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# STEWART'S LITERARY QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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LIGHT AND ENTERTAINING LITERATURE.

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No. 2.

## SPORTING SKETCHES IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND MAINE.

### A BUNCH OF SALMON TAILS FROM THE MIRAMICHI.

BY AN OLD ANGLER.

GENTLE reader, have you ever caught the speckled trout, or drawn the silver salmon from his native element? Ah! you *have* had experience; then you can sympathize with a brother angler while he recalls the triumphs of summers past and fights some battles o'er again. What! have you never enjoyed the delightful thrill of this exciting sport? Never fought and conquered the monarch of the stream, with naught but your slight rod and a slender thread, opposing skill and judgment to strength and cunning? Never experienced the delicious change from heated and dusty city life, to the fresh, cool, invigorating and health-giving life in open air, mid forests and rivers, woods and lakes; the sweet commune with Nature, in her wildest and most sublime, as well as in her calmest and most beautiful aspects; the cheery life by the camp-fire, with pleasant and genial friends; the glorious appetite, sharpened by vigorous exercise, and the still more glorious "feeds,"—salmon and trout fresh from the water, served up as none but sportsmen can prepare them? Then you have much to live for!

The days are lengthening, the sun is shining brightly, and shadows linger lovingly on hill and dale; the Ice-king has vacated his frost-bound throne, and gentle Spring sits on her throne of flowers. The laughing rills and smiling streams again woo the kisses of old Sol; the speckled beauties, waked to new life by this amorous dalliance, again leap in his rays and pursue the glittering fly: the noble salmon is seeking his summer haunts beside mossy rocks or in eddying currents, on the watch for his winged prey. Listen to my story and learn what pleasures Summer has in store for thee.

At earliest dawn one morning in July, Fred, Charles, Harry and Jim woke from sound sleep on fragrant couches of fresh fir boughs, in their comfortable camp at Burnt Hill on the Miramichi, and after a refreshing plunge in the clear, cool water, proceeded, according to a programme arranged the evening before, Fred

and Jim to the "upper casts," where the ice-cold waters of Burnt Hill Brook flow over a succession of small ledges into the main river. Charles and Harry to the "Pool," and the rapids of "Grassy Island," both within five minutes walk of the camp.

Morning had raised the mantle of darkness, and the ruddy glow of the Eastern horizon told our fishermen they had no time to lose, as their hopes of freshly caught salmon for breakfast depended on their skill in luring the monarch from his haunts amid the rocks which, at these points, break the quiet flow of the river into mimic waves and circling eddies. Let us accompany them, gentle reader, and see how salmon are conquered by doughty knights of the rod and skilful squires of the gaff.

Immediately in front of the camp, about twenty yards from the bank, is a flat-topped rock, that rises just above the level of the river, affording good footing and a splendid cast up, down and across the pool. Here we will leave Harry, who has waded to the rock, and is deftly casting a fly far down the quiet pool, and walk with Charles about forty rods further down the banks of the river, where Grassy Island divides the stream, and where the still waters of the pool rush swiftly through a narrow gorge on the hither side, broken into numberless eddies as it strikes the rocks thickly scattered below the island. A ledge, partially submerged, here extends from the shore to the very edge of the foaming current, enabling the sure-footed angler to approach so near that he can cast his fly well across the channel that separates him from the island, and also down to the nearest rocks at its foot. Here our friend Charles has betaken himself, and, with skilful hand, is making his fly dance in the eddy of "salmon rock." The sun has peeped above the horizon and given him an encouraging wink; he is using his best skill, causing his fly to fall with the lightness of the natural insect, allowing it to rest a moment, then making it flutter on the surface, and finally lifting it for a fresh cast.

Apparently the wily fish is choice in his food this morning, for he gives no evidence of his presence, and a less experienced fisherman than our friend would hastily conclude that he was "not at home" for the day. Charles knows better; so, having offered his Highness one dish without exciting even curiosity, he is now intent on substituting another of less gaudy hue and more modest proportions.

While he is changing flies, let us just take our lungs full of this invigorating air, every inhalation of which is a positive pleasure, and look on the magnificent panorama before us, as length after length is unrolled in the gorgeous light of the rising sun. Our city artists, caged in brick and stone, talk learnedly of mellow tints, soft tones, and chiar oscuro, but look at yonder hill, as the rays of light steal slowly down its wooded sides, disclosing every possible variety of color, as they play amidst the many-tinted foliage and lighten up the crags that overhang the river. Is it not a sight to gladden the heart of the poor dweller in cities, who has almost forgotten when he last saw the sun rise? But look! Charles has caught either the monarch or his rock, for the arch of his rod tells its own tale. Ha! see there! a fifteen-pounder, at least! Again, and again the splendid fish throws himself full length out of water in the vain effort to snap the thread of fate. Foiled, by the dexterous management of our angler, in his cunning attempts to throw himself across the slender line that held him, he made directly for the rapids, and a most exciting combat ensued.

