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## THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO AND FROM EUROPE—via NEWFOUNDLAND.

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AT the present day, Newfoundland seems to be emerging from the traditionary fogs in which for ages it has been enveloped, and to be gradually rising into that importance to which its remarkable geographical position and fine natural resources fairly entitle it. It has long been noted for its cod and seal fisheries; and the silvery quarries of its surrounding seas have been wrought for centuries, without any symptoms of approaching exhaustion. Now, however, it is becoming known that its primitive rocks contain rich veins of copper, nickel and lead; that iron ore is to be found in proximity to a promising coal field, on the western coast; that marble and gypsum beds are extensively developed, and that great breadths of fertile land exist, capable of supporting many thousands of inhabitants in comfort. In addition to these substantial attractions, which are operating to draw attention to this fine Island, there is the charm of an unknown interior, which only one white man has ever yet crossed. What its vast savannas, occupied only by the bear, the wolf and the reindeer, may contain, of the valuable and the wonderful, no man knows. Its hills and plains and "forests primeval" are less known than those of any other portion of the New World. Only a narrow fringe round the coast has been yet explored and even that but imperfectly. It is not creditable to modern enterprise, that an Island whose area is

nearly four times as great as that of Belgium, and which contains 12,000 square miles more than Scotland, should at this day be a *terra incognita*, especially when we remember that it is the most ancient of Britain's Colonial possessions, and lies nearest to her shores.

It would seem however, that the remarkable and commanding geographical position of the Island is destined to secure for it that attention which its natural attractions have hitherto failed to command. Nature has marked it as the proper terminus for those Atlantic Cables which are flashing intelligence between the Old World and the New, and which will be multiplied yearly as their benefits are felt more widely, and their expense lessened. Those already laid down emerge from the depths of ocean on the shores of Newfoundland; and it remains to be seen whether it is possible to find any other safe and workable route. Fortunately, the charter of the "New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company" secures to the Government of Newfoundland a right of pre-emption which enables it to purchase, for the cost of plant, the line which now crosses the Island, as well as the submarine cables, at the end of twenty years from the date of granting this charter. This period will terminate in 1874. In all probability, the Colony will then reclaim the exclusive right of landing cables on the Island, now vested in the Company named above, and thus end a monopoly which though necessary at the outset of trans-atlantic telegraphy, it would not be desirable to maintain, in view of international interests. It is not improbable that, in the future, the Island will thus become the great telegraphic station between America and the Old World, and that it will be the landing-place for the various cables that will span the Atlantic, and the ganglionic centre whence will stretch the nerves that unite the two hemispheres. Reaching out from the American continent within 1640 miles of the Irish coast, and having in its deep bays, whose arms stretch so far inland, safe recesses for the landing of cables, it possesses unrivalled facilities for oceanic telegraphy. Nor is this all. Nature has so smoothed the ocean bed between Newfoundland and Ireland, that the greater part of it is level as a bowling-green, and presents the safest and best of all resting-places for trans-atlantic cables. Once dropped into those serene depths, they are beyond the reach of danger. Professor Huxley says, in his "Lecture on a Piece of Chalk:"—"The result of all these

operations is that we know the contours and the nature of the surface—soil covered by the North-Atlantic, for a distance of 1,700 miles from east to west, as well as we know that of any part of the dry land. It is a prodigious plain—one of the widest and most even plains in the world. If the sea were drained off, you might drive a wagon all the way from Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay in Newfoundland. And, except upon one sharp incline, about 200 miles from Valentia, I am not quite sure that it would even be necessary to put the skid on, so gentle are the ascents and descents upon that long route. From Valentia the road would lie down hill for about 200 miles to the point at which the bottom is now covered by 1,700 fathoms of sea-water. Then would come the central plain, more than a thousand miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible, though the depth of water upon it now varies from 10,000 to 15,000 feet; and there are places in which Mount Blanc might be sunk without showing its peak above water. Beyond this, the ascent on the American side commences, and gradually leads, for about 300 miles, to the Newfoundland shore." Such is the great bed, smoothed by nature's hand, along which the telegraphic cables may stretch in safety between the two continents. No fear of abrasion from jagged sub-marine cliffs or chafing against sharp rocks. The deep sea mud, which the men of science tell us is substantially chalk, receives the slender rope of wire, all along this ocean plain, and safely embeds it in its soft substance, protecting it from all injuries. Only within a comparatively short distance from the shores, can any fatal wound be inflicted.

These natural advantages render it highly desirable that the Island should be thrown open to telegraphic enterprise, and every facility granted for the landing of cables on its shores. The interests of civilization require that it should be preserved free from all monopolies. No doubt the colony, in exercising its right of pre-emption, will have to expend a certain amount of money in buying up the existing line; so that a small toll on messages passing over its wires would not be unreasonable; and in the end this might become an important item of revenue to aid in developing the resources of the country. But it is of the last importance, in the interests both of Britain and America, that the exclusive right of landing telegraphic cables on the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador should be terminated, and "right of

way" secured by the Government of the Colony. Should such purchase as I have referred to not be effected, the present monopoly would be prolonged for thirty years, in terms of the present charter. Already an application from a new company, to use Newfoundland as a landing point for their cables, has been made, in anticipation of pre-emption being exercised, on the part of the Colony. I refer to "The Direct United States Cable Company." The present land line of telegraph extends from Heart's Content, on the southern shore of Trinity Bay, to Cape Ray, a sub-marine cable being sunk between that point and Cape North, in Cape Breton Island. Trinity and Placentia Bays are severed by a neck of land only three miles in width; and last year the "New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company" laid down a submarine cable from Placentia *via* St. Pierre, to Sydney, communication being established overland, between Heart's Content and Placentia. By this route a junction is effected between the French cable which is landed at St. Pierre, and that which crosses Newfoundland; so that in case of accident happening to either, the aid of the other can be called in. While I am writing these lines a telegram has announced the amalgamation of the two Companies.

In another and still more important respect, the island of Newfoundland seems destined to serve the interests of civilization by facilitating the inter-communication of the Old and New Worlds. I refer to the project of constructing a railway across Newfoundland, from St. John's to St. George's Bay, with the view of shortening the time of transit between the great commercial centres of both continents, and reducing the ocean passage to a minimum. The honour of first suggesting this project belongs to Mr. Sandford Fleming, who, in his "Report on the Intercolonial Railway Exploratory Survey" presented to the Canadian Government in 1865, pointed out that the rapid extension of the railway system would soon bring up the question "What route will prove to be the very speediest between the Old World and the New?" This distinguished engineer gives it as his opinion that the Newfoundland route is by far the shortest and safest, and therefore that which must ultimately be adopted. He shows that by it the ocean passage proper may be reduced to one hundred hours; that security from sea-risks would be immensely increased; and that the time required for the conveyance of passengers and mails

between London and New York would be but seven days and three hours, all other places of course sharing in the benefits of this acceleration of speed. Little attention was given at the time to Mr. Fleming's proposal. Most people who thought of the matter at all regarded it as Utopian; only the few who look ahead and forecast the future, gave it any attention. Now, however, that the Intercolonial Railway is approaching completion, and the Canadian Pacific Railway fairly under way, the Newfoundland Route to Europe comes up for discussion in the Parliament of the Dominion, and there appears to be almost perfect unanimity of opinion as to its feasibility and advantages. A committee has been nominated to make due inquiries and report to Parliament at an early day. Thus the matter passes out of Dream-land, and enters the domain of sober, practicable realities. There are so many urgent considerations in favour of opening this new travel-route, that its construction cannot be long deferred. I propose to give a brief summary of the pleas which may be urged in its favour.

Mr. Fleming's proposal is to run a line of steamers, built expressly for speed, and designed to carry little in addition to mails and passengers, between St. John's in Newfoundland, and Valentia on the western coast of Ireland. The distance between these two ports is but 1640 miles; and these are the points where the Atlantic can be spanned by the shortest line. When constructed for a special purpose, steamships can be made to attain a high rate of speed with perfect safety. Mail steamers running between Holyhead and Kingston make from 16 to 18 knots per hour. The distance between Valentia and St. John's being little more than half the distance between Liverpool and New York, only half the quantity of coal and supplies would be required for the passage between the former points. If then steamers for this route were built expressly for the highest speed consistent with safety, and were to carry only mails, passengers and light express matter, their load would be light, compared with that of ordinary ocean-steamships, and the rapidity of their passage would in consequence be much accelerated. The rate of 16½ miles per hour could thus be attained; and the passage between Valentia and St. John's would be accomplished in 100 hours. Passengers and mails from London would reach Valentia in 16 hours, making the time from London to St. John's four days and twenty hours. Not only would

the shortest ocean passage route be thus secured, and the discomforts attendant on crossing the Atlantic be reduced to a minimum, but the dangers of such a voyage would be so diminished that it would have no more terrors for passengers than a voyage across the Irish Channel, and the list of casualties would be vastly lessened. The fine harbour of St. John's can be entered at all periods of the tide by the largest ships, with the most perfect safety. There is no intricate and dangerous channel to be threaded. Ten minutes after leaving her wharf a steamer finds herself breasting the broad Atlantic with not a rock or shoal between her and Valentia, on the opposite shore. The whole dangers of the voyage lie along the American coast, between Cape Race and New York, where thick fogs and treacherous currents prevail, and where nearly all wrecks of steamers have occurred. This coast line is about 1,000 miles in length. The Newfoundland route would abolish the necessity of steamers groping their way along this treacherous coast: and such frightful disasters as that which has lately overtaken the ill-fated *Atlantic* would be unheard of. A short ocean passage of four days, in first-class steamers, with comparative security from sea-risks, would eventually make such a route the cheapest and in consequence the most frequented, as its attractions for travellers would be greater than any other, especially when time would be saved by adopting it. Who would encounter the perils of rocks, shoals, fogs and currents along the American coast, when he could shoot across the Atlantic in four days to St. John's: then be whisked in 8 hours, on a railway, across Newfoundland to St. George's Bay; and in 16 hours after, find himself on the continent of America, whirling onward towards New York or Chicago, in the rear of the iron steed! The advantages of this route in safety, speed and comfort, over every other, are so great that we cannot doubt it will be the favourite travel-route, in the near future.

A railway from St. John's to St. George's Bay would be about 250 miles in length. So little is known of the interior of the Island, that it is impossible to speak positively as to the nature of the difficulties to be overcome in the construction of such a line of railway; but there is no reason to suppose that these would be greater than those already surmounted, in the construction of the Intercolonial Railway. Indeed they might prove to be much less. W. E. Cormack, the only European who has ever travelled through

the country, from east to west, in the general direction of the projected railway, describes the interior as an immense plain, consisting of a series of savannas. Once the broken and hilly strip around the coast had been surmounted, a large portion of the intended route would probably be found to be across an easy savanna country. Timber and stone for the works would be readily attainable.

St. George's Harbour, and Shippegan Harbour, Bay of Chaleur, stand on opposite sides of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the distance between being 250 miles. Both are excellent harbours; and a steam-ferry would connect them, so that the Gulf would be crossed in 15½ hours. At Shippegan, a branch of the Intercolonial Railway would enable passengers to proceed to all parts of the United States and Canada. Mr. Fleming's calculation is that by this route, mails and passengers from London would reach St. John, New Brunswick, in 6 days, 4 hours: New York in 7 days, 3 hours: Montreal in 6 days, 16 hours: Chicago in 7 days, 20 hours: Boston in 6 days, 19 hours: New Orleans in 9 days.

An important question regarding such a route is, whether it would be likely to prove so remunerative as to justify the necessary outlay on its construction. On this point Mr. Fleming speaks decisively in the affirmative. He considers the saving of time to be effected so important, that eventually the entire mail matter passing between the two continents would be attracted to this route; and thus a large and permanent source of revenue would be secured. As to the number of passengers likely to travel by it, he estimates that 40,000 each way, would give 200 passengers each trip, and would furnish sufficient employment for a daily line of steamers between St. John's and Valentia, during seven months in the year. When we take into account that the total number of passengers now carried annually across the Atlantic by steamships is about 150,000, the proportion estimated above, for the Newfoundland route, does not seem extravagant. Once make the route thoroughly attractive in regard to speed, comfort and safety, and there can be no doubt about the abundance of the passenger traffic. For first-class passengers especially, it would hold out very strong attractions. Doubtless, a railway across Newfoundland would be an expensive undertaking; but were the same system adopted as in the case of the Canadian Pacific line, by making liberal grants of land along the line to the company

which would undertake its construction, a considerable portion of the expense might thus be covered. The benefits of such a line to Newfoundland being so vast, there can be no doubt that the Government would deal most liberally with a company prepared to carry out the project. The wealthy capitalists of Newfoundland would lend their assistance to a project which would vastly enhance the value of their real estate, open up the fisheries on the western coast, and make St. John's ultimately one of the most important places on this side the Atlantic. The value of such a line to Canada, as affording the shortest and quickest route to Europe for goods and passengers, and supplying the completing link of her Pacific line, would be a sufficient inducement for her to back the enterprise most strenuously. The fact that her Parliament has recently taken up the matter so warmly is a sufficient proof of this. By the American Pacific Railway, the great and enterprising city of Chicago is brought within five days of San Francisco. Her people are competing with New York for the trade with Japan and China, and also for that with San Francisco; and to enable them to do so successfully, they require the shortest possible route to Europe. The one I am advocating will supply the desideratum to Chicago. By it the distance between San Francisco and Liverpool *via* Chicago would be reduced to less than twelve days. Were an Imperial guarantee necessary, in order to raise the requisite funds for the establishment of such a route, we can scarcely suppose that it would be withheld. It must be of vast consequence to the interests of the Empire that such a great highway, running through British territory, should be under its own control; while, at the same time, the prosperity of the colonies and the development of their resources would be promoted.

All these weighty considerations render it highly probable that there will be no difficulty in getting the necessary capital subscribed; and that the enterprise will ultimately prove highly remunerative. It is easy to see that a line across Newfoundland would receive contributions in passengers, mails and goods, from so many different quarters, that its business, in the future, would swell to immense proportions. A considerable portion of the trade with China, Japan, and Australia would, through the Canadian Pacific railway, and *via* Chicago, pass over this route. The Intercolonial line and all the railways in the Lower Provinces would prove to be feeders. Besides, its traffic would expand indefinitely,

as the vast unoccupied lands filled with inhabitants, from the eastern terminus at St. John's, to the western, on the shores of the Pacific.

It must be admitted that the route I am advocating would be subject to one disadvantage—it could not be used during a portion of the winter. The floating ice in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, at that season, stops navigation; and St. George's harbour is often frozen. The approach to St. John's harbour would not be safe for steamers coming from Ireland, at certain times, owing to the ice-fields which are borne past on the Arctic current. The Newfoundland route, therefore, must be regarded mainly as a summer route; and in winter, the steamers would have to pass on to Halifax. Mr. Fleming reckons on but seven months in the year during which it would be available; but after a residence of twenty years in Newfoundland, I am satisfied that it might be used safely during eight, if not nine months of the year. The iron boats of the Allan Line are to call at St. John's fortnightly, during nine months of the year; so that during that time the Company are satisfied there is no risk from floating ice. I am not prepared to assert that the navigation of the Gulf of St. Lawrence is equally unimpeded by ice during the same period, but I am inclined to think it would be found so. Be this as it may, the Newfoundland route could certainly be used during eight months of the year, or during the whole travel season. The great bulk of passengers cross during those months; only those who are compelled by necessity travelling in winter. As to transhipments, Mr. Fleming says: "The frequent transhipments from railway to steamship, and *vice versa*, may be considered by some as an objection to the route: for the conveyance of freight they certainly would be objectionable, but most passengers would probably consider the transhipments agreeable changes, as they would relieve the tedium of the journey."

But whatever the drawbacks, the advantages I have enumerated are so manifold and important as to render the disadvantages of comparatively small account. The shortest and safest ocean passage is sure to be adopted, in the long run; and all difficulties connected with it will gradually be surmounted. Nature has already settled the matter, both as to telegraphic and steam communication between the Old and New Worlds. Off the one continent lies the great island of Newfoundland, one-sixth larger than Ireland

which lies off the European coast. Let the intervening ocean-space be bridged by a steam ferry, at its narrowest point, and on land, the locomotive will do the rest. Telegraph and steamship alike must respect nature's arrangements; and both must follow the same route in establishing lines of communication between the two hemispheres.

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# A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

## THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

### CHAPTER VII.

DASHING forward with a delighted cry: "Why, is this you, Mr. Harvey?" Calvert leaped from his saddle, and warmly grasped the out-stretched hand of the sketcher.

Such, at least, his surroundings proclaimed him to be: a color-box by his side and a paper block on his knee, whereon was depicted, in a spirited draft, the rich, fantastic tracery of the oriel window of the chapel, which, at the instant, was brought out into bold relief against the burning tints of the western sky.

"Ah, my young friend! You here? A perfect god-send, I declare," said the stranger. "I was just in want of a foreground figure; and here you drop down from the clouds on purpose, prancing and caracoling like a Paladin of old romance. Just stand still a minute till I hit you off. That sagacious looking brute of yours seems to understand the situation perfectly; and, like others of her sex, will endure untold tortures of constraint for the chance of having her portrait taken."

"Is not that masculine gratitude all over?" exclaimed a saucy voice from somewhere above. "Here have I been playing Patience on a monument for the last half hour, so as to furnish him with his bit of relieving color; and at the first glimpse of a fresh face, the creature incontinently transfers his allegiance; nay, flings my very complaisance back in my teeth with insult."

Gazing around, Calvert discovered the speaker perched up in a cosy, ivy-mantled nook, formed by the angle of a projecting

corbel. The sunlight struck aslant on the laughing face, rosy with health, and glowing with exuberance of spirits, and it glanced from her golden curls with a sheen like floss silk. A cloud of gossamer drapery, pinks and pearly-greys and floating muslins, designated her supple form. The tip of a tiny, crimson, morocco brodequin peeped out below.

Let the artist delineate for me this *riante* figure, relieved against a dark background of ivy leaves and shadows cast against the wall, and on the sunny side, by way of repeater and contrast, let him introduce one of those grotesque stone masks, with agonised eyes and protruding tongue, that the mediæval workman was wont to carve in order to represent the torments of the damned.

Such was the delicious bit of grouping before the eye, and he had been a very Goth in art who would have suffered the chance to escape him of preserving it.

"Stop, Maddie! Please don't move yet awhile. I haven't half done yet, and you don't know how pretty you look there just now. With that stone head beside you, you remind me of the pictures of Eve and the Devil I used to shudder at in the old Bible at home."

"Upon my word, a pretty comparison!" returned the girl, with an enchanting pout. "So, after insulting the sex in general, through their present representatives, myself and the mare, you cap the climax by traducing the venerable grandmother of all living. To give the old Tempter his due, I believe he must have been quite a presentable person. You surely do not suppose such a Caliban as this could ever have led her astray? Not but that the creature might be made presentable with a little pains," and the giddy girl began winding her scarf round the neck of the image, and completed the *bizarre* effect by pitching her jaunty hat in the most approved style over its nose. Though unable for a while to repress his laughter, the American at length resumed with a mock-piteous air:

"I cry mercy! I tender my most humble apologies to the sex in general, and to you, the mare, and Mother Eve in particular. I only wanted Calvert and his mare to stand model for the foreground figures of that other sketch—the Castle-Gate. And, now that you have had your revenge, by making me swallow all that humble pie, do sit still a minute, Maddie."

Resuming her position, while her brother worked furiously away, she archly began again:

"So this is Calvert, is it?"

The youth replied by a low bow.

"And that is madam, the mare: and—since we are left to our own resources, so far as that unmannerly artist is concerned,—to complete the business let me introduce myself as Madeline, Maddie, or Mad, just as the fit takes me to be grand, familiar, or crazy."

A running fire of banter was forthwith opened between the two, and, by the time the brother announced his sketch finished, they were quite on familiar terms. Helping his sister down from her elevation, Harvey turned to his young friend with the remark:

"Now that I have got this young gipsy off my mind, tell me,—how does it happen that you are here and in this guise? You have been riding hard, and as I judge from the muddy appearance of yourself and horse, you must have had a pretty tough time of it."

The youth turned scarlet on his attention being thus suddenly recalled to the sorry figure he presented; but drawing his friend aside, he replied in a low tone:

"You cannot tell, Mr. Harvey, how sorely I need advice from some one I can trust; and besides, you yourself are interested in the matter."

In as few words as possible he recounted to him Delaval's bold accusations of the tenantry, and of him (Harvey) for his supposed share in their seditious proceedings; detailed the attempt on his father's life; shewed the trace that he himself had found; described the suspicious meeting between Delaval and the unknown individual, and his own unsuccessful chase of the latter.

"And so, my dear fellow," said the American, "whilst I have been trifling away my time, you have been a prey to the most horrible anxiety. Ruin and death are evidently designed for you and yours. For the service you have done me in acquainting me with this man's machinations against myself I am deeply your debtor, although I scarcely think he will venture to interfere with me. Still, I were worse than a craven not to help you to the utmost to counteract the villain's schemes. But how to proceed! You say you have reason to believe the sister is implicated in the plot?"

Slowly, and with blushing cheek, the youth recounted Marie's

skilful manœuvres to possess herself of the fatal secret he had kept from his father and her brother.

"Do you know?" said Harvey, "I regard you as one of the very finest fellows I ever met. Few grown men could have resisted such seductions as that dangerous woman has at her command, with equal firmness and prudence. But woman's wit alone is equal to cope with woman's wiles. In this game it must be diamond cut diamond. What say you to take Madeline into our confidence? Though young and giddy, she has a good head and a close tongue."

"With all my heart," cried Calvert; "nothing could be better."

Possessed of the main facts she, by a short narrative, subjected the youth to a rapid and searching cross-examination, and without his being aware of her drift, mercilessly unravelled the whole web of Marie's enchantments.

Then coiling herself up into a comical little heap of meditation, after the usual fashion of young maidens when retiring within themselves, she gave herself up to consideration of the case. At last, knitting her pretty brows, and biting her nails, she broke out:

"I don't like it. I can't understand it. Either she is Calvert's cousin, or she is not."

"His cousin, of course," said her brother.

"A queer sort of cousin, I should say. But if she is, she knows what she came over from France for; and she knows what the old gentleman meant in bringing her."

"Well, what, Maddie?" said Harvey.

"Marriage, of course," returned she.

"To marry the Colonel?" said her brother, mischievously.

"Now don't be provoking. To marry Calvert, of course!" This was said with a business air, inimitably funny.

"Phew!" whistled her brother, and then he burst into a laugh, whilst Calvert's face was dyed with blushes.

"I don't see anything to make a fuss about," said she with a pout. "He's the heir; and she's a lady in her own right, I have heard?" Here she looked inquiringly at Calvert, who murmured:

"Yes,—the Comtesse de Courtenay."

"Just so," and she nodded her head. "Nothing more proper, you see. But if she means marriage, she must be both heartless and a fool to side with any one in their nefarious schemes against

her intended husband and his father. It seems like as if she were fooling him on to his ruin, and then going to throw him over for Delaval, only they say he's her brother. But that I don't believe. No woman would commit a crime against her lover for the sake of a brother, unless being only half a brother would make a difference," and at the latter part of the sentence her voice sank lower and she averted her head.

Madeline's reasoning, though essentially feminine, struck both her listeners dumb by its pertinency and force.

"I take you, Maddie," said her brother at last. "You would place her between the horns of a dilemma. Either she is a sham cousin of Calvert's, and has a closer interest in Delaval than a sister's, since it involves treachery against a lover, or worse still, she is truly a cousin, and—Mrs. Stowe can best say what else!"

The three sat long conning over the case under the new light thus shed upon it by Madeline's sagacious hypothesis, until the sinking sun warned them to retreat.

Rising, the American turned to his young friend, saying: "There is one thing apparent from all this. The Delavals are one in the whole affair. They are anxious to embroil you with your father; nay, if possible, to turn your concealment of the box-lid which they know you to have found, into a means of implicating you in the criminal attempt upon your father's life. The real culprit it is their interest to shield. For some cause or other they fear this Barney, and are resolved to fasten down the guilt of attempted homicide upon the poor man. The times are favorable to the plot; and my casual presence in the vicinity was employed to give color to the whole fable, for Delaval well knows the prejudice your father, in common with most military men of the old British school, entertains against the Americans, and he knows, besides, the active suspicions of the Government anent States' agency in their present troubles. Our first move must be to get the rights of this lid business out of Barney. You are assured of the man's fidelity, you say?"

