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CHAPTER III.

THE waggon I was waiting for had come long ago, and if I hang much longer about the garden gate, a cold of unsatisfactory intensity will be the result. I know what you are thinking about, in regard to this long-looked for vehicle, and its discharged cargo. You suppose there must be a young lady in connection therewith, and that "as sure as fate" I must fall in love with her. You have the synopsis of our joint biographies in your plotting noddle. I will propose in stereotyped "honest Saxon phrases," or in nature's pantomime. She will either reject my overtures, and supplications, with supreme feminine scorn, or, with hereditary cunning, hang me, for an indefinite time, on the hook of jealousy, baited, barbed, and cast, with all the skill of a cunning angler. The signs and symptoms will be as pronounced as those of measles or small-pox. We will act silly; talk "spooney;" gaze at the moon in *Cupidical* reverie; no sleep for the *pleasure* of the *pain;* threats of suicide when clouds lowered; being fools generally, and particularly; having a few hair-breadth escapes; and at last get married; do as well as could be expected; drop languishing sentimentalism for prose and porridge; see a dozen photographs, "be the same more or less," *kickative* and jubilant, and coloured, in the back-yard; get, in the last stage of our eventful history, hoary-headed, sober, sage, senile, and sickly savage; (the alliteration was not intentional,) drop through the trap-doored

bridge into the river, and be forgotten as completely as if we had never been. This is an interesting programme of proceedings, and possible in daily life, but highly probable in fiction. Read and Wilkie Collins will be truly thankful for the original suggestions therein contained, and to which these red-hot, itchy fictionists may apply, seeing they are not "entered in the office of the Minister of Agriculture" as patents. This desultory narrative is a life picture, and curbs a free fancy by fruitful facts. Cast-iron rules of truthful incidents have a "pent up Utica." To have stirring and impossible scenes in field and flood, with a horror or two thrown in, will pass a dull story; to preserve a hero, hanging by the heels, in a worse position than Tantalus, from one week's end to another, and his friends also in suspensory torture, seven days at a time, as to his fate, with "to be continued" for a *solatium;* to keep the *denouement* carefully covered up in the creel of generalities and mythical lore, until page 180 is reached, and then, without any regard to the reader's feelings, "pop goes the weasel," is not life, but ideality gone mad, with "emotional insanity" for a reader, and a *claquer*. I make this charge deliberately, with the prospect of being publicly guillotined for my pains. The waggon *had* in it a young lady,—from the city? (keep cool, now, and don't be in a hurry); not at all, but from a neighbouring settlement. Is she pretty? That is a matter for discussion. We are told by sages that there is an ideal model of beauty which priest and pagan, Jew and Christian, man and woman, wise and ignorant, must accept, by intuition, as angelic and perfect. If our minds are unwarped by habit or custom, the verdict must be universally unanimous, just as all bushel measures must, in strict honesty, contain only as many cubic inches as the patriarchal measure in the British Museum. I enter a demurrer against this view, and may argue it out at some future time. The Scot was full of "soft sawder" as well as "human nature," not to say a spice of philosophy, when he said "Gin ye wis a' o' my way o' thinkin, ye wid a' be gane clean daft after my Maggie." This young lady whom we have neglected so long had beauty, no doubt. To me she had the face and figure of a true *Raphaelitic* Madonna. I don't ask you to endorse this ebullition of sentiment, because you never saw her, and possibly you would not then; but I'll thrust the matter home to you, and ask you to sit down under the apple-tree, "'tween the gloamin' and the mirk," and construct out of the imagery of your

brain--you see I am assuming a good deal—the most handsome young lady the material at your command can produce, and that artistic design is a model of Power's Greek Slave, or Molly Perkins. I am sorry her name is not Angelina, or Felicia, for they sound so euphonious, metrical and aristocratic in a story. My excuse is, I was not at the christening, nor anywhere else, at the time; so I'm not to blame. Molly is my aunt, and at least twenty years old. Evidence went to show that she was four months, three hours, and—never mind the fractions—old when I made my *debut* into this cantankerous world. That is the prime reason why I don't like her, because I have to look up to my elders for advice, instruction, and warning, not to add, with respect. This was not to be thought of, when I say that Molly was the very quintessence of mischief, and kept the house in a maelstrom of confusion, peculiar to herself, ever since she came. The imperative mood in elect tenses was her creed, and when postulated meant, "I command, you obey." This sort of governmental assumption was looked upon by quiet seniors as an optimism, not unpleasant "to be, to do, and to suffer." It was not peremptory and incisive as a cannon-ball, but honeyed, and *coaxitive*, yet resistless as flowing water, which may be checked for a time, but conquers in the end. This *petty*-coat tyranny over men by this enchantress culminated in my revenge vicariously, by seeing her caught in Cupid's meshes as fast as mare, Fan, is tethered in the back gully. I should not have told you this so soon, dear and patient reader, but revenge is sweet, and it was too good to keep. Mind you, I would not have a hair of her head injured for the world, but if her heart could be occasionally squeezed into unrest with a first instalment of pain, by way of discipline, it is not for me to interfere, *pro tem.* The animal spirits overflowed, and in all which a well developed right arm found to do was honest endeavour and energy. She was "some" at housekeeping. Like the Yankees on Independence Day, she was possessed of "all-fired" brag, but, like them too, she could do all she promised, or, at any rate, was not afraid to try. Pies, twist cake, salt-rising bread, pancakes light as sponge, meat that wasn't burned to a cinder, and biscuit with downy tops soft and white as a maiden's brow, were only love's labour for her to make, cook, and inwardly digest. To ride a horse, without a bridle or halter, over logs, brush-heaps, cradle-knolls, and ravines, in a sort of impromptu hurdle-race, was

a kind of *happyfying* gymnastics to our Amazon. To break a pickle-bottle on top of a stump, with a pistol, at thirty paces, was a daily pastime. To bring down black squirrels, in bleak October, with an old Queen Bess flint-lock, as material for a meat-pie, was a matter of course—and, as a matter of fact, was often all the *courses*. She was not a giantess, but a blow or slap given from the shoulder was equal to a mild kick, and a head "in chancery" was subject to a service of *habeus corpus* of a pleasurable kind when released from "durance vile." I speak feelingly, and from experience. The fiddle spoke music beneath her fingers, but she never saw a piano; could make or darn a stocking, but knew nothing of crochet work, feather-flowers, or crystal painting; could chop firewood, in a pinch, but never mauled croquet balls during fits of *ennui*. Was Molly a coarse, rough-grained, vulgar "Tom-boy?" Not a bit of it, for these and other varied accomplishments were not obtrusive, but only exhibited in emergencies. She was Nature's handiwork in its entirety, without compression, pruning, or artificial appendages to make the lovely hideous, and the symmetrical deformed. I always felt that it was necessary for me to be on my proprieties in her presence, as if she were a Queen. There was a "Wha dare meddle wi' me?" manner about her that we, untutored savages, felt and admired. But the story must proceed, although I feel an itching propensity at the ends of my dexter fingers to plunge into praises of all kinds, with a sort of poetic license, on behalf of the rustic maiden, while Molly is

> "Straining the milk in the dairy,
> And putting the pans away."

I may as well introduce into our select circle a comrade of mine, rejoicing in the name of Levi Junks, (I could not help this name either,) and he was my avenging Leander. He was a good natured, thoughtless, vegetative young man, athletic in body, ruddy in countenance, and sluggish in brain. Levi knew next to nothing beyond the affairs of every day life, with no regrets nor joys in his biographical retrospects, and no particular hopes or wishes for the future. To be content, in an easy way, and to suffer in phlegmatic indifference was the sum total of his creed, if he ever formulated aught appertaining to his existence. Were it necessary to maintain a strict inertia, from lack of stimulants in external circumstances, he seemed to be prepared to allow the nails in the heels of his boots to rust for want of friction, or

patiently permit spiders to make cobwebs between his nose and the ground, before he would move. Did the occasion arise, and the public current run that way, I am sure he would have deliberately marched on serried ranks of steel, or the black mouths of cannon, in cool blood, alone or with the multitude, and could see no heroism in daring deeds, or enduring martyrdom. He was not, however, a log on the stream of time. The magazine of power was there, but it needed the occasion of a spark of burning life to rouse the latent into startling and sudden activity. Molly and he were at the antipodes in almost every particular; but with human perversity, and natural love of differences, she had a palpitating feeling for Levi not conducive to her peace of mind. As usual in such cases, she could not help it. Chemists tell us that parts electrically negative, or positive, will repel each other, but opposite conditions will lead to strong attractions. This is the general law of humanity, as the statute book of marriage doth testify. There may be a show of I don't see you; I don't hear you; I don't understand you; I don't cleave to you; but an argus-eyed Paul Pry will shrug his shoulders, wink both eyes intermittently, put fingers and thumb in position, like the hum-drum offshoots of Highland bagpipes, with the bridge of the nose for a fulcrum, and incline a light head to the starboard side, at an angle of 60° from the long diameter of the spine; but, however contradictory the statement may be, the attraction is at first repulsive. Do you say *apparent?* So be it; you possibly know. Molly was evidently struck, somewhere between the fifth and seventh ribs, with a sensation of "affinity" for this stolid man. She seemed to learn by instinct what I knew by experience—that Levi was not so stupid and unobservant as he seemed; that he was not devoid of feeling, kindness, and sympathy. His nature was like a volcanic mountain, with an extinct crater far down, hidden in the recesses of his heart, where were sunken fires he never dreamed of, until the occasion came which displayed the fury of pent up, latent passion. We shall see that the magic wand of a woman's influence and beauty played the mischief with both of them. The time of which I speak was in the rebellion year of 1837. Molly one evening was spinning with the old-fashioned wheel. She had of late been very taciturn; cheerful, but not boisterous; dreamy and absent-minded, but not stupid. My old uncle, with whom we were stopping, noticed it, and said to his wife, with a significant

shrug: "She's not herself." The object of this remark, which denied her identity, did not hear it. She stepped backwards and forwards to the birr of the big, revolving wheel, with a timid, nervous gait. The yarn seemed to twist and knot more than usual, and irritated the spinner, who seemed to be in a not-to-be-trifled-with mood. As the slender thread slipped through her fingers, from the spindle-point to the roll end, there was a jerkiness in the arm, and a shakiness of the hand, which annoyed herself, because involuntary. A click of the garden latch, a solid footstep, a free and independent knock, followed by others in rapid succession, made her start as if a ghost were expected to enter; but the opened door revealed Levi, nodding a recognition. He took his seat on a bench in the corner, at the end of the sputtering back log; drove down with a savage extension his elbows upon his knees, and buried his chin in his hands. After a few minutes silence, he bluntly said: "The rebels are up Yonge street, gathering for a fight, and I'm off in the morning, as a volunteer, to snuff 'em out."

Molly had a choking in the throat, and a moisture about the nostrils which needed attending to; but, as the old folks didn't reply, she managed to say, with something of former coolness:

"Why, Levi; did you think that they may shoot you, if you go?"

"Well," said he, "that's all right, if its to be so, and if it ain't, I'll maybe live to be hanged. You see, I believe what *is* to be *will* be, so I'm unconcerned."

Then followed a painful silence, except the hum of the wheel, which seemed to become more spiteful than ever in its buzz.

"If what you say is true, Levi," said old Uncle Maynard, "there's no use doin' nothing, for it will be if it is to be, and we may be like a sheep that a dog's got hold on—give it right up at onct."

"Do you mean to say, Uncle Joe," said Levi, "that what is to be *won't* be?" The fallacy was not *comeatable:* there was a skein to unravel somewhere, but, like many wiser heads, none could see the ends of the threads.

"What's all this fuss of rebels about?" asks Molly, who was not well versed in Canadian history. This was said half in query, and half in soliloquy.

"I don't know," replied the taciturn on the bench; "but our captain says 'the McKenzie men want to turn us over to the Yan-

kees—make dishcloths of the old flag—tear the throne into bits, and murder everybody that didn't agree with them. They had picked out farms they wanted, and would give a short shrift to all the young ones and women when the men were away.'"

"Nobody can say I like the rebels, or any of their doings," says Uncle Joe; "but they was awfully provoked, as well as the rest on us. You see we hain't got what the big spouters call Responsible Government. The Governor doesn't say 'by your leave' to the backbone and sinew of the country when he picks up advisers. He can pick up any striplings he likes to ask advice from, just for appearance sake, (and them upstarts is called the Privy Council,) to ride rough-shod, with cast-iron laws that they made to suit theirselves, over the likes of you or me. Them that they didn't like, they wouldn't let sit in Parliament; it was no matter if they was elected unanimously by the county. McKenzie was politely driven out of the house more than once for standin' up for a free Government. He was peppery, and hot-headed, and sharp-tongued, and got his friends fermented up to boilin' over at the outrage of the family compact, and then they lost their heads, thinkin' they could do over on a small scale the work o' '76 on the other side o' the lines; but McKenzie wasn't a Washington, and his madness will stretch many a rebel neck before the rebellion is ended. I don't think they're disloyal to the Queen, but kick in the traces agin' them fellows that run the machine, collect taxes, pay money to favourites, put friends in fat offices, and in a general way snap their fingers at us 'vulgar clodhoppers,' as they call us. I'm a true blue Tory, and its not in my blood to be a rebel; was I young again—but I like fair play and no favours;—and if no blood is shed I hope they'll make it lively for them fellows that have possession in the ugly red brick squat of a Parliament House, on Front street, Toronto, like putting salt on the backs of gorged leeches till they'd let go their hold. I'd put them in the sausage machine o' agitation, and turn the crank till their bones would ache and crack, and 'enough' would come out o' every crack like the screech of a scared rooster. It's healthy for the country to take sometimes a white hickory broom and sweep the dirt out o' the corners, behind cupboards and beds away into the back-yard. I'd treat them like old Dr. Curmudgeon did my rheumatiz t'other day. I goes into his office, and sees him a lookin' into a box with wheels, and ileing it. 'What's that?' says I. 'O,' said he,

'this is a music box,' says he. 'I'd like to hear it play,' says I. 'Well, then, you hold on to them handles till I fix it,' says old physic; 'spit on your hands.' 'All right, now play 'Rule Brittania.' A dirlin' went up my arms as if 40,000 pins was playin' a jig on them; then they got stiff, and felt as if all the neuralgiz in the York District had a tearin' apple bee in me from top to toe. My hands drew up on my wrists, my elbows doubled like a jack-knife on my shoulders; I danced a jig, as if I was on a hot grid-iron. My face was goin' like as if I had teethin' fits, and I couldn't stop its jumpin', twistin and drawin'. I was madder than a colt with a bob-tail in fly-time. I couldn't let go, and yelled till the windows rattled, and Coroner Hardscrabble across the street began to make papers out for an inquest, as he knew from the noise somebody was being murdered. Take your slate down, Molly, and put down 'toothache' and multiply it by 1374, three quarters, and you've got my sufferin'. There sot old pills, turnin' a handle, and laughin' till the tears run down his nose, in a creek most strong enough to turn Deacon Reid's saw-mill. Wasn't I tearing mad? Didn't I swear some? Says he, 'is your rheumatiz gone?' 'Yes,' says I, with a roar that would rouse the Seven Sleepers your school books read about. 'Will you go to prayer meetin'?' says he. 'Yes.' 'Will you give $300 to build the Hard-shell meetin' house?' 'Yes.' 'Will you join the patriots in their struggle for liberty?' Will you believe it, I'd a'most said 'yes' to that imperial question, when Carlo, here, comes in, and howls in fear. I hisses out, 'Sick him, Carlo,' and the way that crank-man skedaddled out at the back-door was a caution to sinners. Carlo didn't like the taste of him, for he *haucked* and coughed out on his mouth, with disgust on every wrinkle of his honest face, a bit o' trousers and bacon. That thunder and lightnin' machine should be in the House, and used freely for the rheumatiz of our jint diseased Canada law-makers, and after a dance or two, and a yell or so, they'd cave in. Levi, you go; but don't be hard on the poor misguided fellows."

The occupant of the corner got up, and twirled his hat, as if he would like to say something in criticism of the speech; but not seeing his way clear, he thought it wisdom's part to turn his face homeward. He was loth to go and not bid the members of the family good-by, from whom he had received, from to time, great kindness. A sinking came over him at the thought of leaving the

spinning lassie for the dangers of rebellion, which seemed to be the prelude to civil war. This feeling was new and startling.

Molly had stopped the wheel while Uncle Joe was expatiating in this unusual manner, and looked into the glowing embers, as if she expected to see a horoscope of the future in the starry scintillations, fiery lanes, and glowing caves, under the forestick; at the same time her tightly folded arms, compressed lips, and know-nothing glances, indicated to a keen observer some mental plan or programme for the future, or puzzling enigma, and reminiscence of what would be no more forever. To tell her love to that passive specimen of humanity in the corner would not be becoming or maidenly. Did he not reciprocate this passion, strangely incubated, it were madness for her to woo him by 'ways and means' only known to, and intuitive in, the gentler sex. If he should love in return, it seemed that nothing short of eternity could unfold it out of his consciousness, as to effect, occasion, or cause. While thus the maiden suffered and sighed, the object of her reflection was surveying the huge stick chimney, with its alternate layers of wood and clay, using it as a telescope to survey a parallelogram of the starry heavens. His hands were clasped over his knees, and his thumbs were alternately making semi-circles over one another, slowly and laboriously, in sympathy with his dreamy brain. The whole picture would have put Hogarth, or Wilkie, into ecstacy at the natural, plain, unadorned group. All at once, as if by one accord, and by previous consent, their eyes met. Volumes of history and biography, in the personal worlds, were read in a minute by both—title pages, prefaces, indices, and contents. He saw, and felt; she felt, and saw. These were the logical *sequents*, and chronological consequence. Talk about the celerity of telegraphic signs! There are none so swiftly sent, nor so naturally read, as the flashes of light from soul-filled orbits:—

> "Soul interpreters, the eyes
> Mock all restraint, and scorn disguise."

This discovery startled into unwonted activity the mind of the lover, and covered her with confusion, lest she were too forward in her actions, and aggressive in her approaches. The secret was out, however, and in a sort of re-action they studiously avoided noticing each other.

Molly would have given a kingdom for the possibility of a decent retreat from the house. Levi felt that something momen-

tous had happened of a pleasurable kind, and that he not only loved, but had it returned. The sensation of reciprocal regard thrilled him in every nervous filament. He was mentally, passionately regenerated—born again, and felt himself roused from his lethargy into high resolve and resolution. Rising from his seat, he shook himself like a great mastiff, surveyed his toes in momentary abstraction, and then gave several determined strides towards the door, as if he had forgotten some urgent business; then, remembering his manners, turned round suddenly and jerked out in *staccato* notes: "I'll think that over, Uncle Joe," and disappeared in the darkness.

Next morning the news spread like an electric shock of the rising of rebels everywhere. Each was afraid of his neighbour; none were free from suspicion, except those who were active in defense of the Government. A tide of invasion was threatened at the same time from over the lines. All the horrors of a fratricidal strife were imminent. Fearful rumors, more swift than the flights of Ariel, flew hither and thither, until each one felt as if he was standing on a powder magazine, to which a slow match had been applied. Old men recounted the heroic deeds of '76 and 1812, against the American rebels and invaders. The young men were eager to emulate the veterans of these eventful periods. I was among that number, and 'boiled over' with superabundant loyalty, not very clear, at the time, as to its meaning. I supposed that a Government could do no wrong, and that to oppose it was treason, forgetting the aphorism—

> "What is treason? None can tell the reason,
> For if it prospers, none dare call it treason."

Old shot guns were in requisition; rusty sabres were burnished into respectable brilliancy, and company drill instituted among awkward squads. There could have been nothing more ludicrous than our attempts at training. The officers, generally speaking, were as ignorant as the men, in the manual of arms and company drill. When an old soldier could be pounced upon, he was instantly made drill sergeant. The commissioned militia officers had little control of the men, on account of lack of the power of discipline and command inherent in some men, and also because of that democratic spirit which virtually says: "All men are equal; I am as good as my officer, and in fact *better* than he." This graduated scale of merit, which each applied for himself, made unity a myth,

training a farce, and military order a theory, but far from being a practice. We felt, however, that something had to be done to organize, and bring together friends, not only to support the Government, but also to put down anarchy, which threatened to utterly demolish our social fabric, as well as overthrow our political system. The ties of relationship were broken up, and the status of every man was determined by the aphorism—

"He that is not for us, is against us."

CHAPTER IV.

It is advantageous in many ways to be able to close a chapter when you please. Should the subject matter be running away with the writer, and threaten to launch him on the *mare magnum* of prolixity, he can bring down the guillotine knife and decapitate the subject at once, or postpone discussion until after a "breathing spell" has been indulged in. Then a new chapter can be begun anywhere, and a sort of *abandon* is allowed, as a prologue to taking up the thread of the discourse. This is a prosaic license not to be despised. If too many characters are crowded upon the stage, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, cut their acquaintance for at least a chapter or two, or make them perform *hari kari* in the backyard, and never even introduce their bodies into respectable society. This treatment is not classic, for a dead Cæsar and a living Anthony would expect better treatment from "honorable men;" but, although the 19th century scribblers have "gone to wind," or are heaping up "guano mountains of cant and rubbish," yet are they too practical to allow any of their friends the doubtful privilege of *lying*, over the dead, in funeral orations. If the *dramatis personæ* prove incorrigible bores, and won't keep out of the way, a facetious writer suggests a cure more radical than a cold shoulder, viz.: to get up a railroad accident, and kill them off *en bloc*. This is effectual and final. The chronicler of an "ower true tale" cannot do this, unless he should be inclined to fly into romance, and sandwich together fact and fiction in unequal proportions.

