the same time. The number of men he employed was enormous. On a single railway—the Great Northern—he had, at one time, between five and six thousand men employed, and of course, many thousands elsewhere at the same time. No employer ever dealt more liberally with labour; and he was quite above the meanness of screwing down wages. Probably there never was a man who made so much money, caring so little for the money itself. The great secret of his success was that he chose his agents with great care and with consummate judgment; and after he had chosen them he placed implicit confidence in them,—merely looking to results, not details, and never wearying them with minute criticism, never worrying them with fault-finding. When his operations became very extensive, he ceased to pay much attention to details and looked only to results, reserving his force of thought for larger matters, or intricate questions. This is where so many men fail who rise from small to large transactions —they still pay too much attention to details, and so waste their energies on things which others could do as well as they. Mr. Brassey did not fall into this error; but skilfully used the powers and intelligence of subordinates, reserving his energies for high resolves. His powers of calculation and memory were wonderful, and his sagacity, in railway construction, hardly ever at fault. His equanimity under losses, his ingenuity and courage in meeting a sudden emergency, were hardly surpassed by the first Napoleon, who boasted that in "two o'clock in the morning courage"—that is, presence of mind on the announcement of unexpected danger or difficulty,—he had few equals. The men in his employment

appreciated and loved him thoroughly, and his coming among them was looked forward to as a joyous and festive occasion. He was a man most courteous and kind to all, ever blaming, where blame was requisite, gently and lightly and with great reluctance. He was never known to take a questionable advantage of any man, and would rather submit to be taken advantage of. The consequence of all this was that he was loved and served as few employers have ever been. One prominent feature in his character was a hatred of contention. In all his life he had but one law-suit, and that he was forced into.

It is now generally seen and admitted that the modern locomotive railway system has done more to advance the civilization of the age than all other causes put together, and that with the single exception of the art of printing, no other invention can be compared with it, as affecting the destinies of the whole human race. In the railway locomotive a new power was born into the world; and the most wonderful proof was furnished of the creative might of human genius. We can all see how it is destined to unite nation with nation, and bring together the very ends of the earth. But there is one development of the locomotive railway which has not yet received much attention. I refer to its connection with colonization, especially on this side the Atlantic. Here are vasts tracks of fertile land, without a human inhabitant. In the Old World are over-crowded hordes of human beings, jostling and choking one another. Emigration has done much to relieve the pressure, and, when thoroughly organized and carried out on a gigantic scale, will do far more. More than two hundred and fifty thousand human beings each year leave the shores of the British Isles for other lands. The problem is, how best to conduct them to fresh lands where their energies will find a proper field. Men are just beginning to learn the value of the locomotive railway in settling new territories. Instead of waiting till a country is settled and then constructing a railway, the right plan is found to be to run a railway through the territory to be settled, thus making it precede colonization and pioneer the way. The projected Canadian Pacific Railway, the Intercolonial, the American Pacific are all illustrations of this new mode of colonizing. Concessions of land on each side of such a railway, go far to pay the expenses of its construction. Emigrants eagerly settle on the borders of a railway, which secures them a good market for their

produce, and enables them, while occupying cheap land, remote from cities, to enjoy all the comforts and advantages of civilization. The difficulties attending settlement in uncleared lands are thus, to a great extent abolished; and there can be little doubt that this mode of conducting colonization is destined to play an important part in the history of the future, and to accelerate vastly the great westward human march. The all-conquering wave of civilization is destined soon to invade those solitudes where now the bear, the wolf and the fox reign supreme. Away beyond the Mississippi, beyond the Rocky Mountains, where sound of axe and gun has never yet been heard, the scream of the locomotive will ere long awake the echoes; and man, the king, the conqueror, borne on his iron fire-breathing chariot, will rule supreme over his rightful domains. His outposts are advancing daily from the Atlantic's shore. The distant hills and vales await him; the forests bend their tremulous tops to listen for him; for all that is in the compass of the land is given him to possess; and aided by his all-conquering steam-power, he is destined to appropriate its treasures and scatter the refuse as the dust beneath his feet.

In summing up his account of Mr. Brassey's labours, Sir Arthur Helps devotes a chapter to the leading features in the character of this remarkable man. He remarks how in early life he had mastered the details of nearly every kind of labour which it was necessary to understand for the accomplishment of great works of construction. But he did not stop there. "He attained that most valuable art which belongs to the master rather than the man,—namely, that of dealing with details in masses: of leaving minutiæ to those whose business it is to attend to such things; and of directing and supervising work instead of doing it all himself: this great change of occupation is not often easily accomplished by men after their youth has passed, it being then a somewhat difficult matter to transform a subordinate into a principal." Trustfulness was one of the most remarkable features of Mr. Brassey's character; and in his case, appears to have been one of the principal elements in his success. The judicious master always confides largely in his agents, and moreover is able to abstain from unwise interference and needless criticism, and to be content with allowing his work to be done by other people in their own way, so that it be well done. Regarding this confidence in

subordinates, his biographer remarks, "Where most men fail in governing is in not entrusting enough to those who have to act under them. Most human beings intend well, and try to do their best as agents and subordinates; and he is the great man who succeeds, with the least possible change of agents and subordinates, in making the most of the ability which he has to direct and supervise. Besides, men must act according to their characters; and he who is prone to confide largely in others will mostly gain an advantage in the general result of this confidence, which will far more than counteract any evil arising from that part of the confidence which is misplaced." "From what I have seen of Mr. Brassey's conduct as a principal, I am convinced that he was one of the most judicious masters as well as one of the kindest; and that looking ever to results, he thoroughly understood the art of leaving his agents to do their work in their own way, when minute interference was needless—all interference, as he well knew, having a tendency to check an agent's energy and his power of reasonable assumption of responsible authority."

Most men have some ruling passion, Mr. Brassey's was "to execute great works which he believed to be of the highest utility to mankind; to become a celebrated man in doing so;— celebrated for faithfulness, punctuality and completeness in the execution of his work." He possessed, in an eminent degree, that innate refinement of mind which no education can impart, and which we can only say is born with the man. One who knew him well, remarked that "his people seemed to enter into a higher atmosphere when they were in his presence." Conscious, no doubt, of the intense dislike which he had of everything that was mean, petty, or contentious. His native refinment, tact and courtesy greatly assisted him in all his important enterprises. It was one of his characteristics that he admired good work done in any capacity, or directed to any worthy end. "Good speaking, good acting, good reading, good painting, even good dressing and judicious entertainment, were all delights to him. If a thing was to be done at all he wished it to be well done; and when it was well done, he rejoiced in the well doing, and admired the doers."

Mr. Brassey's laborious and useful life was now drawing to a close. He had a stroke of paralysis which, in 1868, was followed by a second; but even this did not prevent him from continuing his labours with the same assiduity as ever. At length, towards

the close of 1870, it became evident that the end was near. During his last illness it was very touching to find that many of those who had served him in foreign countries and at home, came from great distances solely for the chance of seeing, once more, their old master whom they loved so much; and they would linger for hours about the hall in the hope of seeing him borne to his carriage or obtaining from him a shake of the hand or the slightest sign of friendly recognition. "The world," says his biographer, "is after all not so ungrateful as it is sometimes supposed to be; those who deserve to be loved generally are loved, having elicited the faculty of loving, which exists, to a great extent, in all of us." Mr. Brassey was sustained during the progress of his fatal illness by the bright hopes which religion alone can impart, and he was watched over with the tenderest solicitude which human affection could prompt. "He had ever been a religious man. His religion was of that kind which most of us would desire for ourselves—utterly undisturbed by doubts of any sort, entirely tolerant, not built upon small or even upon great differences of belief. He clung resolutely and with entire hopefulness to that creed, and abode by that form of worship in which he had been brought up as a child." He breathed his last, surrounded by his family, on December 8th, 1870. He left a widow and three sons, two of whom are now members of the British House of Commons.

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# PHILIP BLAIR;

OR,

## School Days in the Dominion.

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

### CHAPTER XII.

DESPITE the fatigue of the previous night he was up in the morning long before the rest of the scholars and out walking in the fresh air; he had returned from his ramble and was thoughtfully going up to his room, 'the first bell having only just rang,' when he met Qurlett on the stairs coming down, looking anything but cheerful.

"Hilloa, Phil! where have you been? the Governor has been

looking for you, he just went down stairs, it's all up; he came into our dormitory awhile ago, and made a general search; he knew we were out after prayers; I suppose the Senior reported us; he found out about the apples before he came up, at least I think so, for he walked straight to Wilson's bed; I was awake when he came up, so I laid quiet, with one eye open to see the fun; you should have seen the old Gent grin when Wilson sat up in bed, after he called him; you see we forgot all about his hair, and it was full of the stuff, so when he laid down, his head stuck to the pillow, and when he sat up, there was the pillow like a big waterfall; his eyes were pretty well bunged up, and his face—wasn't it dirty? he was a nice looking sample."

"What did the Governor say?"

"Pitched into him like the mischief; asked him what he meant by staying out after lock-up, and then get in through the cellar? Wilson didn't seem to remember, and looked as stupefied as you please, said he didn't know anything about it; do you know the Governor told him he had been drunk? you know he caught him once before, and let him off; before he left him found out everything; he came over to me then, and of course I had to say I had been out and with the men."

"Did he ask what I did?"

"No, just wanted to know where you were, and if you came in; he must have been to your bed first; I suppose Wilson will be expelled, I am pretty sure he will, perhaps I will too; you will be all right though; I mean I don't think you will be shoved out;" seeing Phil's look of surprise, "you will get a big licking though, and think yourself lucky to get off with that."

"Do you think so? I hope you won't be expelled, it will be hard on your people, that is what I'd mind the most."

"I don't care much for that part of it, don't care much anyway; my Governor lets me have lots of tin and clothes, but don't seem to care much how I get along, so long as I don't bother him; it would cut him up awfully though, if I was expelled: my Mother," the boy's voice took a tender tone, and his eyes moistened, "my Mother would care very much, but," he added softly, "she's dead. Sis, that's my sister, she is too much of a young lady, her dresses and parties take her time too much for her to trouble herself about me; it makes a fellow feel lonesome and as if he didn't care, when no one else does."

"Poor old fellow," said Phil, sympathetically, for to him Qurlett's confession sounded very shocking, when he remembered his own home.

"I say;" he exclaimed in the pride and fulness of his heart, "you must come up and spend the Christmas holidays with me, we have jolly old times, I suppose it isn't so swell as your house; but then there is good fun and bully little parties and some pretty girls too," Phil added with an expressive wink; "what dy'e say, and I'll write to tell 'em?"

"I would like to first rate," he returned with a pleased smile, "but I couldn't do it Christmas; I am ever so much obliged, but you see my sister expects me home then to help her, and then my Governor is awfully particular about us being home; why he wanted my brother to come from England to spend his Christmas."

"You're right," said Phil, "my folks are the same way, but perhaps you can come next summer?"

"That's a long way off," rejoined Qurlett, with a smile, "but I would like to go though."

"All right, remember!" and Phil went on his way up stairs.

On being informed of the absence of the boys, the Principal merely noted their names, leaving it until morning to ascertain further particulars; he was up very early as usual and out in his garden, when he was accosted by the housekeeper, a decided bustling little—I mean short woman; she would turn the scale at two hundred neat; stature about four feet eleven, with a fondness for big words and sentiment if anything went wrong, also a slight tendency to tears with her superiors, and *vice versa* with others. She rejoiced in the name of Adeliza, always rendered Lizer "for short;" an exceedingly red face usually was hers, but very much redder than usual it was at the particular moment she spoke to the Principal,—cause—the towering passion she was evidently in; "I do declare Mr. Chauncy!" she exploded with a snort, as soon as he came fairly within range, "it's too bad, so it is, them there boys is wuss, they're wusser than wuss," she continued with increasing emphasis, "sich goin's on, I'm nearly druv erstracted," followed by a half sob.

"What is the difficulty this time?" he inquired, looking up surprised at the emotion displayed by the worthy woman, and the abruptness of the salutation.

"Differculty, if he would just step down to the kitchen, he could

just see," and grumbling and muttering, she led the way to the scene of Wilson's disaster.

"There!" she exclaimed, as opening the cellar door impressively, she stood with both arms akimbo, and wagging her head with an "I told you so" expression on her face, looking at the Principal as though she expected him to be horror-stricken at the atrocious outrage.

"Now sir, I axes you," she broke forth after a moment's pause, "if it isn't alamost too bad that I should be tried that there way by a parsel 'o boys, as if my reglar dooties ain't jest a killin of me by inches?"

"Yes there is some truth in that last remark," he rejoined, surveying her with a twinkle in his eyes; whereat there was a sound of a suppressed giggle from one of the servants who was in the kitchen. As "Lizer" heard it she looked at the girl ferociously and shook her fist at her behind Mr. Chauncy's back, almost instantly resuming the look of injured innocence when she continued, "havn't I been a faithful servant, and do I deserve such treatment?"

"My good woman," he replied, "you must expect such things; perhaps it was the cats?"

"Cats indeed!" she blurted out with a contemptuous toss of her head at such palpable ignorance, "as if cats wore handkerchers and caps like these;" at the same time producing the designated articles from beneath her apron with a flourish that was dramatic.

"Ah, this looks bad! where did you find them?" taking them in his hand and examining the corners of the handkerchief.

"In there sir."

"Are you quite sure they were not there last night?"

She turned and eyed the Principal with a reproachful glance at his implied want of belief in her orderly qualities and followed it by—"I hopes I does my work more carefuller than to oversee them there articles sir;" murmured in tones of such heart broken endurance as to bring a broad smile to the Principal's face.

"You are right," he said, "and I must compliment you on your great penetration in this matter."