"I would stake my life upon it!" replied Calvert with warmth.

"May all the blissid saints, and the Howly Mother hersilf, who knows my heart, bliss ye for that same word, Masther Calvert!" broke in a muffled voice from somewhere under their feet.

Turning round at the sudden adjuration, the eyes of all the startled party rested on a wild apparition! A stone flag, in the

floor of what had been the crypt of the old chapel, was being slowly raised. A human head and bust were dimly seen beneath, struggling to displace the slab.

With a suppressed shriek, as if she feared the grave were indeed yielding up its charge, Madeline clung trembling to her brother. But Calvert, dashing forward, heaved, with his whole strength, against the stone.

Thus assisted, Barney, for it was none other, emerged. Letting go his hold, the heavy flag dropped into its place again. Then the youth faced round on the intruder.

## CHAPTER VIII.

To the two onlookers, that was indeed a speaking silence that followed. For a full minute not a sound, not a motion broke the stillness. But the face-play of the two chief actors was something thrilling in its intensity of meaning, in its rapid interchange of emotion. The youth's countenance, pale, stern, commanding, the candid brow calm, unruffled, but haughty, the lips firmly compressed, all served to heighten the questioning expression of the cold, clear, unwavering blue eye, which poured forth a steady searching gaze, as the truth-compelling spear of Ithuriel.

It was such a gaze as well became a son making inquisition for a father's blood. With a shiver, the observant girl read therein the settled determination, if there was even a sign of flinching in the eye that encountered his, that life for life was to be the forfeit.

But the eye of the man they had accused of murder did not flinch. Though every nerve of the pallid, grimy face was quivering with agitation, and the hands were piteously working; though in the grey, dilated eye, you might by turns read suspense, awe, terror, the agony of wounded feeling, indignant resentment of suspicion; yet, as truth never quails before justice, so the man's conscious integrity upheld him through the ordeal; and never did his look once swerve, till the youth's softening eye and lip relaxing into a smile told that the trial was over. Then the recoil came, and the break down of the strong man was something pitiable to witness. Gasping, sobbing, grovelling at the young man's feet, with out-stretched hand he burst forth hysterically:

"For God's sake, masther Calvert, you wouldn't take back the kind word, would ye? Say ye nivir, for wan minnit, laid the likes on ould Barney."

"If your eye had not told your innocence, my bullet would have been through your brain by this time, Barney," said Calvert.

"Didn't I see it in yer eye?" exclaimed the Irishman; "an' why *didn't* ye shoot me, sooner than kill me dead wid the black thought! To think that his haner the Colonel 'ud iver live to say he was shot by the hand of the wan that loved him so well, he's been kilt ten times over savin' his life! See here!" and tearing open his bosom, he showed several ugly scars in the neck and chest.

"Thim wor all got," continued he, "killing the beggars that tried to kill him, an' if ye cut out my heart this minnit, ye'd find him in the core."

"Never mind, Barney," said the youth, "I knew you'd never have a hand in it; and my father doesn't believe it any more than I do. Didn't he open out like fury on Delaval, when the fellow was boring him for a warrant to apprehend you? He told him to go to thunder! for he wouldn't lift a hand against an honest fellow like Barney, and that he would as soon think *I* did it as you."

"Whoosh! Hirroo! Glory be to the Maker!" cried Barney, leaping up, flinging his hat in the air, and wildly jigging it off like a madman. "Sure an' I'm a man wanst more! Didn't I know it well now? More be token, isn't that what Biddy towld the Divvle man yondher,—an' it's well that name fits him, anyhow,—says she, 'ye toad-eatin' bla'gard! an' maybe it's the Colonel wouldn't have the hide aff ye, if he'd hear the first crooked word comin' out o' yer ugly mouth agin', Barney!' an' maybe she didn't give him the length av her tongue, sure an' it's not a short one, that same,— and a thrifle worse than that to disgist besides!"

The remembrance of the scene he was describing, seemed so exquisitely ludicrous that the volatile Irishman flung himself on the ground, and rolled over and over in convulsions of laughter, while the tears still coursing down his cheeks betrayed the perturbation of spirit he had undergone.

Waiting until the hysterical violence of his emotions had in some measure subsided, Calvert kindly laid his hand on his simple friend's shoulder, saying:

"But you haven't told us yet how you got off from Delaval, nor how it was you jumped up among us so like a ghost. Come over here, and I'll introduce you to my friends."

Glancing furtively around, Barney seemed for the first time to be aware of the two strangers' presence:

"Friends o' yours, master Calvert? Sure then they wouldn't be after bethrayin' a poor boy like me?" said he, in a beseeching tone.

"Nonsense, man! They are only anxious to serve you and me," said Calvert. "That's what we were talking about when you burst out on us."

As the eye of the poor, distraught creature rested upon the fairy form and the speaking features of the girl, he visibly started, and spoke half under his breath, at the same time plucking Calvert's sleeve confidentially:

"Aye, sure an' its the same! Ye see I disremembered it with the throuble, but I mind now. When I was safe among the ould graves annunder here I thought I would choke wid the close smell, an' the did men's dust in me troat; an' I hungered for a sight av the blissid day: an' so I prized up the stone a bit; but I jist let it dhrap again wid the wonderment. There, sure enough, right forninst me I saw the howly Mother hersilf standing on a cloud, in white robes, wid the angel face, an' the glory round it, lookin' down wid a smile av pity on the poor innocent boy they were huntin' to the death! Augh! blessins on yer purty face, an' may the Saints be atune ye and all harm!" continued he, dropping on one knee, and reverently kissing the hand held out to welcome him. "It's the warm heart ye left me wid, anyhow; to think the blissid Mary 'ud feel for a poor boy in his throuble! An' it's no lie nayther, for yer face tells you've a feelin' heart, ye darlint!"

"I do indeed feel for you, Barney;" said the girl, melted almost to tears.

"This is my friend, Mr. Harvey;" said Calvert.

"Oh, indade thin! an' it's him's the Amerrykin giniral the boys bez tellin' about;" and drawing himself to his full height, the Irishman swept up his hand in the graceful military salute.

"No, no, Barney!" said Harvey, laughing: "you're as far out now as you were about my sister. That's only another of Delaval's lies to get me and other honest people into trouble."

In no wise abashed, the Irishman answered with a knowing wink:

"Ye're right, sir, ye're right! But atune frinds it's no harm, only if sich-like be the orthers from headquarthers, there's more

than Barney will put the knife to their own heart, first!" and an expression of defiant menace swept over his countenance.

"I don't understand in the least what you are driving at," resumed Harvey. "I have no wish to penetrate your secret. But if it be what I suspect it is, my advice to you is to have as little to do with secret societies of the kind as possible. They can't do any good, and may be turned by designing villains into a means of harm. There would have been no attempt on the Colonel's life, and you would not now be fleeing for your's, if the existence of such illegal societies did not afford a cover for the villainy of such men as Delaval; for that he is at the bottom of all this, I am firmly convinced."

Beyond turning a puzzled face from the speaker to the others, Barney made no reply.

"Well, we haven't heard your adventure with Delaval yet. Go ahead, and tell us what you were laughing at a few minutes ago," said Calvert.

(To be continued.)

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## OPIUM DREAMS.

IT is not my purpose to enter upon a discussion of the evils of Opium, nor to hold up to public execration the eaters of Cheng—this I leave to moralists, remarking simply that however seductive either drug may be, however exquisite the pleasure it confers, I should earnestly dissuade any one from even experimenting with either of them, for the delight and ecstasy are purchased at too dear a price, the wondrous dreams are followed by too horrible a depression, and the struggle to free oneself from the intense craving after the poison is so fierce, so hard, that more than one fails and sinks back into the vice irremediably. Neither do I mean to plead ache, famine or misery, as an excuse for my first recourse to Opium and Cheng—I took to both because I wished to find out for myself how much of truth and how much of fiction there was in the accounts I had read of visions and dreams. Constitutionally of an excitable temperament and endowed with a vivid imagination, I expected that the after effects of the drug upon me would be extremely depressing, the more so that I hoped for strange, unexperienced emotions and sights. In neither of these

suppositions was I disappointed. I enjoyed, while under the influence of Cheng the most startling and at the same time the most profoundly exquisite experiences that I have ever known. One night especially—a Saturday night—I had, in company with a friend, also an opium-eater, taken a heavy dose of the green, viscous drug known as Cheng, or Indian hemp. The visions and memories of that night are yet as clear, as sharply distinct as their vague dream-form permits; the sense of complete delight, of thorough bliss, I can even now recall, and find in it the most powerful temptation to recur once more to the too-seductive magician.

At the time of my first indulging in opium, which I soon abandoned for cheng, I was living in one of the quietest parts of London, some distance from the business part of the City but in the immediate neighbourhood of two of those great arteries of traffic along which the roar and bustle of life sound from early morning till late in the night. I employed myself in writing for the stage, for the newspapers and for the magazines, and led much the Bohemian life which is supposed to be invariably that of a writer. My days were spent mostly in my own room, elaborating dramas and comedies, finishing up articles, or in the reading-room of the British Museum. When, from any cause I took to wandering through the streets, my erratic course generally ended at the doors of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, to which I had daily admittance. There I would sit for hours before a *Pictà*, a *Madonna*, or Van der Neer's adorable *Moonlight*, reading all the story told by the painter, making out, at first with difficulty, the bright thought which lay beyond, and at last,—losing myself in the depths of recollection and imagination,—forget that I lived in this nineteenth century of ours, and fancy myself among the crowds around the Divine Raphael, or strolling along with unhappy Andrea, or gazing with Neer at the calm Dutch landscape he loved so well. Days thus given up to quiet reading and study were followed by evenings spent in listening to the music of Weber, of Mozart, of Beethoven, of Gounod, or in declamation of Goethe's *Faust*, Musset's *Nuits* and Browning's *Paracelsus*, my companion in all such recreations being this opium-eating friend I have before referred to.

It was long before I could induce him to let me share his store of "Paradise delights," as he called his opium pills and his box

of cheng, but at last I succeeded in making him promise that I should have a dose of opium on the evening we had appointed to go to Covent Garden theatre to hear Weber's *Oberon.* I well remember the evening. We went through the crowded Gray's Inn Road and Holborn, through Lincoln's Inn Fields, Great Queen street and Bow street, and at last gained the gallery door of the theatre. Numbers of people were already assembled there, and we took our places in the rear rank quietly, and ascended the many flights of stairs without much grumbling. The gallery of Covent Garden is not the most comfortable nor the best ventilated part of the huge theatre, and even without the narcotic I had taken and which now began to operate, I might have been tempted to sleep. As it was I lay back in my seat, closed my eyes, and straightway began to dream half-formed, misshapen dreams that refused to make themselves clear. Presently I heard the sounds of music, and knew that the overture had begun. The music seemed different from the Oberon overture that I had known before; it was deeper, clearer as to meaning, yet more mysterious, indefinably grand with an element of strange weirdness running through it; instead of instruments played by human hands it was the voice of invisible spirits that I heard; gnomes, nixes, kobolds were chanting in concert; huge forms took up the words and repeated them; storms raged through forests of dark pines; distant thunders growled, and Rhines and Danubes flowed boisterously, but all was music, enchanting, subjugating music that I must needs listen to and which moved me profoundly. Now I felt that I was in the land of fays, of mythology, of romance; my nerves, strung to the utmost, responded to every vibration of the notes; my imagination, free to wander, led me roaming through the realm of half-waking dreams

> "On paths unknown, to climes unknown."

The overture ceased, but the music in my brain continued. I was the one among thousands of spectators that could hear the real strains and wondrous melodies of which the ordinary overture was but a faint imitation, a lost echo, and while the curtain rose amid the plaudits of the audience, I, falling more and more under the power of the opium, lived more stirring scenes than the mimic ones on the stage. After a time I sat up and looked around the great hall, full from floor to ceiling, and strangely enough it

appeared to me bare and ugly. I own to having expected something different, but the transition was disappointing. The misty outlines of beauty that had floated past my closed eyes were exchanged for numberless plain and ugly faces, many, alas! painted and gaudily adorned. Yet this must have been a freak of my imagination, as, at the altitude I gazed from, a very powerful glass would have been necessary to distinguish these blemishes. I sat silent and uninterested, caring naught about the play, naught about the music that softly accompanied the airs, and wondering why it was that the potent drug produced me no greater pleasure. Suddenly a sort of column of flame whirled past me and forced me to close my eyes. When I opened them again I was awed at the change which had taken place; the theatre was gone, and instead of it I sat high up in a mighty dome whose sides were lost in darkness, above, below, around, and of which the end opposite to me seemed distant as the end of the world. This great void was lighted up by innumerable groups of light that shed a mellow radiance around, but were not powerful enough to dispel the surrounding gloom; by these lights more than by any visible form could I tell that it was within a dome I sat, solitary and silent. Presently the music, which had ceased for a moment, stole once more into being, and flowed out of or through the darkness which it gradually and rapidly changed into one limitless ocean of light and sound, so mingled together, so constantly shifting that I strove vainly to distinguish between the dazzling beams and the strange, sweet notes. Then the sea of light began to divide in the centre and to change into molten clouds, as it were, and in the space thus encircled I beheld the veritable vision of Coleridge, a vision related in his own beauteous language, and which I knew well—

> "It was an Abyssinian maid,
> And on her Dulcimer she played,
> Singing of Mount Abora."

Was I dreaming? Was this but a phantom of my brain? As I looked and looked at the fair, fragile form, I swore it was true; as I heard the prolonged and mysterious strains of music rise higher and higher, once more blending with the ever shifting light, I knew it was false. The truth is, I was right and wrong. I was assuredly in no dome, such as Martin depicts in his *Pandemonium*, I really saw no Abyssinian maid, and I was after all

only in the gallery of Covent Garden, and the vision had been but the sight of the *prima donna* when shown to Sir Huon by Puck. Yet in another sense I had really seen all this; I had seen Reiza as Weber dreamt she was seen by her lover; I had realized, if but for an instant, the highest conception of imitative art—all had been true to me. The kingly opium, the prized drug had wrought a wonder for me, and where hundreds saw but an indifferent stage with a fat woman behind a gauze veil, had revealed to me a being beautiful beyond all understanding, and had made me stand under the very vault of the world.

On another occasion I varied the experiment of eating opium by smoking the drug. Not being certain as to what the immediate results might be I was very careful to remain at home, and having locked myself in my bedroom, commenced operations. I had resolved to lie down as soon as I should feel the action of the narcotic, but, owing probably to my frequent use of opium, I did not "go under" as quickly as I expected. When I did, I laid down the pipe, rolled over on to the bed and immediately dreamed, so rapidly indeed after lying down, that on awaking subsequently I could not help laughing at the sudden contrast of scenes between my wakeful and narcotised conditions. The last thing I had seen as I lay down was the homely little garden at the back of the house on which my window looked, with its three or four beds of flowers, its shady seat and heap of bricks, conventionally termed a "rockery." From this I passed into an inexplicable dream, the *reason* of which I have never been able to ascertain. I shot up suddenly to a giant size, to such a giant size that as I stood on this globe of ours I touched *sublimi sidera vertice.* In a mad frenzy the Titanic myself spun the earth round and round beneath his feet while thus poised in space; and, while engaged in this extraordinary game, I *dipped* my hands into the dark-blue heavens all o'er-studded with stars, and made planets and suns whirl hither and thither as soap bubbles in a basin. I remember that I had no feeling, no lurking suspicion of the whole being merely a dream, merely a phantasm of my excited brain, but that I revelled in the sense of god-like omnipotence and in the power for evil which had expanded in me. I exulted and rejoiced. I knew that no other being had ever enjoyed such glorious sport—and as the thought flashed in my brain, like a drunken giant I shouted aloud under the everlasting arches of

space, and drove world after world more tumultuously than before. Strange it is, that as in ordinary dreams I could see myself standing there in towering majesty, but though all was very distinct, from the rapid whirling of the earthly globe to the "frightened countenances" of the stars, I was unable to see the face I wore in this transformed shape of mine. There the figure stood, colossal, brawny, laughing its sonorous laugh of hellish pleasure, lit up by a lurid glare which lit up naught else, and yet, do what I would, I could not see the features.

This was the single vision I had that day. I fell into a profound sleep which lasted several hours and from which I rose heavy, downcast and moody, but with the sight of that awful disturber vividly before me, and his shout that

> "Frighted the reign of Chaos and old night,"

still ringing in my ears.

But the most beautiful visions procured me by opium, paled before those the potent cheng called up from the Shadowy Land, and I soon forsook the opium pill for the acrid Indian drug. Its effects upon me were always prompter and greater than those of opium, and, though at first startlingly sudden, easily and quickly enjoyed. However, it so changed realities that observation, while under its influence, was out of the question. Opium changed ordinary scenes into pageants of unparalleled splendour, transformed a block of plain houses into a monumental pile of palaces, enlarged landscapes, and gave immensity to distances, but cheng surpassed it in one and all of these. Stepping one night into one of the most deserted squares in Islington, shortly after having taken cheng, I shrank back appalled at the countless multitude of men that thronged the usually quiet streets, every one of which was now densely packed with human beings, whose faces, of a hideous, ghastly blue were turned on me with a fixed, stony glare in the unreal, monstrous eyes. From this host of unearthly beings arose a loud, long clamour like the restless beating of the vexed ocean on a rock-bound shore, a clamour which was neither a shriek, nor a wail, nor a cry, nor the dread weeping and gnashing of teeth, but seemed made up of all these and moans and murmurs, plaints, groans, sobs, sighs and dying rattle. The horrid sound rose loud upon the air, and the blue haze, which shrouded all, waved and lifted as the clamour swelled, sank and waved as it fell. Here

and there flashed faint some lurid spots that seemed faces of tormenting demons flying abroad over this sea of inhuman visages, to add to their torments in order that my terror might be greater and colder than the clammy sweat on my brows. With difficulty did my friend urge me to go on, nor heed these phantasms. I resisted, for they were no idle creatures of the brain to me, but living, evil-intending forms. When I prevailed on myself to move forward, it was with extreme care, and not till I had walked fully a quarter of a mile did the dream vanish, the illusion fade, that had caused me such genuine anguish. As it melted away, and as the physiognomy of the streets became recognizable, the old feeling of immense stature came over me. Consciousness of my dread height made me bow my head beneath the clear, dark-blue heavens lest I should strike the stars that revolved through space. Inconceivable lightness pervaded me; I felt able to run, to run fast and faster; I was devoured by the desire to do so, and to hasten away out of sight of man into some profound desert I imagined to lie beyond the maze of houses. In this state did I reach my home, and rapidly ascending the stairs, rushed into my room and threw myself on the bed.

And now words fail me to convey even a dim idea of the dreams I dreamed, of the visions I beheld as I lay there, conscious and unconscious at one and the same time; supremely happy, feeling even the act of breathing to be a source of unspeakable delight. Change followed change in quick succession; thought could not keep pace with the shifting scenes that passed before my closed eyes, nay, thought itself was so rapid that it had scarce time to form, ere it was driven out by a new fancy. In the words of Browning, I swooned away

> "At once
> Into a sea of bliss."

No longer a man, I had become as it were, a pent-up volcano. The boiling flames within were surging and rolling mightily about, heaving the darkened surface of the crater—all around was darkness, not black darkness, but darkness intensely, profoundly green, so green that it was well nigh black but never became so. The pulsations were tremendous; the noise of them echoed in my ears, and the roar and rumble sped away into the infinity of obscurity around; faster and faster the yet hidden fiery torrent heaved up,

strove to burst its bonds, fell back with commotion and tumult, and then

> " * * heller und heller, wie Sturmessausen,
> Hört man's näher und immer näher brausen."

It broke forth at last, with a sudden, dazzling glow of flame and light, pervading me with warmth and a sense of hitherto unknown happiness which was to happiness, so called, as the sun in its glory to a wretched sulphur match. It was over-mastering, entrancing delight, suffusing my being, flooding it with ecstasy and freeing me of all pain and ache. This sensation was but the prelude to another still stranger—the night, dispelled for some moments by the divine light which had flamed forth, closed in again and through eternal space was I

> "rapt along
> As in a flying sphere of turbulent light,"

with speed inconceivable did I shoot, emitting light and heat in my course, through millions and millions of leagues of empty space, of absolute void, sunk in Cimmerean gloom, till suddenly from a great globe of fire I shrank up into a tiny bright star, suspended so high over the deep that I trembled, lest the power that upheld me should loose its hold and I should fall as fell the proud archangel—

> "From morn
> To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
> A summer's day; and with the setting sun
> Dropt from the zenith like a falling star."

But I remained, and as a star gazed down through the shades on what lay below. I dare scarcely write what my vision was, a vision which was even more felt than seen, for what could be seen? Naught that human accents can describe. Chaos, primary chaos with the brooding spirit over it; chaos with all its undefinable horror, and the spirit with the awe it inspired!

Swiftly changed the scene. The complete trance was partly dispelled and I knew that I was lying on my couch, that I could arise and walk about if I chose, but no desire to do so wrought within me. It was so passing sweet to lie there and breathe, that I cared not to turn or move. Just at this moment, the house door, not fifteen feet from me, closed with some noise. The sound,—though I knew it was close,—came to me as though that door had been shut thousands of years before and in another world, from

which the echo since wearily travelling had but then reached me and died in my ear. Music now made itself heard; not from the exterior, but from the depths of this shadow-land in which I was living; music that was so rarely sweet that it never palled. It came—whence it came, the angels may tell—stealing out of the light and seeming to be the light; it grew, it rippled up in waves of melody softer, dearer, than any earthly sound; it wrapped me round, bore me away on an ocean of harmony, laid me down again, played about my head, murmured past more gently than a zephyr, swooned into the light, burst forth into prodigious sonorousness that never deafened, smote into eternity and melted into visions of passing loveliness. The music, the light, the bliss, the visions, seemed all one, all similar yet all different, springing the one from the other, and yet never separate. With light was music, with music visions—visions of tropical scenery, of great blue oceans with white sails lazily drooping on the masts of boats, groves of palms and strange grasses among which showed wondrous, unknown flowers; sandy deserts that lay burning hot under the rays of the sun and gaped, parched, and dry; caravans of interminable length, filing slowly in the shadow of colossal pyramids, and winding round monstrous sphinxes that sat stony and still; broad rivers, with black currents that bathed the feet of dark statues, and the fallen columns of mighty temples, in which all was gloom and silence; boundless wastes of snow and ice that sparkled in the glare of midnight auroras, and were crossed by weird phantoms; mountain gorges steeped in shade, and bold rocky capes jutting out into the sea which tossed and raved at their granite feet; alpine peaks surging out of unfathomable depths and glowing with the rays of the setting sun; peaceful lakes, embosomed in woods, fringed with reeds, sleeping in the calm moonlight; dreary, untrodden steppes of short, burnt grass; wildernesses of barren rocks and forbidding crags lowering through storm vapours; caverns filled with idols; Indian pagodas and ghauts; feudal castles perched high in air and gleaming suddenly in the lightning sheen; sombre passes lost in gloom, and with a sound of plashing waters uprising from them. These passed, faded, died, and were followed by others, but still throughout all the heavenly music thrilled me and came

> "As the scent of a violet withered up,
> Which grew by the bank of a silvery lake."

Language cannot pourtray a thousandth part of all that appeared to me, and could it do so, volumes would not suffice to describe the varied scenes that rapidly shifted and changed, and gave place to ever new creations. Eternity crowded into an instant; space and time annihilated, such was the effect of the drug. In my deep repose I was more blest than all men; I was endowed with miraculous power; I saw what mortal eyes can never see.

Nor were these dreams the strangest portions of that night's experience. After they passed away, the same sensation felt already returned, and once more I streamed through eternal space as a life and light-giving map of fire, from which I returned again to semi-consciousness, when my first impulse was to note carefully in my memory the various phases of my condition. Now did I have one of the most wondrous exemplifications of the power of cheng and of the rapidity of thought. Infinitely quicker than can be imagined, quicker than thought, my resolve became visible to me as a fiery dart flying swiftly, swiftly, swiftly, and my visions changed into an infinite, exceedingly tenuous scroll which, perpetually unrolling itself on the one hand, eternally rolled itself up on the other. And on this marvelously thin, transparent web were figured all at once, every one of my visions, every one of my thoughts. As I formed the resolve to remark everything, a resolve expressed in my thought by the word—"Observe!"—the flaming dart, swifter far than lightning pierced through the woof, but already the "Observe!" had been gone into eternity for countless ages, and long trains of dreams has followed it, ere the quick spear had flashed through the thin scroll.