Years had gone by, and the school-master was faithfully labouring at his post. He had been, for several weeks, an invalid. The scholars noticed a blanched and haggard appearance in the master. The quick, nervous step, and positive gait of the old soldier had been superceded by the weary drag and languid air of a sick man

with indomitable will. The querulousness and hot temper seemed mellowed down to a submissive and tender manner. Each successive generation of scholars knew that his heart was in the right place, but its pulsations of well-meaning were often muffled by the bluff ways and peremptory tones of an apparently tyrannical pedagogue. The intuitions of children to read character are wonderfully correct, and it never took a long time for the juveniles to know that inside the crust was affection and real friendship to them.

One morning he was absent when the school hour had arrived. This was unprecedented in the history of the community. His soldier-like punctuality remained with him to the last. Ten o'clock came, and no master; not even had he been seen about the premises of his home. This location was only about one hundred yards away from the school-house. Near as it was, no scholar had ever entered its precincts, by invitation, or otherwise. No ascetic recluse could have been more self-ostracised from society than he was in his bachelor home. My companionship, close as it was, never went so far as to be invited to this retreat. As the hours sped on, the puzzling question arose as to going to the house, and enquiring about his absence. All felt something was wrong, and had that undefined dread of the mysterious and unknown which is not confined to youth and timidity. No one could be prevailed upon to go, except a little girl of ten summers, who seemed at all times not to be possessed of fear, and knew not the feelings of awe or danger. The scholars stood in groups at the corners of the school-house, according to the law of selection, and watched with admiration this *avant courier*, as a folorn hope, walking, with firm step, to the dreaded domicile. When the door was reached, they heard the knock of the tiny fist, and listened with bated breath for the response. The knock was repeated with increased persistency and fortitude, but they heard no reply. At last the curly head went to the window; then they saw her looking into the room, and then, as if her courage had suddenly failed her, she fled towards them.

"What is the matter?"

"What did you see?"

"Is the master there, and alive?" were questions hurled without stint at the panting girl, as she drew near.

"O!" said she, squatting down on the ground, and holding her

sides; "the door is fastened on the inside, and I can't open it, and master doesn't open it. I looked in at the window, and saw him lying in bed, and he won't mind me when I talk to him."

Now that the ice was broken, as it were, and no ogre expected to come out of the cabin, the scholars advanced in a body, with the muscles on the *qui vive* for a retreat at a moment's notice. Curiosity seeking faces peered in at the window, and saw him, with his face turned to the wall, still as death. A large boy, in a sort of thoughtless recklessness, shouted so suddenly as to send an unpleasant thrill through every nerve in our bodies: "Master, its past school-time." Then there was a flattening of noses, and a pressing of faces against the window-panes, to watch the effect of this noisy demonstration. Such profound silence had prevailed that it seemed like a sort of sacrilege to shout a matter-of-fact statement into this silent habitation. The master moved at the sound, and turned his face to the window. They scarcely knew him; he was sallow, shrivelled, and sunken in orbits and cheeks. The glassy eye, quivering lips, and anxious expression were to the trembling group such an unusual sight that all fled aghast, but little curly head. She said:

"Master, do you want anything?"

All she heard was a hollow voice, as if it came from a deep cave, saying "Garth." Little Ellie knew what that meant, and came as fast as her feet could carry her across the field to where I was working, partly swinging and partly dragging her sun-bonnet after her, by an invisible string. I stopped my plough, and waited for her to come up.

"O, Josiah," she said, "schoolmaster is sick, and wants you right away."

When I reached the cabin, I saw that the invalid was not able to rise and open the door. After considerable manipulation, I got in at the window, and shot back from its socket the wooden bar which held the door. With timid steps all the school entered, and in solemn silence drew near the bed. As I approached him, he held out his hand to me; it was clammy and cold, with a feeble grip. I knew his days were few, and numbered. He tried to articulate words, but the dry tongue and parched throat forbade it. A little eager group, vieing the one with the other, went in not haste to the bubbling spring for fresh cool water. He drank ravenously, and even clung with tenacity to the empty cup, as if

he expected a fountain to spring from its bottom. Doubtless during the weary hours of a long night and a tardy forenoon he had been choking for water, and was not able to reach it, and with so many willing hands and loving hearts so near. At last, with his old manner, he raised his solitary hand, and extended his fore-finger in the direction of his scholars, who were ranged round the wall, awe-stricken, and said in weak, yet distinct words: "Scholars, children, attention; didn't I tell you that death would knock at all our doors, and when we opened them we would wonder why he came so soon, and so suddenly. I have heard his calls for thousands of others; and last night the old familiar sounds came to me, and were music in my ears. Mind, he comes like a thief: watch and prepare for him, by loving all men, fearing God, and honouring the Queen. Forgive my angry moods of peevishness, and crossness, for I loved all, and do love you. Come here—shake hands—good-bye—Christ bless and save you."

One by one, the sobbing throng shook hands and withdrew, with sad hearts, from the presence of him who was standing on the threshold of the unseen and eternal, near the farther edge of the dark valley, with scintillations of heavenly light shooting athwart the gloom. He and I were alone.

"Josiah," he said, "you know my history, my trials, my temptations. She, whom you know of, is either now here, or hanging, in eager expectation, over the battlements of heaven; and with longing eyes keeps watching for me, and will welcome the fluttering spirit, whose eternal love for her was pure as a sunbeam, and about to be disenthralled from the pavillion of the shadow of death. I have felt her presence, as an angel of the Lord, since the fatal day on Queenstown Heights. This influence has been ever present, at morning, at noon, and at night; in the storm of battle, on the tempestuous sea, and during the weary hours, and trying routine of every day life. Many times have I heard over my head the humming of her angel-wings, and felt in me rising up vigorous impulses for good, in these near contacts with the near beyond. We have all such heavenly visitants 'around our beds, and in our rooms.' Let us not grieve then, in the evil hours, when omenous shadows are over our being. Bury me decently, without parade, show, or symbols of sorrow, and by God's will, in death, we shall not be divided. Bury with me these locks of the brave scout and her trusty lover, which I have worn on my breast

for a quarter of a century. I took them reverently from the clotted tresses of those, leal, true, and beautiful in death. My tongue refuses to speak. Look at that." He pointed to a card hanging on the wall, at his bed-foot, on which was written, in his plain, round hand, a stanza of a grand old anthem, in Latin, and below it a free translation in English. "Pray it, Garth," whispered the dying man. With welling eyes, and broken accents, I read aloud those words, which doubtless were part of his morning orisons:

"Rex, tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas, gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis."

("King, of majesty tremendous,
Who doth a free salvation send us,
Fount so holy, then befriend us.")

The noon-day sun poured in at the window a flood of light, as it passed from behind a cloud. The beams, so bright, fell upon his face and radiated from it like a halo of glory, while he whispered repeatedly, each attempt feebler than its predecessor: "Fount so holy, then befriend us." Suddenly an unexpected quiver of the whole frame took place, and all was still. Death was new to me, and had no terror. The calm face; the slightly parted lips; the half-closed eyes, and waxy countenance, changed, for the better the appearance of a disfigured and battered casket, from which the rare jewel had been taken by its Owner to set in a diadem.

(To be continued.)

SONNETS.

I.

THEY are not here, the old familiar faces—
They are not here, the friends I loved of yore—
The world forgets them mostly, and the places
That knew them once will know them nevermore.
Revolve the seasons—from the patient shore
The tide recedes but to return again—
The pines repeat of by-gone years the lore—
Spring calls to life the flowers by Winter slain,

But for the dead there is no Spring, alas!
No Spring for those that calmly sleep below
The violet banks, the green and whispering grass,
The yellow Autumn leaves, the pitying snow.
Dust, ashes! Once with heavenly fire aflame—
To chaos gathered, that from chaos came.

II.

Returned to chaos? No, it cannot be!
Ashes to ashes—dust to dust returns—
Ships sail away and are engulfed at sea—
The centuries speed—no watchful eye discerns
The flashing shield of Heaven's lost sentinel!
And fame? Go question, if thou wilt, the shell
That echoes still the wave's wild melody.
There must be something in us which outlives
The wreck of years and Time's remorseless spite;
There must be that within, oh heart! that gives
The lie to death and everlasting night;—
Something, but what? that cannot perish quite—
That lives, expands, as countless ages roll,
Mortal immortal, life sublimed, the soul.

III.

So we will sigh no more. Though Fate hath made
Of us the targe for many a poisoned shaft,
Though wayward Fortune with our hopes hath played
Fantastic tricks, and in derision laughed
At all our struggles, imprecations, tears,
What will it matter in the after years?
A narrow line divideth joy and pain—
Time cures the wounds of Fortune and of Fate—
Soon eyes that weep shall never weep again—
Soon perfect peace shall be the soul's estate.
Cease then, oh heart, this puerile repining—
Thy trivial ills no longer ponder o'er—
Beyond the cloud a thousand stars are shining;
Beyond the sea lies Aiden's sunny shore.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

BEAUTY.

"'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all."
—POPE.

AMONG the varied difficulties that present themselves to the inexperienced writer, one of the first and most serious that occurs to him appears to be the choice of his subject. For, although in the wide domains of nature, of art, of intellect, many noble themes meet his gaze, the familiar aspect of some and the abstrusiveness of others render them ineligible, for it appears presumptous to bring before the general reader a subject on which he has been already instructed by his favorite authors, and with which he may be well acquainted; whilst it seems somewhat pedantic to introduce a science, the truths of which are proved by strict mathematical demonstration, or the conclusions whereof are arrived at by a train of pure logical reasoning.

Thus the science of astronomy, the gorgeous panoply of heaven, the varied beauties of the stars, each shining with its own peculiar ray; the steady courses of the planets fulfilling their appointed times; the erratic wandering of the comets,—in former days beheld with dread, and now with admiration; the brilliant glory of the sun; the chastened lustre of the moon; their laws, and their fulfilment of them, are ever present to the mind.

The wondrous marvels of the Earth; her ever rolling seas; her secret buried fires; her reproductive powers; her fair and beautous face; the numerous metals hid within her bosom; her rocks and slates; her coals and useful earths, are quite familiar to our thoughts. The several forms that dwell upon the earth; the mighty creatures known in days of yore; the heavy Megatherium; the Elk, since passed away; the creatures now existing, from the great Elephant's colossal bulk down to the Animalcule's minuteness, are constant themes for speculation with a thinking people, and on which it is not now my purpose to write.

Again. The laws of immateriality; the rules that sway our wandering thoughts; the subtle bounds that curb our reason; the influences working on our judgment, our duties, and our obligations; these hidden subjects—subjects to be treated with such nicety of distinction, with such accuracy of phrase, are as ill adapted for the generality of readers as they are difficult to the writer.

Pondering thus, and throwing a mental glance over these wondrous works of Nature, thinking moreover of the mind, of its moral influences, and its creative energies, it has struck me that there is a quality pervading the realms of nature and of art, ever familiar to our senses, yet but seldom thought of with definite apprehension—a quality which, as it were with unseen hand, weaves an enchanting garment round all good, heightens our sense of the glories of nature, increases our zest for the pleasures of intellect and genius, and is to us a constant source of rational and sincere enjoyment. This quality is Beauty.

Of the birth of Beauty it were vain to enquire; co-eternal with God, it has existed from everlasting, and has brightened the glories of celestial intelligence, before this earth was moulded into form, when the heavy weight of gloom sat brooding over this nether world and dull chaos governed all below. But when the creative energies of Omnipotence were expended on the world, form and grace wrought with unwearied hand in the great enterprize of Providence, and nature smiled in conscious beauty at the declaration that "all was good":—

"Sweet was the breath of morn, her rising sweet with charms of earliest birds. Pleasant the sun when first on that delightful land he spread his orient beams, over herb, tree, fruit and flower; glistening with dew, fragrant the fertile earth after soft showers, and sweet the coming on of grateful evening mild; then silent night with her solemn bird, and this fair morn, and there the gems of heaven, her starry train."

Convinced, then, of the mighty influences which this quality exercises over our lives, and its intimate connection with our appreciation of earth refined, each of its noble sentiments being wisely given us as an antidote to the sad and dry realities of life; as a means of distracting our attention from the misfortunes that every day strew our path, I have determined, in few words, to give the opinions of some students of moral nature, who are versed in the subject.

And first, I would allege that the interpretation of the word, received as it commonly is by us, does not convey an accurate sense of that which is in truth and philosophically speaking, Beauty. Nay, that it is rather calculated to prevent our just conception of the subject of this paper, for our ordinary notion is, that beauty is a quality inherent in external objects whereby they suggest to us pleasing

feelings, or at least a pleasurable train of thought, whereas the converse of this is precisely the case. Beauty is defined by the modern school of metaphysicians to be a pleasing emotion of the mind, and thus it is poetically said "Mind alone (bear witness Heaven and Earth), the living fountain, in itself contains the Beauteous and Sublime." But as the emotion is always of a pleasing nature, and as it ever transfers to the object which it invests with attractiveness a pleasing appearance, we easily come to consider the object of beauty as in itself a type of beauty, a most mistaken fancy, for where were the beauty of the landscape did the beholder turn his eye or his mental gaze from the appreciation of its charms; or where to the untutored savage, the excellence of the poetic phrase.

With this theory, that there exists in certain external objects an inherent beauty, it were also difficult to reconcile the fact that the idea of that we call beautiful differs in persons of equal attainments, and of the same country; and that the face of that man at whose hands we have received kind offices does not appear to us in the same light as to him, in whom has not been excited the feelings of gratitude, which prompt us so frequently to overlook personal disadvantages. And hence we may derive the valuable lesson not to rely on external attractions, which are judged by the ever varying taste, and by the fickle standard of fashion, but rather to endeavour to excite esteem by the exercise of those moral virtues and mental attainments which must endear us to those around, and raise us permanently in the scale of society.

On consideration it will be found also that to association of feelings may be attributed much of that which appears to us pleasing in external objects; so the landscape which met our infant gaze has always peculiar charms for us, and each finds especial beauty in that which reminds him of happy days gone by; the sight of the long-loved object recalls to us old times of pleasing thought with which we unwittingly identify it; and the well remembered air, or oft heard poem, cause us involuntarily to transfer to them the long latent emotion of fondness which we felt for him, or her, from whose lips it appeared so sweet. It cannot be doubted, also, that education and natural habits influence us materially in our ideas of the beautiful, and this appears to be the working of a wise decree of Providence, for the Spaniard admires the dusky hue and dark eye which the embrowning sun of his country

must impart, and the Northerner loves the blonde complexion and blue eyes that tell of the coldness of his clime; he who lives on hard, dry ground, which requires an elastic tread, seeks for the high instep and the springing foot; whilst by the negro, who lives on soft and yielding sands, the large flat foot adapted to his country is preferred. If a further proof were required that beauty is not abstractedly inherent in the external objects which we call beautiful, we have a very one in the fact of which we can all from personal experience speak, that with the different stages of life, different objects are calculated to excite pleasing emotions; thus the gaudy toy, which in infancy attracts attention, fails to please when we pass through childhood's years; the bold amusements that delight the ardent boy give place, in manhood, to more settled tastes; each time of life has its peculiar joy, and each is biassed by its own attractions. Finding, then, that beauty is the working of a mental emotion, which attaches itself to some individual object of a class, we shall next consider what classes of objects are susceptible of this emotion.

We shall find in this enquiry that the mind ever thirsts for beauty, and ranges through the whole circle of being and of thought in search of it, laying aside that which is not suited to the taste, and attaching itself with aptitude to that which answers to the emotion. Thus, if we consider inanimate objects of art, beginning with the lowest degree, we shall see the taste of the sailor exemplified in the devotion with which he regards the ship that appears to him symmetrical and accurate in its mould and ornament; and we see the delight of the architect elicited by a view of the building which peculiarly suits itself to his fancy. But in neither one case or the other need the ship or building be (abstractedly considered) a beautiful object, for although fashion certainly works powerfully on the mind, yet pre-existing circumstances may be equally powerful in creating the emotion which attaches itself to the admired object, and we find that in the cases just cited, the emotion is seldom felt, save by those who are conversant with the class of design admired, and in whose minds some principle of association is connected with it.

The inanimate beauties of nature are familiar to most men, and therefore the taste of the majority is called into exercise, in the observation of a landscape, or a pleasing scene, and we consider him devoid of refinement who does not admire the sublimity of

the mighty mountain, the soft beauty of the verdant mead, the gentle quiet of the shady grove, the glory of the golden sun-reflecting cross, the pellucid clearness of the crystal stream, or the mighty majesty of the heaving ocean. Who does not delight in Nature in all her aspects, whether of Winter trouble, or of vernal joy; of Summer's brightness, or of Autumn's plenteous glory? A wondrous charm, too, exists in motion and sound, which relieve the still sluggishness of inanimate matter; thus, if to the beauties of the otherwise quiescent landscape we add the curling of the smoke among the trees, in itself, you will admit, a pleasing object, without even having revealed to us the source from whence it proceeds; and if to this we superadd the hoarse cawing of the raven, we shall find that we have increased our interest in the sylvan scene and heightened our sense of its beauty as a landscape, by the introduction of two ingredients, in themselves disagreeable—a kind of further proof that it is to association of ideas, and not to the landscape itself (considered abstractedly) that we owe our pleasing feelings.

If, then, inanimate matter acquire such interest from the introduction of mere motion and sound, shall we not immediately perceive how much more interesting must prove the beauties of animation; and if inert substances possess such attractions for the mind, it is plain that vitality must be much more attractive, and that beauty endowed with vitality must be much more so. In this class of objects we may include animals of the lower kind, endowed with symmetry of form; and which of us has not beheld, with pleasure, the horse of fiery spirit, of proud and beauteous shape; has not admired the plumage of the bird, whose ever-changing form adds fresh beauties to his clothing.

But when we consider the conditions in which man is placed over the inferior animals; to say and be obeyed, his noble posture and commanding attitude, we are no longer astonished that the expression "Beauty" should attach itself pre-eminently to him. And if we think upon his mind, his thoughts that reach in one short moment from east to west, and travel throughout space, we no longer marvel that the expression of these thoughts, in the character of his face and figure, should above all things attract the attention of his fellow creatures; that we should ever look upon our own race for development of the beauty of expression, and should be prone to seek in man the reflection of those qualities

of mind that give him rule over all created else; and in woman, the mild and gentle graces that tell of the mind within, that speak of soft and winning love, of kind endearing sympathy, and of those warm, self-denying offices, that render her, in her appropriate sphere, the most beautiful of all the creations of the Maker of all things.

In the work of the talented limner, we see another object in which we can discern charms; but we do so, no doubt, in great degree, by association and by taste, for although when the emotion which induces us to call the landscape beautiful is active in our minds, we gaze with delight upon the production of a fellow man, which offers to our view, at one short glance, a bold copy of nature's handiwork, yet to us, unbiassed by that feeling, the effort of the painter's genius becomes but canvas, and a filthy daub. In the writings of the poet, also, we find an exceeding great enjoyment; our minds, when at all cultivated, ever seeking information, imparted in the loftiest and most harmonious style; our thoughts springing with delight to meet the poetic image, and finding sweet pleasure in the brightened reflection of those sentiments and passions, which are daily shadowed forth within ourselves, and our souls transported by the elevated idea, the majestic figure clothed in apt and eloquent expression, the well turned description or the passionate character; and yet we find that that piece of poetry, which some pronounce exquisite, has not its charm for all—nay, that some are utterly devoid of all taste for poetic language; thence we must conclude that beauty exists in poetry also, yet is only the reflection of an emotion given birth to in our minds by education, fashion, or association.

Thus we find that not only does there exist in nature and in matter a symmetry, a harmony and regularity which the Creator has given us to please our senses, and delight our minds; but that to the more gifted of our race he has vouchsafed the power of drawing from our breasts the same emotion, of elevating our intellects, and adding refinement to our thoughts.

But, methinks, I should ill have performed my duty to the reader, did I not call attention to the great part which man's own mental constitution bears in the appreciation of objects, which we call beautiful, of the judgment with which he selects, the memory by which he compares like objects in his search after the beautiful, and above all the imagination, which not only exercises itself

in that whereon we have treated, but furthermore reserves to itself a wise and varied tract of fancy, on which it forbids other foot to press, and over which with light and tripping steps it ranges in search of the beautiful, unshackled by form, unrestrained by matter; with busy finger culling from experience each sweet perfection, and joining all together in one fancied charming figure, its darling offspring and its sweet delight, the Ideal Beauty.

How sweet it is, after the busy toils of life, or after its equally unsatisfactory pleasures, to lay aside, for a time, the heavy cares that load the anxious mind, and giving free scope to fancy, aided by ever active hope, to raise up for ourselves a soothing structure of coming pleasure and anticipated joys.

How much more sweet that pleasant taste of dear imagination, that in this world of imperfection, where every object of perception plainly falls short of the abstract beautiful, and where every mental gratification ere long palls upon the ever-changing taste, leaveth us not in that, our sated state, but raiseth up unto us a fairy structure, impalpable, uncertain, yet most satisfactory to our fancies, most elevating to our tastes and our aspirations, the star that lifts the poetic head to heaven, the singing of the spheres (that is the musician's nightly dream), the perfect form of the sculptor's love, the charm that beckons on the painter's master hand. We have thus seen that infinite wisdom has endued all nature with certain qualities, in the consideration of which we are permitted a sweet enjoyment, and that in part alleviation of the ills of life. We have been given the active wish to make a choice among her noble works for that which pleases us as individuals, and that moreover there has been accorded to us a fancy stretching beyond reality, and aspiring to better things than those we see. Can we then, deny that the sense of beauty is a great, a happy gift. Must we not admit that in this world of probation our still changing tastes shall ever seek new beauties, and that till relieved of this coat of clay we shall not arrive at that which is true beauty.

But of what true beauty is we are not left in total ignorance, for we are informed that the Deity, who is the author of all good, is the essence of this heavenly gift—"out of Zion hath God appeared as perfect beauty." We are certain that the reflected radiance of this beauty shineth round about Him. Honour and majesty are before him, strength and beauty are in his sanctuary, and we may further hope that if we worship the Lord in the

Beauty of Holiness, "when we shall have put off this coarse body, we shall see exemplified in our own persons that which we have here longed for with the strong desire of our nature. We shall have exchanged imperfection for perfection, and shall wake up thoroughly satisfied 'with our likeness to that glorious Being, who was, and is, and ever shall be Perfect Beauty.'"