Lizer curtsied deeply at the praise bestowed, and listened greedily to catch any long words he might use, for they often proved useful in overawing her sometimes refractory subjects in the kitchen; whether used and pronounced correctly or not, mattered

but little to her or them, so long as there was plenty of sound and they could not understand them: the small boys knowing her weakness in this particular, would load themselves to the muzzle with words of the heaviest calibre the dictionary could furnish, and fire them at her at short range with such effect as to seriously impair her efficiency in the culinary arrangements for that day, as her thoughts would be fully engaged in endeavouring (I might add hopelessly, for the terminations were usually so hopelessly involved, or the words placed in such outrageously ludicrous positions as to out-Partington Partington) to master them, to use with effect on some future occasion.

"Thank you sir," Lizer replied, rising from her obeisance, "and I trusts if I might be so bold," here she became animated with a desire to try what effect some choice selections from her dictionary words, as she termed them, would produce on the benighted mind of the Principal.

"I trusts that for the sake of the rising generalogies,"—"generation," mildly suggested the Principal, "you will," she continued, ignoring the interruption, for was not the eyes of the housemaid, and her own deputy assistant fixed upon them? "you will conflict the most tremulous–er–er–er wolloping;" at last relapsing helplessly into the vernacular thoroughly mortified: "on those juvelines," she concluded, looking triumphantly at Betty and the deputy assistant.

Mr. Chauncy, repressing an inclination to laugh, gravely assured her they should be suitably cared for, went away examining as he did so the handkerchief, which he discovered belonged to Phil, the name being on the corner; going first to Phil's bed and not finding him, he next went to Wilson's, as before related, and obtained all the information he desired.

"I say, Phil," shouted Crawford, as the former was crossing the playground about half an hour before school that morning, "you're in a nice mess now; I told you so."

"Oh! stop that!" said Phil, stamping his foot impatiently, "I told you so! I told you so! I hate that sort of thing; it's bad enough to be regularly in a fix, without 'I told you so, the first thing; just expected you would have a shy at me though from what you said the other day; pretty near right about Wilson, he's a beast, but Qurlett's a staving good fellow."

"Wilson was pretty well sprung, I heard; how was it?"

Phil proceeded to give a detailed account of their adventures.

"And didn't Qurlett take any?" Crawford asked, after he got over the laughter occasioned by Phil's recital.

"No, or I guess we'd never got up stairs, it was bad enough with Wilson that way."

"What did you say about me?"

The boys looked around with a start, discovering Wilson and Qurlett just behind them.

"Nothing," Phil replied, "only about last night."

"I dare say you have told every one, I don't see why you can't hold your tongue."

"But all the fellows know," Phil said, defending himself, "so what's the difference."

"Yes, *you* needn't talk, Wilson," said Qurlett, "you split the whole concern this morning, and we are all in for it; you must be easily pumped, that's all, what kind of a fellow are you?"

"What's the use talking that way; you know well enough how it was; come out before I thought, I wouldn't have done it for anything."

"Of course not," Qurlett replied, half contemptuously, think what you like, but don't try to stow such rubbish as that; there is one comfort though, you will get the most of what's going."

"Don't fret Qurlett, my boy," retorted Wilson, "you will get your share, the Governor knows you like a brick."

"I know that well enough, and all because you have to swill," said Qurlett, warmly.

"What's the good of rowing about it now?" interposed Crawford, "it won't make it any better for you, I don't see the sense of pitching into each other that way."

"It's enough to make a fellow cross, as if he couldn't have said where he was, without telling about the swipes, that is what will be hardest on us."

"I told him that I was the only one," said Wilson, eagerly.

"And you think that he believes it; how precious green you are all at once, I suppose you said nothing about us getting Blair to go."

"N–no," stammered Wilson, colouring, "just said we asked him,"—"in a very persuasive manner," Qurlett added with a grim smile; "of course that will help us wonderfully, getting a new fellow to go."

"You are like a bear with a sore head this morning, growling at every one," said Crawford, good humouredly.

But Qurlett turned away making no reply, Wilson shortly following his example.

"Do you think what Qurlett said about me will make any difference?" Phil asked of Crawford after the others had left.

"Well there is no use saying it won't, because it will," he replied after a short pause, "you see the Governor is very particular about 'leading new boys astray' as he calls it."

"They didn't do that, I would not have gone unless I wanted to."

"That doesn't make any difference so long as he thinks they did; there is the bell."

An intense silence of expectation settled over the scholars as the Principal made his appearance in the schoolroom that morning, looking unusually grave; most of the boys knew that some of their fellows were up for expulsion.

Directly after prayers he stood up in his place at the great desk! "Boys," he began, "it has not often fallen to my lot since I have had charge of this school, to perform perhaps the most painful of my many duties, that of expulsion from the school; three boys, all of considerable ability, have flragrantly violated some of the best known rules of the school, what my duty is in one case where the affair has been aggravated by an offence of which I hardly believe any of my boys capable, is plain; even here it is with genuine sorrow, and the greatest reluctance, that I inflict the extreme penalty; could I avoid it I would, but my duty to the rest prevents;" so saying he left the room, and that afternoon as the delinquents did not make their appearance in the schoolroom, it was rumored that all were gone, but towards evening, Qurlett and Phil put in an appearance as usual, and when questioned as to their experience, generally replied with a grin, "that it was all right;" which was the substance of their information. Wilson, the scholars never saw again as a pupil, and he rapidly faded from their memories as the time slipped by.

## BE STILL.

As the lily all the livelong night
Shades her white breast, waiting for the sun,
As the lotus to the moonbeams bright
Opes her full heart when the day is done;
Night and day I turn me to the spot,
Night and day I seek but thou art not,
O weary heart,
O weary heart, be still.

As the bulbul pineth for the rose
When her carmine blossoms all are shed,
When her dewy eyes no more unclose,
And he mourneth "Ah! my rose is dead,"
The hue of sadness wraps my life forlorn,
For thou, not here, art dead, and so I mourn,
O weary heart,
O weary heart, be still.

As the sea-shell moaneth for the sea
That ripples on the Caspian's golden sand,
When that the hymning waters ebbing be,
And leaves it all athirst upon the land,
So sighs my soul to hear thy music, sweet!
So thirsts my lips to kiss thy foam-white feet,
O weary heart,
O weary heart, be still.

As the lily opes when morning rises,
As blooms the lotus when the moon is full,
As sea-shell when the tide its lip surprises,
As joys the bulbul when revives the ghul,
So floods my life with joy, for thou art here
My sun, my moon, rose, sea, my Nouradheer,—
O joyous heart,
O joyous heart, be still.

HUNTER DUVAR.

# THE FOLK-LORE OF BRITISH PLANTS.

## ARTICLE I.

BY JAMES MASON.

In Dublin University Magazine.

THERE are two ways of looking at plants. First of all, we may view them in relation to their structure, the peculiarities of their modes of existence and reproduction, and the places, in an orderly classification, to which they belong. Or they may be regarded in relation to their associations, for almost every plant, if one but took the trouble to find it out, is surrounded by a halo of human thought. When this halo is properly discerned, the commonest flowers and shrubs and trees assume new aspects, and become full of new interest. Fairies reside in them, they influence good fortune, they reveal the secrets of the future, they scare away witches, they preserve from evil, they are red with the blood of loving hearts, or bright with weird light from another world.

Now, it is this second mode of observing them that I propose to dwell on in this and the following articles. We shall look on the vegetable world, not as furnishing subjects to be dissected and peered at through microscopes, but as affording objects round which cluster the strange beliefs and practices of an almost bygone age. Our subject, you observe by the title, is the Folk-lore of *British* Plants. Now, you ask, what, exactly, is Folk-lore? The word has not been long enough in use in this country for its meaning to have become very clearly defined, and it is as well, before going farther, to have a right understanding about it. Well, it means, generally, just such superstitious notions as those alluded to. But, to be more precise, let me quote a satisfactory definition given by Mr. Harland in his work on the superstitions of Lancashire. "Folk-lore," he says, "in its present signification . . . means the notions of the folk or people, from childhood upwards, especially their superstitious beliefs and practices, as these have been handed down from generation to generation, in popular tradition and tale, rhyme, proverb, or saying, and it is well termed Folk-lore, in contradistinction to book-lore or scholastic learning. It is the unlearned people's inheritance of tradition from their ancestors—the modern reflection of ancient faith and usage." This, then, is what we are to consider here, in connection however, solely with plants.

Of all times when the study of Folk-lore might be engaged in with profit, the present is, perhaps, the best. Our age is so practical, so utilitarian, so unbelieving, as a rule, that the mind, for health's sake, is the better for taking refuge, now and again, in the

consideration of the idle dreams of the past. Matter-of-fact things are very good in their way, but all our life should not be given to them, and a small portion of our time and a nook in our memory may well be devoted to the ethereal fancies of our forefathers. How much poetry, it has been said, has left the earth since Oberon and Titania—

"Danced full oft in many a grene mead,"

and the cowslips were the pensioners of the fairy queen! But we may do something to recall, in a new form, that happy time. We may unite, in our own minds, the poetry of mystery and the poetry of progress. The elfin world may again open to our view as awe-inspiring as ever, and, by contrast with our own material advancement, far more wonderful.

There is one pleasant circumstance connected with the treatment of plants, that it leads us into the sweetest corners of nature, and amidst the fairest of her productions. By three famous English writers, if not by more, flowers have been called the stars of earth. It is a natural as well as a beautiful comparison. Flowers enliven the face of earth just as the stars enliven that of heaven, and I know not which are the sweeter or the more lovable. And as the stars by their movements indicated the progress of the circling year, so do the flowers by their appearances, one gaily succeeding another till winter has changed to summer, and summer back to frost and snow.

Man seems always to entertain a kindly feeling towards plants and flowers. He seems unable to divest himself of the feeling that in some strange way their life is bound up with his own. He finds himself, or at least something akin to himself, in them. He has life, so have they; but, if anything, their existence is more mysterious than his own. Their life, perhaps, even excites his envy, for they enjoy it without hurry or bustle; they have food without work, perpetual holiday, and total exemption from harassing care. The plant world he sees to be always the same—all in it is now as in the days of yore. It contains no learning, no arts to make the rising generation better than their fathers. Happy world! always standing still, yet ever beautiful and ever contented. Amongst plants, too, man discovers, or fancies that he discovers, an approach to human expression. He credits them with the possession of pride, modesty, boldness, delicacy, joy, sorrow, ambition, and a thousand other attributes of a like nature. Can we wonder, then, that, taking this view of the vegetable creation, man should, in time, have come to possess a folk-lore of plants as extensive as it is interesting?

My object in the series of articles of which this forms the first, is to go over the whole field of the folk-lore of British plants in a more thorough manner than has ever yet been attempted. The idea of grouping together all the superstitions connected with the vegetable kingdom is not a new one, however; it seems to have

occurred to several different writers, though none, up to this time, have acted upon it. Mr. Mill, for example, in his "History of Chivalry," published many years ago, says:—"A very amusing little volume might be made on the romance of flowers—on the tales which poetry and fancy have invented to associate the affections and the minds with plants, thus wedding the pleasure of the feelings and the imagination to those of the eye," etc.

Though we shall concern ourselves only with British plants, we shall by no means confine our attention to British superstitions. Were we to do so, a very narrow view indeed would be taken of the great subject of folk-lore. It is true that British superstitions alone are worthy of notice, but they are doubly so, when taken in connection with those of kindred nations. By extending our survey in this fashion, we shall obtain many new ideas concerning the common origin of the human race. Our observations may land us in the conclusion that the world is much smaller than we supposed; but it cannot fail to inspire in us a deeper and more enlightened interest in other nations, who, speaking a different language, have yet the same curious notions and odd practices as ourselves.

It is possible that to some the following notices of different plants may appear incomplete. It may seem to them that a great deal more might have been said, that more superstitions might have been given, that more speculation might have been ventured upon, that the writer has, in short, in many cases presented only the cream of the matter. To these objectors I reply with the maxim of La Fontaine—

"Loin d'épuiser une matière,
On n'en doit prendre que la fieur."

There is much, you must know, connected with every subject that is not worth preserving, and a subject thoroughly exhausted is often uncommonly exhausting to every one who has anything to do with it. Such a result as that of weariness ought to be avoided at any hazard. Were this made a rule what large and tedious works would the world be spared, and how much easier would it be to compass all necessary learning! My aim at the present moment—I avow it, and hope never to have a worse one—is to be interesting, and I should utterly fail in being so were I to rake together everything that has been written or said in connection with the business on hand.

But, whilst bent on securing attention by presenting the subject in its most engaging features, I trust it will not be found that I have sacrificed truth and accuracy for the sake of effect. It is a sacred duty, laid on every one who deals with such topics as the ancient superstitions and the old customs of a country, to deal honestly by his materials, and to present them to the public just as they come to his hand. Truthful writing, so far as it goes, is essential; without it the discussion is altogether valueless. To

alter a superstitious practice, to suppress any part of it, or to invent one, as has been sometimes done, for the sake either of dramatic effect or of artistic propriety, these are crimes of a grave nature, to be guarded against by all who take any real interest in the subject.

It was for some time a question with me by what arrangement of materials the folk-lore of British plants could best be exhibited. Several methods suggested themselves, but at last it appeared pretty plain that the best one was what might be called no arrangement at all. Had a regular plan been carried out, and all the superstitious and other practices been grouped together in separate classes, the scientific reader might have been gratified, but the general reader would have found very sorry entertainment. For liveliness there is nothing so good as the gossiping method. Suppose, for example, I had treated first of love divination, then of harvest ceremonies, then of dreams, then of witchcraft, and afterwards, in order, of May-day customs, midsummer practices, medicinal charms, and so on, each of these heads would, likely enough, have been found interesting for a little, but they would soon have proved sadly lacking in variety.