Besides this the clearest recollection I have is of my longing for water, a longing as intense, I imagined, as was ever felt by castaway mariner or dying Bedouin of the desert, but in my case the longing was unaccompanied by pain of any kind, and merely suggested wild ideas. I must have been lying with my mouth open in the position most favourable to the rapid parching of the throat by the hot, feverish breath. A line from my favourite poet, Browning, which recurred to me at that instant, gave form and colour to my dreams and fancies. The line was one in "Paracelsus"—

> "Friends
> Whose memories were a solace to me oft,
> As mountain-baths to wild-fowls in their flight."

In the shape of a thirsty, restless spirit I was hovering in great heaven, circling through the ether, with downward glance seeking some spring or lake in which to slake the fire that burned me with such sweet burning that it was pleasant to feel. My long gyrations at last brought me over a vast circle of stupendous mountains of bare granite which, high though they rose in air, were snowless on their summits, herbless and treeless on their flanks, but which held, away down an abyss, a still, cold pool of water that nor glimmered nor shimmered, so lost was it in the deep shadows of the surrounding cliffs. Like hawk or eagle I swooped down from my lofty sphere to reach that fresh tarn—but as I came on a level with the peaks my course was stayed by an unseen power, and I was forced to drive before the wind, dashed every moment against the hard, stony crags, and never losing sight of the pool that gazed up into the

"Lone, sad, sunny idleness of heaven."

Wonderfully real, wonderfully clear were all those visions. Many, however, accompanied them that were but vague and undefined; only a few would stand out from them as with all the reality of life. I could go on telling of more, of some stranger still, perhaps, but that I find this mode of writing grows on the man as the craving for cheng, perhaps with as bad a result. So let the sunny memories remain untold, the fairy dreams unrevealed, and my pen, taken up partly with a view to warning people from opium, end by transcribing a glorious hymn in its honour, a hymn which though not versified, glides more smoothly than many a more pretentious competitor, and coming from one who had known all the joys and sorrows which opium can give:

"Oh! just, subtle, and mighty opium! that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for 'the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel,' bringest an assuaging balm; eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath; and to the guilty man, for one night givest back the hopes of his youth, and hands washed pure from blood; and to the proud man, a brief oblivion for

Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged,

that seemed rest to the chancery of dreams, for the triumphs of suffering innocence, false witnesses, and confoundest perjury; and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges;—thou buildest

upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles—beyond the splendor of Babylon and Hekatompylos; and 'from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,' callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from 'the dishonours of the grave.' Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh! just, subtle, and mighty opium."

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# PHILIP BLAIR;

OR,

## School Days in the Dominion.

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

### CHAPTER III.

THE report of the conduct of the boys towards the old toll-keeper having became known to Mrs. Blair, Philip was, by way of punishment, ordered not to go near the field for the next three days.

When Philip heard the mandate he was the picture of despair; "you know," said he, "well enough that all the fellows go there,—and the holidays too."

"Make it two days Alice," interposed the old lady, "it must be very hard to debar him from his associates for so long a time, for a boy at least."

Phil's eyes twinkled, but he wisely held his tongue, knowing that all he could say would not advance his cause.

But Mrs. Blair was inexorable, what might have been her intentions in reference to commuting the sentence previous to the old lady's ill-judged interference, I cannot say; but I humbly believe that from the moment she spoke Phil's sentence became a fixed fact, and his opinion that he was ill-used firmly established.

The next day he left the house with his mother's warning still sounding in his ears, not to go near the forbidden spot; he had privately made up his mind that he would obey until Saturday, but then he was bound to go; so starting off, strong in the consciousness of doing what was right, he went down in the

direction of the factories, intending to spend his day among the machinery, but somehow there was a secret charm about the field that it had never possessed before, so getting among the shops he wandered aimlessly from one to the other, unconsciously his footsteps followed the directions of his thoughts, and almost before he was aware of it, heard himself saluted by the cheery voices of his companions from the field.

"Hullo! Phil, where have you been all the morning? hurry up and take a hand;" they were playing ball.

But he only shook his head and stood, irresolutely looking at them; he had come into temptation.

"What are you waiting for?" shouted McLeod; "hold on a minute, boys, and I'll go over; some of his notions," he added, as Phil still hesitated.

"It's no use to talk, Cloudy," said Phil, fortifying himself as the former approached, but in a tone that more than half indicated he was ready to be persuaded: "the *mater* told me I wasn't to go near the field on account of that row with Barney, the old gobbler!"

McLeod only laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" said Phil a little impatiently, "I am sure I can't see much fun in that; 'tis for you, I suppose though," and he turned away surlily.

"Hold on now," said the other, "don't get so waxy for nothing. I was only laughing because you said you were told not to come near the field, and I'd like to know what you call this. I'm not going to coax you, but as long as you have gone so far, you might as well come over."

Phil's scruples began to vanish, and the next minute he was among the boys shouting with the loudest, but now and then a twinge of conscience would cause him to sober down suddenly, in the midst of his merriment.

"Who is that chap?" he asked of one of the boys, pointing to a boy standing near the street, and watching the game.

"That's the new fellow that moved in from the country the other day; he is going to our school."

"Suppose we initiate him," said Phil, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the boy.

The youngster that gave Phil the information remonstrated: "let him alone, he is a real decent fellow."

"No sir, the rest of us had to stand it, and he is no better than we are." The others readily acquiesced with this view of the case, and the boy was summoned.

Now the initiation of a new boy, as he was technically termed, consisted in making him the victim of sundry practical jokes that had been handed down, in their original purity, from one generation of boys to another, and, as a consequence, were only available in the case of a new comer. In some instances once was sufficient to put a boy on his guard; in others, it took two or three; occasionally, indeed, there was one that never learned by experience, and always fell readily into a trap, but these were stock characters, and were never used except when the usual supply of raw material had been cut off. Leading the blind-horse to water was the favorite, and in this case was the one decided on.

"I say! what's your name?" queried Phil, as spokesman for the rest, when the new comer had joined them.

"Walter Beltram," he replied quietly, looking straight at his questioner.

"D'ye play base?"

"I can try," carelessly.

"Take a hand, then; he'll be on your side Cloudy;" then turning to Beltram, he added, "it's our innings, you'll have to field."

"All right, where will I go?"

"He'll show you," pointing to McLeod.

The game had gone on for some time, when Phil suddenly exclaimed: "I vote we stop this; I am getting tired."

"Show us our hand out; show us our hand out; your side has had your innings," shouted the others.

"Yes Phil, do what's fair, we've had our innings," said the pitcher on Phil's side.

"All right, will you have some fun afterwards?" This was promised, so the game was completed to the satisfaction of all parties.

"Now!" exclaimed a half dozen eager questioning voices, "what's next?"

"Blind horse?" said Phil inquiringly.

This was unanimously agreed upon.

"Who is to be first horse?"

"I will, I, I, I," said a lot of eager voices.

But McLeod spoke: "don't make such a row, let Phil be the first, Hammond next, then, what's your name? Beltram; Beltram next, then me, and so on."

"All right, that will do, go ahead."

Beltram looked suspiciously on this arrangement; he thought it was something unusual for boys to be so thoughtful of a new comer; but, as no further notice was taken of him while the arrangements were being made, his doubts were lulled.

"He is a precious cool one," whispered Phil to McLeod, alluding to Beltram, "so have everything straight."

"Now!" said McLeod, "old Butler's door is the stable, and Phil is first horse."

Old Butler, as he was irreverently termed by the boys, was a wealthy old bachelor, and one of the crustiest of his species; he had been the means of bringing the policemen down on the boys times without number, and was therefore considered fair game.

"And," continued McLeod, putting up a stick on the edge of the field directly opposite the door mentioned, "this is the water."

The apparent idea of all this was, that the boy who was horse was to be blindfolded in the stable, his hands tied behind him, and then allowed to go to the spring or stick, which was of convenient height, take a piece of paper off the top with his mouth and return to the stable, the object was to do this the first time, and only a limited number of trials were allowed; the real object developed itself when the new boy took his place as horse.

Phil took his place, his hands tied, eyes covered, and started off to find the water; the first time was very close, the second he picked his way carefully and deliberately across the street, secured the paper and returned triumphant.

Next was Hammond's turn, but he failed ignominiously in every attempt.

Beltram was the next. He would have declined the honor, but it would look churlish; so, taking his place with some misgivings, he was blindfolded and his hands tied, only this time a long cord was substituted, and one end tied firmly to the bell-handle of Mr. Butler's door.

"Are you all ready," said Phil, taking Beltram by the shoulders and squaring him so he faced the stick fairly; "you are just facing it," he added, stepping aside. "Now go ahead."

Beltram stepped boldly out, with his head up, and going

straight ahead, but he had not taken more than a dozen steps before, with a jerk, he was brought up standing. The bell-handle flew out as though it would part company with the retaining wire, and the bell clattered and jingled at a furious rate. Understanding his position at once, and knowing that any explanation he could offer would be futile, he made a vigorous effort and succeeded in freeing his hands, then tearing the bandage from his eyes he started off at full speed, mentally resolving to settle accounts with his tormentors the first opportunity, not one of them being in view then.

He was not a bit too soon, as the door was opened by a servant, followed by the old gentleman, as he was turning the corner.

The other boys, from their position behind a fence across the field, could see the old bachelor examining the cord that remained fastened to the bell-handle, then look up and down the street and shake his head threateningly. This bell had not been rung with so mnch vigor for many a day. Finding no one to vent his anger upon he went in, and the house resumed its ordinary appearance.

The boys soon returned to their amusements, dropping along by twos and threes from different directions so as not to excite suspicion that they were implicated in the transaction; they had all been together for some little time and were relating for the benefit of one or two, who were not there at the time, all the particulars of the joke, when Beltram came in sight.

"Shut up! there he is now," said one in a warning voice, turning to look in an opposite direction at the same time.

"The Guards go down to Winder to day, to camp out," said Phil, speaking rapidly and trying to look unconcerned.

The rest, taking their cue from this, were speedily discussing the qualities of this particular company of Volunteers, and what fun it would be to go down with them and see the sham-fight, which was to come off on Saturday, before the camp broke up.

"He'll be for fighting some one, see how savage he looks," whispered one of the group, as Beltram came striding towards them straight as an arrow.

"I won't fight unless he hits me," replied Phil.

"Nor me," added McLeod.

"I say!" exclaimed Beltram as he came up, "you're a scaly lot of beggars to serve a stranger that way, and," he continued, look-

ing defiantly at McLeod and Phil, "if you don't like that, why take it up, I'm not afraid of any of you."

Phil felt the hot blood mount to his forehead as the gauntlet was thus thrown down, but checked himself. It was a new experience for him not to accept a challenge from one of his own age and weight. "Don't get so cocky," he replied as quickly as he could, "it was only some fun, all the fellows have to put up with it when they first come out, sometimes a good deal worse than that."

"That's so," testified several voices; "you ought to have seen the row Hammond here got into; your's was nothing."

"We don't fight for such things here," continued Phil, observing that Beltram still looked only half satisfied, but if you want a row, I dare say there will be something to fight about before you're here long; then we can have it out."

Beltram stared, then smiled. Phil's solution of the difficulty was to him decidedly novel.

Just then the dull thud of a bass-drum broke on the air, followed by the clear notes of a cornet.

"There's the band, boys!" exclaimed little Winters, hopping around in a state of intense excitement, "let's go over."

What boy can withstand the fascinating strains of martial music? and these were no exception to the rule, so the whole group were soon in motion, scurrying across the field and up the street to meet the volunteers, who were on their way to the camp at Winder. The squabble was altogether forgotten in the prospect of a tramp with the soldiers.

"Sposin we go down?" suggested McLeod, as they were trudging alongside; "they're going to march all the way."

Phil looked a little doubtfully at this proposal. He thought a moment, and then said, looking hard at his companion, in a preoccupied way, "sposin we do."

But McLeod became alarmed at his own suggestion, and objected: "it's too far."

"Well, what did you say anything about it for? How far is it?"

"Fifteen miles, too far for us to walk, we ain't big enough."

"Pooh!" grunted Phil, his desire to go increasing in a corresponding ratio with McLeod's objections. "I guess we're as big

as him," pointing to the smallest of the two buglers that belonged to the Company, "and can walk as far too."

This was a clincher, and the two walked along in silence for a few minutes.

"Are you going?" said Phil, returning to the charge again: "fifteen miles ain't much."

"Isn't it though; by the time you get there you'll begin to think it is; no sir, you don't get me to go," and McLeod shook his head decisively.

"Well, you're a queer one—ask a fellow to go, then back out that way."

"I didn't ask you, only said, suppose we go."

"Well, what's the difference, snorted Phil, contemptuously," it all means the same; will you come as far as Merton's then? that's only a mile beyond the bridge, you're not too delicate to walk a mile or two, I hope."

"All right, I'll go that far, got any cents to pay your toll?"

"Yes, but I'm not going to pay it though, run it, that's the fun, that is, if we can get a good crowd to go with us; you go ahead and I will see what the fellows say," and Phil turned back to see if he could get the boys to come to his views.

The boys were tramping along by twos to the music of the band, when Phil turned back from his place at the head of the string.

"See here boys!" he exclaimed, in a loud whisper, "what do you say to going over to Merton's?"

There was a general examination of pockets at this, to see if the requisite number of cents were available to pay toll.

"Hold on a minute," he continued, dropping back to the rear of the company, and beckoning as he did so.

"We don't want any tin," he went on, as they assembled about him out of earshot, "let us run it;" and he looked inquiringly from one to the other.

This proposition was received in silence by most of the group; they did not mind going over, but getting back usually proved troublesome, as the old man was prepared for them; they said as much, all but one or two, bolder than the rest, who broke in impatiently with "Oh come along! let us stick together and we can lick old Pimple if he catches one of us."

"Of course, said Winks, sarcastically, lick old Pimple, and then have the Bobbies after us, O yes! but I'm not one though."

"Well who asked you," growled Phil, "nobody ever expects you to go anywhere, we know what you are; better wait till you're asked next time;" and he proceeded to detail the plan of operation to the others, "you see when the volunteers march past the toll house, Barney can't be on both sides of the bridge at once, can he?" This was readily admitted by all as evident; "well then we will keep on the opposite side, that's easy enough."

"Yes, but he can cut between the men when he sees us," objected the irrepressible boy that was sarcastic.

"Look here! old sober sides, as long as you're not going just shut up will you? it does not make any difference to you what he does."

"Will I shut up?" replied Winks defiantly, "not unless I please; do you understand that?"

"It seems to me you're always rowing with some one," interposed McLeod, turning to Phil, "you're getting too cocky, do you know that; that sort of thing won't suit. Who is going over?" he added, turning towards the rest.

"Hold on, now," he said, as Phil began to grumble, "it's no use talking here."

"Well, what business has he got to bother about it as long as it don't interfere with him? If he was going over I wouldn't mind, but don't you see he said he wasn't."

"Don't be a fool, he has got a right to say what he thinks."

All but five out of twenty odd signified their willingness to go; those who preferred remaining were Beltram, Winks, and three little fellows.

By this time the volunteers and their juvenile followers had nearly reached the farther extremity of the bridge, where the toll-house was situated.

"Now boys," said McLeod, who had assumed the direction of affairs while Phil's sulky fit lasted, "let us keep on the opposite side; Phil and Hammond and I will go ahead, and if he tries to stop us, we'll rush and you follow, do you understand?"

"All right, we know," replied several, "go ahead."

The three leaders, followed by the other boys, took up their places, keeping the volunteers between them and what would probably be the toll-keeper's position; but they had reckoned without their host, as he observed them, and readily divined their intentions, from past experience. Standing conspicuously in front

of the toll-house, so that they could plainly see him, he waited until the leading files of the company had passed him, then, as Winks had elegantly expressed it, "cut in between the men," and just as they thought they were safely through, there was Barney, standing like an avenging spirit, brandishing the omnipresent stick in a manner that threatened to dislocate both arms, one moving in sympathy with the other, as he hopped about.

"Put your hands in your pockets as if you were going to get some money," whispered Phil hastily, and, suiting the action to the word, "be ready for a rush."

"Look here!" exclaimed Barney, as they approached, "none ov yer antics now, but be off wid yez and be dacent. No, no ye don't," he continued, as Phil and McLeod approached him, looking suspiciously confidential, "I know yer thricks."

"What are you talking about?" replied Phil, looking indignant. "I guess we are going over this bridge if we want to; you can't stop us;" without waiting for a reply, "change a quarter," and he plunged one hand viciously into his trouser's pocket, and jingled some keys and two or three brass buttons at a furious rate; withdrawing his hand he exclaimed, "now!" and before Barney had time to flourish his stick to any advantage, the youngsters had hustled him over, speechless with indignation, and utterly incapable of preventing their rapid rush past him, as he sat where he had been tumbled, swearing like a trooper, in a voice indistinct from passion.

"Oh ye bla'gards! ye thafes!" he shouted, jumping up and capering about furiously, "I'll break every bone in yer bodies, ye scalliwags!"

The volunteers fairly shouted at Barney's discomfiture; the old fellow got almost frantic at this, and turned his attention to them. "Who are yez that the like ov yez should be laffin at a dacent man? You sogers! Bah!" and he grunted out his contempt for their claims to this title. "Counter-hoppers, and till-pickers and sich," he yelled, as they kept on. "You charge! begorra the only way yez can charge is wid a pen, an' if ye could do as much damage wid the bagginet as ye cud wid that, there'd be no stannin' yez sure?" Contented with having delivered this parting shot, even if the range was long, Barney strutted back to his duties, utterly deaf to the chaff the volunteers sent back.

"Be jakers," he said to himself after he was seated in his place,

"but I'll skelp them rips whin they comes back; there's that one they calls Cloudy, and the Widdy Blair's son, the divils, them's the ones." Barney did not know any of the rest, at least did not know who helped to upset him, so he vented his spleen by meditating how he could best get hold of these two in particular, and mentally loading them with hard names.

"How much farther are we going?" queried one of the group. This was put as a general question for any one to answer. "It's more than a mile from the bridge now, I know; that it is," assented several. As long as the music lasted it was rather pleasant than otherwise, marching along in the sunshine, but when that ceased it became slightly monotonous, and long walks not being an article of which boys are particularly fond, that is for themselves, the majority could not appreciate the beauty of going farther.

"Come on all the way Cloudy, that's a good fellow," said Phil, "we'll have a bully time, why there'll be more'n five thousand of the volunteers there, the greatest turnout yet."

But McLeod only smiled incredulously at his companion's extravagant estimate of the number to be in camp.

"You can laugh, but there is going to be an awful slew, I know that; will you come, say?"

"What will the fellows say if we let them go back without us?"

"What can they say?"

"Why, that if it hadn't been for us they would not have come, and that we ought to go back with them."

This was a new view of the case; "you're right," replied Phil, shaking his head thoughtfully, "I never thought of that. I'll tell you what, though," he added, brightening up, "they can pay going back, then he can't bother them; and if any fellow hasn't got the cents I can give him some, it's only two cents apiece;" and Phil thrust a hand deep into his pocket, fishing out some keys, a bunch of string and a knife; another trial brought to light sundry buttons and a solitary cent, after transferring all these articles to another pocket, the cent excepted, he made another attempt, this time with more success. "I knew I had some," he said exultingly, counting them over, "there's ten, I guess that will be enough."

"Shall I tell 'em we're going all the way?"

But McLeod shook his head, "I don't think; there is no one

there that we know, and all the money we have between us is only fifty cents."

"I've got a yorker," interrupted Phil, "besides the ten cents."

"Well, what's that, sixty-two-and-a-half cents."

"It's plenty, and besides haven't I got an aunt down there where we can stay, she often asked me to come down and bring a friend." He also drew extensively on his imagination for a description of the town, which was necessary, as he had never been there.

"We can have a jolly time, she is a splendid woman, not a bit stiff, and likes boys," he continued enthusiastically, but his eyes twinkled.

"What street does she live on?" said McLeod, looking doubtfully at Phil. He had some misgivings as to the accuracy of his statement, the more so as he had had some experience in the other's powers of imagination.

But Phil was ready, and gave him the name of the street, also describing the house with a minuteness that would have excited suspicion in an older head, but it apparently satisfied McLeod, as he reluctantly consented to go.

"I say boys! Cloudy and I are going all the way to Winder," said Phil, the moment the former had indicated his readiness to do so.

"That's shabby!" exclaimed Hammond, promptly, "after getting the fellows to come this far to back out about going back. I don't care for myself," he continued, "because I can pay my toll, but I know some haven't got a cent with them."

"That's all right then," said Phil, eagerly, "that is just what I was going to say that you could pay, and if any haven't got the money why I'll give it to them." But this only seemed to half-satisfy the others; "you got us to come," they grumbled."

"All right," said Phil, "I'd like to go down, but as long as you are so stiff about it I suppose I'll have to go back; come on Cloudy," and he turned about angrily.

"Let him go if he wants to, what difference does it make," said one after a moment's silence, "he will begin to think that we can't do without him."

By this time the two boys were some distance on their way towards home; Hammond therefore shouted after them to come back; at first they did not seem inclined to do this, but finally

the desire to go on proved too strong for their sense of wounded dignity, and they rapidly retraced their steps.

"It's all right," said Hammond, "as long as there is money enough to pay the toll, so cut on ahead and we will get back."

"You don't think it mean?" said Phil.

"No! no! go along or the Company will be out of sight."

"Here Ned," and Phil hastily thrust the cents into Hammond's hand, "give these to the fellows that haven't any. I hope there are enough," and the two boys turned and scurried on after their military friends, whom they soon overtook.

For a time they strode along sturdily, but, like a couple of diminutive Shetland ponies among a squadron of cavalry horses, at a manifest disadvantage among the men; who soon noticed them keeping on after the others had turned back.

"Did you notice those youngsters coming along with us, Tom?" queried one of the bandsmen of the drum-major, as they were marching at ease.

"No I did not; why, who are they?"

"One is a nephew of Morel's, the other is McLeod's, the hardware man's son; a precious pair of scamps. I'll warrant they have run away from home to follow us. There is never a bit of mischief among the youngsters but they are at the bottom, either one or the other."

"What Morel is that, the lawyer?"

"Yes."

"That must be Dr. Blair's son, then; I know him by sight. I fancy he knows me as well, but where are they? I must see where they are going."

"There you go again," replied the other, "you're too good-natured by half. I do believe you would consider yourself a veritable monster if those two young rascals should come to grief after you had a chance to help them; let them get along the best way they can. If they go without a supper it will serve them right."

But the good-natured giant only laughed at this. When he laughed it was never loud, but a sort of subterraneous chuckle that resembled an earthquake, as it shook him all over, but the resemblance ceased there, for it never could, by any possibility, hurt any one.

"You're too hard, Aleck," he replied, "if they were my boys I

should be only too well pleased to know that any one had taken the trouble to look after them; even, supposing they ran away, which we have no right to do at present, they are a plucky pair if they intend to walk all the way down, but I must have a look for them," and he turned on his heel to carry his resolution into effect.

"There he goes," ruminated Aleck; "one of the best fellows in the world, with a body like a young lion, and tender-hearted as a woman."

The drum-major was an exceedingly big man; he was more than that, he was enormous, and his good nature, like his body, was enormous as well, and when he was dressed in all the panoply of war, he wore a huge bear-skin cap that added a foot to his height, and made him look very inspiring indeed; his other article of attire was a baton with a gilt ball on the top; that constituted him a drum-major, and made him magnificent in the eyes of the juvenile admirers of military glory.

He soon discovered Messrs. Blair and McLeod travelling soberly along, as though marching fifteen miles or thereabouts was of every day occurrence with them.

"Well boys," he rumbled out, he could not help that, his softest tone was a juvenile roar, but it was melodious for all that; his smile, however, quite compensated for the voice, it was so cheery.

The boys knew him, and as he approached, Phil said: "Here's big Tom Delwyn coming, look Cloudy, ain't he a stunner?"

Cloudy admitted he was.

"Well boys," said the stunner, as he approached them, "where are you going?"

"Down to Winder," Phil replied boldly, "going down to stay with my aunt and see the fun."

"It's rather a long walk for such little chaps as you, don't you think? Why not take the cars? Surely your mother would hardly let you walk this far?"