To conclude, the man has fallen from his primitive state of mental and of personal beauty. Though sin and corroding care have stamped their impress on his brow, and labour bent his God-like attitude, the dread anticipations walk with him day by day, and remorse for the past shares his nightly pillow, there yet remains within a consciousness of what he has been; a voice that speaks to him of days of pristine innocence; a spark of heaven-born fire; the "beauty of purity," still brings the ready blush, making the guilty start before unconscious innocence, investing the guiltless with a spotless garment, elevating the pure almost to a level with the beings of a higher sphere. Ah! let us not quench this vivifying principle, let us not drown it in the tide of passion or selfishness; let us by a due exercise of our functions foster and cherish its lively influence, treating not only those subjects which relate to our social duties, not only those themes which are calculated to improve and please society, but also acknowledging those alleviations which the author of society has permitted, and encouraging the observance of those moral duties, of which we may conclude that purity of conduct is one, from the ready apprehension he has implanted in our breasts for its exceeding loveliness.

The comprehensive nature of my subject will be quite apparent to the reader, even from this imperfect essay, and in its short limits I could do no more than take a hasty glance at some very few of its details. It has been my object to lead the reader to the discussion of this subject by holding it up as a brilliant star, radiating in glory from the throne of heaven, personating celestial beings, and enduing them with real beauty, whilst its rays, in their approach to earth, are so intercepted by the clouds of imperfection, that unable, with like power, as in heaven, to vivify the things of nature, they succeed only in exciting in the breast of man an emotion which gives him pleasure here, and will assist him hereafter in the appreciation of perfect beauty.

But yet these bright irradiations are reflected from the intellect,

pervade all nature, and cast their charming influence over both mind and matter.

Be it yours then, reader, to follow their enlightening course, and by their aid to disclose the full charms of those branches of nature and of knowledge, at some few of which only it has been within my power to glance.

J. G. DAVIS.

Ottawa.

THE QUESTION.*

BY MARY BARRY.

"WHOM do men say I am?" The question old
Rings thro' the centuries like a trumpet blast,
And links our later day to that far Past,
Grey with the burden of Time's fungous mould;
He spake it low, yet 'twas a rallying cry—
We hear it from the coasts of Philippi!

And must we answer as they answered then:
"Some say Elias, and some Jeremy!"
Then will He question us, "But whom say ye?"
Oh, 'mid the jarring creeds and schemes of men,
Blessèd to stand where venturous Peter trod,
Blessèd to know thee, Christ, the Son of God!

St. John, N. B.

*Matt. 16 chap; 13-17 verses.

MAN-CHING'S BOOTS.

THERE was once in the Kingdom of Soongaria, which is now a Chinese dependency, a very wise man, or, at least, one who passed for such among his neighbours. Nevertheless, with all his wisdom, he was very poor, and he died one day, for all the world like people who are not wise. His name was Ching. Now he had two sons. The elder he had named Bou; the younger, Man. These, at their father's death, according to the custom of Soongaria, added his name to their own, and so became Bou-Ching and

Man-Ching, respectively. Bou-Ching was a grown-up man, and a confoundedly churlish and surly one to boot, at the time his father "mounted the great white dragon, and set off for the abode of the gods," which is a polite way of mentioning a man's death among the Chinese. Man-Ching, on the other hand, was a mere lad, but little above sixteen; a pleasant, chirrupy little fellow, as cheerful as the day was long—or, rather, would have been, but for the over-bearing and tyrannical disposition of his elder brother, who did not let the poor lad have much chance to amuse himself or anybody else, and contrived, one way and another, to put enough dark patches into the white blank of his young memory to make a pretty fair mosaic of it, at least.

Now in rummaging the house after the funeral, the very last thing they came upon was a rickety old box, inside of which was a moth-eaten old winter tunic, and a pair of the most hideous old boots that ever mortal woman screamed at. Bou-Ching, who was unusually gracious at finding the "old boy cut up better than he had expected," (which is a polite way of indicating the amount of property left by a deceased individual to his heirs among a people known to the Chinese as *Fan-qui*,) forthwith magnanimously bestowed box and all upon his young brother, remarking that they might be some use to him some day—when he had grown big enough to fill 'em—and forgot to examine the pockets of the tunic. And this was Man-Ching's share of his father's possessions.

Now, in the ensuing winter, Man-Ching wanted to slide down hill on the snow-crust, moonlight evenings, with a certain playmate, who was a great favorite of his, (her name was Lin;) but he had no *dalk*, which is what they call the absurd concern that answers for a hand-sled in Soongaria. So, as asking Bou-Ching for one was not to be thought of, he broke up his old box, and being a rather ingenious youngster, fashioned it over, into no end of a *dalk*, that took the shine out of everything that offered competition; and that same evening he and Lin had a glorious time coasting, and he said he liked it because it made Lin's cheeks red. You see he didn't know what was the matter with him; but it often begins that way. He felt like biting 'em, but he didn't, though, because he knew that would hurt her; and he told her about it, and she said she was sorry it would hurt. Sometime afterwards it occurred to her, one day when she was thinking it over, that he could make-believe bite, and perhaps that would

answer, and resolved to suggest it to him, so that he could try it if he wanted; and—but hold on, I'm anticipating.

But the next morning there was a row! Bou-Ching, observing the new dalk, discovered, of course, what it was made of; and then there was a pretty to-do. He called Man-Ching all the destructive, thriftless young vagabonds he could lay his jaw to, for converting a useful old box that might have done service in holding something or another, sometime when they might happen to think of it, when they had anything that would do to put in it, into a good-for-nothing plaything of a dalk. Who ever heard o' the like! Wilful waste made woeful want,—and if Master Man-Ching went on at this rate, he'd assuredly come to the gallows before he was twenty-five; and so on, and so forth. To which Man-Ching plead that the box was his own, own property, and he really thought there could be no harm in having changed his own, own property from a shape in which it *did not* afford him any satisfaction to one in which it did. At which Bou-Ching got angry, and, observing that it was only a step from taking such liberties with his own property to doing the same with somebody else's, pronounced him a thief, and desired him to "git up and git"—which is a refined expression for departing, peculiar to a great people known to the Chinese as "Outside Barbarians"—as he did not feel able to support an idle scamp whose dangerous habits were certain to bring disgrace upon the family.

Man-Ching, driven by this logic to the conclusion that he must be a desperate villain indeed, said never a word; but donning the dilapidated tunic, and the hideous boots, much as they were too big for him, set forth at once, weeping over himself as a hopeless scoundrel who had to be driven forth of his own brother's domicile in mid-winter, and, feeling himself not even fit company for a dog, didn't venture to bid even Lin good-by; but avoiding sight of everybody as much as possible, made straight for the forest. Besides, he knew he "looked *such* a guy" in those terrible boots and tunic, you know. So, as he travelled along, wondering how on earth he ever came to be so bad, and wishing he could see his sins in their proper light, and yet unable, for the soul of him, to distinguish between his good actions and his bad—wherefore he concluded, of course, that he had never done a meritorious thing in his life, and equally, of course, never would, because it couldn't be in him when he didn't know right from wrong, you see—it

began to storm. It looked as though the sky itself was falling, the way the great flakes of snow came pelting down, thickening the air, and shortening up the "eye-shot," as sailors say, until he couldn't see a rod. And the wind roared and sighed, by turns, among the branches of the huge trees, and the road grew narrower and narrower, while great drifts of snow here and there hid it altogether, and night coming on he was no longer able to avoid them, but floundered into 'em right and left, and over head and ears, while it grew so cold that he thought his nose and fingers were assuredly frozen, and his hair was matted with ice. But the ragged old tunic proved a famous defence, for it kept his body and limbs warm, in spite of the piercing blast; and the big, ugly boots not only kept his toes glowing, but they actually seemed to go of themselves somehow, and went over and through the huge drifts without any effort of Man-Ching's at all, as he presently discovered, and then he hardly knew whether to be more frightened or glad; but as he ceased walking, while debating the point, the boots let out tremenduously, and carried him along at a pace that would have left Deerfoot nowhere. Then he concluded it must be all right, "for at least," he reflected, "the boots can't take me where I shall be any worse off than I am here; besides, they were my father's, and he wouldn't have kept them about him had they been anything evil." So he resigned himself, and was carried along as smoothly, rapidly, and comfortably as if he had been in a close coverad *kebichk*, with six horses, on a well broken road; and even his nose and fingers got warm again, although still he could feel the storm pelting away, more bitterly, if possible, than ever.

By and by he discovered that the road was descending, and the forest was becoming less dense. He had crossed the crest of the mountain ridges which divided Soongaria in the olden days from the domains of the Booriats and the Kirgheez, and which, even to this day, are haunted by myriads of evil spirits and fire-gnomes, (the truth of this statement you may rely upon, for the gentleman who told me this story had himself seen one, once.) He had no idea of it, however, as, indeed, how should he; for, as all the world knows, the village of Oomsk, which he had left in the morning, lies almost two hundred miles from the frontier, and he himself had not walked above fifteen—all the rest, you see, had been done by the wonderful boots since he gave up to them.

Queer boots they were, sure enough; nor was speed their only good quality, as he was now about to prove.

Far ahead, and somewhat to the left, he presently saw a light. Nearer, he made out that it shone from a very cheerful looking house, which stood some distance from the road, with a wide lane leading from thence up to it. Man-Ching, thinking he had travelled enough for one night, determined to go there and ask admittance. Accordingly, he turned to go up the lane, when lo! the boots were fast, and would not budge off the road! In vain Man-Ching strove and tugged—he was like a man sunk mid-leg in a quick-sand—able to stir neither one foot nor the other. He pulled and pulled; laid hold of a tree at hand, and shook himself; stood on his head to get his heels up: even said some naughty words, for it "made him mad,"* as Shakespeare says,—all to no purpose; then he laid right down in the snow, and tried to kick; but did no better at that, either.

Then, while he was recovering breath, he heard a low, soft voice from his right boot say:

"Brother High Ling-wong!"

And then just such another voice from the left one replied:

"Brother Low Ling-wong!"

And the right said:

"Shall we let the son of our great Master Ching go from the right way?"

And the left answered:

"What profits it to ask, O my brother? What is the experience of his wise father to him? He will not be content until he learns for himself—what mortal youth ever was?"

Now this frightened Man-Ching worse than ever; but he was indignant withal, and determined, too, to show that he wasn't frightened at all, whatever they might think. So he said, very sarcastically:

"These old boots think nobody in the world knows anything but themselves, and I am sixteen years old, and almost a man, and ought to know something, I guess, and I'll just let 'em see!"

You see he was too mad to mind his stops. So he lifted his legs out of the big, ugly, obstinate old boots, and stood up barefooted in the snow. Then the boots sighed, and, both speaking at once, said:

* Yet my English friends are continually assuring me that the expression is a "blawsted Americanism!" "Peace, cousin Percy, you will make him mad."

"Alas! he is sixteen years old, and almost a man, yet he hath shaken off the wisdom of his father, for foolishness."

Now Man-Ching didn't want to part with them, by any means; so when he heard this, and partly understanding it, he was still more unwilling to do so. And he took one in each hand, thinking to carry them with him; but here he was mistaken again, for they were as immovable as the mountains, and stuck there, bolt upright, for all his tugging,—and I don't believe that ever, in all your life, you have seen anything that looked half so obstinate as did those two funny old boots!

And Man-Ching got madder than ever, and vowed it was a bootless effort, and used other shameful expressions, the like you never heard; and presently discovering that his feet were like to freeze, and that he was no longer warm and comfortable, but that the cold storm was piercing him to the marrow, concluded he had better make for the shelter while he might, so he gave up the ugly old boots, and started up the lane as fast as his poor half-frozen toes and benumbed legs would carry him. And the old tunic, now, didn't do him a bit of good, either,—indeed, it seemed to him, somehow, as if it made him feel colder, and more uncomfortable, hanging about him like a garment of iron, so that two or three times he was on the point of throwing it off, also; but the thought that it was the last thing left to him of his father's, restrained him, and he wallowed along, crying, and angrier every step of his sore feet, at those "hateful" old boots—resolving to go back in the morning and cut 'em all into tatters, his pain and discomfort made him so spiteful. However, he reached the house at last, and knocked at the door. It was opened by the queerest, little, misshapen brown man he ever saw, with green hair and red eyes, and indigo teeth; but who was a very jolly little chap, for he no sooner set eyes on Man-Ching than he broke into a loud laugh, and said:

"Welcome, welcome, Master Man-Ching; we've been looking for you with all our red, red, blood-red eyes, ever since you were born! So you've come at last! And how are your poor feet?" Then he put one hand on Man-Ching's hip, and swung him into the entry like a thistle-top, while he banged to the door and locked it again, with the other. Mortal strong, you see, the little man was, for all his diminutiveness and ill-shape. Then Man-Ching heard lively music, and laughing, and dancing feet, and

concluded there was "fun" toward. And the little brown imp marched ahead, leading the way in the direction of the mirthful sounds. His feet clattered on the hard floor like sticks. Man-Ching, observing, saw that below his short, wide-legged trousers of silk, with gold-fringed hems, his feet and legs were those of a goat; and, as he capered and pirouetted along, that each small, polished black hoof was shod with shoes of gold, fastened with diamond-headed nails. Then Man-Ching discovered another strange thing. The brown wee man had two faces! On the back of his head was the ghastly visage of a skull, deep in the empty sockets of which glowed sullen sparks of savage heat, like iron cherry red from the forge! This was what made him keep pirouetting and whirling so, as he skipped ahead.

Man-Ching was alarmed—or perhaps it would be better to say, would have been alarmed, at this discovery, but for the irresistable comicality and grotesqueness of the other face, and the wonderful jollity of the little man's actions, which kept flashing such a succession of provocatives upon him that he hadn't time to be frightened for laughing. And the next instant a door opened ahead, and Man-Ching found himself in a large room, richly furnished and ornamented, brilliantly lighted, and containing many people—some of whom were old, some middle-aged, some young, and some of as tender years as Man-Ching himself—each and all working desperately at enjoying themselves. Two girls approached, at a signal from the brown man, to wait upon Man-Ching. One brought a large basin, and proceeded to bathe his cracked and frost-bitten feet; the other gave him some wonderful drink, at which all sense of fatigue and irritation vanished; and they sung low, sweet songs, in a language he did not understand, but which were none the less soothing and charming for all that, and then they led him away to bed, for he was very sleepy.

Everything in that chamber was red, bed, walls, ceiling, floor, furniture; not a speck of any other color was visible anywhere. He turned down the bed-clothes—the blankets, and even the pillows, were red! But he was too sleepy to think about it; so sleepy, in fact, that he couldn't disentangle the button-loops of his tunic; so, after nodding and dozing ineffectually over it for some minutes, he gave it up, and kicking off the slippers with which the girls had provided him, which were also red, gave a prodigious yawn, rolled heavily upon the luxurious down, and

immediately found himself—upon the floor! He sat up and scratched his pate in terrible, sleepy bewilderment. He couldn't believe his senses! Must have rolled too far—no; he was on the same side that he went in at; besides the bed was a good liberal, square bed,—none of your narrow-minded, oblong things that your dursn't turn round in, if you fancy taking a nap cross-wise. He could only have landed where he was by turning a complete somersault, heels foremost; that was evident. This reflection so puzzled him that he had some thought of going to sleep where he was, when he suddenly felt something pressing hard against the soles of his feet, and, opening his eyes, discovered that he was standing upright against the side of the bed once more! This would have puzzled the great Koon-foo-tyze himself, and of course poor little Man-Ching was utterly unable to make head or tail of it. However, after holding on by the bed, and considering for some time, he resolved to make another attempt; so, reaching cautiously as far as he could, and taking hold of a pillow to make sure of something, gave another flounce—and found himself in total darkness. He made sure he was all right now, for he plainly felt the touch of the blankets against his breast, and the pillow at the back of his head, so laid very quiet for a little; but presently, feeling cold, endeavoured to draw the coverlets a little closer around him, when he discovered that they were stretched as tight as a drum, and were as immovable as those confounded old boots out yonder in the road! Then he concluded that the bed was bewitched or something, and tried to think what he was going to do about it anyhow; but before he could make up his mind on that point, felt himself growing oppressed for breath, and perceived that his face was covered also. In great trepidation, he began to grope for the edge of the coverlet, but found it was everywhere utterly beyond his reach, while the coverlet itself was so rigid that he was unable to get a hold to pull it in any direction whatever. Then a dreadful story flashed across his recollection, which his wise father, Ching, who knew all tongues, had read one evening, long before, out of a strange Barbarian book, which was written by a great Barbarian sage (whose very illustrious, many syllabled name was Ari-tyme-mun-thlee), about a horrible enchanted bed whose top, being a demon, slid down in the night, pressing whoever slept therein to death; and gave himself up for lost. For this was undoubtedly the same! But as he flung his arms back in agony,

his pillow fell away, the light suddenly shone again, and he saw that the room was by some magic trick turned upside bottom-most—that what he had taken for bed-clothes was the carpet, against which he was pressed, face uppermost, by some invisible agency—and he shut his eyes in terror, lest he should fall and be crushed against the ceiling. But when he stole another peep, the room was turned back again; and by and by, though still terribly demoralized, he ventured to turn over, and sit upright. Yet his trembling fingers still clutched for a hold of the carpets, and he watched the pillow beside him, ready, if it should start, to fling himself flat again.

All this time he had been sub-conscious that the tunic was squeezing him, and pulling him, and pricking him by turns. And just now it gave him such a hug that he looked to see if his legs were not being forced off; and lo! they were elongated fearfully! And they grew while he looked, twisting and twining, and ran out to opposite corners,—all red, and green, and gold, then running perpendicularly, turned around and faced each other as gigantic dragons with fiery spires and vast ruby eyes, whereof each had *three*. And on either hand they bowed their horrible heads toward him till their lolling tongues touched his cheeks—and all the while he was conscious of their tails squirming in either groin, till he feared his thigh bones would be wrung out of their sockets—and then they, looking above him at each other, spoke in appalling tones:

"Brother! He knows how it is himself!!!"

"Brother! Not sufficiently!!!"

And vanished.

He, wailing, relinquished the unavailable carpet for a bed-post, which immediately swung off with him into a wild, brain-whirling dance, to a sudden, harsh, horrible music, wherein the tapping of its feet reminded him of the hoofs of the brown dwarf; and it swung and swung, and whirled and whirled, until poor Man-Ching became sick, and vomited as if he had been at sea, when it stopped, the music ceased, and he found himself sitting exactly in the same place he had occupied when the dance began.

He now noticed, for the first time, that although the room was ablaze with light, that light had no perceivable origin. He gazed all around him, but there was neither lamp, candle, gas-jet, fire or flame of any kind within the room, nor aperture of any sort

anywhere in its walls for the light to get in at. This led to another discovery—there was neither door or window either! How in the name of everything incomprehensible had he got in there himself? While pondering this fresh mystery, there came a knocking under the floor, whereat a voice from the breast of his tunic said: "Come in." Then something that looked like a ring of thin smoke rose rapidly, swirling and widening, from the centre of the floor. It broke, and therewith was standing in its place a grim ghost, with a fearful, terrible red nose. It gazed pityingly at Man-Ching, and three times sighed, and three times shook its head. Ineffable sadness shone in its unearthly lineaments, and when it spoke, its voice—

"Was steady, low, and deep,
Like distant waves, when breezes sleep."

asking, as it placed its hands upon its knees, and bent its ghastly visage to the level of Man-Ching's:

"Young-man! Do-you-begin-to-see-how-the-old-thing-works?"

And Man-Ching, with his hand upon his brow, replied, mournfully:

"Alas! I rather think I do."

"Bully for you; bully for you!" said the ghost, approvingly. "But, alas, it is too late! You are a hopeless case."

"Oh, I didn't know any better; I didn't know any better," moaned Man-Ching.

"No; of course you didn't. How could you be expected to, a brat like you?" returned the ghost, soothingly. "And as you know you *didn't* know twice, what in thunder's the reason you didn't stick by the counsels—I mean, what did you jump out of your father's boots for, you self-conceited jackanapes, you—hey?"

"Bou-Ching always said I'd bring disgrace on the family," sobbed the poor boy.

"Bou-Ching's another!" roared the ghost. "He's more to blame for this than you are. Wait, I'm going to appear to him this very night, and if I don't scare the miserly soul out of his mean carcass, I'm a Dutchman—the ghost of one, I mean to say! Do you know that your wise father spent his whole life in building those boots and that tunic, you ungrateful young beggar, you?"

"Well, I held on to the tunic, anyhow," pleaded Man-Ching.

"That's a crammer," roared the ghost, shaking his fist in his face. "How dare you, sir; I'd pull your nose for two pins—if I wasn't a ghost! You know you tried to get clear of *it*, too; but it stuck to you in spite of you."

"Yes," chimed in the tunic; "and I pulled him back from this abominable bed, too, which he was bent on getting into. I wonder what he thinks Lin would say to that, if she knew it?"

"I'll tell her this very night," said the ghost.

"Oh, ple-ase, ple-ase don't," screamed Man-Ching, getting on his knees with fright. "I—I—didn't mean any harm; the—the young woman said I'd better—and she was so good—and bathed my poor feet—and—and all."

"Ugh! Greenhorn!!" said the tunic.

"Ugh! Stoopid!!!" said the ghost.

And they both began to laugh consumedly.

"'*Young* woman!'" screamed the tunic.

"Mere baby!" squealed the ghost.

"Prob'ly forty!" gasped the tunic.

"Near'r fifty!" choked the ghost.

"False hair and teeth!" whispered the tunic.

"Glass eye and wooden leg!" suspired the ghost. And then they went off into a haw, haw, that shook the house, while the ghost had to hold on by a bed-post to laugh.