Before proceeding farther, perhaps it is well to say that I shall not deal with celebrated individual plants, those, that is to say, to which historical events have given notoriety. It will prove a temptation, now and again, to speak of such, but I shall try to avoid it. How many interesting plants there have been in the world, from the "Cuckoo Bush" at Gotham to the "Oak of Reformation," under which Kett held his court in the Norfolk Rebellion, and the miraculous "Glastonbury Thorn," which used to blow regularly on Christmas-day.

Having said this much in a general way, I shall turn to particulars. And if the result of our discussion of the subject be that you are induced to look on the vegetable kingdom with a new feeling of liking and interest, my labour will be much more than repaid.

It is right that we should give the first place to our national emblems, the Rose, Thistle, Shamrock, and Leek. At the mention of these plants we should be, if we are not, inspired with patriotic enthusiasm, and invigorated by noble recollections. From our present point of view, however, these national plants are not all of equal interest: the fact is the Folk-lore of the rose is more beautiful and entertaining than that of all the other three put together. This is as it should be: the emblem of England is the Queen of Flowers, and as a queen has a right to be richly adorned with all the charms of popular legend and strange superstition.

THE ROSE has been extolled in all countries and by every poet, and would-be poet, from the very earliest times. In our own land what poetic enthusiasm has it excited: how have the changes been

By unseen choristers was sung,
As like a bride in all her pride
That lady fair and rich and young
Moved stately to the altar's side.

The white-robed boys grouped round the priest,
The grey nuns clustered round the bride,
And when the bridal music ceased
And laud of the beatified
Was said and sung, and all the rite
Of marriage, but no marriage bed,
By sacrament and candle light
The lady to the church was wed.

The service o'er, the dying notes
Sank solemn in the cloisters' awe,
As when on summer night there floats
The far voice of Niagara,
Which she had heard as bride and spouse
And, mayhap, in her ear heard now
As refrain to the final vows
That bound the fillet on her brow.

Kind drops welled up in many eyes
When—doffed her raiment rich and rare,
She gave as a last sacrifice
The silken treasure of her hair,—
Deft severed by the cruel shears
The shining curls fell where she stood,
Thus gave she, without sigh or tears,
The glory of her womanhood.

With steady eye the lady scanned
The book and vows emblazoned there,—
The white pen matched her whiter hand,
The ink not darker than her hair
Nor paper fairer than her fame,—
And—(words she ne'er would write again,)
In small, sharp letters signed her name,
Hélène *née* Boulée, *veuve* Champlain.

The vows are ta'en, the deed is done,
The old life past, a new begins,
And Dame Champlain is now a nun
Of the order of the Ursulins.
Slow paced she to the convent door
And stooping lowly entered in,
Lady of Canada no more
But "Sister Helen of Augustin."

The sieur sleeps in Fort Royal
And she in the church of Meaux;—
To families such fates befall,
And still the world wags. Even so.
But by Canadian field and flood
Yet lives the race of the Champlains?
No! none can say the honored blood
Of Champlain flows within their veins.

HUNTER DUVAR.

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# PHILIP BLAR;

OR,

## School Days in the Dominion.

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

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER X.

A WEEK had slipped away pleasantly enough since Phil became an inmate of the Groves; during this time he had made such progress with his studies, and more especially had proved himself so apt at learning some games and so proficient in others as to have taken great strides towards making his school life pleasant; in other words, he was already becoming very popular with his fellows. Strickland coming at the same time and about the same age, often wondered how it was that Phil was not tormented: he knew or at least his cousin had told him, that on first coming to the school every boy was chaffed more or less, and personal experience amply confirmed it in his case; but to his benighted mind it was hardly clear how Phil escaped; but the fact remained.

where the good Prince Roland and the twelve peers had stained the ground with their blood.

The superstitious connection between roses and blood is in some places very remarkable. In France, Germany, and Italy, it is held that if one wishes to have ruddy cheeks, he has only to bury a drop of his blood under a rose bush. This, it has been observed, is a notion something of the same sort as that of the old nurses, who fancy that if they put a drop of human blood in a new-born infant's bath, it will be sure to have a rosy complexion.

The Turks say that the rose owes its red colour to the blood of Mahommed, and they will never allow one to lie upon the ground. It is a superstition in other quarters, that the crown of thorns worn by our Saviour, was made from rose-briar, and that the drops of blood which started from beneath it fell to the ground, and sprang up as roses.

There is a charm against nose-bleeding, and, indeed, all kinds of hemorrhages, once common to all Germany, and still to be found in Suabia and Westphalia, in which the rose is employed. In Westphalia, the words of the charm run "Abek, Wabek, Fabek; in Christ's garden stands three red roses—one for the good God, the other for God's blood; the third for the angel Gabriel: blood, I pray you, cease to flow!" In Suabia, it is somewhat different. "On our Lord's grave spring three red roses—the first, Hope, the second Patience, the third God's will: blood, I pray you be still!" At other times again it is: "In God's garden bloom three roses—Blood-drop, Blood-stop, and Blood-still; blood, I pray you, cease to flow."

In the heathen days, both of Scandinavia and of Germany, the rose occupied a high place as a mystic flower. The dwarfs and elves had it under their special protection. These dwarfs and elves were ruled—so says the Heldenbuch—by the mighty King Laurin, the lord of the rose-garden.

> "Four portals to the garden lead, and, when the gates are closed,
> No living might dare touch a Rose, 'gainst his strict command opposed;
> Whoe'er would break the golden gates, or cut the silken thread,
> Or who would dare to crush the flowers down beneath his tread,
> Soon for his pride would have to pledge a foot and hand;
> Thus Laurin, King of Dwarfs, rules within his land."

It has been asked, was not this Laurin the great original of the Beast, in the famous nursery tale of Beauty and the Beast? Every one remembers how the merchant, in that story, got into trouble by pulling a bunch of roses in the garden of the beast for his youngest daughter, and how the monster proved to be a prince under spells until some sensible girl would consent to marry him without regard to his personal appearence. For my part, I am hardly inclined to answer the question decidedly in the affirmative, but I set it down as worthy of notice—the supposition is as likely to be correct as not.

In Christian times the rose became a flower especially devoted

to religion. No doubt the allusions to it in the Holy Scriptures had much to do with bringing this about. Of the numerous Christian legends in which it holds a prominent place, we must be satisfied with two. These will be quite enough, for if there is anything in the world with which it is easy to be surfeited, it is those early legends. There always seems an unreal air about them, a theatrical, bowl-and-dagger, red-fire atmosphere that is far from healthy. Our first popular legend accounts for the fact that in early Christian times the rose became the flower of martyrs. It has been handed down to us by Sir John Mandeville. A holy maiden of Bethlehem "blamed with wrong, and slander," was doomed to death by fire. . . . She made her prayers to our Lord that he would help her, as she was not guilty of that sin. Then the fire was suddenly quenched, and the burning brands became red "roseres," and the brands that were not kindled, white "roseres" full of roses. "And theise waren the first roseres and roses, both white and red, that ever any man saughe ('Travels' p. 70)." The other legend is that of the Rose of Heldesheim, given by Thrope, in his Northern Mythology. As the Emperor Philip the Pious was one day hunting, he lost a cross that was filled with relics. On discovering his loss, he sent his attendants in all directions to search for the holy treasure, and at the same time made a vow to build a church on the spot where it should be found. The men followed the trace of the hunt, and discovered, far in the forest, and in the midst of the snow, the cross hanging on a blooming wild rose bush. They reported the miracle to the emperor, who immediately commanded a chapel to be erected there, with the altar on the spot where the cross was found on the bush. The rose flourished admirably on the sacred spot, and now, with its leafy shoots and branches like a vine, covers the arches of the cathedral up to its very roof.

As an emblem of the Virgin Mary, white and red roses have been used for ages. The rose, indeed, and the lily are the chief flowers dedicated to the mother of our Lord. According to a well-known legend, when, on the third day after the interment of the Virgin, the Apostles visited her grave, they found it open and filled with a growth of roses and white lilies. These naturally, from that time, became her special emblems. The rose was expressly recognised as such by St. Dominic, when he instituted the devotion of the rosary with direct reference to the life of the Virgin. The prayers appears to have been symbolised as roses. At any rate, the larger beads were called roses. The white rose is principally used for the fête days of the Virgin.

In the Scandinavian mythology the rose was considered the favourite flower of Holda, often called "Mutter Rose," or "Frau Rose."

In eastern lands the rose is esteemed before all flowers, and furnishes poetic illustrations without end. In Persia, in particu-

lar, the Folk-lore of the rose, and indeed of all flowers, has attained vast dimensions. Ghulistan is literally "the country of Roses." One beautiful eastern fable represents the Bulbul—so the Armenians call the nightingale—as falling in love with the rose, and as only beginning to sing when inspired by the tender passion. This fable has been happily rendered by Thackeray:—

"Under the boughs I sat and listened still,
I could not have my fill.
'How comes,' I said, 'such music to his bill?
Tell me for whom he sings so beautiful a trill.'

"'Once I was dumb,' then did the Bird disclose,
'But looked upon the Rose;
And in the garden where the loved one grows,
I straightway did begin sweet music to compose."

The poet Jami represents the perfect nature of our flower when he says "you may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not in his constant heart for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose."

One of the legends of Roumania recounts how the rose is an enchanted princess. It is thus given by Mr. E. C. G. Murray, in his "Doĭne":—

"It is early morning and a yonng princess comes down into her garden to bathe in the silver waves of the sea. The transparent whiteness of her complexion is seen through the slight veil which covers it, and shines through the blue waves like the morning star in an azure sky.

"She springs into the sea and mingles with the silvery rays of the sun, which sparkle on the dimples of the laughing waves.

"The sun stands still to gaze upon her; he covers her with kisses, and forgets his duty. Once, twice, thrice, has the night advanced to take her sceptre and reign over the world—thrice has she found the Sun upon her way.

"Since that day the Lord of the Universe has changed the princess into a rose; and this is why the rose always hangs her head and blushes when the sun gazes on her."

Into the origin of the custom of holding the rose to be the symbol of silence, as is expressed by the common phrase "under the rose," I do not propose to enter at length. The question has been discussed enough already, without any satisfactory conclusion having been reached. It is certain that the custom prevailed in Egypt, and also in ancient Greece, where Eros is figured as offering a rose to the god of silence. "The vulgar saying," says Brand, "is stated to have taken its rise from convivial entertainments, where it was an ancient custom to wear chaplets of roses about the head, on which occasions, when persons desired to confine their words to the company present, that they 'might go no farther,' they commonly said they are spoken under the rose." In the Tyrol, it may be added that the rose-gall is believed to produce sleep.

The Sweet-Briar Rose, it may be mentioned, was the Eglantine of the old poets. Chaucer calls it Eglantere. Milton, it has been frequently observed, when he spoke of the "twisted Eglantine," fell into error, by applying the name to the Woodbine or Honeysuckle, a plant which never seems to have been called Eglantine. Shakespeare speaks of the sweetness of the leaf of the Eglantine, and Spencer, referring to the Sweet-briar, says,—

"Sweet is the Rose, but grows upon a breere,
Sweet is the Eglantine, that pricketh nee're."

The profusion of the bright red hips of the wilding rose of our woods and hedges was believed, as Lord Bacon tells us, to predict a severe winter, and modern rustics yet think so,—

"The thorns and briars, vermillion hue,
Now full of hips and haws are seen,
If village prophecies be true,
They prove that winter will be keen."

Last of all, in connection with the Rose, let me mention that the first English monarch, according to Mr. Lower, in his "Curiosities of Heraldry," who assumed the Rose, was Edward I. From this, in some way or other, not yet well explained, probably originated the white and red Roses of his descendants, the rival houses of York and Lancaster, who for many a long day wearied the country with wars which—

"Sent between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

THE THISTLE next solicits our attention, and certainly will not detain us so long as the Rose. It must be gratifying to every Scotchman to know that it was of old, sacred to Thor—a noble position, surely, for any plant to occupy. Its colour, it was said, came from the lightning, against which it is a certain safeguard. When it is gathered for magical purposes, a dead silence must be observed. In this, however, the thistle is not exceptional; silence is an important element in almost all such ceremonies.

In an able article on "Mystic Trees and Flowers," by Mr. M. D. Conway, which appeared two or three years back in a contemporary, we are informed that the disease known among the poorer classes of Poland as "elflock," is supposed to be the work of evil demons, and that if one buries thistle-seed it will gradually disappear. It is said to be produced from a thistle-seed, and old wives crush if off with a sharp stone—a knife, or anything relating to our iron age, being prohibited. In East Prussia, if any domestic animal has a sore, the cure is to gather four red thistle blossoms before daybreak, and put one in each of the four directions of the compass, with a stone in the middle between them.

The Carline Thistle—that gay inhabitant of barren soil—has a curious tale attached to it, explaining how its name took its origin from the great Emperor Charlemagne. "A horrible pestilence," says the learned Tabernæmontanus, "broke out in Charle-

magne's army and carried off many thousand men, which greatly troubled the pious Emperor. Wherefore, he prayed earnestly to God, and in his sleep there appeared to him an angel, who shot an arrow from a cross-bow, telling him to mark the plant upon which it fell, for that with that plant he might cure his army of the pestilence, and so it really happened." The Carline Thistle was the plant.