"Wouldn't she though? I guess if we chose to walk and save the money to spend when we get there, she wouldn't mind, hey Cloudy?" and Phil looked very wise indeed; besides, she knew the Company was coming, or I think she did, so it's all right." He evidently did not care to be questioned very closely. This Mr. Delwyn observed, and said: "Now you youngsters, you must not think to make me believe such a yarn as this, answer me

truthfully, don't be afraid, but speak out like men. Did you run away or not?"

"No sir," exclaimed Phil indignantly; "of course we didn't, we just come;" "without any one knowing it," interposed the drum-major, and he chuckled and shook till the boys had to laugh and admit that they did come without leave, but they did not run away, no sir.

He then tried to persuade them to return as they were barely four miles from home, but this was no easy task with Phil; McLeod was ready to turn about, as he hardly relished the idea of going from the first, but Phil was determined, so the Major having satisfied his conscience in that direction, took them under his special care.

They were now supremely happy, and strutted off with increased vigor, fully two inches taller in their own estimation, after having made such a gorgeous friend, and in the gratitude of their hearts insisted on carrying the baton by turns, and performing any other little services, for which they were amply repaid by a share of the lunch when the Company halted for that purpose.

(To be continued.)

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## IN MEMORIAM.

A SCORE of years have dropped into the past,
Since, in your home, a life was given for your's—
In summer, when the sunshine lazily
Dipped in the brooks, and to the distant hills
Gave crown of glory on their August green!
It was on Sunday, in the early dawn,
That anxious watchers through long hours of pain
Heard the glad news, from out a shadowed room,
"A son is born—and so far—all is well!"
Our hearts gave forth the music of relief
And thankfulness. But through the after days
Fear followed hope—the burden of suspense
Crushed out our joy; your eyes had seen the light
One little week, when with the noonday came
The dull, chill touch of Death! Its seal was laid

Upon your mother's lips,—and in the land
Where all the gentle charities of life
Become eternal in the smile of God
She stood a Saint, because a woman pure!
If sweet unselfishness and patient love,
Transparent truth and heart all sanctified
By love of Him she knew and served so well
Can make humanity like our's divine,
She has her rest within the Master's home!
On us the blow fell sharp and suddenly,
And for a time we cowered as blind and stunned.
She had the light—but our's a strange eclipse
Of faith and happiness—for she had filled,
In her sweet, quiet way, our inmost hearts.
You slept unconscious of your cruel loss,
And day by day as in your eyes and smile
We saw your mother's face, our hearts went out
Empty and sore to love you for her sake.
A shadow always seemed about your life,
I know not why—but from your baby days
To me a prescience was of coming doom.
You had life's dower of health, and wealth, and ease,
Love without stint, such discipline and guard,
That *we*, more tender-hearted, if less wise,
Half quarrelled with the love that watched so well.
Your father held you dear as life itself—
A dower of memory and star of hope!
So in the struggle to present you pure
Before your angel mother once again,
He cultured too severely the young soil,
And made it weak, instead of strong to bear.
I would not blame his great untiring love,
What seemed to him his duty was well done,
At any cost of pain unto himself,
But he was strong, and you were weak of soul,
And so the shadow brooded o'er your life.
Boyhood and youth stole quietly away,
Life stretched in promise fair before your eyes,
And childish things with childhood passed away!
It seemed as if it rested with yourself

To win and wear the brave, best things of life,
Fortune had placed your feet upon her steps,
And bade you enter where so many end.

Not in the midnight—not without a sound,
From the grim sentinel your summons came.
Slowly and quietly you yielded up
Your strength to weakness—weary months of pain,
Crushed out the light of earth, and all its joy—
And in the place of strength there came to you
Such gentle patience, such endurance meek
As only comes from baptism of fire.
The moments melted sweetly from your grasp,
And you were calm and happy as a child!
Death came so slowly that at last its face
Grew most familiar, and its final touch
Was like a friend's kind hand in welcome given,
And brought us on the day that gave you birth.
In the fresh glorious summer-time you went
From death to life—the infant's soul put off
Its swaddling bands—and what we term the end,
Was the beginning of that life to you
Which comes to all—new born from pain and death.

Standing this side the sea, and looking down
Into your quiet grave, so early filled,
Deploring with wet eyes and aching heart,
All that you might have been and now are not,
Pigmies of dust! this thought essays to rise,
What was your life but failure from the first?
A life went out to give you life, and here,
With only twenty years upon your scroll,
You lie as mute and helpless as the clods—
The blossom has not borne a single fruit.
We looked for restitution for her loss
In length of days for you—and double share
Of life's best deeds—your portion and her own;
And now your crown has fallen—the crown of youth,
And hope and expectation—all lie here!
Pigmies indeed! We put our feeble strength,

Against the Infinite, and strive to guage
His wisdom with the plummet of our will.
What do we know—of life, of death, of God,
Or of eternity? For you—for us—
His wisdom shapes our being to His will.
Death is the crucible that tries the soul,
And with the veil of flesh now laid aside
Your life may grow into the perfect shape
Of full completeness! This is all we know,
As our hot tears fall back upon our hearts,
That we are here, and you are with the dead!

M. J. K. L.

Victoria Road, Halifax, N. S.

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## SARAH BISHOP'S SECRET.

BY CORINNE,

Author of the "Haunted Home," "Love and Hempseed," &c.

WE had been living in our pretty cottage in Cornwall, mamma, my brother and sister and I, nearly fours years, when the Tremaines came back to live in their grand old mansion which had been shut up for a long time.

Of course we had to call on them, so a few weeks after they came we went up in great state. Mamma and Charlotte were not over well pleased at having to perform this duty, for they thought that the Tremaines were proud, stiff people, who would think themselves too grand to be free with us, and dear mamma is such a gentle timid soul that it is easy to put her down; and Charlotte is quick to resent all patronage, and to show people that she is a Leigh, and the Leighs were always a proud family.

But I was wild with delight. I wanted so much to see the Hall, the picture gallery and all the quaint old things and places I had heard about, but never seen. The things that these great people had, and that I had "read of in books and dreamt of in dreams," but which were as far from us, Leighs though we were, as from the commonest labourers' families around us. But then Charlotte would say the knowledge that we were Leighs ought to

console us for the absence of wealth, though it seems to me that is poor consolation.

However, to return to the Tremaines. We found them at the very beginning much pleasanter than we had expected. On our arrival we were shown into a pretty little room opening from the back of the hall, and looking towards the sea, and a few minutes after we were seated, Mrs. Tremaine came in. Such a gentle, delicate looking lady, that mamma was quite dignified and imposing beside her. Not that Mrs. Tremaine was wanting in dignity either, but her manner and looks were so quiet and sweet that the idea of her attempting to patronize us seemed most preposterous. I could see that Charlotte was pleased, especially when Miss Tremaine came in, and after giving us all a pleasant greeting, sat down by her and entered into an animated conversation. I heard her say she was glad we were such near neighbours, and hoped we would become friendly very soon, when the door opened and admitted the strangest looking lady I had ever seen, very tall and graceful, and with beautiful dark eyes and clear brown complexion, she could not have been more than thirty, and her skin was as smooth as a child's, but her hair was as white as silver. I could not help seeing a change come over Mrs. and Miss Tremaine when she entered. They seemed to grow cold and reserved until having been introduced to us as Miss Bishop, she took a rather secluded seat not far from me, and they could dismiss her from their thoughts and resume their conversation with my mother and sister. I sat a little apart from the rest, only receiving a stray remark or question from them once in a while, so I mustered up courage enough to address Miss Bishop. She answered politely enough, but seemed not very encouraging. However, I persevered, and before we left, the ice was broken and we were quite chatty and sociable. She talked very intelligently and with much animation, but I noticed with wonder and a feeling of pain that she never smiled; her beautiful dark eyes seemed to record every change of feeling by their expressive glances, but the muscles of her face were immovable. I was so interested in her that mamma had to speak to me twice before I heard. She was saying that we had made a long visit, and when I turned with a start on hearing her words, I noticed that the two ladies were looking at my companion uneasily. We took our departure hastily, for we had stayed a most unheard of time, and

mamma wanted to call at the parsonage before we went home. We drove briskly down the avenue, but before we reached the lodge, we were met by a gentleman on horseback. He drew aside to let us pass, and raised his hat with such an easy grace that we put him down as something uncommon at once. It was rather different from the heavy manners of the young men of the neighbourhood.

"That is Mr. Tremaine, I suppose," said mamma, after we had passed.

"I didn't know there was a Mr. Tremaine," said Charlotte.

"Yes, there is. Mrs. Tremaine spoke of her son. But who is that lady with the white hair? I didn't hear her name distinctly."

"Miss Bishop," said I. "She is Mrs. Tremaine's cousin from India."

"How do you know, Mary? Did she tell you?" asked Charlotte quickly.

"No, David told me about them."

David was our gardener, and he had worked on the Tremaine estate at one time.

"Well Mary, I think you might have waited to find out for yourself; there is nothing I dislike so much as obtaining information about people from servants."

But "there was nothing she disliked so much," was such a common expression with Charlotte concerning my doings, that I did not quite believe in it, and I felt indignant at her tone, and answered sharply: "Well Charlotte, you need not think me so dishonourable as to try to obtain information that the people themselves would not be perfectly willing to give me." And then I obstinately shut my mouth, determined not to say another word until I was questioned, for I knew that Charlotte's curiosity would soon get the better of her importance. I was right, for just before we reached the parsonage gate she said "Well, what did he say about them?"

"Who?" I asked innocently.

"Why David."

"Oh, you mean about the Tremaines? Why he said that Mrs. Tremaine was a widow, and she had one son and one daughter."

"Well, what else?"

"Let me see. Oh, he said that Mr. Tremaine died fifteen years ago, before Mr. Edgar left school."

"Mr. Edgar? Oh the gentleman we met?"

"Yes, of course. Now, if you interrupt again I won't tell you a word more," said I in great delight, trying to lengthen out my story as much as possible to keep Charlotte's agony on the stretch, "and they went away from here ten years ago to go out to India, and they have been travelling about ever since."

"But is that all? Didn't he tell you what they went to India for, or anything about Miss Bishop?"

"Yes he said,—now I wonder if that gate is open or shut, can you see Charlotte? I expect it is shut, just to make me get out and open it. Yes it is. I knew it would be. You hold the reins and I'll get out."

I sprang out and fastened the gate back while Charlotte drove in, and when she and mamma alighted at the door, I finished up with: "He said he had heard that they brought a cousin home with them from India, and that her name was Bishop," and upset all Charlotte's dignity, which was, at least, ten times the usual weight, from the fact that we had been calling at the Hall, and made her frantic to question me further. Poor old Lottie! It was a shame to tease her so, but I couldn't help it. I knew how much she enjoyed a bit of gossip when she could obtain it without compromising her position, and I could easily understand her object in cutting this call so short, while I did my best to make it long, and then to disappoint her after all, for I had nothing more to tell, having had hard work to draw so much out of old David, who was not very communicative.

We soon became very friendly with the Tremaines, and before the summer came it became a common thing for Edgar to ride down in the evening and spend an hour or two with us, and very soon I begun to take riding lessons under his tuition, and we enjoyed many a delightful canter over the moors together. He was fond of drawing too, and of music and flowers, and indeed of everything that I liked, and his manly, easy style, and frank, handsome face, soon won him friends.

I became well acquainted with every corner of the Hall, and spent many days there and nights too, for Mrs. Tremaine and Katie liked to have me with them. There was only one thing about them that did not please me, or that I could not understand; and that was the coldness with which they all treated Miss Bishop, and the efforts they made to keep me from associating freely with her. I was sorry on her account and my own, for she interested

me very much, and I often wondered what the trouble could have been that changed her, she must have been so beautiful before. I dare say some of our neighbours could have enlightened us, but we would not ask of them.

It was a lovely, happy time. Edgar and I soon began to feel something warmer than friendship for each other, and, after a month or two of conscious though outspoken love, he proposed, and we were engaged. How well I remember all the events of that day! He asked me in the morning to go down on the beach with him, and after we had walked up and down in silence for some time, he suddenly put his arm around me, his strong, brave, tender arm, and said, "Mary, isn't it time for us to understand each other?"

I felt as much taken by surprise as if I had not expected this, or something like it, for months past, and did not answer.

"Have I misunderstood you, Mary?" he asked, his voice trembling a little. "Don't you love me?"

"You know, Edgar," I faltered at last.

"Do I know?" he laughed quietly, "but I might be mistaken, so you must tell me."

We had stopped, and he was standing in front of me, with both hands on my shoulders, and I looked up into his laughing brown eyes, and gave him the answer he wanted, and presently he took me home to his mother, and she opened her arms to me and called me her dear daughter, and Katie welcomed me too as heartily as I could desire. But over all this sunshine came a little shadow, when I heard Edgar whisper to his mother, "Does Sarah know?" and she shook her head and said: "No, not yet, we thought it best to wait, we must be careful." And I longed to ask what this secret was that hung over her, but their manner of treating her awed me, and I feared, too, that they would think I was presuming on their love for me and my new position with regard to them, so I waited, but the shadow was fated to deepen.

I soon found that now, instead of meeting Edgar and all of them oftener than before, as I had expected, I saw less of them. One day when Edgar came to take me for a ride on a beautiful pony that he had been training expressly for me, I ventured to ask him the reason of it, and he said: "My love, we have been very anxious about Sarah lately." He was putting me on the pony when he said this, and there was such pity in his tone, and

he looked up at me with so much love in his dear eyes, that I laid my hand on his shoulder and whispered: "Dear Edgar, won't you tell me what it is?"

He withdrew his hand from mine, and mounted his horse, for Charlotte and Willie had come out to see us start, and we rode away, but when we were out in the road, he looked round to make sure that no one was near us, and said in a low voice: "Mary, have you ever heard mother or Katie speak of Sarah's sister Jenny?"

"No, never," I answered in wonder.

There was a long silence, and my heart began to beat painfully, for when I stole a glance at Edgar, I saw that he was pulling his moustache fiercely, as he was in the habit of doing when anything worried him, and I was afraid I had vexed him. Presently he looked at me, and seeing my troubled face, came close to me and taking my hand in his warm clasp, said, "It's a sad story my darling, and one I would rather not tell you now, but you shall hear it sometime."

It was ordered that I should hear it very soon. I went down to the beach the same day after luncheon, and sat down to watch the white-crested waves rolling smoothly in, and to think my own happy thoughts, when to my great surprise I saw Sarah Bishop coming. It was the first time I had seen her since Edgar and I were engaged, and I was startled to see what a change there was in her appearance. She looked haggard and old, and when she sat down by me, her nervous fingers clutched my dress as if she had been frightened at something. I laid my hand on hers, and said kindly, "Why, Sarah, where have you been this long time? I have missed you so much. What has kept you away from me?"

She bent her head close to mine and whispered: "They have kept us apart Mary. They have tried to prevent our seeing each other ever since the time we came here, because they were afraid I should tell you what I know, but I got away from them to-day. Mary, you are going to be married and you ought to know the character of the man you are going to marry."

Her hot fingers clasped mine with a pressure that made me scream, and her eyes seemed almost to burn me with their wild, fierce gaze as her words came pouring out fast and eager. "What do you mean, Sarah?" I faltered, tremblingly. "Do you know how he ruined an innocent girl? Did you ever hear of my sister

Jenny? My only one, a sweet, loving, gentle girl, and he destroyed her, and yet, how I loved him! When he first came to us in India I began to worship him, and I made a vow to myself that I would win him in spite of everything and everyone. I felt as if I could bear eternal misery only to hear one word of love from his lips, or rather I could not believe there ever would be any misery for me in this world or the next if he loved me. But we left India and came to Europe, and when we were in Rome I found that my Jenny was keeping a secret from me, and I soon knew that she was trying to steal away my idol. Think of it, Mary, what it would be to lose Edgar! Think of his sunny eyes and noble face, of his bewitching grace and beauty, but think of him as ten thousand times more attractive than he is now. Now he is a cold, stern man; then he was joyous as the sunlight and beautiful as an angel. But no, you could not imagine it, your cold English hearts are no more capable of developing love, or passion, or imagination, than your climate is of ripening the fruits that grow in our gorgeous, glorious land. We in India can dare and do things that would make your flesh creep only to hear of."

The wild energy of her words is indescribable. The memory of it comes back to me always, accompanied by the sobbing of the waves, and by a strained feeling about my eyes, and a throbbing, burning pain in my head.

She continued: "I bore this agony in silence for weeks, until I found that Jenny was lost and ruined. I heard her one evening in the garden pleading with Edgar to have pity on her, and tell her when this misery might end, and he put her off with excuses. That night I concealed myself in her room, and when she was asleep I sat down by her side and thought of her disgrace, and my misery, and love, and I killed her."

I sprang up in horror, and tried to escape from this dreadful woman, but she held me fast, and went on, with a strange calmness taking the place of her former energy. "I set fire to the bed and watched until it burst into flames, and at the same moment a flame sprang up in my breast which has burned ever since, and will go on burning for ever and ever."

"But why did they let you go unpunished?" I asked. The words seemed to rouse her to fury. "Fool," she exclaimed with flashing eyes, "do you think I let them know I did it? do you think that any one would suspect me? now go and marry Edgar

if you can; now you know how he destroyed us both, Jenny and me."

She held me by the shoulders while she uttered the last words, and then threw me from her violently, and fled away across the sands.

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I turned from the spot and stumbled blindly over the rocks, feeling as if all life was over for me. When I reached the grassy slope above the beach, where Edgar and I had often sat and walked together, I fell down and pressed my cheek against the cold earth. I wished that I had died on one of those bright summer days, when earth and sky had smiled on me alike, but now the autumn had come, and I thought that all light and warmth had died out of my life for ever. When I rose I was conscious of only one desire, and that was to go away as far from the spot as I could that I might not be forced to see Edgar again. I tried not to believe what I had heard against him, but I remembered how they had tried to keep Sarah from conversing with me, and how he had put off the explanation I had asked for, this very day; and with the recollection of the wild eyes of that poor woman that he had driven mad, for mad I felt she must have been when she committed that dreadful deed; and with one hasty glance towards home, I went to the station, and was soon speeding away from the place where I had buried all my hopes, with the intention of going to London and hiding myself there. I was destined to change my plans, however. Late in the night the train stopped at a little station in Devonshire, and a lady got out. She and I had been sole occupants of the carriage for some time, and I raised my head as she passed. She stopped immediately. "My poor child how ill you look!" she exclaimed, when the full light of the lamp fell on my haggard face, "excuse me for taking such a liberty, but may I ask how far you are going?"

"I don't know," I answered, for my mind was so unsettled that I had forgotten my intention of going to London.

"But have you no friends here?" I shook my head.

"Have you forgotten where you were going?"

"Yes," I said, putting my hand to my forehead. "I had forgotten. I think it is here." I think some instinct told me not to lose sight of her, and I stepped out upon the platform, and after standing for a few minutes, trying to think, I walked away into

the dark night. With unsteady steps I stumbled on along a country road, until overcome by weakness and blinded by the darkness I fell by the side of the road, and lost all consciousness. When I opened my eyes again I found myself lying on a settle, in a room full of people. The first my eyes fell upon was the lady who had spoken so kindly to me. She had been alarmed at my look and manner, and accompanied by the man-servant who had come to fetch her from the station, had insisted on looking for me. They found me lying on the roadside, not far from the village, and they had brought me to the inn before they attempted to restore me. She bent forward when I opened my eyes, and said "I am afraid you are ill my child?" I made an effort to answer her sensibly, and managed to say "I am not very well, and I have travelled some distance without eating."

"Your wants shall be attended to directly," she said, kindly, "and if you will tell me where to find your friends, I will go to them and tell them you are here."

I turned away my face from her, and she, laying her hand gently on mine, said with extreme tenderness and delicacy: "Oh, forgive me, I am sorry I have pained you. But," she added after a little thought, "will you stay here to-night and let me see you in the morning?"

I promised to do so readily, and, after speaking apart to a rosy-cheeked, stout person, who was the landlady, she wished me good night, and went away. They were very kind to me, and waited on me very respectfully, and, after eating and drinking the delicate refreshments they brought me, I was shown into a barely furnished, but spotlessly clean bed-room, and laying myself down, I slept heavily all through the rest of the night. Very soon after I rose in the morning, the lady came. She had come early, for she feared that I should go away without seeing her, but there was no need to fear. I was unable to take another step alone. In wandering as far as this from home and from Edgar, I had done my utmost, and I was waiting for some hand to guide me. My night's rest had refreshed me bodily, but the sharpness of my grief was changed to a dull, heavy, weariness of mind.

After a very kind enquiry for my health, the lady said: "I dare say you wonder at the interest I have taken in you, my child, as you are a complete stranger to me, but I could see by your manner last night that you were a lady, and I thought you were

unused to travelling. And then, when I saw your face, it needed no second glance to perceive that you were in trouble. Will you tell me who you are and where your home is?"

I hesitated, and she added after a pause: "Perhaps I ought to set you an example. Well, I have no objection to your knowing. My name is Margaret Russel, and I live in Derbyshire."

"My name is Mary ——."

"Have you any particular reason for not telling me?" she asked, showing a little surprised displeasure at my hesitation.

"No," I said. "I will tell you; my name is Mary Leigh, but if you please, Mrs. Russel—"

"*Miss* Russel, my dear."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Russel. I would rather not tell you where my home was."

"Why do you say 'was'?"

"I will tell you the truth," I said, raising my heavy eyes to her's. "I have left my home because of the unworthiness of the man I loved. I can never marry him knowing what I do, and I dared not run the risk of seeing him, for he would win me from my resolution in some way or other. I came away because I know he will persuade mamma to believe in him still, as he would have persuaded me if I had stayed. Don't ask me to tell you his name, for I love him so that I cannot bear to expose him to any one. Oh, how I love him! Oh, God pity me." I burst into tears for the first time since I heard that dreadful story, and wept passionately.

Miss Russel came and sat by me, and tried to soothe me with her tender and comforting words: "God *does* pity you my child," she said gently, when I grew calmer. "Of that you may be sure, and He will make a way for you out of this dreadful trouble in His own time. I can speak confidently from my own experience, for I have been in deep sorrow and despair, and I have been brought out of it into such great peace. But now, tell me what you intend to do. What are your plans for the future?"

"I intended to go to London," I answered.

"My poor girl, what would you do in London?" she said, pityingly.

"I do not know."

"But surely you must have had some definite purpose in going there?"

"Yes," I said, feeling ashamed of listlessness, "I intended to try and get a situation in a school or somewhere."

"Miss Leigh," said my friend after a thoughtful silence, "I have a proposal to make to you. London is no place for a young girl like you, and you must give up the idea of going there, but instead of that will you come home with me. I am visiting in the village for a few days, and then I shall return to my own and my brother's home in Derbyshire, and if you would as willingly be a companion as a teacher, there is plenty of room for you there. Will you come?"

I burst into tears again, touched by this kindness, and taking Miss Russel's hand, kissed it fervently in answer.

"You will come?" she said, "very well then. Your first duty will be to write to your mother to let her know you are safe and not uncared for, and we will post the letter on our way. You see, my child, I respect your secret, only I must have your mother's mind relieved as soon as possible. But, before you put yourself under my care, you would like to know something about me. I am not going to ask you to take me on trust, but I have visited the village many times, and am very well known here, so you can make enquiries about me of any one," she said, smiling at me kindly. I assured her that I was not afraid, her kindness to me was sufficient to make me trust her entirely; besides that, I had noticed the night before that the people here had spoken to her with the greatest respect, so it was decided then and there that I should remain where I was until her visit came to an end, and a few days later we were on our way to my new home. Miss Russel had shortened her visit on my account, at least I suspected so, and my letter to mamma was sent on the fourth day from my leaving home. I only asked her to forgive me for leaving her as I did, and begged her not to be uneasy, or to try to find me, for I was well and in good hands.