"I *shall* split," said the tunic.

"I *shall* die," said the ghost. "At least," he added, on recovering himself, "I should, if I wasn't dead already. You see," he continued, apologetically, "I've been such a short time a ghost that I keep forgetting—haven't got used to the change yet, as it were. But this boy 'd be the death of one—the idee-ah! However, I mustn't be too rough on her; I owe my 'happy release' from a troublesome world, in a great measure, to her—that's how I happen to be here to-night. I drop in, once in a while, to let her see I haven't forgotten her, you know. Now, Master Greeny, look here! You've begun as I did—you just keep on as I did—twenty years of it'll do *you;* you haven't the constitution *I* had to begin with, and forty-five played *me* out—and you'll be just such another red-nosed, shad-eyed, shark-kneed, toothless, disreputable looking old ghost o' misery as I am! See? I say, Tunic; how's that for high?"

"Good," replied Tunic; "he's thinking already what Lin would say to it, if he grew like you."

"That's hunky," said the ghost approvingly. "I say, you mustn't mind a little slang occasionally—I'm so used to it, you know. I'm a queer old biscuit, I am, but I mean well. See? Now, young Mistopher, this is a rum crib you've got into. You've begun to twig that much, yerself, haven't you? Good egg! But you might have twigged a thunderin' sight more, if you hadn't gone 'n got drunk as forty thousand top-sail sheet blocks as soon as you got into this shebang! I say, *that* ain't slang, you know. That's 'boom-tackle.' I learn't it from a sailor friend o' mine that's still in the body somewhere—leastwise he ain't on *our* side o' the gulf; and I rayther think I know where to look for *him*. You bet! For all that, you've no excuse. You see what old goat-shanks was, at the door, well enough. Why didn't you wheel about and cut? *I'll* tell you. Because you saw what an alarmin' way he has has o' making things ridiculous, and you were just afraid he'd laugh at *you*. *I* know! Can't tell *me!* I've been thar, and staid all n—. I know how it is mys—I mean, I've seen so much o' that sort o' thing that I know as well how *he* acted, and *you* felt, as if I'd been around and seen you both. Now, all you see in this house is sham. Every one in it's just like him. You might ha' seen their other faces, if you hadn't got so tight, for all their puttings-on. An' do you know how they live? Blood-sucking! That's what makes 'em have red eyes. Vampires—kind of. You'll see before breakfast, youngster! Now, I'm off. Methinks I scent the morning air. I have to be more reg'lar in my hours, since I broke up house-keepin', than I use to was! Tunic! Wade into him! Goo-ood night." And he was gone, leaving another ring of smoke, which slowly floated away, and dissipated.

"Oh, he's gone, and never told me how to get out of this," moaned Man-Ching. "How *can* I get out; no doors nor windows nor anything! *You* tell me, there's a dear good old tunic; do, please."

"Don't know," answered the tunic, gruffly, with a squeeze that made the poor boy's ribs crack. "Wouldn't tell you if I did; not my office."

"A-a-ah, how you hurt me," gasped Man-Ching. "Please, please, don't! And you were so good and kind and warm while I

was out in the cold and storm," he added, flatteringly, when he recovered breath.

"Rubbish!" said the tunic. "You were a good boy then; but now you're bad. Take that!" and it gave a squeeze and a sting that took his breath altogether. The next moment he heard clattering footsteps outside, coming nearer. He recognized them as those of the brown dwarf. Then he heard more. The elf had company, it seemed. And then Man-Ching heard him chanting:

"Oh, my blood-red eyes!
Oh, my poisoned teeth!
Flash, flash; bite, bite;
Oh how hungry am I!"

Then another voice took it up:

"Oh, my blood-red eyes!
Oh, my poisoned tongue!
Flash, flash; sting, sting;
Burnt up with thirst am I!"

It was the voice of the girl who had given him the bowl of strange drink. And Man-Ching fell on his face.

"Oh, I am lost," he screamed. "They are coming to drink my blood, and gnaw my bones. Oh, my boots, my boots! Why did I leave my dear old boots? Oh, I wish I was back in my boots, if I had to travel in the storm all night and the next one, too!"

With that the tunic gave him another hug, but this time not a cruel one.

"Why, *that's* the way out, you young fool you; why didn't you say that before? Get up!"

And there stood the blessed old boots right before him, and looking as pleased as two old wrinkled-up angels! He hadn't time to wonder at it, for the tunic lifted him up and plumped him right into 'em, before you could say "Pop!" And away they went, right through the side of the room—anywhere at all you choose to imagine—just as the villainous old goat-shanks and his companion plumped into it, and went swinging down the lane at a very tornado of a pace. But the little brown devil set up a terrible hub-bub.

"There goes our breakfast," he shouted. "Here Dander, Hopper, Skipper, Tripper, Snapper! come help me catch him before he gets off the Mount of Youthful Discontent, or else we

shall lose him altogether! And bring your bows, and if you can't catch him, shoot him!"

And in a twinkling the place was alive with 'em. Mercy on me, how they swarmed! They popped out from behind the fences after him; they shot up out of the snow-drifts on either side of him; they swung themselves down from the trees ahead of him—and all joined in pursuit, till there were fifteen or twenty acres of 'em, howling and yelling like an army of Siberian wolves. And the way they spun over that snow—for they were too light and quick to sink in it—was a sight to see! Whiz-iz-iz-z-z-z, what a hunt! But, bless your heart, it wasn't a bit of use! There's no such time on record as those boots made on that spurt to the plains, though the gentleman who told me the story couldn't recollect just what it was. So the gnomes, finding they were losing, drew their bows.

And such a cloud of arrows—and every one tipped with fire! They lit up the night like sheets of lightning, each volley! The whiz of each discharge swelled into a roaring like a storm at sea!

Bah! It didn't amount to a hill o' beans after all. That famous old tunic! They rattled against it like hailstones on a steel corselet, and fell off just as easy. In less than half an hour they were left out of range, and Man-Ching, seeing that the boots and tunic knew so well what they were about, concluded to leave the matter to them entirely, and went to sleep.

But the boots kept on, jogging along as swiftly and smoothly as a dragon-boat on the Grand Canal, until they got out of the forest entirely, and came to a magnificent city, by which time it was daylight, and people getting astir. The noise in the streets awoke Man-Ching, of course; and he looked about him at the wilderness of houses and crowds of people with astonishment, as a country boy might. Presently he noticed a great many men diving through the crowds in tremendous haste, carrying each, some one, some two, some half a dozen pairs of boots, and all pressing in the same direction. This aroused his curiosity, and he inquired the meaning of it.

"Why, don't you know?" said the man he addressed. "You must have just come down! They are carrying these boots to the King."

"What for," said Man-Ching. "What on earth does the King want of so many boots?"

Then the people standing round laughed; but the man answered: "Well, you see, the Prince is all the time running about, and always loses his way, which causes a great deal of trouble. So the wise men have told the King that somewhere in the world is a pair of boots that always know the right way, and will not stir a step the wrong one. So the King has offered three waggon-loads of gold, and the title of Duke, to any one who will bring him the Wonderful Boots, and will build him the greatest castle that ever was seen, besides. And there isn't a pair of boots in the kingdom, I don't believe, but what has gone up to the palace; and they say that His Majesty has quite begun to despair of finding them."

"These must be the very boots," said Man-Ching to himself. And he walked aside, pondering. Coming to a garden, he sat down, apart, and contemplated the boots in silence. At last, he said:

"I cannot part with them—no, not for the kingdom. But I sincerely wish that I could in some way aid that poor, foolish prince, who is unable to keep the right way, because I know how it is mys—"

Here the tunic gave a little squeeze.

"I mean that I pity him, because I now know the dreadful dangers one gets into by taking the wrong road. Poor prince! what a life he must lead; since, they say, he *always* gets lost. I *would* like to help him, but I cannot spare these dear old boots." And he crossed his legs very decidedly; when lo! each boot had hanging to it by the ear, its very fellow—the one pair had suddenly become two! And a voice from them said: "For the good thou desirest to do, thou canst give us to whosoever needeth our help, and yet keep us always with thee. For we are gods—I the god of sunshine and rain; my brother the god of clouds and shadow; we rule all the world, and between us is all knowledge and wisdom. Go now, and do as thou art prompted, and thou shalt save the future king, yet be thyself no poorer."

And Man-Ching did as they bid, to the great joy of the king, and his counsellors. And the king bestowed all he had promised; but prayed him to wait for the castle, for it was designed on so grand a scale that all the king's horses and all the king's men would be unable to complete it in less than seven years from that day. And meantime the king lodged him in one of his own palaces near to the city, and there he used to visit him every day.

But Duke Man-Ching kept thinking about his little playmate in Oomsk, and when summer came he got the king's permission to revisit his home. With the Wonderful Boots it did not take him long to get there, of course; and he struck the village road the next afternoon after leaving the palace. A lovely afternoon it was, too; and, as he was striding along, whom should he overtake but Lin, herself, with a basket of berries on her arm. So he came up to her, and said: "Lin, did you ever see a ghost?" And Lin screamed, and then said: "No; unless you are one! Oh where *have* you been—how you frightened me—and have you come back, *really?*"

You see he had been all along rather uneasy lest that red-nosed ghost had fulfilled his threat. But Lin kept on chattering.

"A ghost!" she said, and opened her big eyes wide; "I'm sure I should just die! Same as your brother did, you know. No? Didn't you? Why, they say he saw an a-a-awful ghost the same night you left! And he died the next day from it, and left you the property, and I went to the funeral, and I'm ever so glad you've come back."

"I don't want it," replied his Grace; "I'm a Duke. I'll give it to you—no, girls don't know anything about property; I'll give it to your pa, and I'll give you a—a fan, instead, with diamonds on it, you know; and a horse to ride about in, and a ring to walk in, and a silk robe, all pure gold, to put on your finger; and, oh—lots o' things!"

"You a Duke!" exclaimed Lin. "Oh, my! Why that's most as good as a king—isn't it?"

"Oh, no; only next to a prince," said his Grace, with great humility. So they sat down by the roadside, and she fed him with berries, while he told her all his adventures; and wasn't she delighted, though! But when he came to describe what his castle was going to be, and to tell her that it was so huge and so fine that seven years would be required to complete it, she grew quite beside herself, and clapped her hands and cried: "Oh my, won't that be nice. It'll be all nice and ready just when we are old enough to be married! And I must have a doll-house in it, and ever so many dolls," and then she stopped and gave the Duke a push, and said he was a "great silly," and bit her finger. You see, although, as I said before, Man-Ching didn't know what was the matter with him, she did, for all she was two years the younger.

Girls always do! You b— no; that's the way the ghost talked. I forgot; boys don't. Boys are *so* stupid! Girls ain't. I like girls.

This let a vast amount of light into Man-Ching's benighted brain. Of course, in all his planning about his castle, Lin had always been the centre. Some things had been designed expressly "*for* Lin;" others had been considered over as to how they would "*suit* Lin," and the rest had been dismissed from further cogitation until he could talk them over "*with* Lin." And yet it had never once occurred to him that all this couldn't be realized unless he was married *to* Lin. And he was just overjoyed when he found that that was the way, and told her so.

By and by, when they had nothing else to talk about, she remembered his wanting to bite her cheek, and her plan about it, which she explained. He not exactly understanding, the booby! she had to show him how she meant. Then he knew all about it, directly. And that is the very time, they say in Soongaria, that KISSING was invented, and of course they deified Lin—long ago.

NANTES.

"THE NIGHT COMETH."

OH brightly wave the corn-fields
Beneath the glad'ning sun,
And gaily sings the reaper
As the children's bread is won;—
Yet the night slow creepeth onward, when fades the mid-day sun,
When the reaper's task is ended, and the reaper's song is done.

Soft fall the pattering footsteps
On the quiet village street,
And its pleasant dulness echoes
With childish laughter sweet;
But the night glides swiftly onward, when redly sets the sun—
When the darkness shroudeth all things, and the children's play is done.

Hushed are the tiny footsteps,
And hushed the reaper's song,
And the reaper and his children
Are sleeping deep and long,
For the night of Death enwraps them, in which no work is done,
From out whose brooding darkness awakes no more the sun.

St. John's, Newfoundland. G. A.

MAURICE WENTWORTH'S CHARGE.

BY CORINNE.

(Concluded.)

MRS. MILLER and Lucy, who were sitting quietly at work in the parlour, were startled by the rush of feet down the stairs, and the two laughing girls bursting into the room followed by George vowing vengeance.

"Why, Katie," said her sister, half laughing and half vexed, "what am I to do with you? When will you learn to behave yourself? And as for you, Miss Mischief," she added, seizing Edith by the shoulders and shaking her, "what do you suppose Maurice will say to you?"

To her great surprise, at these words all the fun died out of Edith's eyes, and even the colour from her cheeks, and the next moment she burst into tears. Fortunately, nobody but Mrs. Miller noticed her, and she quickly drew her out of the room and hastened to atone for her careless words by assuring her that she meant nothing; and that she was sure Maurice would have been as much amused as any one if he had been there. It was only a momentary excitement, and Edith soon recovered and laughed away her tears.

"That's right," said Mrs. Miller, kissing her. "Now come in and be bright again before they have time to notice our absence."

And all this time Lucy sat placidly sewing in her corner.

"What's the matter with Lucy?" asked George bluntly, later in the evening; "she hasn't spoken since I came home."

Lucy lifted her blue eyes from her work in amazement, and dropped them again without replying.

"Oh, she is shocked at your behaviour, of course," said Mrs. Miller lightly, trying in vain to prevent the outbreak she suspected was coming.

"Oh!" grunted George, turning abruptly to the table, after waiting some time to see if Lucy would contradict this statement of her feelings. He took up a book and looked at it for a minute, and then put it down again and returned to the charge.

"It seems to me you are too good for us, Lucy," he said, "and I wonder you stay here."

Before Lucy could reply, Mrs. Miller rose in her chair, and went

round to George's side. Of all things in the world she hated scenes, and she was determined to stop this one if possible.

"George, hold your tongue, and let Lucy alone," she said, shaking her hand at him. "I won't have any of this nonsense here."

After that there was silence for a little while, and then Edith threw aside her book, exclaiming:

"I must speak, Mrs. Miller. It is me that Lucy is shocked at. I have noticed, lately, that it is only when I join in such fun that she sees any harm in it, and I should like to know why she keeps up such a show of annoyance with me."

Now if Lucy had spoken out plainly, and told Edith that in her opinion such trifling was unworthy of the intended wife of a minister, she would have made a friend of her for life: but that was not Lucy's way, and her self-contained manner and assumption of calm superiority made Edith almost hate her, as she answered, calmly and coldly:

"I am sorry that I have annoyed you so much, Edith. I assure you I had no intention of interfering with your pleasure. If you can find amusement in such ways, and time to spend so, of course you are at liberty to do as you like." Which was intended to convey to Edith's mind the idea that *she* had neither time nor inclination for such trifling.

"I could have shaken that little piece of propriety, Lucy Deane," said Mrs. Miller to her husband that night when she was undressing.

"Well, why didn't you shake her, my dear?" said Mr. Miller. "I've no doubt it would have done her a great deal of good."

"She provokes me beyond endurance," she went on, unheeding the interruption; "to see her sitting there so proper and self-righteous, and daring to judge that dear little Edith. Katie looked ready to fly at her. I've no notion of girls being so staid. Why, when I was a girl, I was the wildest, maddest romp in the town."

"Were you any wilder or madder than you are now, my dear?" asked her husband, innocently.

"I will acknowledge that I sometimes went too far," she said, laughing; "and I think Katie wants holding in a little, but Edith is as gentle and modest a girl as you need wish to see. I cannot tell what Miss Lucy is up to, but it's my opinion she has

some design in setting Edith against her. I shall be glad when Maurice comes back."

Meanwhile a stormy scene was being enacted in Katie's room. Katie accused Lucy of the most unchristian and unfeeling conduct.

"You just want to make Edith miserable," she said; "you are trying to make her think she has done something unworthy of Maurice, and you know that's the very thing to make her miserable. I don't know, I'm sure, by what right you set yourself up as being so much better than we are."

"I said nothing of you, Katie, but Edith is to be a minister's wife——"

"And what of that," exclaimed Katie; "how do you know that I am not to be a minister's wife, too. What has Edith done that is unworthy of one? Why, according to your ideas, one should be something more than mortal. I think a loving, generous Christian like Edith is much better fitted for such a high office than an icicle."

"Of course you are Edith's friend, and you are excited, Katie, so you cannot see the matter as I see it," said Lucy, calmly, looking as much like a white-robed angel as mortal could, as she stood before the glass in her wrapper, with her golden hair shaken out over her shoulders.

"Edith's friend!" said Katie, too excited to notice the implied reproach in Lucy's words; "yes, I *am*, and I am proud to be called Edith's friend, and to be excited in her cause; and if I didn't know it would grieve her to think I had been quarrelling on her account, I would go to her now, and leave you to the contemplation of your own goodness without fear of contamination from me, but as it is, I must force you to bear with my company for to-night at any rate."

Katie's better judgment had whispered to her several times that this quarrel was not likely to heal the breach between Lucy and Edith, but her indignation had overcome her better judgment, and she felt that she must speak and defy the consequences. She would have felt less satisfied with herself if she had known the gratification some of her words gave to Lucy. The idea contained in the accusation "You are trying to make her think she has done something unworthy of Maurice," was working in her mind. Yes that was the point to go upon, Edith's strong sense of her own unworthiness, if she wanted to separate the lovers. And she did want to separate them, "for Maurice's sake," she told herself.

It was, therefore, a source of great satisfaction to her to see the plotting and counter-plotting between George and the girls during the next fortnight. One afternoon the two girls were up in the study, busily engaged in dressing a lay figure for George in a fairy style of their own, when the front door was heard to open and shut, and a familiar step on the stairs. Katie ran out to peep over the bannisters, and darted back to Edith exclaiming, "It's Maurice." Edith sprang up and ran into her own room to wash her hands and put her refractory curls into the order that they never kept for more than five minutes. Before she could make her appearance downstairs, Maurice had answered all Mrs. Miller's eager questions: whether his journey had been pleasant, and how it was he had managed to get back so much sooner than he expected, and was looking impatiently toward the door for Edith's coming.

Lucy had put her own shallow, foolish construction on the delay. "She is ashamed to come down to him," she thought, "after the foolish way she has gone on during his absence." But she saw her mistake when Edith came in slowly, in some confusion at having to meet Maurice before all of them, and giving him both her hands, said, in a pretty humble manner, "I haven't kept my promise to be good while you were away, Maurice."

"Oh, come," said Mrs. Miller, laughing, and springing up, "I am not going to stay to hear such confessions as that. Come, Lucy, we had better go away." And Lucy had to follow her from the room, seeing, as she closed the door, the look of unutterable love in Maurice's eyes as he drew Edith to his arms.

"Well," he said, with a smile, when the door was shut, "do you expect me to look very much disappointed and grieved, love?"

"Don't say you are not disappointed, Maurice," she said, in a tone of earnest pleading; "don't tell me you didn't expect me to be good."

He drew her close to him, and kissed her. "Suppose you tell me what particular crime is on your conscience now," he said, "and I shall know how much disappointment I ought to feel."

If Lucy could only have heard the answer. "I have had such hard, unkind feelings towards Lucy," she said, "I feel that I cannot love her. She won't let me, and sometimes I have almost hated her."

"Poor little woman! I know very well what that feeling is like. How hard it is, love, to be so filled with mistrust and with the

sense of being so misunderstood. Poor Lucy hasn't learned that hard, but necessary lesson, to know herself. Self-knowledge is not at all pleasant, but it is the only way to happiness. Until we realize the degradation of our own nature, we have no desire—that is no fervent desire—for renewing grace."

Edith's eyes showed her practical understanding of his words, and he added cheerfully, "Let us hope that Lucy will learn by-and-bye, and when she does, she will know how to appreciate my love."

"You don't think me so dreadfully thoughtless and trifling, Maurice?" she whispered, clinging to him with a whole heartful of love in her eyes.

"No, my darling!" he answered, quite understanding the connections between her question and his last words. "I think much of Lucy's time is spent in busy idleness, and many of her occupations are in comparison with the real business of life, just as trifling as your amusements, and your amusement always gives place to your duty, while her elaborate sewing and fancy work, and little useless industries, take the place of duty."

"I didn't know you were such a keen observer," said Edith, laughing; "but still it doesn't make me afraid of you, because I know you don't expect impossibilities of me."

"I do expect great things of you, though; for I love you truly, and trust you perfectly."

True love and perfect trust! What could petty scheming and malice do against such?

CHAPTER III.

ONE dazzling brilliant day in mid-winter, Mr. Miller, having that (to him) rarest thing in the world, a holiday, took his wife and Katie out to spend the afternoon with some friends in the country. The sleighing was magnificent going out, and promised to be even more delightful in the evening, being moonlight, and only just cold enough to be exhilirating. They had scarcely got a quarter of a mile on their homeward road, when Mrs. Miller exclaimed suddenly, "Oh, Tom, I have left my music, and there's a song belonging to Jennie Gardiner with it, and I promised to return it to-morrow. Let us go back for it!"

"Well, you women are a puzzle to me," said Mr. Miller, reining in his horses; "you forget when you ought to remember, and

remember when you might as well forget. I cannot turn the sleigh here, Mrs. Miller; but if you like to be left, I'll run back and get your music. Here, I'll leave you under the shelter of that high drift, and you cover the horses, Karl," he added to the young Dane that sat beside him, as he walked them forward a little to a place where the wind had scooped a fantastic hollow out of the bank of snow. "There now, you'll be all right, and it's not at all likely any one will pass this way to-night."

"Let me go with you, Tom," said Katie; "you don't mind being left, do you, sister?"

"Oh, no; only don't be long."

"Oh, I can run as fast as Tom," said Katie, springing out, and Mrs. Miller heard them laughing as they chased each other up the lane.