It has been disputed what sort of thistle is really the "Barbed Thistle" of Scotland, but it is now generally agreed by botanists that the Cotton Thistle has the best claim to the honour. It became the emblem of Scotland, if legends be true, in the following way: When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the darkness of night, instead of in a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of stratagem, and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish forces unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his foot upon a superbly prickled thistle, and uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assailants to the Scots, who ran to their arms and defeated the foe with great slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

According to Petra Santa, the oldest device on record is the thistle and relative motto, "*Nemo me impune lacesset*," borne in the royal achievement of Scotland, a statement, however, I regret to say, which must just be taken for what it is worth.

If it has been a debatable question which is the true Scotch Thistle, we have not far to seek another much more so, namely, what is the true Irish SHAMROCK? Is it the leaf of the wood-sorrel, or that of one of the trefoils? The weight of authority is certainly in favour of the latter; Dutch Clover being pretty generally regarded by the Irish themselves as the true plant. The reason for the adoption of the Shamrock as the Irish emblem is well known. It seems that when St. Patrick, the great apostle of Ireland, landed near Wicklow, the inhabitants were ready to stone him, for attempting an innovation in the religion of their forefathers. He requested to be heard, and explained to them that God is an omnipotent sacred spirit, who created heaven and earth, and that the Trinity is contained in Unity. His listeners were very disinclined to believe this apparent impossibility. St. Patrick, therefore, plucked a trefoil from the ground and expostulated with them. "What!" he said, "is it not as possible for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost to be one, as for these three leaves to grow upon a single stock?" His simple and imaginative audience were immediately convinced of their error, and were baptized by the Saint. The remembrance of this incident helped to fill the minds of the natives of the Isle of Saints with reverence for the plant, so there is little to be wondered at in the fact that

in process of time it became their acknowledged badge, and that, as such, it is almost universally worn in the hat all over Ireland, on St. Patrick's Day.

Adopting the common view regarding the identity of the Shamrock, let us see what superstitions of interest clover stands credited with.

In point of luck, it is to be noted, first of all, there is a great difference between three-leaved and four-leaved clover. To find the latter is a sure sign of luck. Only—and this is an important point to observe—it must be found unawares. This is the way with good fortune; it comes unsought; if we hunt for it, it is seldom or never to be secured. He who finds four-leaved clover, and especially on Christmas Eve, has the power of seeing fairies and such like beings. In Hunt's "Popular Romances of the West of England," there is a curious tale of a milkmaid who, after having finished her labours, plucked up a handful of grass and clover to put in the head of her hat that she might carry the bucket the steadier. "She had no sooner placed the hat on her head, than she saw hundreds and thousands of the small people swarming in all directions about the cow, and dipping their hands in the milk, and taking it out on the clover blossoms." When she got home the girl looked over by candle-light what was in her hat, and found a bunch of three-leaved grass and *one stem with four-leaves.* In Bohemia, if a girl has a lover setting out on a journey, she contrives, unknown to him, to place four-leaved clover in his shoes, and believes that by that means she has effectually secured his return to her. And a lover, in the Tyrol, puts four-leaved clover under his pillow at night in order to dream of his lass. It is also believed in some places to cure madness by being plucked with a gloved hand and carried, unnoticed by any one, to the patient. And it is used in Germany also as a safeguard against being drafted for military service. Melton, in his "Astrologastir," says that, "If a man walking in the fields finds any four-leaved grass, he shall, in a short while after, find some good thing." The wonderful powers and sacredness of four-leaved clover are said to arise from its cross-like form. This makes it, according to our forefathers, "noisome to witches."

The finder of a five-leaved clover need expect nothing but bad luck.

A piece of clover with only two leaves, or "a clover of two," as it is called, is used in Cambridgeshire by young men and women who desire to know to whom they are to be married. The method of employing it may be gathered from the following rhyme, which is repeated as a charm,—

"A clover, a clover of two;
Put it in your right shoe.
The first young man [woman] you meet,
In field, street, or lane,
You'll get him [her] or one of his [her] name."

Another curious superstition concerning clover belongs to the vicinity of Altenburg. It is held there, that if a farmer take home with him a handful of clover from the four corners of his neighbour's field, all will go well with his cattle during the year.

Clover has some reputation as a weather-prophet. "Trefoile, or Clovergrasse, against stormy and tempestuous weather," says an old writer, "will seem rough and rise up, as if it were afraid of an assault." Pliny also tells how clover leaves were influenced by storms.

THE LEEK, which forms the national emblem of Wales, has, at least, an ancient and useful history to boast of. It was the food of the poor in Egypt, as we learn by an inscription on one of the Pyramids. The phrase "to eat the leek," it has been suggested, may naturally enough have taken its rise from this early connection with poverty. The adoption of the plant, as the national device of Wales, commonly worn by Welshmen on St. David's Day, the 1st of March, has been accounted for in various ways. According to some, it is because the leek possesses the old Cymric colours, green and white. Others affirm it to be in memory of a great victory obtained over the Saxons. It is said that during the conflict the Welshmen, obeying the command of St. David, put leeks into their hats to distinguish between themselves and their foes.

To quote the *Cambria*, of Rolt, 1759,—

> —"Tradition's tale
> Recounting tells how famed Menevia's priest
> Marshalled his Britons, and the Saxon host
> Discomfitted, how the green *leek* his bands
> Distinguished, since by Britons annual worn,
> Commemorates their tutelary saint.

Shakespeare gives a different account of the origin of the practice. According to him it dates from the battle of Crecy. In the play of Henry V., Fluellin addressing the monarch, says,—

"Your grandfather, of famous memory, an't please your Majesty, and your great uncle, Edward the Black Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

"*King.*—They did, Fluellin!

"*Fluellin.*—Your Majesty says very true; if your Majesty is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which your Majesty knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and I do pelieve your Majesty takes no scorn to wear leek on St. Tavy's Day."

Mr. Robert Chambers, however, in his "Book of Days," takes a very commonplace view of the adoption of the leek as the Welsh emblem. "Perhaps," he says, "the English, if not the Welsh reader, will pardon us for expressing our inclination to believe that the custom had no romantic origin whatever, but merely

sprung up in allusion to the prominence of the leek in the *cuisine* of the Welsh people."

THE ELDER-TREE is the next inhabitant of the vegetable world which I shall select for description, and in it we shall find qualities revealed more mysterious by far than any that belong to the four national plants we have just been looking at. Amongst the northern nations a peculiarly weird character has always been ascribed to the elder. In England, magical practices with it were so common as to be taken special notice of by law. So we see, by turning to the "*Canones editi sub Eadgaro Rego*," where it is enacted that "every priest forbid the vain practices that are carried on with elder, and also with various other woods." As to the origin of its wonderful attributes, it would be rash to hazard a guess; but it seems as if we were on the way to discovering that origin when we consider the powerful being under whose protection the tree was represented to be, both in the Scandinavian and Teutonic mythologies, and also when we think of the solemn part which, according to popular tradition, the elder played in the crucifixion of our Lord.

According to a Scandinavian superstition, the elder-tree is inhabited by a being called Hyldemoer (Elder-mother), or Hyldegvinde (Elder-wife). By her all injuries done to the tree are avenged. In consequence of this the peasants, when about to cut the tree, ask permission in these words: "Hyldemoer, Hyldemoer, allow me to cut thy branches." And having said this—if they hear no rebuke—they spit thrice in order to drive away the vætts and other evil spirits.

In Lower Saxony, until very recent times, the country people, when about to lop the elder, observed a somewhat similar, though rather more elaborate, practice. They repeated the following prayer three times, with bended knees and folded hands: "Lady Elder, give me some of thy wood; then will I also give thee some of mine, when it grows in the forest."

No household furniture should be made of elder-wood; least of all a cradle; for were a child laid in it the Elder-mother would be sure to appear and strangle it.

In Prussia, Puschkait, the ancient Prussian God of the Earth, was said to reside in the elder.

The German names of the elder, says one writer, Ellhorn, Hollunder, Holler, Holder—whence our "elder"—indicate its association with Huldah, the good mother of northern mythology, whose offspring are the "elves." She was known by as many tender appellations as the Madonna, who succeeded her—Helle, Hilda, Bertha, Spillaholle (*i. e.*, Spindle Hulda), "Frau Rose." The varieties of the superstitions connected with the plant correspond to her varied helpfulness; and as she had rites performed in her honour in the Venusberg, near Eisenach, so late as the fifteenth century, it is not surprising that the superstitions concerning her

should be singularly strong. "Even within this century it was a plant which none dared destroy."

Referring now to the connection, already alluded to, of the elder with the Christian faith, it may be mentioned that it is a popular belief that our Lord's cross was made of elder-wood. On this account the country people in some parts exercise the greatest care not to burn any of the tree lest they should be guilty of irreverence. In Scotland we find this idea very prevalent; the peasants there often address the following rhyme to the elder, ascribing misfortune to it ever since it was made the instrument of our Saviour's death:

> "Bourtree, Bourtree, crooked rung,
> Never straight and never strong;
> Ever bush and never tree,
> Since our Lord was nailed to thee."

*Bourtree*, it may be mentioned, is the name of the elder in Scotland.

Another remarkable popular idea is that Judas hanged himself on an elder-tree. There happen to be mushrooms resembling the human ear found usually growing on the elder-tree: these are known as Jews' ears. Now this, say the best authorities, is a corruption of Judas' ears, and alludes to the superstition just mentioned. It seems the fungus has grown on the elder ever since the death of Judas. These mushrooms, by the way, have wondrous virtues, and we find an old remedy for a cough in the following lines:—

> "For a cough take Judas' ear,
> With the paring of a peare,
> And drink this without fear,
> If you will have a remedie."

In the treatment of those ills that the flesh is heir to, the elder is also very efficacious. The following is a Danish cure for tooth-ache:—Take an elder-twig and put it in your mouth; then take it out and stick it in the wall, saying, "Depart, thou evil spirit!" The Danes have a cure for ague, as well, by means of an elder-twig. They stick it in the ground without uttering a word; the disease, it is held, passes then into the twig and attaches itself to the first person who unhappily approaches the spot. Quite independent of its magical powers, however, the elder is considered "a whole magazine of physic to rustic practitioners." Boerhaave, it is said, sometimes took off his hat when he passed the tree, so useful did he consider it in the alleviation of human maladies.

In some places it is held that one may shelter safely under the elder during a thunderstorm, as it is exempt from being struck by lightning. In North Germany, on Good Friday, after sunset, wreathes of elder are twined and hung up in the houses, and it is believed that they more effectually preserve the house than any lightning conductor that ever was invented.

Another foreign superstition is of interest to schoolboys: it is said that if boys are beaten with an elder-stick it hinders their growth.

Of the uses to which the elder is applied in curing diseases, we have some curious particulars in an old work, "The Anatomie of the Elder," translated from the Latin of Blochwich by C. de Iryngio, 1653. It tells that "the common people keep as a great secret in curing wounds the leaves of the elder, which they have gathered the last day of April, and which, to disappoint the charms of witches, they had affixed to their dores and windows." An amulet against the erysipelas is also taken notice of, "made of the elder on which the sunne never shined;" and another is described "made of the elder growing on a sallow." We are also told that "some hang a cross made of the elder and sallow, mutually interweaving, about the children's necks."

In Bohemia, three spoonsful of the water in which an invalid has bathed are poured at the root of an elder-tree, with the words, "Elder, God send to thee that thou mayst take my fever upon thee." This rite must be performed on three successive days; the sick person will then recover, if he has not meanwhile passed over water.

So much for the living: the dead also have an interest in the elder. In far back times it was among the plants burned with human bodies. More recently it formed the whip-staff of the drivers of hearses. It is a custom in the Tyrol to trim an elder-bush in the form of a cross and plant it on a new grave: the survivors judge by the blooming of the tree whether or not the soul of the deceased is happy.

It is well known that the younger branches of the elder are full of pith, which the schoolboy pushes out, and so forms a hollow pipe fitted for a toy. In old times musical instruments were made by dwellers in the country in this way; and from this circumstance the tree got the name in England of pipe-tree, or bore-tree, and in Scotland of bour-tree. An odd notion in connection with this is mentioned by Pliny as prevalent in his time. "The shepherds are thoroughly persuaded," he says, "that the elder-tree, growing in a by-place out of the way, and where the crowing of cocks from any town cannot be heard, makes more shrill pipes and better trumpets than any other."

In old times the appearance of the berries of the elder was held to indicate the season for sowing wheat:—

> "With purple fruit when elder branches bend,
> And their high hues the hips and cornels lend,
> Ere yet chill hoar-frost comes, or sleety rain,
> Sow with choice wheat the neatly furrow'd plain."

THE ST. JOHN'S WORT is a plant of quite as wonderful a nature as the elder, and used to be considered in England as "powerful for the expulsion of witches and the prognostication of the fates

of young men and maidens." It is closely connected, indeed, with old English customs and observances. But in almost all countries it is the same: people credit it with the possession of miraculous power, speak of its seed gleaming like gold on St. John's Eve, and attribute to it the most surprising medicinal virtues. Why is it called *St. John's* wort? For the answer to this question we must go back to old Scandinavian times, when we shall find that it was the symbol of the witches. Now, the witches were, as was natural, unfriendly to Baldur (the sun), and the plant went commonly by the name of Baldur's blood. On the conversion of the North to Christianity, the summer solstice—in the northern mythology the death of Baldur—was made by the Christians to coincide with the nativity of John the Baptist. The day, however, in spite of the change of faith, retained its pagan characteristics. On Midsummer's Night witches peopled the air, ghosts were seen, and the future stood revealed to those who observed certain strange rites. As the heathen festival was taken into the service of the Church, so the plant also was baptized, and Baldur's blood became St. John's Wort, the reddish sap, which had been held to indicate the blood of the Scandinavian god now suggesting that of the Baptist.