I was, indeed, in good hands. Miss Russel and her brother bestowed the tenderest care upon me, and I was soon "our little Mary" to both of them. They lived in a beautiful house, quite in the country, and the gardens became a great delight to me, though I often longed for the sea. Mr. Russel was a good many years younger than his sister, but he looked like one who had seen very heavy trouble, much heavier than ordinary, and there was an air of seriousness about the household, of subdued and chastened

peace, that suited me well in my stricken state. The affection that existed between brother and sister was something above the common. Some past experience had evidently knit them very closely together, and they seemed to have no separate interests, and no divided joys or hopes. I soon had an opportunity of showing my gratitude to them for their tenderness to me, for Miss Russel was taken ill late in the fall, and was ill all through the winter. Then I tried to fill her place in the house, and to give her loving and gentle care as well. The last was easy, but in the first I knew that I failed every day. I faithfully did my best, however, and that was accepted by them as if it had been ten times better. It was well for me that I had so much to fill up my time, for I was very miserable. Sometimes I tried to believe that I was forgetting, but it was all in vain. Who that had known Edgar could forget? It was not one but a thousand ties that bound my heart to him. Sometimes, when I seemed not to be thinking of him at all, his face would appear to me suddenly; his eyes, that had always seemed to me formed for nothing but to catch and reflect the sunbeams, filled with a sorrowful reproach. And then, at other times, when there was nothing to recall him to my mind, his voice would sound in my ear. Sometimes it uttered but a single word, and then died away, but that was sufficient to bring back the sick-longing to die that I had felt when I first realized my misery. I think if this state of things had continued much longer, I should have given up and gone back to him in spite of all, but it was not to come to that.

When the spring came Miss Russel began to get stronger, and before long she was able to take her place with us down-stairs again. Then I tried to retire from the active part I had taken, and bury myself in silence and obscurity again, but they would not allow it. I was expected to have a voice in every domestic consultation, to give an opinion about everything that took place; and a warmer, more outspoken affection was shown me than before. This continued until May, and then one morning Mr. Russel sent for me to come to him in the library, and when I obeyed the summons he asked if I could spare him a few minutes, as he had something to say to me. I answered by laying down the little basket I was just taking to get flowers in, and throwing my hat aside with it, and then seated myself. Something in Mr. Russel's manner, and his earnest look, made me feel nervous, and

seeing that, he smiled and said: "You need not be afraid of me, Mary. Sit down here and I'll tell you why I sent for you," and he placed me in the corner of the wide old-fashioned sofa, and sitting beside me took one of my hands in his.

"Mary," he said after a long, and to me very uncomfortable silence, "we have been talking a good deal about you lately, Margaret and I. You have won both our hearts, and made us love you very much by your unselfish devotion this winter, and we want to keep you here always. I want you to feel that this is home, and—dear Mary, will you be my wife?"

I gave one quick look up into his face, for I could scarcely believe my ears, and he added: "I do not expect you to give me much love at first, Mary, but I think that we might comfort each other, for I have many regrets as well as you, my first warm, deep affection is with a dead love, and your's is with an unworthy one. I want to have a right to comfort you, and win you by degrees from the sad memory of the past."

I turned away my face quickly, and tried to choke back the wild grief that was almost beyond my power to control. It was not a year since Edgar had asked me to be *his* wife, and now to be addressed by another, and on the plea of *his* unworthiness too. Oh, it was dreadful to me. I held my breath, and clenched my hand tight until I felt that I could restrain it, for I was ashamed to let Mr. Russel see now how much he had hurt me. He pressed the hand that rested in his, and said softly, "I am afraid I have troubled you, Mary, when my only desire was to give you a chance of peace. The only remedy for sorrow like your's is in forgetting, and I thought that I might help you to forget. Will you think of it my child?"

"Yes," I said tremblingly, and then he let me go. I had several days to think the matter over in, and I faithfully studied my own heart before I arrived at a decision. Could I sin against my own heart by uttering false vows? I asked myself. But then they would not be false in one sense; I was not deceiving the man who wished to marry me. He knew all, and he would not expect love from me, at least not such love as a wife ought to give her husband, to be really happy with him. Still, could it be right to marry him, loving another, and that other living? It was a strong temptation to me. Yes it was, for I felt so hopeless that I thought Mr. Russel was right in saying the only remedy for

sorrow like mine was in forgetting, and I wanted to feel the care and protection, yes and the authority, too, of some one stronger than myself. The conflict was almost more than I could bear, and on the morning of the day when I was to give my answer, when I went down stairs, I was pale and trembling, but my mind was made up. I was going to give my life into Herbert Russel's keeping. I hesitated at the breakfast-room door, for it was late, and I knew that he and his sister were both there, but after a struggle with my feelings, opened it as quietly as I could, and went in. He rose to speak to me and place my chair, and he held my hand in his longer than usual, the while his eyes lingered on my white, downcast face. I felt that he read my decision there by the little pressure of my hand before he released it, and I sat down to breakfast with very little appetite indeed.

After prayers were over we sat a little while in silence, and then he rose, and drawing my hand through his arm, took me away to the library.

"Mary," he said, when he had closed the door, "I think perhaps it would be better for me to tell you a little of my life history, before you give me your answer."

I was glad of anything that promised me a little respite now, so it was with a feeling of relief that I prepared to listen to his story.

"I must go as far back as my school-days," he began, "to show you what led to the events I am going to describe to you. When I was quite young I began to develop great powers of oratory; even at school I could draw tears from the eyes of my companions by my rude attempts at speech-making. My talent became well known, and every one thought it a splendid thing and congratulated me; every one but Margaret. She was afraid for me, and tried to persuade me not to think too much of this gift, for fear I should be carried away by my own expressive gestures and well-turned sentences, to forget sober sense, and truth and justice. If I had paid more attention to her earnest cautions it would have saved me and others much misery. But I had a friend whose influence was stronger than hers, and by him I was encouraged continually to persevere in my studies and cultivation of voice and manner. I never suspected his reason for this until I travelled with him after my education was complete, and when we were in Rome he discovered it to me. It had been his wish more than

mine to visit Italy, and when we had been in Rome some weeks he told me that he had joined the Roman Catholic Church, and plainly expressed his wish for me to follow him. I did follow him, not immediately, but by slow degrees, and when the step was once taken my enthusiasm began to rise. I thought I saw the purpose for which I was born a speaker, and I entered with all my heart and soul into the wish of those who now took possession of me that I should put forth all my powers for the cause they belonged to. I was willing to give up everything, the ties of nature, the habits of youth, and all the hopes I had indulged of an earthly future, for this. I had achieved many successes already in public speaking, I had carried away my audience by my eloquence, but now I went entirely beyond that, and carried myself away. I often forgot everything else in the visions that my own words and thoughts conjured up. But I must not dwell longer on this part of my story, Mary. I have told you my dream, but it is the sad awakening that I want to tell. Eight years ago, after I had been several years in Rome, and when I was just twenty-six, you look surprised, Mary, and I don't wonder at it, but I am only thirty-four, it is not years but sorrow that has made me old. Well, eight years ago, I made the acquaintance of a young lady, and, in short, Mary, I soon learned to love her. She and her sister, with some cousins, were staying in Rome. She was the younger of the two, and was a gentle, sweet girl of nineteen or twenty. The elder sister was one of those magnificent women one meets with perhaps once in a life time, a haughty, queenly beauty, as proud as she was beautiful. I admired her very much, but I loved the gentle little sister. My vows and resolutions were all cast to the winds. I told my love and she returned it, but for my sake kept it a secret even from her friends; but I was too closely watched. It was soon discovered by the Superior of the Order I belonged to, and I was suddenly and secretly removed from Rome, and placed in close confinement in some place hitherto unknown to me. Mary, before I escaped from that prison my darling had ceased to suffer for me. She was dead." He stopped suddenly and covered his eyes with his hand, and I saw his lips grow white, as he compressed them tightly to stay the quivering of them. "I went back to Rome," he contiuued after a minute or two, "as soon as I regained my liberty, and they told me that she was dead, that her sister was in a private asylum for the insane, and her cousins

were in Germany. I went to them and learned the manner of her death. It had been said that she destroyed herself, but I knew better, and they never believed it. I heard it from her cousin's son, a youth about her own age. She had confided in him after my disappearance, and he had tried to find me, but all in vain. She met him in the garden on his return, and besought him to end her misery and not deceive her, and when he could tell her nothing she left him and wandered about the garden alone until a late hour. She went into the house at last and up to her own room. There was a cup on the table, she thought there was water in it, she was faint and sick with sorrow, and she took it up to drink. Oh Mary!" His arms fell straight across the table and his head dropped forward. I crept to his side and touched his shoulder. He raised his head again. "Was it poison?" I whispered, for something within me made me long to hear the rest. "It was a powerful acid that one of the maids had been using and left there, and it killed her almost instantly. Her sister came in just in time to see her drop down struggling and fighting for breath, and the shock of seeing her die in such a manner deprived her of reason."

There was another silence that I dared not break, but presently he went on in a calmer tone: "For some years after that I wandered about 'seeking rest and finding none.' From being a fanatic I became an infidel, and it was Margaret's prayers and influences that brought me back at last to the true faith. But, Mary, I cannot forget."

"What was her name?" I asked, after a little while, still standing by his side.

I have often recalled since how his voice lingered on the first word, but all I heard then was the words "Jenny Bishop."

* * * * * * * * * *

The next thing I heard was, "she fell right down at my feet, Margaret. I had not even time to catch her in my arms," and then I felt a soft cool hand on my forehead, I lay still with closed eyes until my recollection fully returned. Then opening them suddenly I looked up at Herbert.

"Was the sister's name Sarah?" I asked. "Yes," he answered looking at me in wonder, "and the cousin was Edgar Tremaine?"

"Yes, my dear, but why do you ask?"

My only answer was a burst of tears. I did not understand it

yet, but I felt that all my sorrow was gone, passed away like a summer shower. When I could control my tears, I whispered a few words to my friends, sufficient to let them understand the matter, and while I was speaking I felt Herbert's hand withdrawing itself from mine. I held it fast, and raising my eyes to his face motioned him to bend down. "Can you forgive me?" I whispered. He laid his hand on my head and kissed me, "I can my dear, and say God bless you, and I want your forgiveness, Mary, as much as you do mine." And then when he went away I knew he was going to write to Edgar.

I was too weak to move, so I lay there on the sofa all day, and at night Herbert carried me up-stairs, and Margaret put me to bed like a child. I seemed to have been asleep a few minutes, just long enough to dream of Edgar, when I opened my eyes and found mamma sitting beside me. She had been there two days, she told me, when I had got over the joy of seeing her, and I had been asleep all the time. They had given me something to make me sleep, because I was weak, and they were afraid I should get into a fever with waiting for news from home.

"My darling, why did you go away?" asked mamma, when we were calm and quiet again.

"Oh mamma, Sarah —"

"Oh yes, I know my dear, poor Sarah was mad, but you should have known Edgar better." Presently she told me after I left them, about how they had been so occupied in looking for Sarah, who wandered far away after leaving me; that they had not missed me for hours, and when they did, the first dreadful thought that suggested itself to them was that Sarah had pushed me into the sea. She told me, too, that they had tried to keep us apart because my affection excited her and made her worse, and they never told me of her affliction, because she begged them not to, if it were possible to avoid it, for she had grown as fond of me as I was of her.

But mamma did not tell me how ill she had been herself while I was away, nor how Edgar had searched for me, and had grown thin, and white, and sad. I longed so much to ask her something more about him, but I was afraid to. Oh, would he be able to forgive me? I wondered. When mamma was wishing me good night, she saw that I looked wistfully at her, and asked me tenderly what was the matter, but I only kissed her again and

said "good night, mamma," and she left me. As she went out I heard a step on the stairs, and some one whispering to her outside, and twice after that the same step, in passing, lingered at my door. I fancied I knew it, but chiding myself for being fanciful, I went to sleep. When I awoke in the morning the beautiful May sunshine was flooding my room with light. My window faced the east, and springing up to look at the sun, I found it was still early. I dressed hastily, with trembling fingers, wondering all the time if it could be real, and longing to rush into mamma's room and see if it was her own dear face that I had seen the night before, and not a dream. Just as I stepped out into the passage to go to her, I heard the glass door at the foot of the stairs leading out into the little garden, shut, and then footsteps coming up. A fit of trembling came over me at the sound of them, and I stood with the handle of the door in my hand, and counted the steps as they ascended. There was a little pause at the top by the bay window, and then I heard them coming nearer, and just when I could not have stood a minute longer, Edgar turned the corner and caught me in his arms. Did he forgive me? Was there any reproach? Not from his lips, not in the clasp of his arms. But when I ventured a glance up into the dear face, the lines of sorrow and the sunken cheeks reproached me bitterly. While I looked, a smile parted his lips and brought back a flash of brightness to his eyes. I threw my arms round his neck and whispered, "Forgive me, Edgar," and he clasped me closer to his heart, and with his kisses and words of love, chased away all my sorrow and doubt. We were a happy party at breakfast that morning. Edgar sat beside me, and I had nothing more to wish for. It was hard at first for me to meet Herbert's eye, but when I found that he had recovered his old brotherly manner towards me, I began to hope that he was not much grieved by my conduct, but both he and Miss Margaret were regretting that they would have to lose me. Mamma would have liked to take me home that day, but they would not hear of my going, and much as I longed to be at home, and to see Charlotte and Willie, I felt almost too weak to bear the journey yet, and was well pleased to rest and talk to Edgar. (It was his step that I heard on the stairs the night before, and it was he whispering to mamma.) We had a long, happy time together that morning. Edgar explained everything that was strange to me. He told me about

poor Jenny, how her poor heart was broken by the uncertainty about Herbert's fate, and how her words to him in that last interview in the garden might have been easily miscontrued by one as jealous and passionate as Sarah had been, and how Sarah had sat by the bedside, where Jenny lay dead, looking at her until her reason fled. "But Edgar, one thing seems strange to me now, what made Sarah think she had murdered Jenny?"

"Ah Mary, that is the most dreadful part of it. Poor Sarah's mad, wicked, jealous thoughts, which she fancied no human creature would ever know, told themselves out. It seems to be the punishment she has to bear for committing murder in her heart, that, as often as these fits of insanity come upon her, she has to think that she really was guilty of taking her sister's life. Poor Sarah! I think that even you can hardly realize what a wreck she is. She was so beautiful."

"Yes, I know, Mr. Russel told me," and then my cheeks began to burn when I remembered that I had a confession to make. I had to tell Edgar of Herbert Russel's proposal, and how near I was to accepting it. He looked very serious about it, but when he saw how penitent I was, his face brightened, and he said: "Never mind, Mary, we will soon prevent any further danger of that kind. You shall be made secure, so that you can't run away or marry any one else," which threat was soon carried out. We were married two months later, and while we were on our bridal tour, Mrs. Tremaine and Katie took poor Sarah away from the seaside to a quiet spot in central England, and I never saw her again, though she lived nearly three years after we were married. She never fully recovered the last attack, which had come on from the time she heard of our engagement, but she became quiet and manageable, and never knew how nearly her sad secret had wrecked our two lives.

## THE DYING LOVER.

BY R. H. STODDART.

THE grass that is under me now,
Will soon be over me, sweet,
When you walk this way again,
I shall not hear your feet.

You may walk this way again,
And shed your tears like dew,
They will be no more to me then,
Than mine are now to you.

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## ARCHÆOLOGICAL HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

JOHN HILL BURTON has given to the world, in eight volumes, the History of Scotland from the Archaic time to the era of peace—the latter part being only as it were an appanage and complement of the earlier and mysterious ages, on which his attention chiefly rested. In the first volume there is a vast mass of light shed on the darkness which rested on fortifications, mounds, lake-dwellings, mysterious buildings, sepulchral rites, chambered cairns, etc. The author commences with the history when it emerges from the darkness in the year 80 of the Christian era, but he really in his subsequent investigations transcends this period—who can say how far. Passing over the views we have of Scotland from the pages of Tacitus, and occasional glimpses of contemporary literature relative to Agricola's invasion and subsequent historic events of the Roman period, the author goes back to the unrecorded ages—to the times when the hill-forts were constructed; and the lake-dwellings formed the resort of the inhabitants; when the Deil's Dyke fenced off the enemy from the border land, by Yarrow, Melrose and Liddesdale; when stone and bronze formed the materials of art and armour; when the Druidical and sculptured stones were set up, and other archaic things were new. There is very much in this volume of profound interest. One part we may note, viz: that there have yet been

found in Scotland no traces of man or of his works anterior to the last great geological change. We give an extract here of what the author has to tell us of lake-dwellings:

"The remnants of a very characteristic method of ancient defence have long been known in Scotland. It was accomplished by insulation within an inland lake. Natural islands are obvious places of strength, and many of them throughout Scotland have the castles of later times built on them, as Lochleven, Lochdoon, and others. I am not aware of any artificial lake bearing a stone edifice; but so valuable does insulation appear to have been to the people who did not know how to enclose themselves with stone walls, that artificial islands were frequently made of stakes and stones. The first of these brought into prominent notice was in the Loch of Forfar, when it was partly drained about the year 1780. The remains discovered on these islands show that they were not mere garrisoned fortresses, but were dwelling-places for families, sometimes containing several, so that they might be counted as villages. If there were not an enemy in possession of boats on the loch, no position could well be more impregnable than such an island in tolerably deep water. They have been found in all parts of the country. They are well known in Ireland, where they are called Crannoges, after the name given to them by the chroniclers, who preserve examples of their comparatively recent use. Lake-dwellings have been found in other parts of Europe, as in Savoy, Italy, Germany, Denmark, and especially Switzerland. It was the eminence of these last that gave prominence to the others. But for the rich harvest afforded by the Pfahlbauten, or stake-buildings as they are called, the vestiges of such things nearer home would not have been looked for, and if accidentally found might have remained unheeded. They are not found in the lakes of the higher Alpine valleys, and are essentially an institution of a fertile country. What exigencies drove the people to a method of living that can scarcely have been selected for its own sake are not apparent, but it seems certain that if they sought peace in these watery retreats they found it. To support communities so large as their remains attest, there must have been agricultural possession of the adjoining land. There must have been an active commerce, too, for the insular people had the adornments as well as the comforts of life."

Another passage on earth-houses presents a curious problem:

"Another class of structures very abundant in Scotland are called Eard or Earth-houses, Picts' houses, and Weems. Their origin and use are shrouded in as deep a mystery as the round towers we have been discussing; and the perplexities of their mysteriousness are made almost the more emphatic by the darkness of the recesses into which the inquirer who tries to solve their

mysteries must descend. They exist in many places in Scotland, but chiefly they concentrate themselves near Glenkindy and Kildrummy, on the upper reaches of the river Don in Aberdeenshire. There they may be found so thickly strewn as to form subterranean villages, or even towns. The fields are, to use a common expression, honeycombed with them. They give no artificial signs above ground. The peasant will sometimes know where they are by a unploughed patch in the field, in which a few stones crop above ground, with furze growing between them; in other instances the earth above is sufficient to let the plough pass over the roof of the edifice, and a small hole between two projecting stones marks its entrance. Through this hole a corpulent man will find difficulty in squeezing himself. It brings him to a sloping tunnel, which he descends some six or eight feet. He is then in a subterranean gallery, in which he may be able to stand upright; the ordinary height varies from five to eight feet. It is some thirty feet long, and may probably have lateral galleries to the right and the left. There are few places in which the sensation of the dungeon or burial in life is stronger than in these artificial caverns, and that on account of the colossal and massive character of the roof. There is no cement, and no mark of tooling on the stones. If the gallery be eight feet broad at the floor, which is not an uncommon breadth, the walls, built of rough stones, will be found so to slope inwards by overlapping, as to bring the sides within six feet of each other. Across this breadth are laid gigantic blocks of granite.

"When we ask, what were the uses of such buildings? we are again launched on the great ocean of guess-work. There is a laboriousness in their structure, not naturally associated by us with the makeshift arrangements that content the savage in the construction of his dwelling; yet that they have been human dwellings is the accepted opinion regarding them. If we adopt what is said by Ptolemy and other ancient geographers, and in some measure sanctioned by modern travellers, about a troglodytic or cavern-living population in Arabia, we may suppose that we have here the actual dwellings occupied by a race of like habits at the opposite extremity of the globe.

"Any incidental testimony to their uses yielded up by these dark caverns has been extremely meagre. In general they have been found empty. In some of them there has been noticed a little rubbish, from which it may be inferred that at some time human beings had cooked and eaten food in them; as, for instance, cinders, bones of animals, and shells. A few articles, ornamental or useful, made of bone, flint, and bronze, have been found in them. In several the quern or hand-mill has been discovered; and this being indeed the only characteristic movable of which they have given up several specimens, it has sometimes been inferred that the buildings were ancient granaries. But taken as

a whole, the contents of these catacombs are not sufficiently extensive or characteristic to speak to the object for which they were made. Any incidents occurring in the course of the unknown number of centuries through which they have existed might have supplied their trifling contents. A set of schoolboys seeking a holiday's amusement in their mysterious recesses—a set of gypsies using them for casual shelter or concealment on their tramp—might be sufficient to leave such vestiges of human use as these structures afford. We can only tell what they pretty clearly have not been intended for. They have not been the sepulchres of the dead, nor have they been places of Christian worship; for both these uses have, as we shall presently see, their own special marks, and these are not found in the Earth-houses. It is one of their specialties, too, that none of the stone sculpture so abundant in Scotland is found about them."

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## CHORUS INVOKING ATALANTA TO THE CHASE.

### FROM SWINBURN'S ATALANTA IN CALYDON.

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire or the strength of the streams that spring!

For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
  And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
  And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
  The night that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
  Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
  Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
  From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofèd heel of a satyr crushes
  The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
  Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
  The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
  The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
  Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
  Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
  The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

# OLD BIRSY'S TRANSFORMATION.

TRANSLATED BY REV. W. STUART, FREDERICTON.

(From Reveue de Deux Mons.)

## I.

SORE against my will I entered, as Freshman, the University of Munchausen, during the reign of Doctor Borst.

I had believed better things of Providence than that it would have left alive, till my time, this terrible bugbear of my boyhood.

How often had I sate listening, till both ears tingled, to the tales of the oddities, the crustiness, the cursedness, they styled it, of their former instructor, poured forth of an evening, over their beer, by my father and his old college-chum, Reinhold.

The one was head engineer, the other consulting doctor of the Platten Mines in the Hartz, and both old enough to have quite got over any youthful spites. Still it was with quite a youthful relish they would hold forth, by the hour together, on the long standing feud between Herr Borst and the Bürschen, and were never weary of clinking glasses and shouting "confusion to Old Birsy!"

I was sitting alone the evening of my arrival at the seat of learning. My rooms were over Beckhaus' bookstore, the same where my father before me had quartered.

I had my head buried under the lid of my trunk, my fingers were absently picking the plums from a pound-cake my mother had stowed in a corner, and my thoughts were busy on the subject of that last parting smack the fair Gretchen of my fancy had astonished me with.

Yes: what did she mean by it?—to come plumping a real, ripe, carnal kiss full on my lips as I was delicately approaching them in approved cavalier fashion to her taper fingers. I had never suffered such an infliction from a girl in all my life before. I was divided in opinion, whether to resent it as an impertinence, or to gloat over it as an impossible-to-be-suppressed ebullition of ardent maiden love—only how reconcile with this last theory the muttered remark, "all the Bürsten (brushes) in Germany could'nt brush an ounce of sense into such a blockhead?"—

Blockhead—eh! and Borst, indeed!—

Well, I was engaged wiping my eyes, and gulping down my

emotions and plums together, when the door half opened;—a mocking eye and a turn-up minim of a nose appeared in the crack, and little Maggie's small voice piped out: "Mother sent me to say, Dr. Borst is down stairs."

My hair started up, my heart fell down flat, I shivered in every limb; but, bolting some icing to warm my courage, I took the plunge down the dark stair-well, like Curtius into the classic gulf.

## II.

I was face to face with my ogre. 'Twas undeniably a curst countenance: the brow was low, and seemed all the lower for the cow-lick that invaded it, and that spread backward in a grizzled, reddish crop over a three-cornered skull, apparently plundered from some Carib skeleton in the Museum. The eyes goggled uncomfortably towards one, from under an array of lobster-like antennæ that did duty as eye brows. 'Twas a snarler's nose, with some more of the same ugly fringe bursting out of each nostril.

A sneering twist had worn itself *down* from one corner of the mouth, *up* from the other. An ugly subject altogether was Borst the Bristly, and answered my father's description of him to a dot!

But how was I to reconcile with all this, the smile that transfigured and illumined the whole forbidding mask of the man, when he caught up and dandled Frau Beckhaus' teething, drivelling bantling, and hushed its squalls in a trice? Why, he looked absolutely—angelic, I was going to say, only the associations thus evoked would seem rather incongruous, grotesque even, when one would be forced to think of one's angel as sporting eyebrows that stood badly in need of clipping, a nose bestrid by gold bowed pebble glasses, and, for a robe of light, a bottle green, shag-hair overcoat with frogs to it.

I stared in stupid bewilderment, whilst, as in a dream, I heard mine host's voice murmuring:—"A new student, Professor."