Their voices had but just died away in the distance, when a man sprang suddenly from some place of concealment into the sleigh, and demanded some money. He was a gaunt, haggard looking-man, Mrs. Miller could see even in her fright, and being a quick-witted and powerful woman, she determined not to yield up her purse to him without a struggle. With a hasty movement, she drew it from her pocket and threw it in the bottom of the sleigh, and when he stooped to possess himself of it, as she knew he would do, she pushed him down and threw the robes over him, and the Danish lad, in obedience to her "Quick, Karl!" sprang over the seat, and held him securely. The sudden attack seemed to have deprived the man of his senses, and nothing was heard from beneath the heap of furs but heavy breathing, almost panting, until in answer to Mrs. Miller's "don't hold him too tight, Karl, let him have room to breathe," the boy answered in his slow, distinct utterance, "I will be careful, Mrs. Miller." Then the man started violently. "Mrs. Miller?" he cried in a hoarse voice; "not the Mrs. Miller who teaches music?"

"Yes, yes," replied the boy quickly, before his mistress had time to speak.

"Oh, then let me go; I don't want to harm you, Mrs. Miller. Oh, for heaven's sake let me go!" His voice rose to a shriek as he struggled violently to escape. But the determined woman and the lithe, active lad were more than his match, weakened, as he apparently was, by sickness, or perhaps by want. In a few seconds his strength was all exhausted, and he lay down panting as before,

while Mrs. Miller fervently prayed for her husband's quick return.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the man, sullenly, after some time had passed in silence.

Mrs. Miller made no answer. Her ear was strained to catch a repetition of a sound that she fancied might be Katie's laugh.

"Are you going to give me up to the police?" he asked again, and still received no answer. "If you do," he added at length, in the quiet tone of a man driven to desperation, "you will be sorry for it."

Then silence fell on them again. Oh, how long the time was! But the blessed sound came at last, just as the horses seemed determined not to stand any longer, and by their uneasy movements, added to Mrs. Miller's terror. She had sufficient strength of nerve left to explain the situation to her husband when he came, and kept up very well until he had removed the man to the front part of the sleigh, between himself and Karl, and had started once more. Then she gave way, and dropping her head on Katie's shoulder, indulged in that most blessed relief, a burst of tears.

Mr. Miller drove home fast, and in silence, until they reached the door, then leaning back he whispered in his wife's ear, "You and Katie get out and run in, Lottie. I am going to take him to the hospital; he is a decidedly sick man."

They obeyed quickly, and had told their adventure to the astonished group at the fireside, when the master of the house returned.

"He is in safe keeping now," said he, coming to the fire. "They will not let him go until they hear from me to-morrow, at any rate. Indeed, I do not suppose he will try to go, for he appears to fancy himself in jail. He must be wandering in his mind, for when we reached the hospital door, he roused himself from the half stupor he had fallen into, and muttered, 'You will be sorry for this, Mrs. Miller.' How did he know your name, Lottie?"

Mrs. Miller explained the circumstance to him.

"Strange!" said he, thoughtfully; "what can he know of us? I never saw the man before to my knowledge, and I seldom forget a face I have seen."

"I should like to go and see him," said Mrs. Miller. "Do you think they would let me?"

"Yes, you could see him; there is nothing infectious about him. Nothing, the doctor told me, but exhaustion, perhaps nothing but starvation, poor creature! Yes, Lottie, I should like you to go and see him to-morrow with me, if I can go; instead of me, if I cannot go, which is more likely."

Mrs. Miller went alone to the hospital next morning, her husband having been prevented, as he expected. She was away a long time, and on her return hastened up to the sitting-room with such an agitated look in her face that Lucy, who was sitting there alone, was alarmed.

"Oh, Lucy!" she exclaimed, "I am so glad you are alone; I want to speak to you."

"To *me*, Mrs. Miller?" said Lucy, in surprise; "it is generally Edith you want to speak to."

"Well, it is you this time," said Mrs. Miller, ignoring the sarcasm in Lucy's words. "That man I went to see in the hospital this morning—Lucy, he's Maurice's father!"

Lucy's work dropped from her hands.

"Maurice's father?" she ejaculated, turning her bewildered eyes on Mrs. Miller.

"Yes," she said, "so he told me, and I don't think he meant to, but his mind wanders every now and then; and I think that when he began to tell me he had forgotten himself, for I cried out in astonishment, and he looked frightened and asked me what he had said. I repeated his words to him, and he said 'Yes, Mrs. Miller, Maurice Wentworth is my son.' I asked him how he knew, and he said that he had never quite lost sight of him from the time he knew that old Mr. Smith had adopted him. 'I was interested in him,' he said, 'for I wanted to see if the son of a vagabond could grow up anything but a vagabond.' Now, Lucy, how am I to tell Maurice?"

"Have you told any one?" asked Lucy.

"No one but you. I have seen no one since I came in."

"I think I would—I would tell Edith first," said Lucy, hesitatingly, after thinking for some time.

Mrs. Miller looked at her fixedly; significantly, Lucy thought, but in reality without thinking that she did so, and said slowly, "Perhaps it would be as well," and then, rising quickly, left the room.

"Now what did she mean by that look?" thought Lucy when

she was alone; "does she think it will make any difference in Edith. Oh, I wonder whether she will give him up. And yet of course she must have known all along that his parents were thoroughly low, bad people; only while they kept quiet it mattered less, but to be owned by a highway robber! Keep it as secret as they will, it will be known. I wonder how Edith will take it. She is proud, I know, in some things, and so am I, but it would never make *me* forsake him. For one reason it would give me an advantage over him. Of course, I know that he is far superior to me, and I should be glad to think that while he could not speak of his family at all, my family name was unstained. But perhaps Edith cannot say as much as that."

Mrs. Miller, on leaving Lucy, went down stairs into the entrance hall, where she heard Edith softly singing to herself. She found her looking out of the same window that Maurice had looked out of the morning he went away. On hearing Mrs. Miller's step, she turned with a smile on her lips that seemed to be the outflow of pleasant thoughts.

"Look," she said; "it is beginning to snow—such beautiful flakes are falling—perfect stars—come and look at them. But is there anything the matter?" she asked, her smile fading when, coming close and putting her arm round the girl's waist, Mrs. Miller looked at her so seriously.

"Come in here, dear," she said kindly, leading her into the library, "I want to tell you something." And sitting down on the sofa, with her arm still round Edith's waist, she told her the story shortly and simply.

If Edith felt any surprise, she showed none; but sat for a full minute in silence after Mrs. Miller had done speaking, then raising her eyes slowly, she said: "I feel relieved, Mrs. Miller, to hear that it is only that. I dare say I shall realize, after a while, what a dreadful thing it is; but I was afraid I had done something wrong, or that something was the matter with Maurice."

"Where are you going, Edith?" asked Mrs. Miller, when Edith rose from the sofa.

"I am going to tell Maurice. Wasn't that what you intended? Don't you think it would be best for me to tell him?"

"Yes, dear, go."

Edith went slowly up stairs to the study where Maurice sat alone, clasping her left wrist tightly with her right hand, as she

was in the habit of doing when she was troubled or perplexed. She stopped a moment at the top of the stairs, then advancing to the door, said: "May I come in, Maurice?"

"Why, of course you may, dearest," he answered, and she entered and closed the door.

Her coming was so little of an interruption, that Maurice had not risen nor even put down his pen; but he did so when she came to his side.

"What is it, love?" he asked, looking up into her earnest eyes.

Before answering, she bent down and kissed him. "You know I love you, Maurice, don't you?" she whispered, as she knelt down by him, and laying her head against his arm, put one hand up to touch his cheek.

He pressed her closer to him.

"Know it! Yes, my darling, I thank God I know it," he answered softly.

"I have something to tell you," she went on. And in a quiet, even voice, but with an undertone of deep feeling thrilling through it, she told him the story as Mrs. Miller told it to her. Her composure lasted until she felt the quivering start that ran through Maurice's frame; then her tears burst forth, and when he raised her to his arms, she took his head on her breast, and kissing it, and murmuring the tender, endearing names he used to her, she wept long and passionately.

And Maurice held her and clung to her, feeling for the first few moments that it was her loving presence and her unselfish love alone, that kept him from feeling crushed by this news. He was the first to recover composure, and raising his head, he soothed her, smoothing back her hair with gentle touch, and paying back her caresses and loving words. He said nothing of the blow that had fallen on him, or rather on them, for they were one in heart both for weal or woe, and he knew that what he felt, Edith felt in an equal degree; and words would have failed to express the shock, the almost stunned feeling that this discovery brought. Nothing was said until Maurice begun to collect his papers and put them away in his desk, then Edith said simply:

"You are going there now?" and he answered, "Yes."

She went down stairs with him to the hall-door, waited while he put on his coat and hat, and then watched until he was out of sight.

He was back again, however, in less than half an hour. He had not been allowed to see his father; two visitors in one day, he was told, would be too much for him at present; he must wait until the morning.

The next day he was absent a long time. Edith was waiting in the library for him when he returned, just before dark. He smiled when she came to meet him, but she saw that he looked pale and weary, and drawing him into the fire-lit room, she made him sit down in the easy chair, and placed herself on the rug at his feet.

"You have had a trying day, Maurice," she said, after a little silence.

"Yes, Edith, it has been trying, and I am afraid I must look forward to many trying days yet. My poor father! It seems useless to talk to him of peace or of a better future, he is such a stranger to hope. He is not quite the bad, desperate character we might have supposed, Edith, from his act the other night; he has certainly led a wild life, but he never did anything of that kind before, and he said he was driven to it by starvation. He wandered away out of the city, intending to lay down and die in some lonely spot, but hearing sleigh-bells as he was going up that lane where they stopped, he hid himself behind the fence, and happening to catch Mr. Miller's words, 'no one is likely to pass this way to-night,' he thought he might get the means of living a few days longer at any rate. It shows that he has some good feeling in him, that, when he found that he had attempted to rob one who had shown kindness to me, he was sorry for it, and would have gone away without hurting her if he could have got free, and in his not coming to me, though he says he had kept himself informed of my welfare since Uncle Maurice's death, and he must have known, of course, that I might have done something for him."

"And did he"—she could not say 'your father' yet—"seem glad to meet with you, or in any way touched by your going to see him so soon?"

"Yes, he said several times that he didn't deserve that I should treat him kindly, and once he said he was glad I bore a good man's name instead of his; but still he seems hard and impenitent towards God, and not to care for or understand anything I said about Him."

"What is his name, Maurice? Did he tell you?"

"Yes, he told me. His name is James Hunter."

"Maurice, you will not—" Edith looked up at him without finishing her question, but he quite understood.

"No, my love, if you mean change my name. I would rather keep the dear name that was given me freely by one who loved me just as freely, though I had no claim upon him. Besides," he added, hesitatingly, "my father does not conceal from me that I have no *right* to his, neither does he wish me to change."

There was silence then until they rose to go into the dining-room. Then Edith said, hopefully:

"You will win him yet, I think, Maurice; he will learn in time. Perhaps he knows himself, but doesn't know Christ."

"Yes, love, that is it," and Maurice was encouraged by her words, but there was a heavy load of trouble on his heart, notwithstanding, and he spent many sleepless hours that night trying to decide whether or not he ought to enter the church. This meeting with his father had revived in him all the pain and shame that he had felt when he was first told what he was by birth.

"But," he reasoned with himself, "it doesn't make me any more unworthy to enter the Lord's service than I should have been otherwise. I never could have been worthy, and if the stain of my birth clings to me in the sight of man, it cannot in the sight of God, who has cleansed me even from the stain of my own sins. And should the words that God has given me to give to men be unspoken because of what I am? No," his heart and conscience whispered, "no; I will deliver my master's message, but it must not be in K——. It was wrong to think of that. I should have kept to my original plan of going to the poorest and most degraded of God's creatures that I could find, and trying to lead them upward, and if I *know* Edith she will go with me gladly. It will be harder for her, dear girl, than to live in the dear little parsonage, and among the pleasant society of K——, but unless I am much mistaken in her, she would like to go where there was real work to do." And strong in his unshaken faith in her, he grew more hopeful about the future.

Poor fellow! he needed all his hope and all his courage to keep his heart from sinking, as he became daily better acquainted with the sin-hardened nature of the man to whom a noble charity rather than filial duty, bade him give the sacred name of "Father."

"Can he possibly be my father?" he exclaimed to himself sometimes, after listening to his recital of some act of reckless daring, or as he saw unfolded before him the real meanness of such a man. "Surely it is not natural that I should have to shrink in horror and disgust from my own father; there must be some mistake." But he reflected afterwards that it was only the difference between degraded human nature and nature renewed by grace, and that he had the more reason to be thankful for the grace that had found him out. And he felt deeply the indifference with which his father continued to receive any mention of sacred things.

"There, there," he said impatiently one day, "you are a minister, and, of course, it's right enough for you to talk about these things, but I don't understand it nor feel it at all, and I am no hypocrite to pretend I do."

So nothing was left for Maurice but to pray for him, and to show him the utmost kindness and tenderness. These weeks of wearing anxiety told upon Maurice. Edith saw with sorrow that his face was growing thin and white. He spent part of every day at the hospital, going there as soon as his morning visits were over, and never returning until just before their four o'clock dinner. It gave Edith a little shock of surprise, therefore, to hear him come in one day soon after noon. She ran and met him outside the parlour door, and saw that he was looking white and agitated.

"He is gone," he whispered with trembling lips; "he left the hospital early this morning."

"And left no word for you?"

"No, none," he answered, putting his hand before his eyes, "and he has been so gentle the last two days, and yesterday he let me pray with him, and read, and I saw the tears in his eyes, but he said nothing, and now he is gone without a word."

Edith saw that he could scarcely speak or stand, and silently returning his kiss, she let him go on up to his own room. It was several hours before he came down again, and when he did, it was only to wander restlessly from one room to another, as if he could not settle in one place. Late in the evening, Edith coaxed him to lie down on the sofa and try to rest, while she sat beside him and smoothed back the hair from his throbbing temples, as she always did when his head ached. His restlessness yielded at last to the soothing influence, and his eyes had closed in a light slum-

ber, when a startling ring at the door roused him. He started up from the sofa, and was wide awake and standing up when the girl entered with a telegram, which she gave him. It was from Mr. Deane, and contained the words, "Come to K—— at once. Your father is here." All the family clustered round him as he read it aloud, but he gently and decidedly broke away from them and went to see if he could catch the last train. Finding that he would just have time, he wished them a hasty good-by, and went away.

He reached K—— about five in the morning, and in a few minutes was at Mr. Deane's. There was a solemn stillness about the house not unnatural at that hour; but to Maurice it seemed significant—the more so when Mrs. Deane came forward to meet him in tearful silence, and it was no surprise to him when Mr. Deane led him upstairs without a word, and into the spare room to the side of his father's lifeless form. He stood looking in calm wonder at the awful stillness and order of that bed, and the mysterious beauty and majesty that death had stamped upon the face lying there, until Mr. Deane gently touched him on the shoulder to attract his attention. "Maurice," he whispered, "it was my poor sister—you are my sister's son."

Maurice looked at him as if he did not understand.

"He told me," continued Mr. Deane, "that was what he came here for, and the journey cost him his life. He came to ask me to love you for her sake, and here is her portrait that he gave me for you."

Maurice looked at the picture for a moment, and then dropping on his knees by the bedside, burst into passionate weeping, and wept like a child for a long, long time. Henry Deane laid his hand kindly on his shoulder for a moment, as if to assure him of his sympathy, and then softly left him. Some time later he went up to call him down to breakfast, and then he gave him the particulars of his father's death.

"He got here in the afternoon before I came home," said Mr. Deane, "and when I came, he told me who he was, and what he came for, and when I had examined his story to find out if there could be any mistake, and was satisfied that there was none, and had satisfied *him* that his appeal in your behalf had not been made in vain, his face brightened, and he said fervently: "Thank God, now I can go in peace," and rose as if to leave the house. I

asked him where he intended to go, and from his answer I saw that he was not fit to be trusted alone, and I insisted on his staying here and going to bed at once. Then I sent for the doctor, who, directly he saw him, said that he had not many hours to live.

"What time did he die?" asked Maurice.

"About three o'clock this morning. He was delirious all through the evening, and I could not venture to take my eyes off him for some hours, then he fell into a quiet sleep and slept for about an hour, and when he awoke asked where you were. I said I had sent for you. He shook his head. 'It's no use,' he said, 'he can't be here in time,' and after that he grew weaker and weaker every hour, until he fell into a stupor and gently passed away."

Maurice sat in silence with his head resting on his hand. He longed to ask if there had been any sign of a change in him, but dreaded the answer. Mr. Deane interpreted his silence, and said: "Be comforted, Maurice, I think there is reason to hope that he came at the eleventh hour. All the time that his mind was wandering he talked of you, and the words you had read to him. Over and over again he repeated the words 'And his father saw him when he was a great way off, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him,' and once or twice he broke out into prayer so earnest, and with a passionate eloquence, such as I never heard from any mortal lips. Oh! if he had been a good man in his youth what power he might have had."

Nothing more was said then, and Mr. Deane went away to his business, and to arrange for the funeral, which was to take place very soon, leaving Maurice to the care of his gentle wife, who went softly in and out attending to his wants, speaking now and then a word of comfort, and once or twice pressing a motherly kiss on his brow. She loved him very dearly, and it did her tender heart good to have him under her care during the trying days before his father's remains were committed to the dust, to give him the rest and nursing that he really needed. Nothing had happened to rouse her indignation so much for many a long day as the request made by their minister to Maurice to preach for him on the intervening Sunday, though the poor man, in his ignorance of any connection between Maurice and the dead man, might be readily excused for such an innocent blunder. The perfect quiet and rest of those few days did Maurice good, for his

was not the sort of nature, neither was it a case where the mind needed to be diverted from trouble, but where the more closely it was examined the lighter it became. Before he went back to the city, Henry Deane said to him, feelingly: "You must let me keep my promise to your poor father, Maurice, and help you whenever you want help that I can give. You know there is no one but Lucy besides you, and she is determined to be altogether independent, it seems, for she writes that she has accepted a situation in a school, and will leave Mrs. Miller in a few days. I am glad we had you here so much when you were young," he added. "I thought at first that it was an odd coincidence, but then I remembered that Job Smith knew whose child you were, and of course he managed it so on purpose. Poor old man, I never did him justice. I never liked him much, and yet he was doing such a noble work for me and mine in secret."

Maurice was rather surprised to hear of Lucy's sudden decision, as nothing of the kind had been talked of before he left the city, and Lucy was usually so deliberate in her movements, but in this case a letter from her mother telling her the sad secret of her aunt's life roused her into unwonted activity. If ever Lucy felt small and mean and ashamed in her life, it was when she read that letter. It gave her a lesson that lasted, and that happily did her good afterwards, though its present effect was so painful that she felt she could not bear to meet Maurice, and when he reached home she was gone.

It was evening when he arrived at Mrs. Miller's, and all the family were in the sitting-room. They all came round him with a glad welcome as he entered, and after warmly returning their greetings, he went and sat down in his accustomed place by Edith on the sofa.

"You look better," she said, in a low voice, when the others had settled in their places again.

"Yes," he said, "I feel relieved of a burden. I feel that he is safe, and that I have done what I could." Then sinking his voice almost to a whisper, he unfolded to her his plan of seeking out a district somewhere down in the "dark places of the earth"—perhaps somewhere here in the city, where there was a plentiful harvest and so few workers. Edith caught her breath as she realized the depth and breadth of the picture he drew.

"Oh! that's a glorious plan, Maurice," she said, with eyes sparkling through tears.

"It will be hard work," he said, smiling a little, as he clasped the hand she held out to him, "but I feel that I want to rush into the very thickest of the battle, and take hold of the hardest work I can find before my strength or my spirit flag. And you are not afraid, Edith?"

"Afraid! Oh no," her beautiful eyes filled with such holy light and joy, answered for her as emphatically as her words, "All places are alike to me with you, Maurice, and to help in such work, oh! life will be too short."

* * * * * * *

Down near the water's edge in the city there is a wilderness of narrow streets and alleys, some of them loathsomely dark and close, with want and misery of every kind throughout them, but most of all the want of Christian knowledge, and the misery of sin. Leading out of this maze is a short street, very little wider than most of the others, but looking immeasureably superior to them by reason of the fresh paint that adorned the houses, and the cleanliness that displayed itself in the swept sidewalks, scoured doorsteps, and bright window-panes. In one of these houses, a little larger than the others, and with beautiful flowers blooming in the windows, Maurice and Edith have begun to work out their glorious plan. They have spent a summer and a winter here, and have begun on their second year, and in looking back they can see some progress made. The street they lived in was inhabited by a superior class of working people, by one or two clerks and one family that had seen better days. Most of these people had no ideas beyond keeping themselves and their families decently clothed and fed, and leading tolerably moral lives, and for the want of some one to encourage them and lead them higher, were in danger of sinking into mere working machines, and forgetting that they had souls at all; and one and all agreed in despising and holding themselves aloof from the people round the corner. But the coming of two young, refined and cultivated people, who lived plainly and humbly in the midst of them, and who despised none, no matter how humble or miserable they might be, roused a better feeling in them. Maurice and Edith had great difficulties at starting, difficulties that would have crushed weaker hearts; but they surmounted them, one by one, and grew stronger with every struggle. There had been no church right in the midst of this neighbourhood before. There was one *just outside*, but the

poorest of the people felt that they had no place in it, and consequently stayed away.

Therefore, to establish a parish here was no small undertaking. True, there is no "church" yet, only two rooms, in the largest of which service is held and in the other Bible classes, and other meetings in an unpainted and otherwise unfinished building, just at the corner of the street; but even this, unpretending as it is, costs something, and the minister and his family must have the "bread that perisheth," while they dispense the bread of life around them.