In Sweden and Norway the St. John's Wort is the central plant of the Midsummer's-gvastar, and the bouquet gathered on St. John's Eve is hung up as an antidote to witches. "For on that night," it has been remarked, "the orgies of the Walpurgis witches demand that every precaution should be taken. The Bon or Bel fires, kindled in their honour when they were deities, were now kindled to scare them when they had been transformed into devils. The plant, put over every door as their badge, was now, with the cross, set to bar their entrance."

A few miscellaneous continental superstitions in connection with this plant must for the present suffice. In the Tyrol it is a popular saying that, if a traveller have a piece of it in his shoes, he will never be weary. In the Netherlands it is believed that, if it be gathered before sunrise, it will prove good against lightning. Wreaths of the St. John's Wort are placed on the roofs of houses on the Lower Rhine as a protection against evil. In Germany special power is attributed to the sap of the plant. It is sometimes mixed with beer; but whether to improve its quality or for more subtle reasons we are not informed.

In our own country, on Midsummer's-day, it used to be gathered in great quantities. Some of the uses to which it was applied may be learned from the following translation, by Barnaby Googe, of the Latin poem of Naogeorgus, called "The Popish Kingdom":

> "Then doth the joyful feast of John
> The Baptist take his turne,
> When bonfires great with lofty flame,
> In everie town doth burne;

And young men round about with maides,
Doe daunce in everie street,
With garlands wrought of motherwort
Or else with vervain sweet,
And many other flowres faire,
With violets in their handes,
Whereas they all do fondly thinke
That whosoever standes
And thorow the flowres beholds the flame,
His eyes shall feel no paine.
When there till night they danced have,
They through the fire amain,
With striving mindes doe run, and all
Their hearbes they cast therein.
And then with wordes devout and prayers
They solemnly begin,
Desiring God that all their ills
May there consumed be,
Whereby they think through all that yeere,
From agues to be free."

Stowe mentions, in his "Survey of London," that it was customary on St. John's Eve to hang up St. John's Wort over the doors along with green birch, fennel, orpine, white lilies, and other plants. Pennant, who wrote at a later date, describes St. John's Wort as hung over the doors in Wales on Midsummer Eve.

In love-divination St. John's Wort, as one might suppose, is largely used. Thrope, in his "Northern Mythology," mentions that it is a Danish custom among the girls on St. John's Day to gather St. John's Wort and place it between the beams under the roof, in order to form from it a judgment as to the future. The usual mode, it seems, is to place one plant for themselves and another for their sweetheart; if these grow together it is a presage of a wedding. Or they set the plants between the beams that they may know from them which of their relations shall have a long life, and which a short one. If the plant grows up towards the roof it is a good sign; but if downwards it betokens sickness and death. In Lower Saxony, sprigs of the St. John's Wort are gathered by girls and fastened to the walls of their chambers. If the next morning the sprig be still fresh, there is a lover in the wind; if, on the contrary, it be drooping and withered, the maiden is fated to lie in an early grave.

It used to be a popular belief in the Isle of Wight, before crowds of visitors drove the fairies out, that if you trod on the St. John's Wort after sunset, a fairy horse would rise from the earth and bear you about all night, leaving you in the morning wherever you might chance to be at sunrise.

One species of the St. John's wort (*Hypericum quadrangulare*, or *perforatum*) has its leaves pierced with minute holes, which are said to have been made by the devil with a needle.

The root of the plant is marked with red spots. These, as well as the sap, are popularly connected with the blood of John the

Baptist, and are reported to appear always on the day of St. John's being beheaded (August 29th).

And so much for this common, but interesting little plant, whose golden blossoms enliven our grassy banks and shady lanes often till far on in September.

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## POST OFFICE.

JOHN TIMBS.

THE General Post Office, London, has had five locations since the Postmaster to Charles I. fixed his receiving-house in Sherborne-lane, in 1635, whence dates "the settling of the letter office of England and Scotland." The office was next removed to Cloak-lane, Dowgate; and then to Black Swan, Bishopsgate-street. After the Great Fire, the office was shifted to the Black Pillars, in Brydges-street, Covent-garden; thence early in the last century, to the mansion of Sir Robert Viner (close to Sherborne-lane), in Lombard-street; and the chief office to St. Martin's-le-Grand in 1829.

The General Post-office occupies the site of the College of St. Martin's-le-Grand, at the junction with Newgate-street. It was designed by Sir R. Smirke, R. A., and was built betwen 1825 and 1829: it is insulated, and is externally of Portland stone; four hundred feet long, one hundred and thirty wide, and sixty-four high. It stands in the three parishes of St. Ann and St. Agnes, St. Leonard, and St. Micheal-le-quern; and one hundred and thirty-one houses and nearly one thousand inhabitants were displaced to make room for this single edifice. Several Roman remains were found during the progress of the work. The St. Martin's-le-Grand facade has three Ionic porticoes: one at each end, tetrastyle, of four fluted columns; and one in the centre, hexastyle, of six columns (from the temple of Minerva Polias, at Athens); it is surmounted by a pediment, in the tympanum of which are sculptured the imperial arms of the United Kingdom; and on the frieze is inscribed, "GEORGIO QUARTO REGE, MDCCCXXIX." Beneath are entrances to the Grand Public Hall eighty feet long by about sixty wide, divided by Ionic columns into a centre and two aisles; and in the vaulted basement are the warm-air apparatus and gasometers. North of the Hall are the offices for newspapers, inland letters, and foreign letters; south are the offices of the London local post; the communication being by a tunnel and railway under the Hall floor. In the middle story north are the offices for dead, mis-sent, and returned letters; south, secretary's offices, board-rooms, &c. The clock, over the principal entrance, was made by Vulliamy; the bob of the pendulum weighs four

hundred and forty-eight pounds, the object being to counteract the effects of wind on the hands of the dial. In the eastern front, facing Foster-lane, the letter-bags are received. The mechanical contrivances for the despatch of the business of the office display great ingenuity; steam-power is variously employed: two endless chains, worked by a steam-engine, carry, in rapid succession, a series of shelves, each holding four or five men and their letter-bags, which are thus raised to various parts of the building.

King James II. has the credit of having established something like an organized foreign post: when a man could more speedily receive a reply to a letter sent to Madrid than he could to one despatched to Ireland or Scotland. The home post was in the hands of carriers, and also of pedestrian wayfarers: and the former even could not convey a note to the North, and bring an answer back, under two months at the very earliest. Witherings, one of the chief postmasters of Charles I.'s days, reformed this abuse. He established a running-post, as it was called, between England and Scotland, the riders pushing forward night and day; and it was hoped, if the thing was not actually accomplished at the time, that the writer of a letter from London to Edinburgh would receive a reply within a week! When this running or rather riding, post was established, very sanguine was Witherings. "If the post," he said, "be punctually paid, the news will come *sooner than thought*." He considered that news which passed from Edinburgh to London in three days and nights, by relays of horses, whose swinging trot never ceased, was outstripping thought.

The arrangements for the Foreign Mails in the present day show, in a forcible manner, the wonderful extent of British commerce and relationships. Here are departments for Austria, Baden, Bavaria, France, Norway, Denmark, and the most northern latitudes; the Brazils, Chili, the Equator, Spain, Sardinia, Switzerland, United States of America, North America, the various districts of India, Australia, &c. Here arrangements are made for the overland Indian and other mails. The letters, newspapers, and books are secured in cases of sheet-iron, which, when full, are carefully soldered up and inclosed in wooden chests, which are branded with crosses of red or black, and marked with the name of the district, city, &c., at which its arrival is awaited. Each of the boxes referred to weighs, when filled with letters and papers, about eighty six pounds, and the ordinary Australian mail, exclusive of the portion sent overland, generally consists of four hundred and eighty boxes of books and newspapers, and one hundred boxes of letters—in all five hundred and eighty boxes. These would weigh altogether forty-nine thousand eight hundred and eighty pounds, equal to nearly twenty-two tons and a half.

*The Mails* were originally conveyed on horseback and in light carts, until 1784, when mail-coaches were substituted by Mr. Palmer. The first mail-coach left the Three Kings yard, Piccadilly,

for Bristol, Aug. 24th, 1784. The speed of the mails was at once increased from three and a half to more than six miles an hour, and subsequently still greater acceleration was effected. About the year 1818, Mr. Macadam's improved system of road-making began to be of great service to the Post-office, by enabling the mails to be much accelerated. Their speed was gradually increased to ten miles an hour, and even more; until, in the case of the Devonport mail, the journey of two hundred and sixteen miles, including stoppages, was punctually performed in twenty-one hours and fourteen minutes. In 1830, upon the opening of the line between Liverpool and Manchester, the mails were for the first time conveyed by railway. In 1835, Lieutenant Waghorn commenced transmission to India, by the direct route through the Mediterranean and over the Isthmus of Suez, a line of communication subsequently extended to China and Australia. In 1859, the distance over which mails were conveyed by mail-coaches, railways, foot-messengers, and steam-packets was about one hundred and thirty-three thousand miles per day, this being about three thousand miles more than in the year ending 1857. In the year 1859, the whole distance traversed by the various mails was *thirty-seven millions, five hundred and forty-five thousand miles!* The annual procession of the mail-coaches on the birthday of George III. (June 4) was once a metropolitan sight which the king loved to see from the windows of Buckingham House. The letters are now conveyed to the railways in omnibuses, nine of which are sometimes filled by one night's mail at one railway. In 1839 was invented the travelling post-office, in which clerks sort the letters during the railway journey, and the guard ties in and exchanges the letter-bags, without stopping the train. Four miles an hour was the common rate of the first mail-carts; a railway mail-train now averages twenty-four miles an hour; while, between certain stations on certain lines, a speed of fifty miles an hour is attained. By the Pneumatic Despatch the mail-bags are blown through the tube in iron cars in about one minute, the usual time occupied by the mail-carts being about ten minutes. Persons have been conveyed through the tube, and returned by vacuum, without having experienced the slightest discomfort.

*The Rates of Postage* varied according to distance until December 5th, 1839, when the uniform rate of 4*d.* was tried; and January 10th, 1840, was commenced the uniform rate of 1*d.* per letter of half an ounce weight, etc. The Government received two thousand plans for a new system, and adopted that of Mr. Rowland Hill; but not until the change had been some years *agitated* by a *Post Magazine* established for the purpose. Among the opponents of the uniform penny stamp was the Secretary of the Post-office, who maintained that the revenue would not recover itself for half a century, and that the poor would not write. Lord Lichfield pointed to the absurdity of supposing that letters, the

conveyance of which cost on an average twopence-halfpenny each, could ever be carried for a penny and leave a profit on the transaction! The uniform rate was pronounced by Colonel Maberley to be "impracticable;" and as to pre-payment, he was sure the public would object to it, however low the rate might be! And a Scotch journalist ridiculed the idea of persons having to stick pieces of paper upon their letters! The stamped postage-covers came into use may 6, 1840; but the idea of a prepaid envelope is as old as the time of Louis XIV. A pictorial envelope was designed by W. Mulready, R. A., but little used. A fancied value is attached to this envelope; for we have seen advertised in the *Times*:—"The Mulready Postage Envelope—For sale, an Indian-proof impression. One of six, from the original block engraved by John Thompson in the year 1840, price 20 guineas." The postage label-stamps were first used in 1841; perforated, 1854.

*Number of Letters.*—The greatest number of letters, under the old system, ever known to pass through the General Post-office in one day, was received there on July 15, 1839, viz. ninety thousand; the amount of postage being £4050 a sum greater by £530 than any hitherto collected in one day. In the third week of February the number of letters is usually highest. The ordinary daily average is four hundred thousand letters; on 19th August, 1853, it reached six hundred and thirty thousand. The number of letters which pass through the Post-office in a year is nearly four hundred million. In 1864, six hundred and seventy-nine million eighty-four thousand eight hundred and twenty-two letters passed through the post, being an increase of thirty-seven million over the previous year; and in the same period the number of book-packets and newspapers which were transmitted rose to over fifty million, or seven million more than in 1863.

"It is estimated that there lies, from time to time, in the Dead-Letter Office, undergoing the process of finding owners, some £11,000 annually, in cash alone. In July, 1847, for instance—only a two months' accumulation—the post-haste of four thousand six hundred and fifty-eight letters, all containing property, was arrested by the bad superscriptions of the writers. They were consigned—after a searching inquest upon each by that efficient coroner, the "blind clerk"—to the post-office *Morgue*. There were bank-notes of the value of £1010, and money-orders for £407 12*s*. But most of these ill-directed letters contained coin in small sums, amounting to £310 9*s*. 5*d*. On the 17th of July, 1847, there were lying in the Dead-Letter Office bills of exchange for the immense sum of £40,410 5*s*. 7*d*." The value of property contained in missing letters, during twelve months, is about £200,000.

There are employed in the General Post-office, including the London District letter-carriers, but exclusive of the receivers, two thousand five hundred persons, in different offices:—Secretary's, Accountant's, Receiver's, Dead-Letter, Money-Order, Inland, and

London District Offices. For more than half a century there were only two secretaries to the Post-office, Sir Francis Freeling and Colonel Maberly. Sir Francis was brought up in the Post-office, had performed the humblest as well as the highest duties of the department, and was a *protégé* of Mr. Palmer, the great Post-office reformer. He was succeeded by Lieut. Col. Maberly, M. P., who retired in 1854, when Mr. Rowland Hill, the originator of the penny-post, was appointed secretary; his services were rewarded in 1846 by a public testimonial of £13,360; Knighthood and grant. It is singular that all postal reformers have been unacquainted with the department which they have revolutionized.