I bowed mechanically, and stared. A basilisk gleam from the glasses transfixed me: I shuddered, and kept staring.

"Glad to greet you, Sir."

The cordial tone and smile warmed me through and through: Still I stared on.

"What name?"

No answer, but a stare.

"Where from?"

Silence, and a stare.

"Whose son?"

A stare.

Then stare for stare, the round eyes met mine, looking all the rounder for their bulging crystal lenses.

Nature could no longer support the strain. Confusion mastered me: reason fled. My fallen chaps made shift to gather themselves up, and formulate the starting query:

"Pardon me, Herr Bost, but—"

"But what?"

"—But are you—old Birsy?"

Here was a pause of horrified silence: then the storm burst. I have an indistinct remembrance of the fat, good-humored frau, changed into a pale, angular fury clutching at my hair,—of my burly host, red with passion, shaking a mighty fist under my shrinking nose, and of a whole commination service, in *G. alt.* and in *E. bass. prof.*, being dinned into both my suffering ears, by turns, after the fashion of an antiphonal chant, as thus:—

"Villain! Hempstretcher! Go, rasp thy ill-scraped tongue. Thus to abuse our good doctor, the wisest, the kindest of men! Out of my house, *hallan-shaker!** Not a bit, not a wink under this roof! Out, Schelm!† —away, I say!" And that abominable baby struck up an *obligato* accompaniment that soon overtopped all the rest.

"Hold, hold!"—cried the Doctor, and his voice rose like Neptune's over the warring winds and waves;—who is the youth?"

The extremity of my peril rallied my scattered wits.

"Gellert, at your service,"—I cried, "son of Siegfried Gellert, your *ci-devant* pupil, now engineer in the Hartz.

"Aha, aha! I see," and he laughed in a good-humored, bantering way. "The palette was mixed twenty years ago with which your father has painted his old preceptor. I'll wager now he portrayed me as something of an oddity, eh?—a bit of a misanthrope—eh, eh? or an out-and-out bruin, more likely? eh, what? eh, what?"

His good humor had changed my pallor into a blush. His sly

* *Halssacher*—German.

† *Skallum*—Scotch. "She tauld thee weel thou wert a Skellum."—Tam o' Shanter.

humor now deepened the blush into a burning red. I could only stammer out an incoherent:

"Well, something like that, I believe."

"No 'believe' about it, my lad. Say 'yes,' like a man, for that's the truth of it, or rather that was the truth of me when Siegfried knew me; but that's long past now I hope. You see, Beckhaus," he continued, turning to my host, "you have been here only ten years and you would never believe me, but here is the third witness of late that has openly testified to the bad odor in which my name was formerly held. I count their unfeigned astonishment, and your honest indignation proof positive that a radical change has been effected in me. Henceforth I hold myself authorized scientifically to declare that by the effort of his own will man is able to transform himself for the better, and I believe myself justified in publishing that doctrine to the world, as I do in my great work on "Soul Modelling," basing my theory on the striking example of "the transformation of Old Birsy."

"Yes," said he, turning to me, "I am a standing evidence of the soundness of my theory. They may well dub me the man of two characters. My story is simple enough, but to a well-meaning young fellow like you it may not come amiss to tell it.

"Saint Paul dates his conversion from a fall off his horse on the road to Damascus. Well, I date mine from a drenching I might have got, but didn't, for seeing myself caught without my umbrella I dropped, for shelter, into the Natural Philosophy class. I could not well make out what the Professor, with his long strings of figures on the blackboard, was driving at. I suppose my eyes and thoughts were wandering between the board and the window against which the rain-squalls kept lashing. Suddenly the words arrested my attention: 'so you see, gentlemen, in mechanics it is a demonstrable fact that no motion, however slight, is lost. Infinitesimal as it may be it pulsates on through all space, its echoes throb through the infinite. It is the same, you may be sure, with every impulse of the soul; your every resolution, all your actions, good or bad, must of necessity send their reverberations through the whole after-course of your existence.'

"I heard no more. That one remark dazzled me as with a light-flash. It captivated me; I kept chewing it over and over, commenting on it and working it out endlessly. What, after all, did it amount to? Only this, 'we must do good and eschew evil.'

Most lame and impotent conclusion! Surely I had no need to go to the Natural Philosophy class to learn that. But, I reflected, every thought, however much of a truism it may be, gains by being set forth in a new and startling shape; and this one, in my view, possessed the double merit. I several times made the round of the ramparts, astonished to the last degree at the hold on my mind that old, trite commonplace had taken, just because it was turned out in something of a new dress. Arrived at home I donned my dressing-gown, the philosopher's robe *par excellence*, and ruminated long, letting my pipe die out three times over, a manifest sign of grave preoccupation.

"Next day sleep had somewhat calmed the confusion of my thoughts; two ideas shone out clearly. I noted them down under the form of axioms. The first has made of me a useful professor, the second a supportable neighbour. Is not that the case, Beckhaus?"

Mine host's smile and deprecative shake of the head said plainly enough: "I won't say it; but—under favor—you are too modest by half."

The Herr Professor continued:

"My two maxims you would do well to mark down on your tablets, Gellert. I bethought me that when one is professor he ought to be a good professor, and should study less his own convenience than his pupils' advantage; that it is not enough to blurt forth a truth *anyhow*, but, amongst all possible forms of presenting it, your conscientious instructor is bound to choose precisely that one way of putting the thing which will prove at once the most convincing and the most taking. Again, moralists, in place of idly repeating their old, worn, and now pointless platitude: 'flee evil and do good,' are bound to pause at each dubious turning-point, to mark out with precision what is duty for each one of us, and to help us to the simplest and most practicable means of accomplishing that duty.

"For days afterward I was haunted by that idea that no movement of the soul is ever lost, but projects its impulses through all the future. I bethought me that the crusty, peevish, *birsy* professor Borst, detested of every one, was but the logical sequence of the egotistic, morose student Borst, of the selfish school-boy Borst, who had never cared to correct his native rudeness, or to cultivate in himself a better disposition. And it

seemed to me clear as day, that, if the said Borst had a little courage, he would set himself to work at once to transform his spirit, as the modeller transforms his clay into some fine statue.

"I was so habituated to what I was, that I hardly realized what gain a change would be: So terrible is the force of habit! Nevertheless, I took the resolution,—rather, I own, as a matter of scientific curiosity than through any genuine desire towards a moral regeneration,—henceforth to throw aside my cloak of misanthropy, and no longer to crawl the earth a mere human hedgehog, bristling its spines against all comers."

### III.

I was racking my brains how to find a good beginning for my experiment, when old Ivan, my factotum, half opened the door, and said:—

"A student to see you, Sir."

"To ——— with you and your student together! Don't you see I'm busy?" roared I.

The door closed softly behind him. I set myself to pick up the broken thread of my cogitations, and to find this famous starting point, whence the whole series of my experiments on myself was to date.

"My starting point!" cried I, "Hang it all! Here has Providence just sent it along, and in the nick of time too, and I have sent it to the right-about, and this moment it is tramping down stairs. A grand start, I must say!"

I slipped to the window and peered out. My visitor was just crossing the threshold of "the bear's den"—as the students dubbed my abode. He was tall, slight, and might be twenty years old. His fair, silky curls escaped on all sides from his little student's cap. Hesitating an instant, he turned to the left and walked off with a dejected gait. Had he only slammed the door, or flung up his head, or spurned the pavement angrily, I would not have wasted a second's thought on him. What made me wince was that sad, resigned air of his. I leaned over the balcony to call him back. Yes! but what a grand joke it would be for that rascally cobbler, Schnapps, over the way, to hear me, the professor, shouting down the street like a housemaid after the ragman. His sardonic grins as I passed his stall would become more insupportable than ever.

"A plague on the clown!" thought I: "Let him grin as wide as the holes he patches. What care I?" and I gathered breath for a view—holloa. But by this time he was beyond ear-shot. "If he would only look round now! All the Schnapps on earth would'nt stop my signalling him."

Chance willed it so that he did turn at the instant. Could I help it? My head dodged itself back out of sight like a spy caught in the flagrant fact.

"Decidedly," quoth I, "it is harder to do right than I thought, when one isn't used to it."

I thrust out my head boldly once more, resolved this time to fetch him back, if voice or hand could do it. His coat-tails were just fluttering round the corner.

"Shall I run after him? But who knows whether he is not up Stork strasse or down Walk strasse, or through the Brewer's Arch-way by this time? Then where would be the good of my running? All silly pride and sheer laziness!" cried I, "one can but try."

Further reflection shewed me, however, that I had lost my chance. Whilst I was arguing instead of acting, my man had doubtless gained the Old Bridge, and had plunged into the cork-screw windings of the Baiernstadt.

What was I to do? I rang up Ivan. Usually he was afraid of me; now I was afraid of him. I felt uncomfortable; in his honest blue eyes, it seemed to me, there lurked the shadow of a reproach.

"Look at those shelves," said I, roughly; "why on earth can't you dust them of a morning?"

Without a word he passed his feather-brush methodically over the books that—more by token—hadn't a speck on them.

"Have done, and take yourself off;" I cried, feeling myself more and more in the wrong; "one would think you were dwad-ling on purpose to worry one."

A last pathetic glance at the books, and my domestic slid off, drawing the door silently after him. This wouldn't do. I strug-gled with my vanity and blurted out:

"Ah, by the way, what was that person's name?"

"The young man said his name was Heilig, George Heilig, and that he came——"

"That's enough!" said I, brusquely.

Ivan vanished, his brush under his arm.

What had he to do prying into my affairs? I could have cried

with spite, for, of course, it wasn't enough. What I wanted was to find out where the young fellow lived. But to ask in plain terms? That would look like making confessions to my own valet; and this I could not stomach.

"Well, it's no use," said I, stopping in my nervous walk. "I must start," and I grasped my hat and cane. To start—that was easily said; but whither? This is how I turned the point. Standing with the door half open in my hand, I grumbled out over my shoulder to Ivan, who was at the moment carefully replacing the glass globe over the French clock on the chimney-piece: "Did you say it was in Tanner's Lane this young Liebig lives?"

My finessing met with the success it deserved. Ivan, after laboriously instructing me—confound him, I knew it as well as he did!—that the student's name was Heilig and not Liebig, declared he knew nothing whatever of his address.

Thereupon I set forth, profoundly mystified, wondering why I went, and stopping at each step to ask which would be the more ridiculous—to turn stupidly back before I had well set out, or to start forth vagabondizing like a dog that has lost its master?

To go out solely to make believe I *had* to go, was a trick I couldn't demean myself to play off even on my servant, and yet I saw no other way out of the dilemma.

At the first floor landing a bright thought struck me:

"Why not go to the college clerk's and ask the address?"

## IV.

"The Herr Secretär Heindrich? Yes, Professor; but he has already gone home to his country house 'the Lindens,'" and the old janitor's eyes turned to where the college clock pointed to three, past.

"Thanks, Schmoll. Fine day, Schmoll."

"A grand day—be thanked!" stammered Schmoll, sorely puzzled at this unusual access of politeness on my part.

I left him sunning himself, and soon was through the Saxon gate and out among the fields. Like a new revelation came upon me the scent of the flowering hawthorn, the hum of the bees, the quail's pipe sounding from the green corn and the scattered pine clumps. Was this then the country of which I had entertained such a systematic horror, and for no other reason than that every one else loved it? Why, 'twas a new-born world, whose youthful

perfume of fresh shoots and lush greenery was a positive intoxication. Stay!—primroses,—violets! I asked myself how many years had come and gone since I had seen their fairy blooms anywhere except in bouquets. They laughed and nodded up at me with an old-world familiar air I could not resist. I had to stop and pick a posy of them; and delicious, too, was the fragrance! But, alas! at the moment a tinker-tramp came out by a wood-path. I grew ashamed of my bouquet and flung it into the hedge. You see, even over those who most brave public opinion, Mrs. Grundy exerts a tyrannical power. Here was a philosopher held in check by a mender of old pans.

Grain followed grass, and gardens meadows; the Munchan sparkled fresh and clear between its banks lined with willows, alders and poplars; now it coasted the road, anon it went frolicking across the country. At a turn in the road, a little way-side beer-house appeared, whose flaring sign outvied the gorgeous colouring of my friend Heindrich's tulip-bed. There shone resplendent the well-known shield of two-and-thirty quarterings, peopled by a whole menagerie of heraldic monstrosities done in blue and gold, in green and crimson. Crowning all was the appropriate inscription,

'The Munchausen Arms.'

In front, three troopers were silently steeping their big yellow mustaches in foaming beer-mugs. Such was their air of placid content that I could not but smile as I passed: they responded by wishing me heartily a pleasant walk.

Further on, I came upon a group of students under a trellised hop-bower. They were stamping and shouting in chorus—"Drink, pretty Lisette, for here's good beer!" How jolly the young dogs were!—how full of life! I wished myself young again, and light-hearted even as they. I felt the melting mood coming on: but it did not last.

At the moment I was passing, a dead silence fell on the party: then came whispers and stifled tittering. I felt sure the fun was at my expense, and grew savage. I forgot that none of them knew of my fine projects of amendment. The keen edge of my enjoyment was taken off.

Troubles never come single, they say; so at this point a staring white wall began which went stretching—goodness knew how far!—

along one side of the way, turning it into a veritable furnace, without counting that the river, tired of its cross-country excursion, here steamed back express to drive the road against the wall, and me to desperation with its blinding reflections. I should be roasted alive if I went on.

I am not a good walker: I was already bathed in sweat, and a good half of the journey was still ahead of me.

"What, after all, is this miserable Heilig to me, that he should cost me such toil and worry?"—asked I of myself;—"enough done for once:—not bad for a first trial. That wall is three hundred paces, if it is one. Come, let us go home." It was my cowardice spoke.

"No flinching!" cried conscience, and I grounded my stick with a thud. "It isn't the heat is going to stop me;—nor you either, you whitewashed sinner of a wall!"—I had plucked up heart of grace again; so now I drew up my weapon to the charge, and shouted—

"To the Lindens I'm bound,—to the Lindens I'll go! Hurrah for Heilig! *Vorwärts!*"—and off I went, left foot foremost, whistling the Uhlan's march.

Instead of the three hundred paces at which in my discouragement I had rated the length of the wall, one hundred and twenty was what I actually stepped it off.

"Difference between fancy and fact"—reflected I—"when a difficulty has to be faced:—discount, 60 per cent.—as a rule!"

My numerico-ethical computations carried me unwittingly to the Lindens.

What jokes I have cracked, to be sure, on poor Heindrich and his bit of a box in the country, with it's sounding name—and nothing to show for it but four scraggy broomsticks by way of trees in front, with not enough substance about them to throw into the shade, even that rusty little gridiron of a gate with it's two stone benches no bigger than your palms!

"The Lindens—eh?"—I would cry. "Why, one would think there was a whole park of them, with nothing less than a grand-ducal schloss in the middle! and his collection of tulips! good lack! A Dutch vrow would start off twenty miles to market with the whole garden balanced in her basket, and would be thankful to get twenty groschen for all it held—just in the lump, as it were!"

Now, however, that the addle-egg of my jaundiced ill-humor began to be cleared out of my eyes, I grew ashamed of the verjuice my tongue had distilled, and found myself forced to make the *amende honorable* to the Lindens. It was a charming place after all, and well worthy the fine name these pretty trees lent it. For they *were* pretty trees: their floating perfume caressed my nostrils: their swaying branches and twittering leaves waved hospitable welcomes, and pointed suggestively to the motto deeply cut over the shady stone seats, REST, AND BE THANKFUL. I *did* rest a moment, and thankfully too, feasting my eyes on the ranunculus and anemone, the tulips, hyacinths, and narcissi which floated before them in a maze of gorgeous coloring that proclaimed them true children of the Orient, and no mere "Dutch bulbs" to be sniffed at, and lightlied by an old crab-stick like me.

I had got thus far in my acts of contrition, mentally groaning forth a "*mea culpa*" at sight of each hitherto decried charm, when I was disagreeably reminded that I had overlooked the "*maxima culpa*" of all. Another's memory had not been so derelict of duty as mine. Retribution had been slumbering; but it was with one eye open. Now it leaped forth upon me amid a storm of yelps, a whirlwind of flying hair and blazing eyes, and viciously snapping fangs. Sultan was up, mine ancient enemy, with a keen and most vengeful memory of our last passage-at-arms. It was to no purpose I assured him that I was now reformed; that I would henceforth be no party to the further prosecution of that ruthless feud so long standing between us; that I had become a friend of man, and by consequence, of dogs, and that he would do well to reciprocate in kind (not by tooth and nail) the advances of a brother Cynic. His Grand Seignory sneezed at all my overtures of peace, almost burst a blood-vessel howling at the mention of an armistice, foamed out threatenings and slaughter, flung dust to the heavens as a testimony against me, rejected and contemned my counsels utterly, in short would have none of me on any terms. He and those blackguard young *burschen* at the Munchausen Arms seemed much of a mind. Whilst we, each in his own tongue, debated the point,—the dog manfully defending the position, the man currishly fighting shy of the proffered combat—the Herr Secretär appeared in shirt sleeves and straw hat, with a dripping watering-pot in each hand. Surprised to see me he set

down the cans, silenced Sultan—who insisted on having the last word, and said heartily—

"How good of you, Herr Professor, to give me this pleasant surprise! Come right in. We'll rest and freshen you up a bit,—then we'll talk."

No use to protest! In a trice I was plundered of my hat and cane, seated in a shady room, where a delicious freshness reigned. Mine host's beer was cool and foaming, his manner warm and smiling. Everything conspired to turn into a pleasure what I had accepted in advance as a disagreeable duty. We viewed the tulips together. I told him how I had been reminded of his collection at sight of the gorgeously colored sign-board of *The Munchausen Arms*. He blushed with pleasure, all but hugged me, and stammered "*mein lieber Herr Borst!*" with most affectionate familiarity.

At last I informed him of the business that had brought me.

"George Heilig?" said he, rubbing the tip of his nose with his finger to tickle up his memory, "George Heilig!—fine lad—student in divinity—should live—*Weiss—Spätzen—Strasse*, over the cooper's."

## V.

I took my departure, but with legs slightly stiffened, and somewhat cooled on my project of reformation,—why, I could scarce tell. I was beating my brains to find out the cause of this reaction, when my mouth, of its own motion, opened and treated me to a preposterous yawn. The problem was solved. My stomach was intimating that—like Nature—she too abhorred a vacuum.

My watch pointed to six; now, half-past is my dinner time, and I had more than a sharp hour's walk ahead of me yet. My gigot with gooseberry sauce would be roasted to a cinder, the sourcrout wouldn't be eatable. I'd be sure to have the megrims all night, and to break down in my lecture on the morrow.

"Aha! gormand!" cried I to the lusting flesh; "out of humor about thy burnt mutton and ruined kraut! See if I do not punish thee now, and right in the sinning spot, too! Yes," I reflected, "I'm bound I'll go through with my job before sup or nap be mine, for who knows how long it may be since this wretched Heilig has crossed tooth on crust?"

Half-after-seven sounded from the bell-chimes in the Waffen-platz as, after five stories' climb, I sent myself puffing and completely blown up my student's garret-ladder. A tap at the door and Heilig himself opened. 'Twas a bare den—*that* I saw at the first glance,—*too* bare, even for a predestinated church-mouse. His one chair he politely placed for me, and standing, waited what I had to say.

I had counted on seeing him surprised and charmed at the honor I was doing him in seeking him out. Surprised, he evidently was; charmed, I'm not so sure of it. That piqued me a little, but I managed to hold in. I had gone too far to risk all now by a hasty move.

I took breath a moment, then gave him a lead:

"You came to see me:—on business, doubtless?"

—"True, Herr Professor, an affair of some importance to me."

—"Ah well! we'll be more at ease at my place than here. Come and share my supper, and we'll talk matters over at table."

He blushed, and too late I saw I had wounded him by my slighting reference to his poor lodging. He declined, in select enough terms, the honor I would do him, simply asking permission to escort me home, and to speak to me on the way.

"'Pon my word, pretty well that!"—thought I, "Refuse me!—and the breath fairly blown out of my body climbing those six stairs to the beggar's roost! Renounce me—if I stand that!"—and my mouth opened to teach my gentleman his place, when an inward voice cried,—

"Halt! Another wile of the Tempter! Come, steady there! A bold push, and you win!"

I forced a smile, held out my hand to the youth, who scarcely dared refuse me his in return, and said with a good-nature that surprised myself:

"No, no! my young friend, I won't have that. You have it in for me, and you're in the right; but so also am I in trying to win my pardon. Now I won't be sure I've got it unless you do me the pleasure of dining with me."

He smiled at that, and, bowing with courteous grace, replied:

"I am entirely at the service of the Herr Professor!"

A profound stupor seized upon the students who met us passing arm in arm, the grumpy Professor with one of themselves. The scattered groups would nudge one another with their elbows, and

turn and stare at us as we went by. Some waggish "*Junkers* even flung up their arms as if calling Heaven to witness the miracle.

Ivan, who knew me to be punctual as Fate to the dinner-hour, had had serious thoughts of applying to the chief of the Grand-Ducal police on my account. His anxiety changed into a comic amazement when he witnessed the strange phenomenon: Professor Borst bringing in a guest,—and what a guest!—a student! He was so stunned, I had twice to tell him to lay a second cover.

The mutton and sour-crout—were they eatable? Probably; at all events we ate them, and with tolerable gusto besides. When like Homer's heroes "we had banished hunger and thirst," Ivan set down a big-bellied, gray-bearded flask of Ahrbleichart. Then, having presented our meerschaums with the air of a Hamlet rehearsing "I do beseech you play upon this pipe,"—he left us to our chat. Heilig's story was a simple one. He had been studying for the ministry; but his father's death having thrown the family on his care he was compelled to give up his studies and seek a place as tutor. Having learned that the Prince von Stackelbaum was in want of a preceptor, and understanding that I had some acquaintance with His Serene Highness, he had come hoping to secure my interest. A letter of recommendation was despatched at once, and such was its influence that my friend, the third day after, was installed into the position, and left for Milan, where the Prince held a high appointment.

The adventure speedily made a noise; the students got hold of it for their *Comic Gazette.* A squib appeared, headed after the approved style of sensation articles: *Deplorable Mischance!—A Student Devoured by a Bear!—Horrible Details!* The story went that the unfortunate Heilig had been traitorously lured into his den by a bear in human form, and had been mysteriously devoured, and that nothing of him had been recovered but his student's trencher-cap, a rag of the gown, his meerschaum and his boots, the authentic portraits of all which articles were most graphically rendered. This sally set the whole University in a roar, and when, shortly afterwards, it came under my own notice, I could not help joining in the laugh at my own expense. "Not a bad sign that!" thought I, and I mentally patted myself approvingly on the back.

I was now fairly started in my *rôle* as "Good-natured man," but I felt that it behooved me, in the interests of science, to neglect no precaution that could secure the success of my experiment.

The forms and usages of politeness I had hitherto disdained. I resolved I would no longer do so. I felt they were but the fitting outward index of the inward reform I was bent upon. Formerly, when a group of students saluted, I affected to be staring at the posters on the walls; when a bevy of ladies approached, I dodged round the next corner to avoid them. I had been a despiser of dignities, anything but respectful to my colleagues, or courteous to the aged and to women. We must needs change all that.

The results were annoying enough at first, and fifty times in the day I all but renounced the tiresome comedy. The students, drawn up *en échelon* all along my path, every other instant turned —front face—salute!—forcing me twenty times in as many paces to doff hat in reply. The young rascals got up for their "Punch" a series of illustrations showing poor Bruin taking lessons in dancing and deportment.

Tongues wagged freely on all sides. Some cried, "Poor Dr. Borst!—Sad case: softening of the brain!" Others, "He's had a warning!" and others again, "Pshaw! it's only a wager!" The wits were divided; all agreed I had an axe to grind—but what? Some opined I'd be setting up for Principal, and was out on the canvass. A few insisted on it that I had visions of the chamberlain's key. Finally, the drawing-rooms were thrown into a twitter with the news of my approaching marriage, and excitement ran high on the question, Who was the unfortunate?

I let them talk, and held on the even tenor of my way, trusting the good grain planted, and which I was doing my best to water, to Him who alone can make the seed of better things spring up fair and green in the heart. I strove against the childish impatience which would be forever scratching up the seed to see if it were sprouting. I knew any radical reformation on my part must be a work of time and constant effort, and so persevered.