But help came from various sources. First came Henry Deane, who saw that this was the best possible way of doing good to Maurice. Then came quite a handsome sum of money, unsolicited and unexpected, from a young lady who attended one of the singing classes that Mrs. Miller and her young ladies were connected with, and who was a great admirer of Edith's person and character, and chose this way of showing her admiration. Then the church that Maurice belonged to (and he never for one moment sought to act independently of its help and approbation, or in any way to separate himself from it) took the matter up, and gave it a push forward; so that by the time Maurice and Edith were ready to go and live among their new flock, there was a place ready for them. And though they live on the outskirts of, and not right in, the very poorest and most miserable region, they are known, and their influence is felt there. Maurice goes boldly into every place, no matter how low or wretched or infected with diseases, moral or physical, the place may be. In some he meets with a glad welcome; in others with sullen and unwilling attention, while in many he is met with brutal profanity, with doors slammed and locked in his face, and still he perseveres until some are conquered. He is not reckless in courting danger, but where he feels it to be his duty to go, he goes, with a prayer in his heart for divine protection.

And Edith says that if the weeks had three times as many days in them, and the days were three times as long, she would not have time for all she wants to do. Home claims her time and attention increasingly, and home must not be neglected, so that she is glad when Mrs. Miller can take her place at the weekly free concert in the school-room, at which she has been in the habit of holding her little audience in charmed attention with her sweetest and most perfect performance. And Katie has taken charge of

her juvenile sewing meeting, where the little girls of the neighbourhood come and learn to sew or put into practice what they already know by helping their mothers, and are thus taught something of the value of time and knowledge. Katie, who has held back rather from joining openly in any good work before, has come out nobly now to the help of her beloved Edith, and her influence and example have brought others into the field, for Katie, with her affectionate disposition and lively attractive manner, has more influence than she suspected.

And there's George Sterndale, who, to the surprise of his friends, has abandoned art and adopted literature as his profession, has his hands full of work. He gives entertaining readings at some of the weekly concerts; he is president of a working men's club; he writes for the press; he collects subscriptions for special causes; he takes charge of the Sunday-school library, teaches a class, and helps in the singing in church. He, and Mr. and Mrs. Miller, and Katie were the first members of Maurice's church, and they feel that a responsibility rests on them. Mr. Miller says that he is the only unprofitable one of them—all his time being so taken up with business; but Edith knows where the means come from to provide so many little comforts for their aged and sick people, and on Sundays he is never absent, except through sickness, from his place. Mrs. Miller has given up one of her numerous engagements, and not the least profitable either, that she may have time to train a choir for the church, and she declares constantly that she never found her work in the world until Maurice and Edith showed it to her.

A fellow student of Maurice's, who has a delightful parish in the country, is going to change with them for a month in the summer, that they may have a chance in the pure country air of recruiting their strength, so as not to wear out too fast. There is no doubt of their wearing out fast, for their work is not easy. No one can persuade sinners that the gospel ways are the pleasantest all at once, nor can they make them so attractive outwardly as to outweigh the pleasures of sin; but what a thunder-storm will not do the continual dropping of a tiny spring will do, wear away a stone; and it is only by the continual dropping, the unwearied pursuance of one object, and the unflagging attention to the minutest details that any great work is accomplished, and for such a work as this we can but say, as Edith says, "Life itself will be too short."

MY FRIENDS.

So pure:—As clouds that sail on high,
With tender yearning towards the earth,
Dropping sweet rain, or lit with sun,
As wills the Power that gave them birth.

Joyous:—As birds that warbling rise,
And fill the summer air with praise;
Yet patient dwell low 'mid the grass,
And, brooding, sing thro' cloudy days.

Peaceful:—As fixèd stars that shine
More bright for storm and darkness o'er;
Nor scorn to lend their light to guide
Earth's homeward bound, on sea and shore.

Hopeful:—Though hope seems all in vain—
Trusting, though weary leagues apart;
With beauty such as lives in thought,
And love that wins and keeps the heart. T.

CHRONICLES OF PUNCH BOWL.

*NO. II.

JOB COBBIDUCK.

IN the whole of Newfoundland there is no prettier or more picturesque village than Punch Bowl. It is nestling snugly in a deep hollow, completely encircled by hills—hence its name. In one direction, there is a narrow opening in this hilly rampart, through which a little brook rushes impetuously, and after winding its way among huge boulders, and forming several tiny cascades, overhung by the dark fir trees or the branches of the mountain-ash, it ends all its brawlings and frettings in the peaceful bosom of the little harbour, on both sides of which the village of Punch Bowl is built. In summer, the surrounding hills are covered to their summits with the bright green foliage of the poplar, birch, aspen, spruce and mountain-ash, the open spaces near the top, or

* See THE MARITIME for Feb. 1873—"The New School-Master of Punch Bowl."

"barrens," as they are locally termed, being occupied by berry-bearing bushes of all kinds. A sort of leafy bower thus encircles the little village. When autumn comes these woods present a gorgeous sight—an amphitheatre of golden glories—masses of the deepest orange relieved and thrown forward by the sombre green of the firs, and intermingled with purple, lake and red. In winter, again, these hills are snow-clad, and, with their white bosoms, seem to draw closer together, brooding over and guarding from the cutting blasts the little nest of humanity below.

The narrow valley, at the bottom of which the village lies, cuts transversely the huge wall of rock, two or three hundred feet in height, which forms the eastern coast of Newfoundland. An opening for the admission of the sea is thus made, and a snug little harbour has been formed. A narrow channel, only deep enough for the small coasting and fishing craft, connects the harbour with the ocean. Once anchored inside, the boats of the fishermen are safe from the wild wrath of the Atlantic, as "heaving to the tempest's wing," it thunders against the dark cliffs without, charging up the bold headlands in desperate fury. When a south-east wind is blowing, and hurling the watery battalions on the shore, there is a wondrous grandeur in the boom of ocean, as it comes over the "South-side Hill" at Punch Bowl—like the distant bellowing of some mighty organ, uttering a wild stormy piece of music. But when gentle breezes dimple the face of ocean, under the bright summer's sun, there comes over the hill tops the soft murmuring of "many-voiced ocean," making a sweet and soothing melody.

Punch Bowl contains a population of about a thousand souls, who are engaged, generation after generation, in working the silvery quarries of the sea. The whole of their subsistence is drawn from the surrounding ocean. Their thoughts are mainly seaward, and their aspirations, hopes and fears are bound up with the changing aspects, the smiles and frowns of old ocean. They do not look upon the sea altogether as an object of terror and dread; for though it has been the grave of many of their kindred, and has swallowed up many a loved one, yet is it not, too, the bountiful mother, bringing rich treasures to their doors, "filling their hearts with food and gladness," and lavishing upon them, without any sowing or ploughing, a perennial harvest? With what unswerving regularity the vast ice-fields come down in

Spring, from the frozen north, bearing on their bosom myriads of seals, and floating them within reach of the daring seal-hunters! And when these ice-prairies have disappeared and melted in the waters of the Gulf Stream, how the Summer seas swarm with the finny tribes, coming in upon the shore from the "dark unfathomed caves of the ocean," in order to "repeat the story of their birth!" If the sea be, at times, terrible in its wrath, it is also generous and even bountiful. The land is barren, and to these fishermen is nothing but a place to dry their nets and cure their fish. "Their home is on the deep," and these stalwart men have learned to lay their fearless hands on ocean's bristled neck. All around this little sea-haven they have built their cottages—in some places over-hanging the water, in others perched among the clefts of the rocks, but without any attempts at regular streets. Each man plants his cottage according to convenience or fancy, and a rough road, or winding path, conducts from one to the other. The "fish-stages," on which the fish are landed, project over the edge of the harbour; and the "flakes" for drying the cod, formed of a horizontal platform, supported on upright poles and covered with boughs, fringe the whole margin of the harbour, and occupy every nook among the rocks. A fine aroma of fish pervades the atmosphere during the season, and the fumes from the little establishments where the far-famed cod liver oil is manufactured greets the nostrils.

Secluded here from the rest of the world, a quaint population has grown up, having a strongly pronounced individuality, along with the ideas and habits which characterise the fisher-folk everywhere. Their manners are unsophisticated, as may be supposed, and of the ways of the great world they know little. A stray newspaper occasionally finds its way among them, and some dim and distorted ideas of the events transpiring in the outside world percolates slowly among the Punch Bowlers. As yet they have not felt the want of a post-office, and the amount of education imparted to the young is not likely to develop the brain unduly, to the detriment of the digestive organs. And yet here, in this secluded community, on this narrow stage, may be witnessed the play of the same passions which, exhibited on a broader field, set the world ablaze and create history. Here life asserts its right to joy and gladness; and amid plenty of common-place selfishness and meanness, instances of self-sacrificing nobleness, of devoted

affection, even of heroism, occur, such as have elsewhere inspired the poet's song or formed the subject of the drama. But the Shakespeare of Punch Bowl has not yet appeared, and its heroes and heroines are all unsung. In her own unobtrusive way, nature is here preparing the raw materials out of which some of her finer products will ultimately be woven. A race is growing up here whose physical endowments lay a solid foundation for progress. The sons of some of these deep-chested, stalwart fishermen, with muscles of steel, and plenty of iron in their blood, inured to toil and danger, will fight their way through school, or perhaps college, enter the lists in the professional or commercial world, and their tough, enduring brains will enable them to carry off some of the world's highest prizes. Once culture of brain is added to muscular development, the more puny, daintily reared denizens of the city will go down, in life's stern battle, before the heavy tread of the men whose progenitors handled the oar and hunted the seal amid the crashing ice-floes. Philip Gosse, now one of the most distinguished naturalists in England, spent his youth in a Newfoundland fishing village; and not a few of the sons of Terra Nova occupy at this moment honourable posts in other lands.

Meanwhile, however, Parson Hurlbut, who occupies the important post of spiritual guide and high priest of this piscatorial community, has rather a hard time in moulding the rough specimens of humanity around him, and infusing some spirituality into a mass that is largely "of the earth earthy." It is a fortunate thing for the Punch Bowlers, young and old, that they possess such a religious teacher as Parson Hurlbut. It is indeed a matter of surprise to find a man of his refinement, culture and attainments willing to spend his strength among poor, unlettered fishermen, in this outlying corner of creation. Only a sincere desire to do good could have led him to undertake the spiritual oversight of this flock, and only a strong sense of duty keeps him unflinchingly at his post. The Punch Bowlers have long since learned to love and revere him. He is not only pastor, but "guide, philosopher and friend," entering into all their homely joys, sympathizing with their sorrows, advising them in difficulties, and at the same time not only pointing, but leading the way to heaven. His parishioners have a wonderful opinion of his learning. He knows more about fish and their ways, as they believe, than the oldest fisherman; and even Captain Rideout,

who has been "forty springs to the ice," and caused the death of more seals than any other seal-hunter within a hundred miles, admits that the parson is "a wonderful knowin' man about soils." He startled the captain, on one occasion, by asking him "how he would feel if confronted by the souls of all the seals he had slaughtered, and how he could look in the face of the multitudes of mothers he had bereaved of their snow-white babies." The ancient seal-killer comforted himself by saying, that "such beastesses hadn't no souls;" but the parson stoutly combated this idea, and quoted high authorities in favour of the immortality of the lower animals, until the frightened murderer of innocents went home to dream of the ghosts of departed seals circling round his couch in multitudinous throngs, and shaking their fore-flippers in his face. The parson is an amateur geologist as well as naturalist, and a mysterious whisper ran around, as they saw him at times chipping the stones with his pocket hammer, that he was able to "knock sense out of the very rocks." A gentle, thoughtful, tolerant man was the parson,—so broad in his views that some doubted his soundness. But they never doubted his kindness of heart, and if trouble came, they knew where to find a friend. His wife was an eager and rather anxious woman, fond of taking people into custody in her own way, and concussing them into the right path; but the parson smiled good-humoredly at her numerous failures, and argued that such was the perversity of the race that they would not submit to be driven even into heaven. Mrs. Hurlbut, however, though a little hard and domineering in her manner, had a good heart, and was never known to do a spiteful or vindictive action, though at times she might be a little passionate. She was very proud of her husband, entered into all his plans and pursuits, and when any member of the flock proved peculiarly refractory, and developed non-church-going proclivities, or a disregard of the church's holy days, or any little moral obliquity, Mrs. Hurlbut took them in hand, and, if she did not conquer, harrassed the foe considerably. She was determined, she said, that "they should not be at ease in their sins." She managed to get acquainted with most of the "on-goings" of the little village, especially with any movements towards diplomatic relations between the two sexes. She was remarkably quick in discerning the first out-croppings of the grand passion, whether in young man or maiden; and, as a rule, warmly encouraged such tender

developments, not, as her detractors asserted, with a view to marriages and baptisms, and a "multiplying and replenishing" of the flock, but because, as she said, "people were made to be married, and men were poor senseless, helpless things without wives to take care of them." It will thus be seen that there was some truth in Jacob Snellgrove's remark, that Mrs. Hurlbut was "a terrible clever knowin' woman, and that there was no gettin' to windward of her."

No one caused the parson's wife more trouble and anxiety than Job Cobbiduck, a big fisherman, possessed of no little individuality of character, but also, as Mrs. Hurlbut found, of no little "contrairiness" of temper. She had made many attempts to take him into spiritual custody, but in vain. Packets of tracts, with the most alarming titles, and headed by the most personal and searching questions—such as "Where Will you be Ten Thousand Years Hence?"—were wasted upon Job Cobbiduck. He had not heard of the circulation of matter, spelled out of modern science, and had no suspicion that "ten thousand years hence" his earthly portion might be "blown about in desert dust, or sealed up in the iron hills"—and when his wife, at Mrs. Hurlbut's suggestion, read him the tract referred to, he said "he didn't see the use of worritin' people with questions like that—the parson hisself couldn't answer them; they were not put in the catechism—Them that sends along the soils and the codfish knows best where we'll be ten thousand years hence. It's a long spell." His theological notions were rather crude and unsatisfactory, for when he heard any of his neighbours railing against Romanism, he stoutly maintained that the Roman Catholics must be good Christians, for "there's the Book of the Romans in the Bible—and it's as sensible a book as is there." One of his sayings, which he often repeated, shocked Mrs. Hurlbut inexpressibly—it was to the effect that "he niver knowd a man as trusted in Providence that wasn't left in the lurch." The parson's wife declared, and not without some show of reason, that "the man had no more sense of religion than a codfish." He rarely went to church, and when there, like Tennyson's Northern Farmer, he was but dimly conscious that the parson was "bummin' away above his head." The parson, however, liked Job, notwithstanding his pagan notions and insensibility to spiritual appeals, and maintained that his religiosity was only latent, not wanting, and that it would show itself, in some unex-

pected original form, one day or other, when once the crust was broken. Ever since he united in marriage Job and pretty Mary Curlew, he had great faith in the softening, humanizing influence his good little wife was likely to exert over the rough fisherman, as he held that human love led up to the divine; and when, one day, passing Job's cottage, he saw the huge Samson tossing a tiny crowing baby in his ponderous arms, while Mary looked on with sparkling eyes, and heard him inform her in a whisper that "the little chap's fist gripped his whiskers like a vice"—he knew that the clutch of those baby fingers would do more for Job than the best of tracts or sermons. The wonderful power possessed by that baby, in "rootin'" in his big bushy whiskers, was a source of endless delight and astonishment to Job, and the tug of the little digits never failed to elicit shouts of applause. So proficient did little Hezekiah become, by constant practice, in "rootin'" amid the paternal forest of hair, that he was able to hang on thereto without support, and was often lifted out of his cradle by the delighted Job simply presenting his beard, which the young "shaver" grasped and clung to with astounding tenacity, till he was hoisted into the father's muscular arms, to the great relief of Mary, who regarded the feat with fear and trembling. She had insisted on calling their first born by a good "Bible name," and as her father and grandfather had rejoiced in the name of Hezekiah, that was the one selected. Job found it rather troublesome to pronounce, and shortened it into "Zek." It was a bright day in Job's existence when he gave little Zek his first sail in his boat —at the age of six months,—launching him, as it were, into his native element,—for, as Job remarked, "he couldn't get the scent of the salt water too soon." It was a wonderful sight to see Job's punt flying round the little harbour under his lusty strokes, and in the stern, little Zek gurgling and crowing as the boat danced over the dimpling waters. Many maternal eyes were turned on him approvingly, and the general remark was, that "Cobbiduck was coming round, and getting more Christian-like, since the baby came along." Jerusha Biddicomb, whose husband rather objected to the abundance of olive plants that bloomed round his table, observed that "she should have to wait long before her 'skipper' took out a baby for an airing." But in a household where a baby had been an annual offering for ten successive years, such a mark of rejoicing would have been regarded in Punch Bowl as utterly

foolish, and out of place, whereas in the case of a first-born, it was smiled at approvingly, with a hint that the practice would speedily be discontinued.

The morning of Good Friday dawned on the village of Punch Bowl. It was but the second week of April, and the sun had not yet succeeded in clearing away the snows of winter. Still the reign of the grim tyrant was evidently drawing to a close. The icy chains had been removed from the rivers, and every little brook was swollen by the rapidly dissolving snow, as it wept itself away. The great dark rocks stood out once more divested of their white robes, and two great boulders which were perched on the hill-top above Punch Bowl were specially conspicuous. The parson named them Gog and Magog; and was often seen paying them a visit and apparently chatting with these ancient giants. Everything gave promise of that grand resurrection of nature which was at hand—a type of the higher resurrection, of which the festival of Easter was the sacred remembrancer.

Great preparations had been made in Punch Bowl for the due celebration of Easter. True, indeed, the observance of Lent, under the sceptre of Parson Hurlbut, was of a very mild description, and involved no severe privations; still the ordinary amusements were suspended, a sort of semi-Sabbatic air characterised the season, and Easter week, with its freedom and joyous entertainments, was anticipated with no little satisfaction. Good Friday was, of course, regarded as a day specially sacred, and abstinence from work and attendance at church on that day were considered specially incumbent.

It, therefore, caused almost a thrill of horror to run through the little community when, on the morning of this day, Job Cobbiduck's punt was seen to shoot out from the little stage before his door, and take its way down the harbour towards the narrows. He was evidently bent on his ordinary avocations as a fisherman, having on his well-patched canvass jacket and sou'-wester, and carrying with him all his fishing gear. He had to pass close by the church, on which Nat Vokey was just hoisting the flag which, instead of a bell, indicated to the villagers that the hour for service was at hand. Nat, being a church official, considered it his duty to remonstrate with the transgressor, and inquired whether "he had forgot that this was Good Friday, and wasn't afraid of a jidgment comin' on him." Job replied, defiantly,

that "it was a 'Good Friday' for herrin', and that he wasn't goin' to aloss such a chance for a 'take' for all the parsons in the world." "Job Cobbiduck," exclaimed the horrified beadle, "somethin' will happen you—the devil has got you by the nose." Nat's surprise, however, was vastly increased when, on looking more closely, he discovered that Mrs. Cobbiduck was in the boat with Job, evidently countenancing his unhallowed proceedings, for she had brought little Hezekiah with her, and held him carefully wrapped up in her arms. The truth is, however, that she was there under protest, and after long and even tearful remonstrance with Job against what she regarded as a daring and impious profanation of Good Friday. She begged and prayed him that morning to give up his fishing expedition, but Job was dogged and would not yield. He had set some herring nets the day previous, outside the "heads," and from certain signs and tokens, he felt confident that he would obtain a fine "haul" of herrings, which would be ruined if left till the following day. He remarked that the "preachin' would keep, but the herrin' wouldn't. The dog-fish would eat them, and ruin the nets." When Mary found that Job was not to be coaxed out of his scheme, she determined to accompany him and share the consequences whatever they might be. She shut up the house, fastened the door of an adjoining residence occupied by a very lively and enterprising pig, caught up Zek in her arms and calmly took her place in the boat, not without heavy forebodings of evil, which Nat Vokey's predictions did not fail to deepen. Mrs. Hurlburt's quick eye caught sight of the guilty pair, as the boat glided past the parsonage. She remarked that "she always expected that Job would come to a bad end, but now she was sure of it; she would not be surprised if a thunder bolt would strike him." In case of his survival and return, she mentally determined to try the effect of a new packet of tracts which she had lately received, the title of which she considered ought to create some alarm, even in the mind of Job Cobbiduck.

Perfectly indifferent to all these adverse criticisms and predictions of coming woe, Job cheerfully pulled towards the spot where his nets were placed. His sense of the supernatural was too faint to permit of any misgivings, and the gurglings of little Hezekiah, who seemed to take to the water as naturally as a "white-coat," called forth from him thunderous peals of laughter. On arriving

at the first net, his hopes were more than realised. He found it full of splendid herrings, and as he dragged his prize into the boat, his spirits rose prodigiously, and he shouted to Mary: "Eh! old 'ooman, this am's fine. This is a sight better than singin' psalms with the parson. Didn't I tell you this ud be a Good Friday for us—hey! Mary." Mary made no reply, but Zek crowed with all his might, and made desperate efforts to get hold of the shimmering fish, as they came up like a sheet of silver from the water, each uttering a weak death-chirp as it was flung to the bottom of the boat. As the last of the silvery treasure was hauled in, Job pronounced the catch to be "more than three barrel."