The net Revenue of the Post-office to the end of the year 1865 was £1,482,522. The number of effective persons employed was twenty-five thousand and eighty-two; of pensioners, one thousand two hundred and seventy-four; salaries, wages, allowances, &c., £1,295,153; postage stamps, £22,064; stationery, £32,396; buildings, repairs, etc., £75,331; conveyance by coaches, carts, etc., £140,517; by railways, £528,220; of mails by private ships and by packets, etc, £796,397; over the Isthmuses of Suez and Panama, with salaries of Admiralty agents, etc., £28,786; and for mail-bags and boxes, tolls, etc., £22,220; a total for conveyance of £1,516,442.

THE PENNY POST was originally projected by Robert Murray, a milliner, of the Company of Clothworkers; and William Dockwra, a sub-searcher in the Customs. It was commenced as a foot-post, in 1680, with four deliveries a day. These projectors, however, quarrelled: Murray set up his office at Hall's Coffee-house, in Wood-street; and Dockwra, at the Penny Post-house in Lime-street, formerly the mansion of Sir Robert Abdy. But this was considered an infringement on the right of the Duke of York, on whom the Post-office revenue had been settled; and in a suit to try the question, a verdict was given against Dockwra. He was compensated by a pension, and appointed Comptroller of the Penny Post, but was dismissed in 1698. The first office was in Cornhill, near the 'Change: parcels were received. In 1708, one Povey set up the "Half-penny Carriage" private post, which was soon suppressed by the Post-office authorities. They continued to convey parcels down to 1765, when the weight was limited to four ounces. The postage was paid in advance down to 1794. In 1801, the Penny Post became a Twopenny Post; and the postage was advanced to three-pence beyond the limits of London, Southwark, and Westminster; but in 1840 they were consolidated with the Penny General Post.

*The Money-Order Office*, a distinct branch of the Post-office, is a handsome new edifice on the west side of St. Martin's-le-Grand. Money-orders are issued by millions during the year, in numbers and amount, and have considerably added by commission to the Post-office revenue.

## ABOUT THE MOON.

WE have all heard of the "Man in the Moon," with a thorn-bush and a dog, or as two children bearing a bucket of water on a pole. In Ceylon it is said that as Sakyamuni was one day wandering half starved in the forest, a pious hare met him, and offered itself to him to be slain and cooked for dinner; whereupon the holy Buddha set it on high in the moon, that future generations of men might see it and marvel at its piety. In the Samoan Islands these dark patches are supposed to be portions of a woman's figure. A certain woman was once hammering something with a mallet, when the moon arose, looking so much like a bread-fruit that the woman asked it to come down and let her child eat off a piece of it; but the moon, enraged at the insult, gobbled up woman, mallet, and child, and there, in the moon's belly, you may still behold them. According to the Hottentots, the Moon once sent the Hare to inform men that as she died away and rose again, so should men die and again come to life. But the stupid Hare forgot the purport of the message, and, coming down to the earth, proclaimed it far and wide that though the Moon was invariably resuscitated whenever she died, mankind, on the other hand, should die and go to the Devil. When the silly brute returned to the lunar country and told what he had done, the Moon was so angry that she took up an axe and aimed a blow at his head to split it. But the axe missed and only cut his lip open; and that was the origin of the "hare-lip." Maddened by the pain and the insult, the Hare flew at the Moon and almost scratched her eyes out; and to this day she bears on her face the marks of the Hare's claws.

Again, every reader of the classics knows how Selene cast Endymion into a profound slumber because he refused her love, and how at sundown she used to come and stand above him on the Latmian hill, and watch him as he lay asleep on the marble steps of a temple half hidden among drooping elm-trees, over which clambered vines heavy with dark blue grapes. This represents the rising moon looking down on the setting sun; in Labrador a similar phenomenon has suggested a somewhat different story. Among the Esquimaux the Sun is a maiden and the Moon is her brother, who is overcome by a wicked passion for her. Once, as this girl was at a dancing-party in a friend's hut, some one came up and took hold of her by the shoulders and shook her, which is (according to the legend) the Esquimaux manner of declaring one's love. She could not tell who it was in the dark, and so she dipped her hand in some soot and smeared one of his cheeks with it. When a light was struck in the hut, she saw, to her dismay, that it was her brother, and, without waiting to learn any more, she took to her heels. He started in

hot pursuit, and so they ran till they got to the end of the world, —the jumping-off place,—when they both jumped into the sky. There the Moon still chases his sister, the Sun; and every now and then he turns his sooty cheek toward the earth, when he becomes so dark that you cannot see him.

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## MUSIC.

Music, thou burning gate of worship, open wide
Thy golden self; one glimpse of God's wrapt choir reveal!
I wept, dreaming that thou wert dead.
The wild swan sadly wavered with his wing of snow
And ceased to be; the heart of Rapture broke; laid low
The dumb reed shivered when pale Pan forbore to blow;
The myrtle drooped in pain; frost numbed the lover's glow;
Blue-eyed forget-me-nots all ceased to grow,
For merry wedding-bells were dead.

Music, sweet child of bitter war, thy serfs rejoice.
Thou warblest, and they fall. They bleed in lands afar.
Thy hounds caress thee, and are dead.
Thy thrilling war-song sends each eager slave
Home to the cannon's mouth. It consecrates a grave
In deserts, flings the gay plume to the laughing wave,
Welcome as wine, it showers dangers on the brave,
Who thirsts to do and dare, to slaughter and to save.
Thou pilest hecatombs of dead.

Music, soft prince of joy, see where thy white feet glide,
The Universe quick drinks thy honeyed strains. We kneel
To Beauty which is never dead.
Kneel, prouder than the crest of Alexander's pride,
Who knit the East and West, whom carnage glorified,
Than Europe's fire-brand, who at St. Helena died,
Than Triton's horn of triumph, sounding far and wide
From crag to crag above the blue Ægean tide,
And foam that veils the shipwrecked dead.

Music, thou chorister adorable, whose voice
Leaps lusciously from lark to lark, from star to star,
Lovely amidst the dying, dead.
Thou harmony of all creation's glory, say
When Phidias saw Hellenic gods in sluggish clay,
When Newton read the spheres, when Luther learnt to pray,
Whose fruitful mercy framed hymn, statute, pæan, lay,
Inspired serenades by night, crusades by day,
Till harping Orpheus roused the dead?

ROBERT BATSON.

# THE FORMS OF WATER.

## *No. VI.—Architecture of Lake Ice.*

WE have thus made ourselves acquainted with the beautiful snow-flowers self-constructed by the molecules of water in calm cold air. Do the molecules show this architectural power when ordinary water is frozen? What, for example, is the structure of the ice over which we skate in winter? Quite as wonderful as the flowers of the snow. The observation is rare, if not new, but I have seen in water slowly freezing six-rayed ice-stars formed, and floating free on the surface. A six-rayed star moreover, is typical of the construction of all our lake ice. It is built up of such forms wonderfully interlaced.

Take a slab of lake ice and place it in the path of a concentrated sunbeam. Watch the track of the beam through the ice. Part of the beam is stopped, part of it goes through; the former produces internal liquefaction, the latter has no effect whatever upon the ice. But the liquefaction is not uniformly diffused. From separate spots of the ice little shining points are seen to sparkle forth. Every one of those points is surrounded by a beautiful liquid flower with six petals.

Ice and water are so optically alike that unless the light fall properly upon these flowers you cannot see them. But what is the central spot? A vacuum. Ice swims on water because, bulk for bulk it is lighter than water; so that when ice is melted it shrinks in size. Can the liquid flowers then occupy the whole space of the ice melted? Plainly no. A little empty space is formed with the flowers, and this space, or rather its surface, shines in the sun with the lustre of burnished silver.

In all cases the flowers are formed parallel to the surface of freezing. They are formed when the sun shines upon the ice of every lake; sometimes in myriads, and so small as to require a magnifying glass to see them. They are always attainable, but their beauty is often marred by internal defects of the ice. Even one portion of the same piece of ice may show them exquisitely, while a second portion shows them imperfectly.

Here we have a reversal of the process of crystallization. The searching solar beam is delicate enough to take the molecules down without deranging the order of their architecture. Try the experiment for yourself with a pocket-lens on a sunny day. You will not find the flowers confused; they all lie parallel to the surface of freezing. In this exquisite way every bit of the ice over which our skaters glide in winter is put together.

I said that a portion of the sunbeam was stopped by the ice and liquefied it. What is this portion? The dark heat of the sun. The great body of the light waves and even a portion of the

dark ones, pass through the ice without losing any of their heating power. When properly concentrated on combustible bodies, even after having passed through the ice, their burning power becomes manifest.

And the ice itself may be employed to concentrate them. With an ice-lens in the polar regions Dr. Scoresby has often concentrated the sun's rays so as to make them burn wood, fire gunpowder, and melt lead; thus proving that the heating power is retained by the rays, even after they have passed through so cold a substance.

By rendering the rays of the electric lamp parallel, and then sending them through a lens of ice, we obtain all the effects which Dr. Scoresby obtained with the rays of the sun.

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## AN IDYLL OF THE RHINE.

Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smiled on me.—WORDSWORTH.

THE thrushes were piping merrily, and it was to them that Lischen was listening, not to the three men and a boy who were puffing lustily at their instruments of music down below. For it was a feast day, and the people of Löwenberg were at the *Weinwirthschaft*, enjoying the fine evening and the music and the beer of their native land. The little circular dancing-ground was nicely sanded, the tables and chairs were set in rows beside it, and the German fathers and uncles were seated there, with their modest bottles of pale, jasper-coloured wine, or glasses of amber beer. And as the band puffed and blew with the sober steadfastness of Germans who knew their duty, and the young people went round and round in the waltz with the same sobriety, the men nodded gravely to the music and thought, "my Tracy or my Anna is the best dancer in the village."

Meanwhile, the mothers sat in an arbour and gossiped over their knitting, and sipped coffee from thick white cups, which might have served as shuttlecocks without injury to themselves. Those who had no beer and no coffee and no partner for the dance, sat on the edge of the road above and watched the fun. Lischen was one of these. Her sweet face, with its pure oval outline and clear thoughtful eyes, was framed in by a background of vine leaves, growing on a trellis. The sunlight flickered and fell across her light brown hair, smoothly braided in a round coil behind. She had none of the fine daggers or silver-headed pins with which the other girls ornamented their tresses. Her hands, brown with the sun, but smooth and finely formed, moved rapidly over her knitting; the pins twinkled as they moved; but her eyes roved with their calm, restful, thoughtful gaze on all the life around her.

No one asked her to dance: it was not because she was an orphan, the adopted daughter of old Jacob Müller, who had but little to give or leave. The lads of Löwenberg were not so sordid as that; but it was because she was so silent, so reserved, seemingly so far removed in mind from those about her. The young fellows were half afraid of Lischen, and the girls, when they gossiped at the spring, felt that she did not care for their simple chatter; she would rather get through her work as quickly as possible, and so save an hour for her beloved books. Even the Bauer's son, who had a great education, was shy of Lisa; but then it was known that he admired the wheelwright's handsome Katinka, with whom he was now dancing. The Bauerin herself was among the group in the summer-house, and as her eyes fell on Lischen sitting all alone, she observed to her neighbour, with that conviction which a sense of property is apt to give to all one's opinions: "Lischen is alone as usual. I am sorry for the girl; she must alter before she will get a lover. Men like a girl who can chat a little and laugh at their jokes, not seem to be dreaming of some one in the stars while they are speaking."

Meanwhile, the children of Frau Knatage, the wirthin, having to amuse themselves while their mother was running hither and thither among her guests, were dragging the baby to and fro in a little cart. Baby's round face, oddly placed in its little rims of cap, peeped over the top of the cart: the wheels made a frightful noise, *scroop, scroop, scroop.* All of a sudden, there was an outcry: Röschen, a little toddling woman of two, trotting steadily beside this majestic equipage, had been overthrown by its great speed, and lay prone and squealing upon the highroad. It was Lischen who ran to pick the child up, soothed her, and rocked her to sleep upon her knee. The little head lay pillowed on Lischen's bosom. The cart went scrooping up and down as before.

The dancing went on. Between the dances, two or three singers would stand up and take parts in a *Volkslied*, and all the rest, listening calmly, would afterwards hammer a little encouragement with their pots of beer; then a fresh waltz would begin. The sun began to sink; the shadows on the hill grew violet; the waters of the Rhine, seen between two slopes, began to wear a tender glow. Frau Knatage came and thanked Lischen for her care of the child, and the girl smiled with a strange smile which was quite her own, and gently smoothed the little head. The village shepherd came down the hill, walking slowly, because one of his sheep was lame. They followed him obediently, quickening their pace when he uttered his sharp "Brrr!" and turning off by twos or threes as they came to their own lanes or their own homesteads. The young people began to separate, but Lisa did not like to move, on account of Röschen, who still slept. The shepherd's note came with the soft distinctness of distant noises in the evening, and the grasshoppers close at hand seemed to mimic him with their smaller "Brrr! Brrr!"

A stranger had come up unobserved by Lisa, and seating himself at the board, had been served with the usual glass tub of small beer. He was an Englishman, with a pleasing face and observant eyes, which soon fell upon Lisa. He took out his sketch-book, and rapidly transferred to it the oval contour of her face; her far-seeing, untroubled gaze; the child nestling on her shoulder: the vine foliage behind. "I would give a silver groschen for that girl's thoughts," he said to himself. She was, in fact, thinking:

"What a quietness there is in the air; all round about this noise. The quietness seems to belong to me. It is very beautiful, yet I think I should like to have danced."

"Fraulein, will you have a waltz with me?"

The stranger, whom she knew at once for a foreigner and a gentleman, in his rough tourist's dress, stood smilingly before her. She started and blushed, and her eyes came suddenly back from her thoughts. She stood up with a little courtesy which had a simple dignity in it.