Before long, public opinion changed. It was found that my lectures showed no signs of brain-softening or of approaching dissolution,—that I was no betting man, neither had any designs on the Principalship, nor would dispute with the Kammerdiener the power of the keys. Society agreed that if I had not much

grace, I at least meant well. The students gave up ranging themselves like nodding mandarins—"all of a row"—as I passed. The Bruin series of caricatures died out of the *M. S. Gazette*, which fell back on its stock themes of Dr. Bœhm's three cloaks. Junker Hiller's horse-back exploits, and—what afterwards achieved a world-wide renown—the astounding adventures of the Baron von der Schield—better known as the Baron Munchausen.

## VI.

Some eighteen months after the beginning of my experiment, I found my way to one of the Rathsherr Wentzel's Friday Symphonies. There was nothing more *recherchê* in all Munchausen than these same musical soirées; and the wonder was how I, of all people, could possibly have blundered in. Nothing more simple, however; I had been talking counter-point with the Councillor one evening at the Rector's; hence the invitation.

I had all the Teuton's passion for music, and the stronger in my case that my savagery had for years shut me out of the drawing-rooms, even as it had kept me from the crowded Thiergarten, where the dragoons' band were wont to discourse excellent strains.

The distinguished company amidst which I found myself, did not disquiet itself about my antecedents, but welcomed me cordially on the common ground of Art.

The *Andante* of Beethoven's *Symphony in A* was performed that evening.

From the first plaintive wailings as of a valiant spirit crushed under a mortal agony, to the moment when into the midst of the immeasurable woe a ray of hope is suffered to steal—which brightens more and more until it culminates in the sun-bright radiance of the satisfied and triumphing soul,—from first to last a profound emotion possessed me.

I could scarcely breathe, and soon broke away to wander round the moonlit ramparts, and drink repose

> "From the cool cisterns of the midnight air."

By what magic of sympathy, I mused, had this mighty master of the lyre so penetrated the inmost recesses of my consciousness? How had he, as with a prophet's wand, called up and passed in review before my shrinking vision, all the wretched follies, all the

miserable meannessness of my heretofore self-centered, sordid, loveless existence? By what strange second-sight had he divined the late revolt of my spirit, and been able to depict to its veriest detail, the stern struggle I had since sustained with bravery if not with success? I blessed him in my heart for those ringing, hopeful notes, in themselves a pledge and a prophecy of victory: at memory of the last jubilant strain, I felt an ineffable calm settle down on my perturbed soul, as if the brooding wings of the Heavenly Peace were even now spread over her. For the first time in many years the ice of my morose constraint was thoroughly broken up. Genius, Heaven's most favored child, had brought me a message fresh from the Throne. And Oh, thought I, if so sweet, so quickening be the ready sympathy, the loving humanity of the child, what must be the power to transform, to ennoble of the yearning pity, the infinite tenderness that throb eternally in the great heart of the All-Father himself!

As I was thus pondering—(I remember as if it were yesterday. I was passing at the moment under the third elm from the Charlemagne Port)—there flashed in on me, like an inspiration, the whole idea and motive of my book "*Upon Sympathy.*" I have since driven my researches deeper into the subject, and carried it to a completion, but I have changed nothing essential of the plan which then I flung upon paper with feverish haste the moment I reached home.

It were vain to tell how this child of my new and better life, thus so suddenly conceived, grew apace through the changing months and seasons, till it was finally ushered into the world. But the author, like the parent, has an indulgence granted him to be garrulous about his offspring.

What visions of fame and usefulness kept floating before my excited fancy all that first night! How, starting at the break of day, did I write on, hour after hour, the mind working faster than the hand could follow! And when, to recruit the tired frame and rest the cramped fingers, I set forth to range the fields, with what fresh zest did I hunt for the crocus and anemone, or pounce upon the scattered tufts of snow-drops, or watch the varnished chestnut buds stringing themselves like knots on the delicate network of branches thrown over the gray sky! January still lingered in the lap of May; but winter's washed-out browns and sad-colored mists, trailing over the near horizon like ghosts

of the vanished storms, seemed to me filled with a tender and pathetic beauty of their own. I realized then, as I had never done before, how joy in the heart kindles a fire and a faith that lend a new meaning and loveliness to all things around.

What a charm, too, is there in writing when you do so with *verve*—when you feel you are in the vein—when you are conscious you have got hold of a great truth, and ideas gush forth from the full heart like water from the smitten rock!

It was very different with me when first I tried my hand at authorship. There still lies at the bottom of my drawer an unfinished fragment of a work entitled "The Human Monad." 'Tis but a sorry monument of a would-be philosopher's folly, a poor plea for his surly misanthropy. In default of any settled convictions, I had labored to support (by dint of far-fetched illustration, taking paradox, garbled citation, and plausible reasoning) the untenable thesis, that for a man to concentrate and develop to the utmost his moral and intellectual forces, he must, as far as possible, isolate himself from his fellows. I had only succeeded in completely disgusting myself with my attempt to turn author.

No sooner, however, had the subject of *sympathy* suggested itself than all was plain sailing. I had but to reverse my former thesis, assail my old positions, and draw from the fund of my own experiences in order to arrive at truths that I felt satisfied carried with them a saving virtue, and would serve to exalt and purify many a life, even as the dim sentiment of them had served to transform my own.

I felt, too, a new and increasing interest in my kind. I was no longer in the world only on sufferance. I had a mission—to console, to benefit—and so far the right to live and even to enjoy life. After a hard day's writing it was a never failing delight to me, when I had tired myself out roaming the fields, to return through the crowded streets, watch the humors of the workshops and the stores, or glance in through the lighted windows at the happy family groups clustered round their firesides. From my lively memories of these amusing interiors, I could furnish many a fit sketch for the pencil of a Richter or a Knaus. Without constraint or force-work now, but simply and naturally, I was polite and kind to every one. How could it be otherwise when my heart was so full of content towards my fellows, and trust in my God?

## VII.

Once, however, I ran great danger of a relapse. Spring had succeeded to winter, summer and autumn had rolled by, and we were back at winter again. By dint of piling leaves on leaves, I had almost finished my book. My students had learned no longer to avoid and distrust me. One bold spirit had ventured to ask for further explanations on some abstruse point that had come up in the course of my lecture. The discussion begun in the class-room was continued in the street, and before we, either of us noticed, I had drawn my bright young interlocutor with me to my own door. The ice was decidedly broken: thereafter, I seldom returned without my following of faithful disciples—a fact that redounded greatly to my credit in the quarter. Schnapps himself would stare with admiration across the street, his hammer in the air, and mouth ajar. That, by the way, was its normal condition, as I discovered to my confusion the first time I accosted him. Poor man! Nature had so unmercifully cloven his countenance for him, that though a serious matter-of-fact soul with no more idea of a joke or a gibe than an oyster, he could do no other than grin, and might have sat as the original of Hugo's "*Homme qui rit.*" By way of penance for my hard thoughts of him, all my old boots were religiously handed over to his cobbling; and for years I wore little else over my bunions but Schnapp's patches.

The winter had closed in with severity. The urchins,—whose shouts and tacketted heels had rung for weeks from the slides beneath my windows, in cheery accord with the scratching of my flying pen,—one day in February found their occupation gone, so deep had the snow fallen during the night. I was in the same predicament, for my book was done at last, and in the hands of the printer. To kill time, which seemed desperately long whilst waiting for the proofs, I betook myself to a friend's for the evening. About eleven o'clock I was plodding home through the deep snow and the cutting blast, thinking on the good fire that awaited me, and hoping that a packet of the precious sheets might even at the moment be lying ready for me at the foot of the lamp. Half-way down Klingenstrasse, at the corner of the Masker's Lane, I observed a group, apparently on the watch for some one. "Students, most probably," thought I, and freed my hand to return their never-failing salute. When I had neared

them to within a few paces, I overheard a whisper:—"Here he goes; look out!"—and instantly a hand rose armed with a huge snowball. By instinct I flung up my arm as a guard, and only just in time. My face was saved, but the blow took effect on my wrist, and for an instant I was blinded by the particles of snow that danced round my glasses. "Ah, awkward!"—cried a voice, amid some confusion, as I passed under the next lamp. "Awkward! thank you! Not a bit of it" thought I, "I don't know what better you would have—unless perhaps you want to flatten my nose, or put out my eyes by smashing my glasses over them!"

What vexed me was not so much the pain I endured, or the danger I had run, as the disloyalty and treachery of these young scamps. The more laughable the affair looked as I thought it over, the more irritated and revolted I felt. That blow undid the work of years; I was back in my old position of student-hater at a bound. If I could only wreak my revenge on them! Would it were Board-day or Examination-day, for their sakes,—wouldn't they just smart for it!

I tore home like a fury, cursing myself as an imbecile for having tried to be good myself, and to believe in others' possible goodness. I flung my cloak with a brutal oath to Ivan, who seeing me beside myself with rage, did not dare to ask how there came a certain crusting of snow on my right fore-arm.

A packet of the coveted proofs was waiting me, sure enough. I did not deign them a look, but pitched them into the waste-basket. Oh, how I despised myself for my senile belief in *Sympathy;* how I blushed so to have belied all the rest of my life; how humiliated I was at having written what was there under cover! Nothing in the world would ever induce me to read a word of the stuff again. I scarcely slept a wink; a thousand times over the whole odious scene seemed re-enacted in the darkness. Again and again I saw myself the victim of the cowardly crew. Amid the howling of the night-wind I even fancied I caught the echoes of my own name shouted forth amid ribald laughter. The sharpness of my anger at length wore itself out, but it gave place to a profound discouragement, still more distressing. Had it come to this then? Had all my efforts at self-reform only made me the sport and the song of the drunkard,—a mockery and a byword in their low haunts?

I arose at last quite unhinged; so pale and altered indeed that

my barber affectionately questioned me on the cause. I sternly bade him mind his own affairs. He looked at Ivan in astonishment; but he, on his side, prudently avoided the glance, by staring out of window. This pantomime displeased me still more, and I sharply ordered Ivan about his business. He disappeared.

Left alone, I strode to the chimney, leaned my elbow on the marble, and my chin on my palm. I stared at my rueful countenance in the pier-glass, nursing my wrath, and chewing over and over the bitter pill those deceitful young scoundrels had given me to digest.

It might have been about eleven of the day when I heard a confused murmur of voices beneath my window. Directly afterward the street-door opened, and the hall-flags resounded with the shuffling and the stamping of snow off a dozen pair of boots, then followed a tramping up-stairs. A strong smell of tobacco-smoke wafted upwards told they were students long before Ivan could announce them.

"What, beard me in my own home!" I burst out indignantly; "If that is not the climax of impudence!"

For an instant I had an insane idea of ordering Ivan to pitch them down stairs; but he was in on me before I could rally my faculties, with the whole band at his heels. A tall, saucy-eyed galliard stepped from behind him with a low bow:

"Herr Professor," said he, "it was I that last night was so unlucky as to strike you with that snowball." ("How, scapegrace!" thought I, "you dare tell it to my face!") "So I came with the fellows here to apologize, and make any other reparation you may think fit. (Here my heart beat very fast. I was nearly choking —but it was with thankfulness. I was beginning to understand.) We were on the look-out for somebody that had been blackguarding us students—that awful brag, the Baron von der Schield, you know,—and all because we have been trotting him out in our *Gazette*. I had heavy odds laid on it that I'd hit him on the nose first crack. (I could not help smiling as I thought what a fair shot the fellow had made.) We mistook you by the dress, Professor. I'm awfully sorry!—(Here there was a break in his voice,) for we all like you and respect you right well; don't we, fellows?"

There was a chorus of ready assent, as the warm-hearted lads pressed round me. For a minute I could do nothing but seize

their outstretched hands and shake them heartily. At last I gulped down the knot in my throat, and said:

"It's all right, my lads, but even were it the Baron Munchausen in person, you need not hit quite so hard. It was all your old Bruin himself could do to stand it."

This last sally set us all laughing, and ever after peace and good will reigned between us. The packet of proof-sheets was speedily fished out of the waste-basket, the cover torn off, and the fair leaves held out at arm's length before my dazzled eyes. I gloated over the sight of myself in print with all the ardor of a young bride, in her wedding-robe, viewing her own fair image.

VIII.

This was my last serious trial. If, in after winters, a snowball should happen to close up ear or eye, I merely rubbed the part afflicted, sure that chance alone had directed the shot.

Sheets on sheets of proofs poured in, and soon my book was ready for the public. How would my idea take, and what would the critics say of it? My anxiety was cruel; I dared not stir out, and for the several days my lying-in lasted, I started and turned pale each time there was a rap at the door. Meanwhile, kind letters of congratulation from my colleagues and acquaintances poured in, and Ivan was in a fever-heat of enthusiasm. He lurked about the hall all day, ready for a spring whenever the knocker sounded. Over each new missive, as it arrived, his eyes sparkled with triumph, and he would ejaculate, "Another about *our* grand book!" as he punctiliously handed it to me on a silver tray. Then would he stand behind my chair, swelling with pride and glory as I broke the seal. To gratify the poor fellow, I always read him the juiciest bits of panegyric they contained, whilst he joined hands and cast up his eyes to heaven with admiration at the grandeur of the style and the extravagance of the compliments. From Munich the Councillor Wentzel wrote me, and George Heilig from Milan. These foreign letters were great feathers in Ivan's cap. But his delight rose to its climax when from Italy, France, and from all parts of Germany, newspapers poured in containing the most flattering notices of my work.

"There now you have it—in black and white—in print!" he would cry, flourishing the papers as confirmation strong. "Will

the Herr Professor believe me now, when I tell him *we* have written a book such as never was?"

I had actually become a hero to my valet.

The students, too, undertook to lionize me. One fine day a deputation of the Burschen invited me to a grand University banquet. The Principal presided, and all the Professors assisted. "The proceedings were lively in the extreme, but without the faintest shadow of disorder," was the verdict of the local journal. Glowing speeches were delivered, and songs of Vaterland sung and chorused to the echo. Oceans of beer were drunk "to the great German Land—to its language and its literature." Towards the close they drank to Europe at large, then to the universe entire.

A student, by the help of friends, mounted the table, and lifting his glass to the level of his eyes, gravely saluted; this meant that he was going to speak. "I drink," said he, "to the practical realization of that virtue of *sympathy* which has furnished to the hero of this *fête* the subject of so excellent a book. I drink to the eternal concord of the students of Munchausen."

Every one drank to *sympathy* and the eternal concord of the students of Munchausen.

"To a lasting peace between Town and Gown!"

Peace between Town and Gown was drank, and by acclamation it was agreed to drop giving the inhabitants the insulting epithet of Philistines.

A third time, drawing himself up proudly, the orator lifted his glass on high, and vociferated in a paroxysm of enthusiasm: "Three times three for Dr. Borst and his theory!"

IX.

The said Theory has had twenty years' ripening into practice since then, and it has fallen on no unfruitful soil.

Nowhere will you find more of the true spirit of the Burschen-schaft—more harmony between Town and Gown—a more chivalrous consideration between professors and pupils—a more complete triumph of the principle of *Sympathy* in short—than exists in the University of Munchausen. "And, my dear Gellert, as to your father's former aversion, Old Birsy, his bristles are, I hope, completely laid by this time. You see, even a little child does not fear to play with the old Bruin now! Eh, Martha?"—and the venerable Professor tenderly kissed the baby's dimpled fist, which

she had hooked into his grizzled beard, whilst she kept comfortably sucking the other during his recital. Little Maggie was resting her chubby elbow on his other knee, and staring up wide-eyed into her old friend's face. Madame was unaffectedly weeping; whilst Beckhaus himself, in an access of nervous sensibility, was rumpling, in a horrible manner for so methodical a book-vender, the last volume of a costly edition of the Cosmos. For myself, I was utterly abashed and stricken with remorse at thought of that rude and unguarded exclamation of mine, and yet not wholly sorry either, since it had been the means of leading up to the naïve and touching narrative of *Old Birsy's Transformation*, which I have endeavored here to transcribe.

Since that time "*Soul-Modelling*," by Dr. Borst, author of the celebrated work "*On Sympathy*," has appeared. *Sumptibus et typis Beckhaus.*

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# THE OLD INHABITANTS OF OUR NORTH-WEST.

BY REV. G. M. GRANT, HALIFAX, N. S.

THESE are Indians and half-breeds, the former being the oldest inhabitants, and the latter claiming to share with them the original title to the soil. There are probably not more than 125,000 Indians in the Dominion, nearly half of whom are on the Pacific slope, sea coast and islands. Those between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains fall under three great divisions; (1) some 16,000 in the four Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario; (2) about 25,000 in and around the fertile belt, or our North-west proper; (3) nearly 30,000 Thickwood Indians to the north, living in wilderness and sub-arctic regions, where the most valuable fur-bearing animals are found. All those figures are approximate. Some estimates are lower, some higher; but no complete census has ever been or could be taken. It is with the second of those divisions that we are now concerned. Something concerning these twenty or twenty-five thousand sons of the soil, who have roamed and ridden over the great plains and prairies of our North-west for centuries

we all ought to know. How many great tribes are there, what are their present relationships with our Government and their present feelings towards the white man as a settler, what are their habits, and what is the probability of the continuance of peace within our borders?

The Modoc war has lifted our poor Indian into all the dignity of a "burning question." When our neighbour's house is on fire it is high time for us to think of our own, and the danger now is that our past *laissez faire* policy may be replaced by a policy unnecessarily energetic. Modoc valour and perfidy have commanded the attention of the world, and our people are thus made willing to listen to information about their own Indian question. We can listen calmly too; for as yet it is only our neighbour's house that is burning. A few outrages in Manitoba or on the Saskatchewan might wring from us a scream as unreasonable and revengeful as that which has re-echoed lately from Maine to Florida, and from the Bay State to the Golden Gate. One would, indeed, hope not. For the sight of forty millions of Christian people in a phrensy over the successes of forty or fifty savages, is not such an edifying spectacle as to invite national emulation. The assassination of General Canby was sufficiently horrible, it is true, but on that very account there should be meted out for it justice, not revenge; justice on the evil-doers, not extermination on the tribe. And if what a correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes be the fact, that twenty years ago the father of Scouchin and others were treacherously murdered by one Wright, captain of a troop of settlers, at a pretended peace conference, more pleas than one could be put in for the Modoc. At all times he may be expected, as Leather-Stocking used to say, to fight "accordin' to his gifts." All things are excusable in love or war, is a maxim of our own, and among the all things, the Indian has always classed assassination. It is a surprise on a small scale, whereas in our wars we now only allow surprises on a large scale. Again, the law of feud is still in force with him. It is out of date with us, but our forefathers held it essential to an honorable state of society. And as Captain Wright's treachery was not publicly punished, Captain Jack may have thought himself entitled to "better the example." Of course, Captain Jack must be taught that "the case being altered alters the case;" but the teaching that is conveyed in newspaper headings of "Exter-

mination is the Word," and such like, reflects a discreditable state of popular feeling, and promises little for the solution of graver questions of race that are actually impending.

The great Indian tribes with whom the Dominion has now to deal are the Ojibbways or Chippewas, the Crees and the Blackfeet. The first of these is to be found under several names or subdivisions of the tribe, not only about the lakes and lacustrine rivers between the north of Lake Superior and the eastern verge of the prairie, where their food is chiefly fish, but also in the Province of Manitoba and as far west as the Saskatchewan, where they are hunters, and where they intermingle with the Crees. The Crees are the great tribe of the Saskatchewan valley. The home of the Blackfeet is the Bow River, as the head waters of the South Saskatchewan are called, and from there south beyond the boundary line, and north "as far as they can win" among the Crees. The Chippewas and Crees belong to the Algonquin family, and are allies, or at least friendly. The Blackfeet are the hereditary enemies of the Crees. With the exception of the last three years they have been at war with each other from time immemorial. Now that the Sioux tribe has been almost exterminated in some States and whipped into an humble state of mind in others, the Blackfeet take rank as the boldest and bravest in North America. Half-breed and Cree mothers frighten their children with "the Blackfeet!" as Saracen mothers, in olden times, with Cour de Lion's name, and timid people in Britain, early in this century, with "Bony!" Hudson Bay officers in the far west get excited when they hear that "the Blackfeet are coming." The gate of the Fort is shut; the rusty cannon dragged out; and the valuables in the store put out of sight. If a band does come along, which happens about once for a dozen alarms, they are not admitted within the Fort unless their object is unmistakably "trade." Even in such a case the gate is opened gingerly, and not more than half a dozen at a time admitted.

That the reader may not be taken in by the high-sounding title of "Fort," it is only fair to say that a Hudson Bay Fort is a square of wooden houses or shanties—the house of the agent and servants, the store, blacksmith's shop, etc.—surrounded by a paling, or stockades about twenty feet high; and sometimes with small bastions at the angles to afford flanking defence. Although such have, as a rule, been sufficient to afford protection from

Indians, it is hardly necessary to add that they would excite the laughter or scorn of any modern Dugald Dalgetty, there being generally a Drumsnab near, from which artillery—if the Indians only had it—could play on the Fort with deadly effect.

Not having seen any of the Blackfeet braves, I may be inclined to underrate their prowess. That they are masterful, turbulent fellows there is plenty of proof. The "Rocky Mountain House," about one hundred and fifty miles south-west from Fort Edmonton, which was established by the Hudson Bay Company as a headquarters to trade with them, was so often plundered, and at length burnt down, that the Station was abandoned, and it has only recently been rebuilt to give them another trial.

The Blackfeet are subdivided in five clans—the Blackfeet proper; the Bloods or Bloodies; the Sarcis, Sircies, or Surcees; the Piegans, lately slaughtered to a considerable extent by Col. Baker in Montana; and the Gros Ventres, who were adopted by the Blackfeet thirty or forty years ago, when they seceded from their own nation—the Arapahoes. These clans number between them over two thousand men, or a population of ten thousand. The home of more than half of these is on our side of the boundary line; but they never have united in any enterprise, and never will—unless there is very bad management. Colonel Robertson Ross, the Adjutant-General of the Dominion Militia, has recommended in his Report to the House of Commons this year, the establishment of a Custom House with a military guard of one hundred and fifty soldiers on the Belly River, near the Porcupine Hills, in the very centre of the Blackfeet country. I can see no immediate necessity for such a force. If intended to protect a Custom House, they are too many. If to fight the Blackfeet, they are too few. It would be a hazardous, while at present it is an unnecessary experiment. The Blackfeet have always counted us friends, and they are now at peace with their ancient enemies. The sight of so many soldiers would excite their suspicions. Better "let sleeping dogs lie?" However beautiful and fit for settlement their country may be, it is out of reach of ordinary settlers for many a day; and the railway must keep well to the north, and will not interfere with their hunting grounds. It is different with the Cree country. A small troop of mounted riflemen ought to be stationed at or near Forts Ellice and Carlton, while Fort Edmonton must be the military headquarters, as it has long been the head-

quarters of the Hudson Bay posts, on the Saskatchewan. With respect to the Blackfeet, the old motto of "*Quieta non movera*," or Lord Melbourne's "Can't you let them alone," expresses clearly the policy for to-day, whatever may be the duty of to-morrow.

With some of the Chippewa or Ojibbway tribes, treaties have lately been made by the Government; and similar treaties ought to be made as soon as possible with the others, and also with the Crees. We are now in contact with those tribes; are passing through their country, are appropriating what we need, and legislating as if it were all our own. Theoretically of course, the land belongs to the Queen. The title is vested in the Crown. But practically it belongs to the Indians, and what is of most consequence, the Indians believe that they have rights to it. Their fathers and they have lived on it, and though it takes at the rate of forty or fifty square miles to maintain a family, there are estates as large in Britain, where too the quantity of land is limited.

With the Ojibbways of the lakes and woods between Lake Superior and Manitoba, no treaty has yet been made. The Commissioners, last year, thought their demands exorbitant. There ought not to be much difficulty in settling with them, though it is true that extravagant notions have been implanted in their minds by interested parties. Those Indians are pagans. They speak a flexible, sonorous, musical language, and are on the whole well developed physically; but they are dirty, unclean livers, cowardly, and low in the scale of civilization, as compared with the Indians either to the east or west. The lakes and lakelets of which their country is a great network are filled with fish, and as there is little soil to cultivate except in a few favoured spots, such as the banks of Rainy River, and little game in the woods, fish is their staff of life. They can never be dangerous enemies, but on the ground of cheapness as well as of humanity, it would be well to conciliate them. The work of civilizing and christianizing them would be very difficult, because they are never together in large bodies except for a few days at some grand *pow-wow*. Each family looks out for itself, and the tribal relationships are vague and ill-defined.