Exultingly Job now pulled for his second net, farther out and on the other side of the little "head" at the entrance of the harbour. Here the floats of the net indicated that it was even more richly laden than the former, and Job's triumph was complete. He began to haul in with redoubled vigour; but though reef after reef of the net came in, not a single herring was visible, and still the net felt wondrous weighty, as if containing some valuable prize. "Here her comes at last," shouted Job, as some huge shapeless mass, livid as a corpse, was drawn to the side of the boat, entangled in the meshes of the net. It was evidently alive, as its struggles were so violent as to threaten the upsetting of the boat. Though considerably startled, Job determined not to relinquish his hold and lose his prize and with it his valuable net. As he leaned over the gunwale of the boat, tugging hard to drag it in, a glutinous mass, surmounted by a huge, horny beak, like that of a parrot in shape, suddenly forced its way through an opening in the net, and a pair of green, watery eyes, of immense size, and having a peculiarly ferocious expression, glared on him savagely. Job's heart, stout though it was, almost stood still with terror, as he thought of Hezekiah and Mary, and saw the monster struggling to free itself from the net, as if determined to get into the boat. With its horny beak it struck the sides of the boat with a violence that made every plank quiver. Job seized a boat-hook and dealt several heavy blows, hoping to kill the monster, but this only seemed to awaken its fury. Its struggles to free itself were terrible, but fortunately for those in the boat, the folds of the net continued to entangle it, and prevent it from expanding to its full dimensions. After a few more violent movements, it

appeared to emerge a little farther, and suddenly there shot out from about the head a thin, long corpse-like arm, which seemed for a moment to quiver in the air and then with the rapidity of lightning glided round and round the boat, enveloping it in its cold, slimy folds. In his terror and confusion, Job seized the ghastly arm and tried to tear it off, but he found his efforts useless, and recoiled horror-stricken by the touch of the cold, clammy object. The arm was fastened instantaneously to the boat by the countless suckers which covered its extremity with a tenacity that no force could overcome. To his horror, Job now felt that the monster was drawing the boat under the water, where an awful death awaited them. As the image of little Zek, rent and devoured by the horrid beak, flashed before the mind of the terrified fisherman, he again seized his "gaff" and struck wildly at the monster. In a moment another arm, much more powerful but shorter than the first, leaped out from around the beak, like a tongue from monstrous jaws, and with its supple, elongated extremity, fastened itself on Job's wrist, with the rapidity wherewith a cat seizes a mouse in her paw. Its death-like grasp for a moment paralyzed him, and before he could make any effort to tear it away, it had glided up his arm and coiled itself round his bare neck. He felt the terrible suckers, like so many mouths, clinging to his flesh and as if about to drink his blood; and as the serpent-like folds tightened round his neck, he experienced a horrible sensation of approaching strangulation. A terrible pain shot through his whole frame, and with a stifled cry, "Lord have mercy upon me," he sank down in the bottom of the boat. Up to this moment Mary had been occupied in endeavouring to quiet her baby, and had but dimly comprehended what had happened. But now she took it all in at a glance, and dropping the child softly at her feet, she stood for a single moment uncertain what to do. The monster was struggling to free another arm from the net, when a bright inspiration flashed upon her. She seized a small tomahawk which lay at the bottom of the boat, ready for sudden emergencies, and with two swift, sharp strokes, she severed both arms of the monster as they lay over the gunwale of the boat. There was no groan or other cry, but the threatening beak and gleaming eyes disappeared—the huge slimy mass seemed to slide off, and for many yards the water was black with the inky fluid discharged by the loathsome creature, in its

efforts to escape. The bold stroke of the brave, quick-witted woman had saved all their lives. Job felt the cord round his neck suddenly relax and drop off, and seizing the oars he speedily put several hundred yards between him and his assailant. He was very pale, and said very little beyond a few exclamations of admiration and gratitude, which touched deeply the heart of his brave little wife; but when he took up little Hezekiah and kissed him passionately, Mary thought she saw a moisture dimming his eyes such as she had never seen before. The amputated arms of the monster lay in the bottom of the boat, and on their way back Job spoke in wonderfully subdued tones and seemed unusually thoughtful. He evidently began to doubt the propriety of fishing on Good Friday, and to suspect that there was some truth in Nat Vokey's remark that "the devil had him by the nose." At all events he knew that the Devil-fish, or "big squid," had grasped him by the neck.

It was pretty late in the afternoon when they reached the little stage before their cottage and fastened the boat to the cross-bars, leaving the herrings on board. We must now go back a little in our story in order to relate what took place at Job's cottage, which stood at the outskirts of the village, during his absence. The pig, as we have seen, had been shut up in his usual quarters. Now this pig belonged to a powerful, active race, long of snout and limb, lithe and sinewy, which are hardly to be matched elsewhere. They are probably of Irish extraction. Their bristles stand upright along their arched spines, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." In powers of locomotion they approach the greyhound; they possess an all-devouring appetite, and have an ease and self-possession in their movements which proclaim how thoroughly they feel themselves at home. Job's pig had all the characteristics of the race to which he belonged in perfection. He was peculiarly shrewd, active and enterprising, and as soon as he got a chance, was off on the illicit prowl. He had a touching independence of character, a profound contempt for man and his ways, and a stern determination not to adapt himself to any of man's wishes. So long as he was well fed, he lay in his straw, grunting with a deep sensual satisfaction; but he would "stand no nonsense" in regard to his meals, which he wished to be abundant and regular. Great was his astonishment, on this particular Good Friday, when the usual hour for dinner arrived, and no supplies were forthcoming.

He speedily burst open the frail door that shut him in, and assaulted the kitchen door with loud, imperative grunts. Receiving no answer after repeated summonses, he inserted his long snout under the door and lifted it off its hinges. He was now master of the situation, and commenced a searching investigation, upsetting pots and pans, and carrying general devastation into Mary's trim kitchen.

The first thing of a digestible character which he encountered was a pudding which Mary had prepared for Easter Sunday. He ate it cloth and all, but it merely served to whet his appetite. Attracted by the smell of vegetables, he made his way to the cellar where these were kept, and here he found himself at home. He helped himself liberally to Job's fine kidney potatoes, turnips and white cabbages, and ate till a gentle grunt of satisfaction proclaimed that he was too "crowded" to stow away any more. A small keg on a low bench now attracted his attention; he rolled it over, and the contents, molasses, gurgled out. Applying his lips to the luscious article, he drank it down with a deep-drawn sigh of satisfaction. It was the first time he had tasted this luxury, and he concluded that at length the swine's millennium had come, and that henceforth the world was to be one inexhaustible trough for their satisfaction. Returning now to the cottage, he commenced an exploration of Mary's bed-room, dragged off the quilt and blankets, and lay down upon them, on the floor. Finding this rather hard, he got into bed, and after a few efforts with his snout, managed to make an opening in the bed-ticking large enough for his person, and crept in among the feathers. Never before had he felt so comfortable: never before did the world seem such a genial place.

Piggy had been asleep for a couple of hours, and his deep snores were still proclaiming his bliss, when Job and his wife approached the cottage after their remarkable adventure when herring-catching. They were startled to find the door off the hinges; but when they entered and gazed in stupefied astonishment at the wreck before them—the broken crockery, and the rifled cellar—they naturally concluded that burglars had been at work. Job, fairly overcome, groaned out that there was "nothing but bad luck for them that fishes on Good Friday." Mary's tears fell fast over her ruined dishes as she hurried into the bed-room to put the sleepy Hezekiah into his little crib. Her ears were greeted speedily by

the snores of piggy, and she screamed, "Job, Job, here's the thief —catch him." Job rushed in, and seizing piggy by the ears, dragged him forth. Rudely disturbed in his paradise, the pig opened his sleepy eyes, comprehended the situation at a glance, and with a few vigorous kicks and plunges, freed himself from his captor, upsetting Job violently on the floor, and bolted for the hills.

Completely crest-fallen and bewildered by these untoward events, Job now sought his boat in order to carry home his herrings. He was almost petrified to find the punt tilted up on end and the whole of the herrings emptied back into the ocean whence they were taken. No human hand had done this. The tide had risen during his absence, and the bow of the boat being fast between the cross-bars of the stage, the swelling waters had lifted the stern sufficiently to discharge the contents into the sea.

That night Job Cobbiduck retired to a temporary couch on the floor, "a sadder and wiser man." He pondered long over the events of the day—his narrow escape from the embrace of the devil-fish—the truly remarkable pranks of the pig, regarding which he concluded that "the devil had got into it," and he made up his mind to "swap it with neighbour Dawe for a sheep;" and then the strange, mysterious disappearance of his herrings, which seemed to crown the day's misfortunes. As he thought over all these, some dim perception of the supernatural began to dawn upon his dull, selfish mind—some glimmering of a moral order in the universe which he had been striking against, and which had struck him, in return, with terrible force. He felt that all was not right, as he had conceitedly imagined in the morning, with him, Job Cobbiduck—that he was not treading on safe ground, and that it was a serious thing to be found fighting against a Power that in a single day could punish so heavily. He shuddered at the thought how near little Zek had been to becoming food for that horrible devil-fish, in the very existence of which he had never believed before. He had often laughed at the stories of the older fishermen about the "big squids," with "horns" forty feet in length, which they had seen on "The Labrador;" and had pronounced their tales about winding their arms round fishermen, and "grabbin'" their boats, mere romances; but that cold, slimy coil round his neck, with its hundred sharp-edged suckers sinking at the same moment into his flesh, and tightening

to strangulation point, had dispersed his scepticism. He awoke several times during the night, dreaming that the monster had got him in its embrace, and that all his efforts to save Mary and Zek were paralysed.

The news of Job's encounter with the devil-fish spread like wildfire through the village, and Mary's courage and presence of mind were themes of universal commendation. Among the earliest visitors to Job's cottage next day was Parson Hurlbut. He had the good sense to utter no word of rebuke when he saw how crestfallen and subdued Job seemed; he spoke a few kind earnest words, and left the good impression to ferment. But he examined, with intense interest, the arms of the squid amputated by Mary, one of which was twenty-four feet in length, and informed Job that he had brought in a prize for which the museums of Europe and America would be competing. In the course of the forenoon, a fishing boat, which had been outside the harbour, brought in the dead body of the devil-fish, enveloped in Job's net, and the excitement among the Punch Bowlers, especially the "rising generation," was intense. Job was the hero of the hour, and Mary was fairly wearied in recounting how she "did for the big squid." Crowds came to look at the monster, and shudder over the hapless fate of any one who should be caught in its clammy embrace. In the end, it was sold in St. John's for a handsome sum, out of which Job purchased a new "rig-out" for Mary and Zek.

The parson had not said a word to Job about the propriety of attending church in future; but on Easter Sunday, just as Mr. Hurlbut was uttering the opening words of the morning service—"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive"—Job and Mary entered the church, and quietly took their seats. It was noticed that Job listened with profound attention to the parson's discourse that day; and Mary and the neighbours join in declaring that a wonderful change for the better has come over him. He is never absent from church now, and, what is more, he never sleeps when there.

The pig did not re-appear for several days, dreading the punishment which he felt he merited; but at length, one day, driven by the pangs of hunger, the prodigal ventured to approach the door, with a guilty "hang-dog" look. He presented a most

demoralised appearance, being completely covered with mud and worn down with famine—his sides torn and bleeding, like many another prodigal who had been away in the far country. The curl in his tail, the only graceful appendage in which he indulged, was entirely gone, and the bristles along his back stood up more wildly and determined than before. Mary thought she detected penitence, for the ill he had wrought her, in the subdued grunt with which he timidly greeted her, and in the twinkle of his small upturned eye. The share he had in Job's reformation also flashed upon her, and his forlorn, dilapidated appearance smote her to the heart. She forgot the liberties he had taken with her feather bed and vegetables, and he was speedily rejoicing in a warm dinner, and snoring contentedly in his old quarters. In a few days the curl of his tail was as strongly pronounced as ever, but he has never attempted to repeat his wild raids, showing that even a pig can keep a conscience, and that kindness can touch his heart.

M. H.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

IV.

DONALD KAILBROSE was a "good fellow," exceedingly benevolent, and in his honest breast dwelt one of the kindest of hearts. He was the very opposite to what is sometimes styled a "close-fisted Scotchman." He entertained no love for "the accursed gold." He viewed this life with thoughts *not* of the morrow. His *own* means he looked upon as would a romping boy his beautiful ball, now to clench it tightly, and then to toss it to the winds. His monetary affairs were entrusted to my keeping. Notwithstanding stout objections on my part, he insisted that I should become his banker. "If you don't take care of my money," said he, "it will soon vanish. I never could hold on to filthy lucre. I have already loaned to several old friends, who are dead broke, more than $300. I never expect to see a *saxpence* of it again." Donald had run the blockade many times, and had stocked a neat sum, but the nett proceeds remaining were only $1100.

Next morning we proceeded to a fashionable clothier's, or, I should say, to the warerooms of a somewhat extensive dry goods, shoe, and wine dealer. Here I was fitted out in thorough West India fashion, or, rather, Nassau style. I became the possessor of a fine Panama hat, suit of soft, thin blue serge, calf skin pumps, and beautifully frilled linen shirts; a white silk umbrella, with a few other odds-and-ends, completed my paraphernalia.

I was thus rendered, through the kindness of my friend, in one sense of the word, *novus homo*. "It is pleasant to play the fool on the proper occasion," is an old saying, and for a time I certainly did act up to this aphorism. Donald declared that we must have a *rarity* time, and "see" Nassau as far as his subsidy would allow. I was pleased, and signified my willingness to become his exploring companion. We hired horses in tandem, gave yachting parties, and attended the most dazzling dignity balls. We had scores of champagne suppers. The downward current was rapidly drawing us into a vortex of great folly. At the end of two months, I thought seriously of resigning my position as cashier, there being only about $50 left. My friend, however, showed no signs of dissatisfaction with my management, and assured me that he was puzzled to know how it had made the "bank" to pay in full so long. Figures proved me indebted to Donald $200. I handed him a statement of how the "machine" had been "run." He gave me a receipt in full, crediting *my services* to cover this balance. Soon after this he joined his steamer, and sailed away in search of hidden treasures. Massa Captain had met me shortly after my first visit, and was utterly astonished at my *panky* and somewhat genteel appearance. I jingled a few twenty dollar gold pieces in my breeches pockets, by way of a salute. This eloquent music was to him a harmless thunderbolt.

He enlisted me in his service as a general supernumerary. For a time I was appointed to the command of his powder magazine —a large floating hulk. The contents of this old ship was the property *proper* of the Confederate States, but was *supposed* to be owned by Southern merchants who were located in Nassau. I was then removed, and made shipper of a yacht, chartered by the Local Government. I cruised among all the Bahama Islands, landing oils, stores, etc., at the numerous light-houses that stand as monumental warnings to the mariner on so many of these dangerous coral rocks and iron reefs. The Surveyor General of

the Bahamas—a Mr. Harvey—accompanied me in these delightful excursions.

Massa Captain owned a fleet of water-boats, which supplied all the steamships and sailing vessels that visited the port of Nassau. These were engaged quite often night and day. This work required one man to be continually gathering receipts for the number of gallons delivered. Also, to gauge casks and tanks, make out bills, collect money, and superintend the filling of orders. We had much trouble in convincing English captains and their officers of the difference in *their* Imperial measure and *our* American wine measure. I was finally created admiral of this fleet, and as such hoisted my pennant in due form. I toiled early and late, in sunshine and shower. I also became a port-warden, and assisted in holding surveys on wrecked and disabled vessels. It became my duty to draw up all certificates, showing the extent of damages these ships had sustained, and what they required to refit them ready for sea again. An old broken down sea captain who comprised one of our staff, was continually on the lookout for vessels that had met with a mishap, particularly if his funds were low.

"Johnny," said he, addressing me on one occasion, "there's a pancaker coming up the harbour."

"What do you refer to?" I enquired.

"Why!" was the reply, "a bluenose brig, the meanest thing that sails salt water, excepting a lime juicer (meaning an English vessel).

"Worse than a Yankee ship?" I rejoined.

"Boy! you don't know beans. Are you not aware that Yankee crafts are regular floating hotels? Plenty of work of course! but good grub I guess, and of the right sort—doughnuts and lots of soft tack. No pancakes and codfish forever, like bluenoses and Nova Scotiamen."

"Why, captain, you commanded a St. John ship at one time! did you not?"

"Well so I did, I had charge of the barque *Mary Murphy*, rigged and loaded in York Point slip, just two and twenty year ago; by George! how the time flies. Well, she was a slop-built coffin anyhow. I sailed her about three years, she was well insured—*well insured.* My owners (mean Irishmen), as mean as bluenoses ever were, gave me the wink to plump her."

"To what!"

"Why! plump her, shove her up, or on, or anything, so long as as she stuck well. I shoved her right on, stuck her up, high and dry, for you see they were building me an eight-hundred-tonner. Well, after they had collected all the insurance, I got word to come to St. John, for you see I was kind of keeping out of the way."

"And you got the new ship, to be sure?"

"Yes—I didn't though! I got the sack. They handed me a dirty £40, that's all, and be hanged to 'em. I was alway unlucky. I know a captain that plumped three vessels, and he now owns a ship and part of a church."

Over one hundred steamships were engaged running the blockade from Wilmington and Charleston to Nassau. Massa Captain's office was continually visited by the captains and officers of these vessels, much to his profit. Business with us assumed the latitude of an amplifying character. The city was crowded with Southern refugees, Yankee speculators, English agents and brokers, Spanish smugglers, Jews, Germans, and in fact a sprinkling of all nations. Negro labourers toiled incessantly at ships' cargoes. Cotton bales were piled in immense tiers along the moles. The blacks hastily devoured their *gumbo*, resuming work, while their songs floated merrily on the fragrant breezes, sounding in the distance like the delightful harmony of a hundred instruments. The West India negroes have voices full of music, particularly those of the Bahamas. I have always found them, as a rule, a peaceful and happy race. They are remarkably superstitious, and make great pretensions to religion, which, with them, is chiefly Methodist and Baptist. I have had crews of these men wrecking with me among the reefs and shoal waters of these seas, and during an evening at anchor have known them—in one hour, among themselves—to tell ghost stories, sing psalms, pray, and fight desperately, and end the watch off duty with a tambourine dance to the tune of *Shoo Fly*. By the way, their air to this lively "walk round" appeared to me far in advance—in its gleefulness of tune—to what I have since listened to from New York and Boston minstrels. I have heard West India black girls sing, and witnessed them perform fandangoes that would gain a small fortune to the "burnt cork opera;" but none could produce those canorous notes and antic motions like the fantastic and mirthful young wenches of these sunny islands.

I occupied rooms, or rather a corner in a very spacious apartment, situated in the upper story of an old and somewhat extensive stone house. This residence was surrounded by a jalousied piazza, and close by grew the aspiring cocoanut tree. Like all the time-worn dwellings in Nassau, the wood work of our habitation had been converted into a grand citadel, in which bivouaced a confederation of vermin. Thousands of little red ants swarmed the floors at times. Quite frequently a huge member of the *Battidae* family showed his horns out of the wide cracks in the bare boards. These ill-scented invaders often crawled over our beds, and sometimes touched our faces, causing us to spring abruptly from the fair arms of slumber. Once I slew one of these Goliaths, and placed him in the middle of the room on his back. An ant passed that way, and discovering the fallen giant, halted for a moment; then carefully approaching the object of its curiosity, and becoming convinced of the monster's demise, hurriedly run away, and disappeared through a hole in the wall. In a comparatively short time, a very army of these plucky little warriors marched out of their postern, and proceeded to the roach—their prize,—the scout-ant, I suppose, leading the van. On gaining its sides, a regular military series of countermarching took place. Two battalions being formed, one wing flanked the roach's left, while the other took up a position on his right; then "all hands" "tailed on" to his legs, dragging the newly found treasure to their sally port. If the opening proved too small to receive the carcass, a general dissecting followed. Piece by piece, hind legs, shoulders, and all, were lugged in, each worker bearing a portion double the size of himself. Occasionally a centipede, or scorpion, visited us, emerging from the dilapidated canopy, or sheathing, of the room. During calm weather, myriads of musquitoes sung "cou—sin, cou—sin" around our ears, and tormenting sandflies nipped us sharply. The torture we underwent from the attacks of these winged blood-hunters was sometimes almost unbearable. Of a sultry night, stretched on my cot, I have rolled over on one side, something after the fashion of an enraged whale, who, turning away from the thrasher, "caught it" from the sword-fish.

Near our quarters stood a cotton tree, the branches of which would cover five hundred men. Its roots projected about six feet from the main trunk, above ground, and formed walled divisions, like stables, and this tree was used as the city pound. Stray horses,

mules, cows and hogs, were sheltered here, until their owners were found and fined. The view from our windows was exceedingly pleasant.

Directly before us lay the harbour, with here and there a silvery little island, over the coral shores of which thousands of soldier-crabs swarmed to and from the sea. Harmless lizards, arrayed in scarlet, green and yellow, skipped playfully among the parched bushes and stunted trees of these isles. Magnificent steamships and sailing vessels relieved the monotony of the view, arriving and departing. Oftentimes they would be wrecked close to our doors, and when the piercing scream of the hurricane swept over New Providence, grand indeed was the wild spectacle. Ships straining at their cables; small crafts loaded with terror stricken blacks, dashing away; trees flying in mid air; thunder roaring that would deafen the voices of a hundred battles, and lightning flashing—threatening to engulf us as it were, in an ocean of blazing fire. These angry elements passing away, the canopy above hangs o'er us blacker than the pitchy caldron of Trinidad. For an hour or more torrents of rain would flood the streets, but the storm at last wasting its fury on the sinful land, the glorious sun emerged through the scudding clouds, and all again was joyous. Houses, islands, and sea alike, glistened in the scorching rays of the king of the day. Birds of exquisite plumage flitted among the shady groves—through the dripping foliage, warbling glad songs in praise of their Creator.

Nassau was once the head-quarters of Blackbeard, the famous freebooter, and many were the traditions vouchsafed me by aged darkies concerning the daring deeds of this pirate. If I questioned my informers as to the truth of their statements, they would say, loudly, "By de great *Obeah!* what we tole you be for true."

The fish market of Nassau only covers enough ground for a small cistern or wooden tank to rest upon. It is located in the immediate vicinity of the general market place. This receptacle is always kept well stocked with live fish. Parties desirous of purchasing make known to the seller their choice. A hand net is lowered, and a fish scooped up. The shining victim, being placed on a block of wood, is dealt the mercy-stroke. The blow is inflicted on the head with a small club, and death follows instantly. A slight quiver of the tail, and all is over. The tank is kept supplied by smacks. Each of these little craft contains

what is commonly called, by West India fishermen, a "well." It is a novel sight to witness the groupers, jew-fish, turbots, red-jacks, mud-fish, snappers, grunts, market-fish, and dummies, swimming round and round.