"No, thank you, Mein Herr."

"Do you not like to dance?"

"Yes, I think so; very much; but it would not be *passend* for me, a poor girl."

He received her little lesson in manners with submission, thinking, as he watched her speak, "It is the purest, truest woman's face I ever saw."

"Then, will you at least kindly point me out the way to the Löwenberg, Fraulein?" asked the stranger.

"Willingly," answered the girl; and she was glad to repair her rejection of the dance. "I will come and show you the way."

He thanked her, and she went on, carrying the child. The Bauerin had watched the little drama, and now nodded to her neighbor. "If it had been Katinka! But Lischen has no beauty."

Young Harry Thorpe did not think so, as he watched the healthy, well-poised form pacing steadily before him, a little bent back by the burden.

"The child is heavy for you," he said.

Lischen looked down on it lovingly.

"She sleeps so sweetly, I could not disturb her."

"Is she your sister?"

"No: I have no sister. I live here," she suddenly added, pointing to a small half-timbered cottage on a little rise.

"Are both your parents living?" He liked to see her clear, clean-cut lips parting over the even teeth, as she gave her simple answers.

"No," she said. I only remember my parents a little; my father was very weak and very poor, and when he died, old Father Müller took me. He was very good, and sent me to school. I kept his house while he travelled: for he is a pedlar, sir. What,

Röschen?" are the little eyes opening? Ah! it is only a peep. Good-night again. We turn up this way, sir, by the poplars."

"You say Father Müller *was* kind to you. Is he not kind now?"

"He is kind and gentle, always: dear little father! but when he came home last autumn, he brought with him a wife, and she is not as kind as Father Müller." Lischen shook her head.

"And so she keeps his house now. And what do you do?"

"I do what I can. No one wants me much now. Round this corner of the rock we shall see Löwenberg. There it is!"

"Magnificent!" cried Harry Thorpe, the first word he had spoken in the English language. Before him, on a rocky eminence, stood the old castle, hidden away in its mountain nook. Its old towers frowned defiance still, though there were now no foes to defy, and those ancient eyes, its windows, were blind and dark. Ivy and other growth clung about it, and caught a golden light from the evening sun. Red stone-crop glowed upon the gray stones of the hill-side. A few poplars shivered at the base; a streamlet ran bubbling down. Lischen smilingly pulled a large dock-leaf, and twisting it into a cup, dipped it into the water.

"Drink quickly," she said. "It is fresh and cool."

He put his lips to it as she held it; as he drank, the water flowed down over his breast. They laughed.

"I must climb up to the castle," he said. "Good-bye, Fraulein; a thousand thanks."

"*Ade*," she answered, her calm eyes dwelling on him. He felt as it were a spell that held him near this quiet girl, whom "no one wanted much," and as if he were breaking that spell when he sprang up the rocky steps. Half way up the ascent, he stopped to look back. The child had awakened and was gathering flowers; Lischen stood looking upwards at the traveller, her right hand shading her eyes from the evening sun. When she saw him looking at her, she raised her left hand and pointed to an easier path. "She is like Ellesmere's Gretchen," he thought. As he watched her, she turned to the child to receive its little treasure.

When he had watched the red ball sink in its glory behind a purple hill, from the very top of that aged tower, Harry Thorpe turned to descend. Lischen's form, now in the broad shadow of a slope, was still there. A boyish lightness filled his heart. He ran; he sprang from rock to rock. Suddenly, a stone on which he alighted gave way: it tottered, fell, and he with it. Lischen sprang up. "Oh! take care," she cried. She came rapidly towards him. He laughed and said, "It is nothing," trying to rise: but a spasm of pain shot through him, and his right foot sank under him useless.

"Is it broken?" asked Lisa anxiously, gravely, and with no embarrassment, passing her fine, strong hand over the ankle-bone.

"Only a sprain," he answered: but he felt sick and faint, and could say no more.

"Lie still," said the girl, quietly. "You will be better soon. I will fetch you water." She went to make another cup, fastening it together better with thorns. While she was gone, the child came clambering up, and held out to him for comfort one of those garlands of beech-leaves which the country folk make; it was a treasure to him: Lisa had made it.

Presently, he was well enough to finish his descent, with Lischen's arm to help him. Englishmen have not the happy self-satisfaction which enables them to look sentimental in such light afflictions; they generally feel that they are looking foolish, and so felt Harry Thorpe. He was by no means happy to be hopping along the road, though leaning on the arm of the most beautiful girl, to his mind, that he had ever seen. It was a "horrid bore" and "a nuisance." He could not get back to his hotel, and the Weinwirthschaft had looked by no means inviting or even cleanly. He had formed no plan, when they reached old Müller's hut, Lischen's home.

"Come in, sir," she said. "Father Müller has oils and cordials that will do you good."

A sudden inspiration flashed across him.

"Do you think I may stay here?" he asked.

"Here? In our poor little hut?"

"You see I cannot walk," he rejoined, with a depth of cunning. She pondered gravely.

"No, you cannot walk: and Frau Knatage is not too clean. Perhaps—we must ask the mother. The beds have just been washed and are new filled with straw."

The cottage-door opened, and Father Müller came out with a look of mild surprise, enhanced in effect by the erectness of his few grey hairs, and the horn spectacles pushed up upon his forehead. Lischen explained and so did Harry, in his best German, and in the same he proffered his request. The old man shook his head. He could say nothing till the Hausfrau should come home; but the stranger was welcome to rest. The kitchen was clean as German country kitchens ever are, with their little black pots and pans in which such good savoury things are cooked, and Lischen moved about in her household work.

"Will the child never go home?" thought Harry, watching Röschen still on the doorstep; but the little cart came scroop-scrooping up the hill, and baby was packed in by Lischen, and drawn home triumphantly by her brothers. Then came Frau Müller, a stout, sour-faced woman; but she too remembered the beds were fresh-washed, and she was keen for the money which would ensue; and thus at last, Harry Thorpe took up his abode for three weeks in the Müllers' cottage.

It was a happy and a good time to him and happier still to Lisa.

Like her, he was alone in the world, and he was rich, and his time was his own. No irksome duties called his thoughts away from that still valley and simple household, where his mind, half-spoiled and shrunken by contact with the world, and by that sickening adulation which is paid to the rich and young, expanded and shot upwards like a healthy tree in the pure atmosphere of Lisa's presence. All in her was so simple and pure; she was like fresh, clear water. And her mind grew and opened like a flower under his teaching; all the poetry inherent in her German nature gained new life under the touch of culture which he gave it. When her work was done and she could take her knitting, he would pay her with a poem, or a story of other lands, for a song in her sweet, rich, thrilling voice. A new colour and life came into the girl's face; a new grace and vivacity into her movements. It was so fresh, so delicious to find that anyone cared for her; that her singing, which had only been used hitherto to lull a child to sleep, could give pleasure to some one. And perhaps there was a deeper feeling still.

But quietly and unconsciously this inner life went on; though the young man had sometimes asked himself how it should end, no definite answer had come, and he had not sought long for one.

But there came a day, when he was seated, with his book, beside the spring. It gushed out of the living rock into a stone trough fringed with ferns. The bank behind was gemmed with delicate flower-bells, blue, and purple, and pink, and white; and drooping trees overhung the nook. Lischen came up with her pitcher, as she had often come before. He looked up, expecting to meet her calm, bright smile,—perhaps of late a little less calm, a little more bright. But now, there was only a faint trembling feeling for a smile on her lips, and her eyes were red. She did not speak, and as she lifted the pitcher to the spring and Harry Thorpe sprang up to help her, he saw that one of those firm, rounded arms was waled with red streaks. He set down the jug, and took her hand tenderly.

"What is this, my Lischen?" he said.

The lips quivered like a child's and two great tears rolled down.

"The mother! I broke the best dish; it was wrong of me, but I could not help it, and she beat me."

"Beat you, Lischen!"

"Yes," she answered, shaking her head and looking down on the injured arm. "But it was very provoking of me to break the dish."

The young man's heart swelled with horror and hatred at the thought that this sweet maiden, his queen, should be so ignominiously treated. Resting on the broad stone trough, yet half kneeling before her, he looked up into her face, clasping both her hands.

"Oh! my child, come to me!" he said, "and I will make you so happy, so happy."

The soul within her eyes seemed to start back from him.

"Come to you!" she repeated wonderingly, with a half smile upon her lips.

"Come to me, yes; for ever, Lischen, and be my wife."

Suddenly she snatched her hands away and covered her face with them, turning aside from him. He rose slowly, and strove to comfort her; but he was timid, as a man must be when he loves his first love truly, and tries to win her. There seemed to be some great struggle in her heart, for she was trembling violently. At last, she turned; he was wonderstruck by the deep bliss in her look; but though there was a thrill in her voice as sometimes in her singing, she did not lose her quiet dignity of address.

"You are very good to me," she said, in the idiom of her country; "and I am too good to you to let you marry a poor girl when you might have some grand lady who could make you happy."

"Oh! Lischen, do you not know, then, that for every man there is but one woman in the world who can make him happy, and you are that one to me. I want *you*, nothing else."

The poor jug stood, running over, and no one heeded it; a nightingale sang, though it was day, and little blossoms from the trees fell at the feet of the lovers, but Mother Müller had to wait and cool her anger as she might, for no Lischen came back with the water for an hour's time. And when she came, it was as if the pale and green bud, close shut and unheeded, had suddenly opened in the morning sunshine into the grand white lily, like a glory of purity and perfection.

In the Schweigerthal there is a little graveyard, and therein stands a cross of marble, with this inscription:

To
LISCHEN
For three years the joy of a
most loving husband.

Well, a flower had opened and bloomed and faded: but he whose hand had held it, whose gaze had rested on it so lovingly, knew that it was blooming still in Paradise. In winter the snow of heaven covers the grave; in spring the snow of the hawthorns: but the eternal Sun still shines above, and human grief and hope look on towards the day when, as flowers from the soil, the loved and lost shall rise in new glory from their quiet sleeping-places.

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☞ *The second part of Rev. W. Begg's admirable discussion of Beauty was mislaid till too late for insertion in our present number. It will appear in our next issue.*

## CURRENT EVENTS.

THE events which have occurred in the Parliament at Ottawa, have fully justified our views as to the merits of the parties immediately connected with the great Pacific Railway scandal and exceeded our expectations. When we last wrote on this subject we feared that the spirit of party would carry the day against right and conscience; that the honour of our young nation was about to be tarnished so as that no future effort could brighten it; that political morality among us would henceforward be a bye-word; and that, radically corrupt, we could only look forward to a fuller development of still more nefarious transactions, conducted without disguise, and to which would be attached no disgrace. We have been agreeably disappointed. It was confidently predicted by the favourers of the Government that they would have a considerable majority, but as the debate proceeded, conviction that the action of the Premier was utterly indefensible deepened; and defection from the ranks of his supporters followed, and dismay sat on their countenances; and, we may confidently affirm, that at the last there was not a single member of the House wished to record his vote in favour of Sir John A. McDonald's transactions with Sir Hugh Allen. The Government did wisely, we may say, well, in resigning before a vote. We think with dismay of its supporters at the conclusion of the debate going into division on one side, while their sense of right drew them to the other, and we are heartily glad that the exigency of the situation did not compel this last, greatest, of all sacrifices—the wholesale immolation of conscience on the altar of political expediency.

From what we had, as we thought, learned accurately, of the position of the representatives from P. E. I., we discredited them in thinking that they would vote with the Government. Indeed we should have known some of these gentlemen better than to suppose that any material advantage to their country would prevent them from doing what was right. They acted, we will not say, nobly, but at least conscientiously, and that is much in these days of dereliction of duty, and tendency to weigh all things in the scale of expediency. We have to thank them because, probably, had they been less true, a condonation of the offence charged and proved might have been made: and the men who have dragged our Dominion through the mire might now be rejoicing in the successful issue of their corrupt bargaining, and demoralization of the Politics of the country.

We have read most of the speeches delivered on this "Scandal." We do not care to say what we think of some of those delivered in defence of the corrupt transactions. They were quite as good as could be expected under the circumstances. If you ask a man to justify what in his heart he condemns, you need not expect much.

A speech, to be a good speech, must have a soul—and that is denied to one delivered in opposition to truth and right. It is a mere corporate body of galvanized words—hideous and horrible. Such were most of the speeches in defence of Sir John, including his own; for Sir John did not and could not believe in his own innocence—nay, he knew more of the guilt and corruption in question than any other in the House. A story is told, I know not with what truth, of Mirabeau, who, when a young man, committed a highway robbery, almost expecting to be taken in the act, but desiring to experience the sensation of being utterly opposed to society, that he might thus school himself to the task which he foresaw was about to be imposed upon him in the terrible times of the revolution. A man would need to come through some such previous education whose fate it is to stand in defence of a great political crime fully revealed, and universally condemned by all save a few partizans. We do not wonder at the fact that Sir John's speech was not up to the mark of a great speech. On the other side there were several good, yet but one great, speech,—that of Mr. Blake,—fully rising to the grandeur of the occasion. There are many minor blemishes, probably owing to the inaccuracies of the reporters or the printers, but taken as a whole, it is a most masterly criticism of the whole case, leaving nothing to be added or desired. D'Arcy Magee, had he been living, and had he had the good fortune to be in the opposition, might have made a speech which, in classic diction and ornature, would have been more beautiful, but we question whether he could have made, in his best days, one so telling. After Blake's speech the Government must have felt their case hopeless.