In Manitoba, and a region three times the size of the little Province to its north-west, the Indian claims were extinguished by Governor Archibald in 1871, in treaties agreed upon at two great Conventions, one held at the Stone Fort, Red River, and the

other at Manitoba Post. We have every right to be satisfied with such a result, because, during Riel's rebellion, the Indians in and around the Province had got worked up into a state of the utmost excitement. Bands of them roamed about as if in expectation of a general free fight, and promises that could not be kept were made to them by subordinate authorities here and there. All the elements of chronic disaffection, if not actual civil war, existed on the Red River and the Assiniboine. Beside the old inhabitants—the Chippewas and Swampy Crees—a large band of Sioux, who had fled from Minnesota after the great massacre ten years ago, were encamped on the prairie fifty or sixty miles west of Fort Garry; and as they were hereditary enemies of the Chippewas, a war between them, in the disordered state of the Province, was expected, and indeed was reported again and again, though without the slightest foundation in fact. Those Sioux have always behaved well. They ask only to be allowed to live in the country. The women, and even some of the men, hire themselves to do harvest and other work for the settlers; and it seems to me that it would be very easy to place them on some suitable reservation, and that they would afford as fine a field for missionary labor as Christian men could wish, and quite as likely to yield good results as that "fine field" that Dr. Chalmers saw in the Cowgate of Edinburgh. But two or three years ago, not only were the Indians in Manitoba restless and suspicious, but so also were the half-breeds, and between them and the "Canadian" part of the population a deep ill-bridged gulf existed. That peace was kept, the Indian question settled, and a general sense of public security diffused was greatly owing to the wisdom of Governor Archibald. The healing influences of time have now free play, and as each year brings in emigrants, all whose interests are bound up with the stability and prosperity of the Province, its future may be considered assured.

According to the treaties of 1871, each Indian family of five persons is to receive one hundred and sixty acres of land in a suitable reserve, and fifteen dollars a year; or land and dollars in the same proportions, as there are more or less persons in the family. Her Majesty also agrees to maintain a school in each reserve, whenever the Indians inhabiting it shall desire a school; to present them with certain animals as a nucleus for stocking the reserve, and with certain farming implements, and to prohibit the

introduction or sale of intoxicating liquors within the boundaries of the several reserves.

Those terms certainly impose no very onerous obligations on Her Majesty, that is, on the Dominion; but Dr. Schultz stated in his place in the House of Commons this session that the Indians agreed to them ignorantly, and are now dissatisfied with them. On March 31st, in moving for copies of all correspondence with the Government on the subject of the dissatisfaction prevailing among the Chiefs, Headmen and Indians treated with in Manitoba and adjacent Territories in 1871, he said that the Indians, through their head chief "Miskokanew," or Red Eagle, the Chiefs Les Grand Oreilles, Yellow Quill, and others, have protested against the treaties, and in some cases have refused to receive the stipulated annuity; and that it would be neccssary to make others with them on a far more liberal basis. Instead of a perpetual annuity, he suggests a much larger sum annually for a stipulated period, say twenty-one years; instead of the present reserve of one hundred and sixty acres per family, at least one hundred and sixty acres to each individual, the reservation to be situated near some well-known fishing ground, and removed as far as possible from centres of white population and much travelled highways; and the most ample provision to be made for the education of the Indians in our language. As far as these suggestions can be carried out, without giving the Indians ground to fancy that treaties deliberately and solemnly made, signed and sealed, can be crumpled or torn up whenever they grumble, they are worthy of all attention from the Indian Commissioners. The most important is the last; and there is every reason for considering it urgent. Dr. Schultz points to "the numerous settlements of Christian Indians about our Missions, where the Indian nature has so far changed as to make him in point of industry, of truthfulness, and of obedience, the equal if not the superior of the average white man," as sufficient proof that we can civilize the Indian by weaning him from the chase to the cultivation of the soil. The condition of the Chippewas, Oneidas, Mohawks, Six Nations and other tribes in Ontario, and of the Cherokees and Choctaws in the Indian Territory, United States, proves the same thing. Wherever an honest and vigorous attempt has been made to elevate an Indian tribe, it has succeeded. The missionary and the teacher are cheaper than the rifle. That is a low ground to take, but

when you can answer a fool according to his folly, it is just as well to do so.

Whatever else is done for the Chippewas and Swampies in Manitoba and the adjacent territory, as a matter of favour, it is evident that the treaties of 1871 must not only be preserved intact, but that they must be the basis of future treaties with the Crees to the west. Those treaties were made with all the deliberation that could possibly be observed. Abundant notice was given beforehand. Most of the Indians came in person. They were told to elect their representative men. Ten days were spent in the negotiations. Everything was fully explained to them. And Red Eagle, Yellow Quill, and the rest signed the treaties, and solemnly bound themselves and their people to observe them. The Indians believe firmly in the sanctity of an oath, and while their universal complaint against "the long knives," or Yankees, has always been that they do not keep their engagements, they know that the representatives of their "Great Mother" do whatsoever they promise. If we keep faith with them, nothing need be feared. A few more devoted missionaries, sensible men, who would show them that their only hope is in the cultivation of the rich soil, and a school wherever a few of them settle—whether they ask for it or not. I have much more faith in such agencies than in larger annuities or larger land grants; and for taking the initiative in such enterprises, the Churches must be looked to rather than the Government.

The sooner that a treaty is made with the Crees of the Saskatchewan, the better. They have heard of the treaties made in Manitoba, and are suspicious, because they have not yet been consulted. In April 1871, their Chiefs went as a deputation to Mr. Christie, then Chief Factor at Fort Edmonton,* to ask if their lands had been sold, and they requested him to write down their words or messages to their "Great Master" in Red River. Here are their words. The Crees speak plainly, for they have not yet learned that "language is given us to conceal our thoughts:"

*Messages from the Cree Chiefs of the Plains, Saskatchewan, to His Excellency Governor Archibald, our Great Mother's Representative at Fort Garry, Red River Settlement.*

1. The Chief "SWEET GRASS," the Chief of the Country,

*Great Father,*—I shake hands with you and bid you welcome.

* Fort Edmonton is about nine hundred miles west-north-west from Fort Garry.

We heard our lands were sold and we did not like it: we don't want to sell our lands; it is our property, and no one has a right to sell them.

Our country is getting ruined of fur-bearing animals, hitherto our sole support, and now we are poor and want help—we want you to pity us. We want cattle, tools, agricultural implements, and assistance in everything when we come to settle—our country is no longer able to support us.

Make provision for us against years of starvation. We have had great starvation the past winter, and the small-pox took away many of our people, the old, young, and children.

We want you to stop the Americans from coming to trade on our lands, and giving firewater, ammunition and arms to our enemies the Blackfeet.

We made a peace this winter with the Blackfeet. Our young men are foolish, it may not last long.

We invite you to come and see us and to speak with us. If you can't come yourself, send some one in your place.

We send these words by our Master, Mr. Christie, in whom we have every confidence. That is all.

2. "Ki-he-win," "The Eagle,"

*Great Father*,—Let us be friendly. We never shed any white-man's blood, and have been friendly with the whites, and want workmen, carpenters and farmers to assist us when we settle. I want all my brother "Sweet Grass" asks. That is all.

3. "The Little Hunter,"

You, my brother, the Great Chief in Red River, treat me as a brother, that is, as a Great Chief.

4. "Kis-ki-on," or "Short Tail,"

My brother, that is coming close, I look upon you as if I saw you; I want you to pity me, and I want help to cultivate the ground for myself and descendants. Come and see us.

Is there not something like the cry of the children in every one of those messages? They are ready to welcome civilization. Many of them are under missionary influence, and the strength and spirit of the haughtiest have been broken by the small-pox. A generation ago the tribe that hunted on the Qu' Appelle river used to approach Fort Ellice to receive their supplies, preceded by eight hundred mounted warriors singing their war songs. Now that tribe is almost extinct.

In thinking about the Crees, we must not be led astray by what

we know of the miserable, degraded remnants of the Micmacs or Meliseets in our Maritime Provinces, nor on the other hand by what we read concerning blood-thirsty, scalp-hunting savages, in the cheap, illustrated weeklies filled with blood-and-thunder stories that come to us from New York. The Indians of the plains are barbarians, nomads, it is true, but they possess noble qualities, and deserve to be treated not only with substantial justice, but with every possible courtesy and generosity. Courtesy besides is not thrown away upon them. They have a rigid etiquette of their own, and when they meet people without manners they are apt to consider them as without morals. One reason why the Hudson Bay officers succeeded so well with them is that they gained, in the course of their long dealings, a thorough knowledge of their character, and always treated them with respect. That some of the agents of our neighbours have considered it unnecessary to show even civility to "Redskins," is one cause of their many failures in dealing with them.

When travelling up the Saskatchewan, two elderly Crees joined our party one afternoon, and rode on with us to spend the night at our camp. In the course of the evening, as they sat on a hillock conversing with a Wesleyan Missionary who accompanied us from Fort Garry to Edmonton, a junior member of our party, wearied with the day's travel, happened to stretch out his long legs between them and the fire. Our Chief, in a low tone, called his attention to the fact. "Oh, what odds," was the answer, "they don't notice." "They don't appear to notice," remarked the Missionary, looking up, "but depend upon it they will form their opinion of you accordingly."

We did not see many Crees on our journey, for most of them were away on the plains south of the ordinary trail, hunting the buffalo,—which, to the boundless delight of every half-breed and Indian appeared this year in greater numbers on the Qu' Appelle and between the two Saskatchewans than for many years previous. It is said that the Union and Central Pacific Railways have forced them northwards. If so, the Northern Pacific Railway, if it is built, will have the same effect, and drive them all into our North-west. This, and probable Indian disturbances in Montana, and the hope of better treatment from the "Great Mother" than from "the Long Knives," may cause a migration of bands of foreign Indians into the Saskatchewan country. But such immi-

grants, however warlike, are not likely to give trouble, just because they know that they have no claim to the soil. What is done for them by the Government they will be grateful for. But the Crees demand compensation for the land as a right.

And who will question their right? Those vast rolling prairies, those gently sloping or bold broken hills, those sparkling lakes all of them covered with wild-fowl and many stocked with the delicious white fish, are theirs by inheritance and by possession. They did not, after the fashion of white men, divide them up into separate estates. Had they done so, no one would have questioned their title. But that the country that has always yielded them support is their property they firmly and rightly believe. The tribe holds the land and the wood and the water for common use. And it is only fair that, before arranging to run our Railroads through it or inviting European emigrants to go in and take possession, we should meet the Crees in friendly council, and buy their rights and extinguish their title.

They are ready to meet us half-way. Though brave and proud, they are willing to admit our superiority. Though few in number, and every year becoming fewer, they would be formidable as enemies, for they are magnificent horsemen and could support themselves in the great plains where ordinary troops would starve. Though born hunters, and almost as fond of a buffalo "run" as of "firewater," they are, under missionary influence, betaking themselves in some places to agriculture and stock raising, and their most intelligent men see that it is necessary for them all to settle if they are to exist alongside of white men. Hitherto the buffalo has been to them all what the potato was to the Irish before the great famine. The buffalo has been more; house, clothing, harness, leather, cordage, thread, as well as food. But the buffalo is beginning to be a less certain element. The buffalo disappears before civilization. And the Cree must be civilized, or he too will disappear.

Let us trust that our Dominion—the daughter of Britain—will imitate the example of her great mother in dealing with the Indian question. Doctrinaires have reproached Great Britain for her Colonial policy, and her government of races that she has subjected to her sway. As matters of history, as matters of fact, what other nation of ancient or modern times ever built up such a Colonial Empire? What other nation ever ruled weaker races so wisely and well?

# THE ARCTIC MYSTERY.

AND so DR. HALL, the intrepid and all too reckless Arctic explorer, is dead. The *Polaris* has shared the fate of many a less seaworthy craft. The spirit of the angry North has claimed its victims. The Kraken and the Norns have done their fatal work. Another name is added to the long, sad beadroll of the brave, who have risked and lost all in the cause of science. The mighty mysteries of the world are not to be discovered without long toil and a heavy price.

The *Polaris* started on her voyage better equipped than any ship that had ever before tempted the perils of the Arctic ocean. She was a steamer, but also a sailing ship, steam power being reserved, probably, for serious emergencies. She was accompanied to the most northerly available harbor in Greenland by a United States war-vessel with fresh supplies, so that she went into the ice realms well stocked with provisions,—all the comforts as well as necessaries of sailor life. The company and crew were also *elite*, and supposed to be admirably fitted for the task they had voluntarily undertaken.

At the time of this writing we have no particulars of Dr. Hall's death, or of previous or subsequent trials and adversities; all we know is that the expedition has proved a disastrous failure, and that Dr. Hall is dead. Readers may, perhaps, recall a cloud of suspicion that hung over Dr. Hall's name some time after his previous expedition. What foundation there was for it—how it was dissipated, how he lived it down—we cannot now say. A life had been sacrificed, perhaps under circumstances that rendered the deed justifiable. It is probable that the mystery will be cleared now, since Dr. Hall, too, has fallen and gone to his last account.

Many a gallant seaman has grappled with the Storm King and the Frost King in the Arctic regions, with the hope of forcing a passage in that direction to sunnier climes. This may be a favourable opportunity for referring as briefly as possible to what has been accomplished, and at what cost.

Colonists from Scandinavia, hardy, brave, freedom-loving men, —men of letters too,—made their home in Iceland as early as the eleventh century. There they struggled with the rigor of the climate and the barrenness of the soil, and blossomed into a glorious civilization, long previous to any other country in modern Europe. Their literature was splendid. Snorro Sturleson still stands the Spencer, Milton and Shakspere of the Northern races. The Icelanders pushed their way to Greenland, and founded a community there which developed into a flourishing Christian civilization. There is something ineffably sad about this ancient Greenland colony. Relics of its life and achievements are yet to

be seen—churches, monuments, sites of houses. But the whole people perished utterly from causes unknown. Some imagine that they were cut off by the *black death* or plague which devasted Europe early in the thirteenth century. Some fancy that death came through starvation caused by a mighty invasion of winter and northern icebergs. These are guesses. The only thing sure is, that they lived, and that they perished utterly, leaving no trace of their melancholy fate.

Adventurers from Iceland came down southward to Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and perhaps still farther, but they effected no permanent settlement in these regions. Icelanders saw America and wrote about America centuries before Columbus was born. Men who so fearlessly pushed their explorations southward would also go as far as they could towards the pole; but no trace of their efforts remains. They dreamed, they sang, they romanced about the North with its darkness and wrath and wasteful seas and remorseless storms: but evidently their efforts were not equal to the task of unlocking the mighty secret, which has hitherto baffled the civilized world.

Frobisher, in 1756, with three vessels of twenty-five, twenty and ten tons respectively, undertook the task of reaching "Cathay," by a shorter route than by the Cape of Good Hope—a long and perilous voyage. If the English could find a way round the North of Asia or the North of America, they would be on more than equal terms with their rivals the Spaniards and Portuguese—English merchants might then share in the spoils of China, India, and Cathay. Frobisher faced the dark problem; "Good Queen Bess" bade him adieu, and in July he reached Greenland with its pinnacles of ice and hills of snow. The smaller vessel was lost, and the crew of one of the others returned to England, reporting Frobisher lost, while he was pushing his way through Frobisher's Strait. Here he lost five of his men, and managed to capture a "Native" to take with him to England. In October they reached London where they "were joyfully received with the great admiration of the people, bringing with them the strange man and his boat, which was such a wonder unto the city, and to the rest of the realm that heard of it, as seemed never to have happened, like great matter to any man's knowledge." "The said Captain Frobisher was greatly commended of all men, for his high and notable attempt, but especially for the great hope which he brought of a passage to Cathay, which he doubted not at all to find, and pass through in those parts, as he reporteth."

This first attempt is now nearly three hundred years old, but it is still full of living interest. The most amazing thing is how Frobisher, Davis, and other old worthies could successfully encounter the gales of the North Atlantic in vessels of twenty-five and thirty tons. What a contrast between these and the powerful steamer *Polaris*, in the service of Dr. Hall!

Poor Sir Hugh Willoughby was the pioneer explorer of the supposed "North East Passage." He and his crews, after many hardships by sea and land, were frozen to death in Lapland in 1553. Other English adventurers followed. The Dutch also made the experiment with bravery and perseverance. Barentz left his dykes and canals to accomplish what the English had tried in vain. His winter quarters were found a few months ago in those polar regions—books, charts, implements of various sorts—winter quarters which had become his prison and his grave, and from which no tidings had come for two hundred and seventy years. The "North East Passage" was not finally settled till the Russian Government ordered an exploration—just fifty years ago—an expedition by land, which fully demonstrated that no available passage for ships existed, owing to the immense fields of ice constantly to be encountered.

The North West was longer in giving up its secret. Upwards of two hundred English expeditions attempted to find an open way through those frozen seas. Many discoveries of much scientific interest, and some discoveries of great practical importance were made from time to time. Of course there were disasters—shipwrecks, starvations, drownings, strayings in lone, waste ice continents, pathless and chartless. Of course there were horrors more than enough to be encountered and related by lucky survivors. But danger only seemed to excite daring. It was found out at last that there was no available North-west Passage. Maclure and his ship's company penetrated some twenty-three years ago from Behring's Straits to Baffin's Bay, and thus solved the vexing world-old difficulty. Sir John Franklin perished in the attempt five years previously. No ship, not even a boat, has yet made the "Passage," or is likely to make it, as there are at least sixty miles of unbroken ice.

And now the object is nót to reach India by these northern routes, but to sail on the bosom of the supposed open Polar Sea. Is there such a sea? Dr. Hall reports that he saw it! Some Germans got a glimpse of it, probably by moonlight, through clouds of tobacco smoke. We do not know of any Englishman who has yet seen it. However, there is a German expedition now in "High Latitudes," and we are likely to hear something of their achievements before long. The Royal Geographical Society of England, backed by other scientific associations, have been pressing upon the British Government the desirableness of sending out one other well-equipped expedition towards the Polar Sea. Robert Lowe holds the purse-strings with tenacious grasp, and so the learned folk were met with a firm refusal "for the present." They are to renew the assault next autumn, and perhaps with better success. There is resistless fascination in the unknown gloom, or brightness of the supposed Polar Sea, that leads captive, especially the young lovers of adventure. While Livingstone and

Baker and other hardy Britishers are sweltering beneath equatorial suns, it is only right to preserve the balance of the national character by sending a few scores of their countrymen to shiver under the polar star, and feel eerie at the howl of the white bear. Hitherto Great Britain has made all the noteworthy discoveries in the Arctic regions. Americans have entered the field with admirable pluck and reasonable success, but naturally enough they were later in the race, and there was less to reward their enterprise. We shall soon know what has been done by the ill-fated expedition of Dr. Hall.

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## NOTES ON CURRENT EVENTS.

DEATH has been busy with great men during the month. Most prominent of those whose names have been removed from the roll of honour are Chief Justice Chase and John Stuart Mill. The former filled for several years a prominent place in the United States during the troubles of the late civil war. As Secretary of the Treasury during President Lincoln's term of office, he displayed considerable ability as a financier when the nation's credit was low and the annual expenditure enormously great. How much of his preference for an irredeemable currency was due to a conviction of its merits, and how much to the fiat of circumstances, would be difficult to say; it is sufficient to remark that, though by no means the first finance minister who has resorted to such a mode of tiding over difficulties, he used it on so large a scale that it will long be peculiarly associated with his name, and he will in all probability be remembered as the author of the greenback currency when his services as a statesman and a jurist have passed away from recollection, or are to be found recorded only in some brief historic paragraph.

A much greater man was John Stuart Mill. Apparently without a single particle of moral cowardice in his disposition, he united intellectual vigor, sympathy with all that concerned man, and a somewhat daring originality together in such a harmonious whole that it will be long before we can look upon his like again. With his views on natural and revealed religion we have nothing here to do. On these subjects he was at variance with all the orthodoxy of the age; and yet, careless about the name of "Christian" as he was, there are few controversialists of any creed who might not study to advantage the moderation and spirit of fairness that pervade everything he wrote. With the exception of Thomas Carlyle, a much older, but, we firmly believe, no greater man or truer philosopher, there is not a single writer who has done so

much to mould contemporary public opinion on a vast variety of social and political topics as John Stuart Mill. His positions and arguments are always assumed or expounded with no other end in view than the diffusion of truth and the improvement of society. He has popularized and fused together into a single system of political economy the views and principles of Malthus, Ricardo and other successors of Adam Smith; and the clever satire which sparkles on the page of almost every social reformer of to-day owes its inspiration to a volume which has found neither fitting supplement nor adequate refutation, whether the views insisted upon in it are considered right or wrong. As an ethical philosopher Mill has the merit of freeing Utilitarianism from the grossness it assumes in the hands of Hobbes and Paley; while, in the expression of his views, he seems to combine the strong intellect and incisive logic of the former with the charming simplicity of the latter, adding a grace, and even a poetic flavour, which are all his own. His "System of Logic Ratiocinative and Inductive" stands on a level with the systems of Locke and Sir William Hamilton; and while the older metaphysician is notoriously prolix and verbose, the style of Mill compares by no means unfavourably with that of Hamilton, even in those qualities that have, as much as anything else, built up the reputation of the latter—force, clearness, and conciseness. The noble treatise on "Liberty" is, perhaps, the best known, as it is certainly the most eloquent of his works; but the celebrated inaugural address which he delivered when elected Lord Rector of a Scottish University may well be regarded as the most singular, considering that the almost encyclopedic learning of the author, which shines on every page, was acquired without the advantages of a collegiate education and during a life of physical suffering which racked and tortured the insignificant looking frame of the invalid philosopher. Although a Radical of the most pronounced type, whose opinions, diffused in the form of books and Review articles, have done much to educate the Liberal party for over thirty years, Mill was never afraid of opposing anything which would not square with his principles. Equally unconcerned about the resentment of alienated friends and the violent opposition of foes, provoked by his imperturbable good humor, dispassionate manner, keen sarcasm, and great intellectual acumen, he was the most thoroughly independent party man since the days of Halifax, the Great Trimmer, so lovingly depicted in the pages of Macaulay. Well would it be for the country, and for the success of responsible government and representative institutions, if party men in general could be found willing to display the same spirit of genuine independence. With men in Parliament actuated by his spirit, which they might all be, even if they lacked his deep insight into the principles which underlie the current topics for discussion, the science of politics would be divested of all that miserable chicanery which has

rendered it a bye-word and a kind of synonym for all that is selfish and to some extent disgraceful. Instead of being a mere pursuit, too often taken up with a view to the furtherance of private aims, statesmanship would be elevated to the dignity of a profession in which the great motive would be an intense and disinterested desire to remove the evils which afflict man as a social being. The career of John Stuart Mill may always be pointed to with safety as one of the most singular and useful examples of what may be accomplished by deep earnestness of purpose, purity of aim, and unwearied industry, even when the mind has been coupled with a frame so fragile as to render the tenure of life exceedingly precarious.

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THE Indian difficulty seems as far from solution in the United States as ever. The troops sent against the Modocs have been repulsed, and every success of the aborigines renders more possible a general uprising of the tribes. It is to be hoped that the war will be confined to the Lava Beds, and that the United States Government will be satisfied with avenging the death of the Peace Commissioners and quelling the uprising, without hastily abandoning a general policy of fairness and conciliation in dealing with this difficult question.

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THE troubles of Spain and France are by no means at an end, and an Italian crisis was only staved off by the almost unexpected recovery of the Pope from a serious illness. The defeat of Thiers' candidate at a recent election in Paris, and the return of a thorough-paced Republican deputy, who hails from the Communist city of Lyons, cannot be regarded without significance. The event, trifling as it may seem to foreigners, speaks of portending ruin to the Monarchists as the result of an appeal to the people. It speaks, too, of dissatisfaction with the position so long maintained by President Thiers, while striving to mediate between parties diametrically opposed to each other. The Carlist guerillas in Spain may continue to give trouble for some time to come, but the most serious danger to the recently established Republic arises from the embarrassed condition of its finances. The country seems to be on the verge of bankruptcy and with no immediate prospect of relief. It may be that Spain will yet display some of the remarkable recuperative power which has enabled France to free her soil from the invader and increase the resources of the country; but if the display is ever to be made at all it must come soon or it may be too late.

[Notes on Canadian Pacific embroglio and other events held over for want of space.]