The cattle slaughtered at Nassau are imported from Cuba. They are very wild. After being landed from the droger a rope about one hundred feet in length is made fast to their horns: two negroes advance ahead with one end of this line, while two others fall back, grasping firmly the other end. The bull now enraged, darts off, plunging ferociously, with tail high and nose low,—like a porpoise leaping to windward, to use an old shell's "phrase." If he dashes along too quickly, the rear guard hangs back. If he becomes stubborn and will not proceed, his tail receives a most thorough twisting, and the advance "corps" drags him onward to his doom. On reaching the entrance to the slaughter-house, or *Matadero*—as the Spanish say, the rope is bent to a small windlass. This is rapidly turned, thus bringing the animal's nose close to a ring-bolt fastened in the floor. The bull scenting the gore of other victims, often roars terrifically, and I have sometimes thought pitifully. A powerful negro now steals forward, clenching a kind of short rapier. This, with one well directed thrust between the horns, sinks deep into the pith of the head, causing him to fall and expire, almost without a groan. According to custom, he is then immediately decapitated. The offal from these butchered animals is thrown down a hatchway into the sea, which flows beneath the building. Here, are most always assembled, several greedy sharks, who ravenously devour it and "sigh" for more. In one of *Captain Maryatt's* instructive and interesting books—"Frank Mildmay," I think—mention is made of the hero of the story seeing monkeys and parrots in plenty for sale in Nassau markets; during a residence of over three years in the Bahama Islands, I never saw either—except on one occasion, while at Key Sal, on the north coast of Cuba, I noticed a flock of parrots on the wing. I never observed a snake of any description in the Bahamas.

Donald Kailbrose had run the blockade many times. He again arrived in Nassau, and took up his quarters with me. His steamer had been lost on the sandy coast of South Carolina. Several of his shipmates were drowned. Being a superior swimmer—as all sailors should be—he saved the captain's life at the immediate

risk of his own. For this gallant act he received many warm praises and congratulations from his numerous friends. His vanity manifested no signs of being flattered from the respect shown him by his admirers. Donald again sailed away for the South, and this time his steamer was beached on the coast of North Carolina, and captured. The Yankees—in the chase—killed one of the crew, by a cannon ball, and wounded others. Donald, being a British subject, and never having been taken before, was released. He soon found his way back to Nassau. Having amassed a neat sum, he decided to "lie on his oars" for a time.

One breezy morning, to my utter astonishment, the *Sunbury* arrived, bringing my old friends Longfellow and Strongfellow. I was delighted to meet them. My $400 draft was cashed, which of course added to my joy. They informed me of the death of Captain McDonald, and many of his officers and brave followers. They had fallen in action, supporting their doomed flag, the *Stars and Bars*. The *Sunbury* was paid off, her cargo discharged, and after her books were balanced, a surplus of over $10,000 remained. This was the nett profit of the voyage. She had been blockaded in Little River fifteen months. Longfellow shared faithfully with Strongfellow, and I might here remark that only for Strongfellow the *Sunbury* would have rested her "bones" in the South, and Longfellow would have been rendered thereby perfectly insolvent. Soon after this, the *Sunbury* was employed carrying coal from the south side of New Providence to the harbour of Nassau, where it was received by steamships. Massa Captain transacted her business and Longfellow proceeded to New York. Strongfellow purchased a beautiful little craft called the *Sally*. Donald Kailbrose took command of her. The *Sally* bounded gaily out of the harbour, one pleasant evening just as the sun was dipping his golden face beneath the Western horizon of blue ocean. On the sixth day of her voyage she was captured off Cape Fear river. Strongfellow lost heavily. Donald was rendered penniless, being largely interested in the cargo. Four months passed away. During this time they were prisoners in Fort Lafayette.

On one occasion Commodore Wilkes visited Nassau. A concourse of negroes surrounded him at the landing place. They shouted loudly, singing "Dixie's Land" and "The Bonny Blue Flag." The Yankee commander bore their insults with becoming

dignity, and amid swarms of uproarious blacks, some of whom bore the "Secesh" flag, he forced his way with difficulty to the American consul's office. How singular that these people, not yet half a lifetime free from the yoke of slavery, should thus manifest their contempt for the flag he represented—the flag that was uplifted in the cause of the emancipation of their brethren not three hundred miles away. The West India negroes are, as a body, sensationists. They love noise. They wont work unless compelled to do so by extreme poverty. What the West India negroes were made for I cannot conceive, unless it were to "lay round promiscuous," as Mark Twain has it.

The greatest excitement frequently prevailed in Nassau occasioned by "a chase" outside the harbour. During the interesting scene, the yards of the shipping in port would be covered with men, anxiously gazing seaward, witnessing a Yankee cruiser, bounding along at full speed, endeavoring to capture a blockade-runner. This always proved unprofitable to "Uncle Sam," for his gunboats could not overtake the sharp Clyde built steamers that made up almost entirely the blockade-running fleet. The U. S. S. Vanderbilt was fortunate in these waters, and became a terror to those who sailed these seas under false papers.

Very many cowardly Southerners lurked about Nassau during the war. They were often heard to boast, on receiving intelligence of a recent battle gained by the Confederates, "what we had done;" but they failed to be among the ranks of the "we." They preferred the British flag floating over them; they abhorred the Yankees; derided everything English, yet they held forth no arm for their country's defence. I wonder what favor these fellows stand in now at their homes down South. If my memory serves me correctly, the names of every one of these "skedaddlers" were posted, in large letters, on conspicuous places, within each town or village of their nativity.

A war was now raging in St. Domingo between the tall fierce natives of that land of mountains, and the blood-thirsty Spaniards. In nearly every engagement the representatives of haughty Spain were severely defeated. The Spanish navy had formed a blockade at all the enemy's seaports. Speculators in Nassau started out vessels containing arms, provisions, etc., etc., for St. Domingo, so the Island of New Providence being situated in a central position, between two countries—both of which were suffering from the

impoverisation and horrors of devastating wars, was looked upon as a favoured spot. Numerous families, and homeless refugees, sought her shelter, viewing her snowy shores with pleasure, delighted to gain protection under the friendly Union Jack.

(To be continued.)

Scrapiana.

REMINISCENCE OF TANNAHILL.

ABOUT the beginning of the present century, there was one "Tam Buchannan" kept a tavern, which was situated on the north side of the High street and some three or four blocks west from the Cross of Paisley. Tam was much celebrated in his native town for his vocal powers, and, like all other landlords, prided himself in doing the agreeable to his customers. He was always ready to "tak a taste," crack a joke, or sing a Scotch song, if requested. In one of the rooms of this Tavern, Tannahill and one of his particular friends, Mr. Charles Marshall—father of the Rev. Charles Marshall, Free Church minister of Dunfermline—found themselves comfortably seated one evening,

> "Beside an Ingle bleezing finely,
> Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely."

On the other side of the table sat the good-natured landlord, whose laugh was ready chorus to all the good things which were said. By and by his song was requested, which he gave in excellent style, *viz:* "There grows a bonny brier bush in our kail yard." After the song was sung, time passed, and the hour approached when all decent folks seek their own home; and so did the poet and his friend, although neither of them were elders. While they were wending their way to West Broomlands, Tannahill asked Marshall's opinion of the song they had just heard. To which Charlie replied, that he thought *Tam* had sung it in a masterly manner, but that he looked upon the words as being quite unworthy of the music, adding that "if yon was poetry, onybody micht write it, and no tak a sair head the mair

o't." Here he repeated the first verse of the song, and then proceeded to throw it into ridicule by parodising it as follows:

"There's mony a dainty cabbage stock in our kail yaird,
There's mony a dainty cabbage stock in our kail yaird.
They were set by Charlie Marshall,
And pu'd by Nannie Laird,
Yet there's mony a dainty cabbage stock in our kail yard."

He then asked, "Is that poetry, or onything like it?" No, no, Robin! It winna do; ye maun e'en set your ain brains asteep, and try to mak better words than yon." The poet agreed with his friend in thinking that the words were inferior to the music. They parted; two weeks passed, and they again met, when Tannahill pulled from his pocket a sheet of paper, and, to his friend's astonishment, read to him that beautiful song, "We'll meet beside the dusky glen on yon Burnside." Marshall listened with composure till he came to the concluding and exquisitely beautiful stanza—

"Now the plantin' taps are tinged wi' gowd, on yon burnside,
And gloaming draws her foggy shroud o'er yon burnside.
Far frae the noisy scene,
I'll through the fields alane—
There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean, down by yon burnside."

when he grasped his hand and exclaimed, "Weel done, Robin! that verse wad do credit to Burns."

The preceding is the history of the song as related to us, many years ago, by Mr. Marshall, the tears streaming from his eyes as he rehearsed it. He died in March 1857, at the advanced age of four-score years. He was one of the kindest-hearted and most generous minded men we ever knew; of extensive and varied intelligence, and undoubted veracity.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

Oft have I walked these woodland paths,
In sadness, not foreknowing,
That underneath the withered leaves,
The flowers of spring were growing.

To-day the winds have swept away
Those wrecks of autumn splendor,
And here the fair Arbutus flowers
Are springing, fresh and tender.

O prophet flowers, with lips of bloom,
Surpassing in their beauty,
The pearly tints of ocean shells,
Ye teach me faith and duty.

Walk life's dark way, ye seem to say,
In faith and hope, foreknowing
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees fair flowers growing.

EDMUND KEAN AND MOTHER CAREY.

During the Christmas vacation, Thomas Young was in the habit of giving frequent dinners to his friends and acquaintance, at which his son Charles was allowed to appear as soon as dessert was put upon the table. On one of those occasions (when, by the by, one of his lions, Prince Le Boo, was present), as Charles was descending the stairs to the dining-room, in his smartest clothes, he saw a slatternly woman seated on one of the chairs in the hall, with a boy standing by her side, dressed in fantastic garb, with the blackest and most penetrating eyes he had ever beheld in human head. His first impression was that the two were strolling gypsies from Bartholomew Fair, who had come for medical advice.

He was soon undeceived; for he had no sooner taken his place by his father's side, and had heard the servant whisper their presence in the hall, than, to his surprise, the master, instead of manifesting displeasure, smirked and smiled, and with an air of self-complacent patronage, desired his butler to bring in "the boy." On his entry he was taken by the hand, patted on the head, and requested to favor the company with a specimen of his histrionic ability. With a self-possession marvelous in one so young, he stood forth, knitted his brow, hunched up one shoulder-blade, and with sardonic grin and husky voice, spouted forth Gloster's opening soliloquy in Richard III. He then recited selections from some of our minor British poets, both grave and gay; danced a hornpipe; sang songs, both comic and pathetic; and, for fully an hour, displayed such versatility, as to elicit vociferous applause from his auditory, and substantial evidence of its sincerity by a shower of crown pieces and shillings—a napkin having been opened and spread upon the floor for their reception. The accumulated treasures having been poured into the gaping pockets of the lad's trowsers, with a smile of gratified vanity and grateful acknowledgment, he withdrew, rejoined his tatterdemalion friend in the hall, and left the house rejoicing. The door was no sooner closed than every one present desired to know the name of the youthful prodigy who had so astonished them. The host replied, that "This was not the first time he had had him to amuse his friends; that he knew nothing of the lad's history or antecedents; but that his name was Edmund Kean; and that of the woman who seemed to have the charge of him, and was his supposititious mother, Carey."—*J. R. Planche.*

THE COT WHERE WE MET.

Two streams wending onward and ever,
Tho' springing from wells far apart—
Then joining to ne'er again sever—
'Twas thus with my soul and thy heart!
You remember the old cottage dearest
The ivy-clad cot where we met;
'Tis a mem'ry to me of the sweetest,—
I will not—I cannot forget!

Two lights in the soft-ether'd heaven,
Which earthward pour'd down but one beam,
Were the hopes of the future then given,
To us in our beautiful dream—
In the cottage where roses abounded—
The mossy-shrined cot where we met;
Where the fragrance of flowers, surrounded
Our hearts; oh, you'll never forget!

Years rolled, and forever we parted—
The stream became two as of yore—
The lights, tho' long one, separated,
In life ne'er to meet anymore:
Still the past is before me forever;
And dearest I'll never forget,
When our love like the stars on the river,
So bright made the cot where we met!

ANO.

THE GAIT PROCLAIMS THE MAN.

SHAKESPEARE makes Polonius tell his son Laertes, that "the *apparel* oft proclaims the man." But a greater than Shakespeare —Solomon—tells us "that man's attire and *gait* show what he is." And true it is, that self-sufficient men, bashful men, energetic, phlegmatic, choleric, sanguine, and melancholy men, may each and all be known by their attire and "gait." Of the force and justice of this axiom, I am tempted to give an appropriate, though a ludicrous confirmation. Theodore Hook was one day standing on Ludgate Hill, in conversation with Dubois, a well-known wag of the Stock Exchange, and one or two other kindred spirits; when their attention was called to an aldermanic-looking person, "with fair round belly with good capon lined," strutting along like a peacock, with double chin in air, his chest puffed out, and a stride of portentous self-importance. Hook, with his characteristic audacity, immediately crossed over the street, went up to him, took off his hat deferentially,

"And in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,"

thus saluted him: "I really beg your pardon, Sir, for the liberty I take in stopping you. But I should feel very much obliged to you, and so would some friends of mine over the way, if you would kindly gratify a curiosity, which we find irrepressible. We have been observing you, as *you walked*, with very lively admiration; and we cannot divine who you can be? *Arn't you somebody very particular?*" Unjustifiably impudent, as this question was, at all events, it shows that the interrogator's inference of the man's character was deduced from his "gait." Even from an anecdote as trivial as this we may learn that, if it be the conscientious actor's aim to show "the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," he cannot too microscopically analyze and imitate the slightest peculiarities which "mark the man."—*J. R. Planche.*

NO MORE SEA.

There shall be no more sea; no wild winds bringing
Their stormy tidings to the rocky strand,
With its scant grasses, and pale sea-flowers springing
From out the barren sand.

No angry wave, from cliff or cavern hoary,
To hearts that tremble at its mournful lore;
Bearing on shattered sail and spar the story
Of one who comes no more—

The loved and lost, whose steps no more may wander
Where wild gorse sheds its blooms of living gold,
Nor slake his thirst where mountain rills meander
Along the heathy wold.

Never again through flowery dingles wending,
In the hushed stillness of the sacred morn,
By shady woodpaths, where tall poppies, bending,
Redden the ripening corn.

Neath whispering leaves his rosy children gather
In the grey hamlet's simple place of graves,
Round the low tomb where sleeps his white-haired father,
Far from the noise of waves.

There shall be no more sea, no surges sweeping
O'er love and youth, and childhood's sunny hair.
Naught of decay and change, nor voice of weeping
Ruffle the fragrant air.

Of that fair land within whose pearly portal
The golden light falls soft on fount and tree;
Vexed by no tempest, stretch those shores immortal
Where there is no more sea.

—*The Argosy.*

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

My acquaintance with Thackeray commenced some time before he joined "The Garrick," and while I was the guest of his cousin, Captain Thomas James Thackeray, in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honorè, during one of my many visits to Paris. He was at that time a slim young man, rather taciturn, and not displaying any particular love or talent for literature. Drawing appeared to be his favorite amusement; and he often sat by my side while I was reading, or writing, covering any scrap of paper lying about with the most spirited sketches and amusing caricatures. I have one of Charles IX. firing at the Huguenots out of the windows of the Louvre, which he dashed off in a few minutes beside me on the blank portion of the yellow paper cover of a French drama. A member of "The Garrick," who was specially unpopular with the majority of the members, was literally *drawn* out of the club by Thackeray. His figure, being very peculiar, was sketched in pen and ink by his implacable persecutor. On every pad on the writing-tables, or whatever paper he could venture to appropriate, he represented

him in the most ridiculous and derogatory situation that could be imagined, always with his back towards you: but unmistakable. His victim, it must be admitted, bore this desecration of his "lively effigies" with great equanimity for a considerable period; but at length, one very strong—perhaps too strong—example of the artist's graphic and satirical abilities, combined with the conviction that he was generally objectionable, induced him to retire from the club, and leave the pungent pen of Michael Angelo Titmarsh to punish more serious offenders than bores and toadies.—*J. R. Planche.*

A CHILD OF EARTH.

I wandered long beside the alien waters,
For summer suns were warm, and winds were dead—
Fields fair as hope were stretching on before me,
Forbidden paths were pleasant to my tread.

From boughs that hung between me and the heavens
I gathered summer fruitage red and gold—
For me the idle singers sang of pleasure;
My days went by like stories that are told.

On my rose tree grew roses for my plucking,
As red as love, or pale as tender pain—
I found no thorns to vex me in my garlands;
Each day was good, and nothing bloomed in vain.

Sometimes I danced, as in a dream, to music,
And kept quick time with many flying feet,
And some one praised me in the music's pauses,
And very young was life, and love was sweet.

How could I listen to the low voice calling—
"Come hither, leave thy music and thy mirth?"
How could I stop to hear of far-off heaven?—
I lived and loved, and was a child of earth.

Then came a hand and took away my treasures,
Dimmed my fine gold, and cut my rose-tree down,
Changed my dance music into mournful measures,
Quenched the bright day, and turned my green fields brown.

Till, walking lonely through the empty places
Where love and I no more kept holiday,
My sad eyes, growing wonted to the darkness,
Beheld a new light shining far away;

And I could bear my hopes should lie around me.
Dead like my roses, fallen before their time,
For well I knew some tender Spring would raise them
To brighter blossoming in that fair clime,

Where shines the light of an unending morning,
Where fair things bloom, but never any die;
And the glad rose of a celestial dawning
Flushes the heavenly heights eternally.

—*Victoria Magazine.*

THE CRISIS IN SPAIN.

THE intimation in the London *Times* that Serrano purposes to offer the crown of Spain to Don Alfonso is important, although it seems to be premature. Don Alfonso, the Prince of the Asturias, was born in 1857, at a time when Serrano was so high in favour with the Queen as to be made Spanish Ambassador to Paris. He is now in his seventeenth year, and has never shown any capacity, if, indeed, capacity for government could be expected from the most gifted human being at so early an age. When Isabella was an exile she abdicated in favour of the Prince, and he is now, therefore, the heir to the throne by the female line of the Bourbon family, in opposition to Don Carlos, who is his cousin and heir to the male branch. The accession of Prince Alfonso would mean the regency of Serrano, his elevation to the rank of prince and his dictatorship in Spain for some time to come. All the influence of the great Powers of Europe would be in favor of the recall of Don Alfonso. It would be in keeping with Serrano's ambition to take this step. He might make himself King, but it would be a perilous experiment for a soldier who has already fled from Spain, an exile and an outlaw on more than one occasion, and who would scarcely desire to burden his next flight with a crown. The accession of Don Alfonso simply means another term of misgovernment and another revolution.

Much will depend upon the republicans and their attitude. As to M. Castelar, the telegraph did not correctly state his views. According to the cable the ex-President had declared in favour of a federal republic—dividing up the different provinces into States like the States of our Republic. But we do not so understand his declaration. In a letter to a Madrid newspaper, he says that the time must soon come when the republican party will issue a proclamation, "adding that our own convictions, our hopes, disillusions and sorrows, the very example of the most republican nations, such as Switzerland and the United States, compel us to abandon a banner and a policy of which the shadow engenders anarchical cantons, and to defend the only possible republic, and that which is truly traditional among us, which considers nationalities as entire organisms, of which the members cannot be divided, even for a time, without mortal danger, and which puts before all and above all that marvellous work of ten centuries—the unity and integrity of our Spain." The meaning of this is that M. Castelar is convinced that any federal system would be weakness in Spain, that centralization and national unity are the main elements to be considered, and that under a federal republic they would not be secure. Our impression is that M. Castelar has made an error. Federalism in Spain seems to us to be the surest way to found a true republic. Centralization in France led to Napoleonism, and in the United States it is leading us upon dangerous ground.

THE NEW CRISIS IN FRANCE.

THE question of the formation of an Upper House, or a Chamber approximating to the House of Lords in England, bids fair to lead to a crisis with the Cabinet of the Duc de Broglie. The Extreme Right, or the followers of the Count de Chambord, oppose the measure, as they oppose anything that looks like the formation of any government but the monarchy. The Extreme Left, or the followers of M. Gambetta, do not regard two houses as republican in spirit, and consequently will make an issue with the government. The result will be that the Cabinet will have to depend upon the support of what is called the Centres, or the moderate men of both parties. If the Bonapartists, who are not very numerous in the Assembly, but very effective, and under the command of M. Rouher, the most skilful parliamentarian in the Assembly, should conclude to oppose the bill, they may succeed in defeating the Cabinet and compel Marshal MacMahon to appoint a new Ministry. France is in such a peculiar situation now that any crisis in the Assembly may lead to a revolution and the downfall of the Septennate. Unfortunately, all parties in France, except the MacMahon supporters, crave a revolution.

THE BRITISH TREATY OF PROTECTORATE.

In the treaty for the establishment of the British protectorate over the Fiji Islands, it is stipulated that Great Britain shall assume all financial liabilities, pay the king $15,000 per annum, with other pensions to various native chiefs, and recognize the ruling chief as owner of the lands, which are open to settlement by foreigners within a year.

LINES BY B. F. HOUSMAN.

I would not die in Winter,
When flowers have pass'd away;
But I would sigh my last sigh
In the pleasant month of May!

I would have birds about me,
To sing me into death;
And green trees answering sweetly
To the low gale's gentle breath!

Buds and blossoms should be gleaming
Beneath an azure sky;
With the infant Spring around me,
It is thus that I would die!

With the new-blown rose unfolding,
And the bright-winged butterfly,
All emblems of a fairer world:
It is thus that I would die!