We must retract an erroneous estimate which we made in our last issue, as to the power of party to resist truth and light. We expected no converts to be made in the Parliament by the persuasion of speeches. We were wrong, even there converts were made during the debate. In minor things, men may be relied on to stick to their party, but when a great principle is involved, some will be found who will prefer the right, let what may become of party. We should never despair of a great cause. Shakespeare was right—

> Thrice is he armed, who hath his quarrel just,
> And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
> Where conscience with injustice is corrupted.

The appointments which the Government made at the last hour of their existence are hardly defensible, save by an appeal to common usage and wont. We do not recollect the particulars, but we certainly remember outcries raised on many occasions against similar apointments made by Governments, both in England and in Canadian provinces. It is natural, though not consonant with a high toned public morality, to provide for those who have supported a government, by appointment to such places as

may be in its gift, at the period of its demise. There is more to be said in condemnation of the acts of those who held appointments to offices, and yet continued to occupy places in the Parliament at the same time. Mr. Blake's thrust must have gone home, "We have men sitting here and voting here with the promise of office and preferment in their pockets; we have men who vote here to-day, who may, for all we know, be Governors to-morrow, or who may be officers in various departments to-morrow." We all know now the truth of these words.

The new Ministry go into office under quite favourable conditions. The old party must be utterly demoralized. Some of their best men are shelved in excellent and lucrative offices. Some, who adhered to them, have already signified their intention to stand neutral, or to join at an early day the party who worship the rising sun. The Mackenzie Government have a great moral power on their side—the feeling that they have stood up against corruption, and public wrong. Till they falsify their words by their deeds their position will be impregnable. Let them give us a good Election Law; one which will make bribery in all its forms discoverable and deeply punishable: a law which will brand with disgrace, and drive from the floors of Parliament every man known to owe his election to those malign influences, which Sir Hugh Allen knows so well how to wield, and the late Premier to take advantage of. With the accumulation of money, let the influence of money be more restricted and neutralized. Let Capital be permitted to struggle with labour, but let us at least preserve law from its clutches, that things equal and just may be measured out to all men. Before the next session of Parliament closes, let us have such a law, and if it be impossible to get such a law from the present house, which we do not believe, let an appeal be made to the country while yet the knell of the downfall of a corrupt Government is ringing in its ears, and while the sores of bribery and corruption are yet exposed to view, and we have no doubt that a Parliament will be returned on this issue which will pass such an election law as will render the briber's ways so thorny and difficult, that but few will have any desire to be found walking in them.

As to the public policy which should be pursued, we need only say, we hope it will be liberal and go to the gradual development of the resources of the nation as fast as is consonant with our ability to bear the financial strain.

Should the Government either follow in the corrupt ways of their predecessors, or resile from their enlightened policy, they may expect soon to be required to lay down their trust. We could give them a watchword which, if they take it, we trust they will not belie—"Purity and Progress."

One of the most conclusive proofs we could have of the justice of the motion of want of confidence which brought about the resignation of Sir J. A. McDonald's Government is seen in the

fact that in no constituency, as far as heard from, could a hopeful opposition be raised to the return of any of the new Ministry. The public conscience so decidedly condemns the transactions in connexion with the Pacific Railway, that hardly any respectable candidate could be induced to run in a cause which, however remotely, appears based on a justification of Sir John's corrupt proceeding. The name of Liberal can galvanize, but cannot give life to any party whose object is to overthrow those who have brought about the condemnation of such criminal proceedings as those proved against the late Premier. In process of time, no doubt, failings and short comings may accumulate against the party which has assumed the reins of power, and then the liberal camp may hope to regain what they have lost, but at present, and till the new Government has been tried and found wanting, no respectable opposition can be mustered. Corrupt as is a large portion of the electors, debauched as they have become through the influences which have been brought to bear upon them, we are glad to see that the great body of the constituencies is still true to their conscience. In this is our hope. We may feel confident that however much inclined the party now in power may be to pursue the ways of corruption, they will for years to come be deterred from such a course, by the terrible retribution which has fallen on Sir John A. McDonald and his party. We hope that never again in the history of the Dominion will such a lesson be needed. Politicians of every colour will be led to assume a virtue if they have it not; to be honest through policy; and to know that there is no secrecy which may not be pierced, no finesse which can certainly conceal, when they would enter on a dishonest traffic with unprincipled speculators, or a corruptive commerce with the debased consciences of their constituents.

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SPAIN has got into further trouble, with civil war at home and rebellion in her chief dependency. She has become embroiled with America and that by a cruel, if not an illegal act of those who represent her in Cuba. One of her vessels of war took in the act of carrying arms and comfort to those in rebellion, another vessel the *Virginius* sailing under the American flag. Whether this flag really covered an American vessel, or whether the capture was made on the high seas or in British waters, are points which can be known only after investigation. If the vessel were a pirate; and if she were taken on the high seas, she was a lawful captive and subject to condemnation, and the lives of her crew legally forfeited. But even in that case the proceedings were surely both hasty and cruel in consigning to death the whole of the men employed. Still, the legality of the capture granted, we can see no reason for the interference of the United States in the matter. If it should appear, however, that the capture was illegal, Spain must make ample reparation or suffer the retribution of a war

with a power which would, in a short time, drive her fleets and commerce from the sea, and without doubt take the Queen of the Antilles from her possession. We can hardly think that the Spaniards would be so insane as to execute the crew of the *Virginius* if there was any doubt regarding the legality of the capture. If it should turn out that the capture was made according to the laws of war, the proceedings of the United States will end in bluster. When the *Caroline* was sent over the falls of Niagara, and when Walker was executed, there was quite as much excitement and talk of war, but all ended in peace. So may it be now!

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THE failure of Jay Cooke, and the collapse of the Pacific Railway have wide and vast pervading results; or rather the system of which Cooke's financing is but a specimen, bearing its fruit of disaster in great abundance. The financial schemes of many speculators would appear to be thoroughly rotten; and their supposed capital to be but fairie's money. As one great establishment after another goes down, panic spreads, and the area of distress grows wider. Money cannot be had with which to purchase exchange for payment of goods, which in many instances have been sent back to their former owners, the consequence is that gold is needed wherewith to pay for the corn, cotton, tobacco, etc., imported into Europe. One, at the first blush, might suppose that as gold is flowing into America, her finances were in excellent condition. But this influx of gold only shows that the former importers of dry goods and other commodities have no means of paying for them, while it is true that the exporters of various classes of goods are receiving directly the money which would in a healthier state of things come to them through another channel. Of course this abstinence from purchase, and curtailment of expenditure will bring things round to there normal condition. The balance of trade will be against England and other European countries, and may entail disaster there. Goods produced for the American market will lie on hand, and the manufacturers will suffer. It is difficult to say where all this will end. The prophecies of a speedy return of trade to former channels may not be soon realized.

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THE English expedition has arrived at Sierra Leone some time ago, and have had some experience in fighting with the Ashantees. According to accounts these are a very warlike people, capable of sending into the field one or two hundred thousand fighting men. It is reported that Sir Garnet Woolseley will be opposed by an army of at least sixty thousand. With breech-loaders in an open battlefield, a few hundreds of English soldiers might be sufficient to conquer this, or any greater number, with such rude arms as are possessed by the Ashantees. The scene of battle will, however, be some thick jungle, where the best of arms will be of little avail.

Much caution would require to be exercised by the English commander. England appears, however, to have great confidence in Sir Garnet, and expects victory to crown the plans which he may adopt. But little reliance can be placed in the Fantees—the allies of Britain on this occasion. Their mode of warfare is to shout fiercely, fire their muskets in the air, and run away as fast as their legs will carry them. It is thought that the conquest of the Ashantees will be far more difficult than that of the Abyssinians. Negotiations for peace are talked of; but to prepare the way a display of force will be first needed. But what if that should only render the enemy more determined on resistance? This savage war may be more difficult to finish than was at first thought—perhaps the conquest of the whole country may be the result.

THE following view of the situation is given in correspondence to the *News of the World*:—

THE KING OF COOMASSIE'S WEALTH AND TREASURE.

From all that can be heard, his wealth and possessions have not been exaggerated. The natives give out that King Koffee is fabulously rich. Traders say, who have seen what they describe, that at every Yam custom one hundred basins full of nuggets of gold are set before the King as presents. All lumps of gold above a certain size are, by virtue of the Constitution, Royal property, and not to be appropriated under dreadful penalties.

MAKING THE ROAD TO COOMASSIE.

Twenty miles of the road to the capital have been made under the auspices of the Armed Police. This piece is merely an enlargement of the bush-path which used to exist. Our black friends have widened the single-file way into a good broad lane by the labour of three hundred hands, and the new road is a good specimen of what we require. But at this rate it would take, under the most favourable circumstances, about ten weeks to make Coomassie attainable, supposing our dingy foe will be good enough to allow our work to proceed under his nose, or perhaps to lend us a helping hand in carrying it forward. But these twenty miles have been cut chiefly as an experiment, to prove the feasibility of getting through the bush. Large trees have been felled and cleared away; gullies filled in, drains made, stubs rooted up, rocks blasted, and undergrowth lopped. In most places the labour is not so heavy as has been imagined; the bush is largely composed of tall, soft-stalked grasses and tough shining shrubs like laurestinus. Now and then only a moderately large boll of hard wood has to be removed, with more frequently a huge but soft-hearted silk-cotton tree. All is disposed of quite easily by native workmen, and the soil beneath is rich, loamy, manageable stuff, easily turned about with the spade; while the rocks encountered

are overcome by fire and the strokes of the stonebreaker's hammer. There are no hills and no serious enemies to stay our march, except the hideous Fever, which stalks along our new path and sneers at the white man's energy. The African labourer is the most expensive in the universe. He demands ninepence from us in a land where twopence will keep him in ridiculous plenty, and he does about as much as a very stupid English lad of eight years might in Berkshire. Besides the ninepence he must have "dash" for every inch of extra work, and overseers must be everywhere to note that each stroke he gives is in the right, and not in the wrong, place. It is next to impossible to find a good black overseer; the nature of your Coast African is to be driven, not to drive.

SIR GARNET WOOLSELEY'S RECEPTION OF NATIVE CHIEFS.

Sir Garnet Woolseley on the 4th met all the chiefs in a grand conclave. The following was the text of his speech:—"I am very glad to meet so many kings and chiefs who are loyal allies of the English nation. Her Majesty the Queen, having been informed of the injuries that have been inflicted upon her allies in this part of the world by the Ashantees, who, without any just cause, have invaded your country, and having learnt that you were unable to repulse your enemies without assistance, has sent me to unite in one person the chief military and civil administration, so that as a general officer I may be able to help you. It is necessary that I should learn from you what you can, and what you are prepared to do. If you place all your available resources at my disposal, and are loyally determined to fight your hereditary enemies now, I will guarantee to you that I, with God's assistance, shall drive them out of your territory, and that I will inflict such a terrible punishment upon them that for all time to come you can have nothing to dread from them. My intention is to chase them out of your country, and, if necessary, to pursue them into Ashantee territory. It is for you, therefore, to consider to-day among yourselves so as to give me information without delay of what you are prepared to do. Her Majesty cannot help those who will not help themselves. This war is not Her Majesty's war, but is your war. The forts that are occupied along the coasts by Her Majesty's troops are so strong that we can laugh at all attempts that may be made by any one to capture them. Her Majesty might, therefore, if she consulted her own interests, without any regard to the interests of the kings and chiefs of the surrounding peoples, who are allied to her, content herself by keeping her troops within the forts. But she feels that to do so would result in your destruction, and she is, therefore, most anxious to assist you, with advice, with able and selected officers, with ammunition, and with supplies of food, to enable you to punish those who have ravaged your country. I want to know from you how many fighting men you can furnish,

and the date that you will have them at Dunquah. You must yourselves accompany your men, and remain with them whilst the operations last. I propose to give to each of you kings a subsidy of £10 per month for every one thousand fighting men you furnish, to supply you with ammunition, and when the supplies of food, shortly expected here from England, arrive, I propose to issue daily at Cape Coast Castle provisions upon the following scale for all the fighting men you supply—viz., a pint of rice and a ¼lb. of salt meat for each fighting man. Until those provisions arrive I propose to issue to you in lieu thereof 4½d. a day for each fighting man; and, in order to impress upon you the earnestness of Her Majesty's desires to help you, I propose to issue to each fighting man, through the chiefs recognised by the kings, a daily pay of 3d. a day whilst their services are made use of in the field. Although I am prepared to act in Her Majesty's name most liberally to you, I shall also be prepared to enforce in the most stringent manner the terms of our agreement, punishing severely all those who may be guilty of disobedience or of unmanly conduct. When once you take the field I cannot listen to any excuses about your being unable to enforce your orders upon your own people; you must exert your authority, and I will support you in doing so. Her Majesty has been grieved to learn that you still continue to follow the barbarous practices of your enemies, and are still in the habit of killing your prisoners and mutilating your dead enemies. Brave men in civilized nations never do so, and I have to urge upon you the necessity for putting a stop to these practices."

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## TO OUR READERS.

THIS number concludes the second volume and the first year of the MARITIME MONTHLY. While we have not received all the support on which we had calculated, we are yet encouraged to continue the Magazine for another year, hoping that, during that time, we shall be able to place it on a permanent basis. Thankful for the many kindly and favourable notices received from the newspaper press, we may say that many of the dailies and weeklies have done less to bring it before their readers than we might have calculated upon. In an effort to furnish a native literature, we had reckoned on the hearty support of every newspaper to which we have sent exchanges. We would appeal to them to give aid in establishing a Monthly which, with all its drawbacks, has, we venture to hope, been worthy of the name which it has assumed. We trust to make the MARITIME MONTHLY more interesting and worthy of patronage than it has yet been.

THE EDITOR.