To the left, shorewards from the rock on which the angler stood, was a small, quiet basin, sheltered from the rush of water by the ledge, to the right the water rushed with the velocity of a mill-race, broken into foam by sunken rocks and projecting points of the ledge. In this basin, could he only succeed in restraining his captive, there was ample room to "play his fish," and every probability of ultimately securing him; but if he once got his nose into the rapid, no tackle could hold him, for the strength of the current was such that it required an effort to draw even the line up it, he would have the game all his own way, would run off from fifty to eighty yards of line, and most probably tangle or cut it round one of the numerous rocks at the foot of the rapid. As the whole energies of the fish were directed to getting into the current, the whole strength of rod and line, and all the skill and judgment of our angler were in requisition to keep him out of it. For some moments it was a tie—the persistent efforts of the prisoner were met by a stern determination to try rod and line to the utmost verge of prudence, and the two forces were so evenly balanced, that, for more than a minute, the fish did not gain an inch. Becoming convinced that his position was a dangerous one, desperation added strength to the prisoner, and slowly, foot by foot, he neared the rapids of hope to him, but of grief to his captor. With thumb on line, anxiously calculating the last

ounce it would bear, and with the but of his rod directed to the fish, reluctantly our angler yielded inch after inch to his retreating prey. With disappointment and dismay we see him gradually approach the edge of the current, and give up all hope of breakfasting off him. Not so our friend Charles; he had been victor in many more desperate straits, and now, cool and calculating in his judgment, while every nerve was tense with delicious excitement, he stood calmly weighing the chances, equal to either fortune, success or failure. He knew that if he increased his pressure on the line by another half ounce, one of two results was sure to follow, either the hook would be torn from the fish's mouth, or some part of the tackle would be broken; in either case, good bye monarch; but, by judiciously yielding, there was still a chance of final success; so his eagle eye and steady, skilful hand were both on the alert, ready for what the exigencies of the case might demand. The fish had now fairly won his way within three feet of the rapid, and most fishermen would have relinquished the last hope of turning him, but your true angler never gives away a trick. Our friend Charles, gauging to a hair the strength of his tackle, kept on the pressure to the extreme point of safety, but in spite of coolness, skill, judgment and determination, he had met his match; while resisting to the utmost the prisoner's efforts to escape, he admired his strength, endurance and persistent pluck, and smiled

" With the stern joy that warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel."

Inch by inch the noble fish fought his way—inch by inch the reluctant line slipped through the rings, the arch of the rod unbroke, and the but following the fish—until at length he gained the rapid; with one wild plunge, and a triumphant wave of his broad tail, down he went. The short arch of the rod was instantly relieved; the line, left free, uncoiled from the whizzing reel, and ran through the rings like lightning, making that most exciting of all music, that none but an angler can appreciate. Down, down the rapid he shot like an arrow, until he reached the still water below, when the weight of some fifty or sixty yards of line that he was towing, began to diminish his headlong career. Charles, still apparently cool and collected, but with the fire of intense excitement in his eye, had now his skill tried to the utmost, while our chance of breakfasting off that fish looked slim indeed.

There must have been at least fifty yards of line run off in that splendid rush, and the monarch was now in his familiar haunts, amid visible and invisible rocks, scattered thickly around. To exercise much control over him at that distance was impossible, and it became absolutely necessary to his capture, to turn his head up stream, and so prevent him winding among the dangerous rocks, and perhaps cutting the line against their sharp angles and ragged edges. While the salmon is running from you

on a long line, no control can be had over his movements, he goes where he pleases, and does as he chooses, but when heading towards you a skilful hand can guide him where he will. Hence our angler now directed his attention to turning his fish, and reducing the distance that separated them. So, with hand again on line, and "butting" him well, he bore with steady strain on the flying prisoner, held now by the slightest of bonds. Finding his progress impeded, and his strength impaired, the perplexed fish again throws himself out of water in desperate efforts to break away. Cool, self-possessed and wary, the angler foils these cunning tricks, by depressing the tip of his rod, which takes off the strain, the moment the fish leaves the water, and elevating it again, which replaces the strain, the instant he touches it in his fall. Unsuccessful in his efforts, and still feeling the strain of the mysterious thread, the courageous fish rushes madly up stream, putting the skill and quickness of our friend to the severest test, for if the prisoner can only succeed in getting this inexorable strain off the line, he will probably dislodge the tempting shan that lured him to his fate. Elevating his rod, he winds in his line with a speed and steadiness that practice alone can give, and the startled fish, although going in the opposite direction, still feels the exasperating thread, that is now drawing him forward with as much force as it before drew him back. Utterly mystified, and unwilling to approach the spot from which he had so recently and by such hard labor escaped, he goes to the bottom to rest and consider matters.

Fishermen generally call this "sulking," but our angler knows that the noble fish never sulks, never despairs, he merely takes a breathing spell, and is cogitating all the while, studying his next defensive movement, and aware that this will take the form of a succession of short, sharp jerks, to tear out the fatal lure—just as a brave man undergoes the pain of wrenching out the barbed arrow, knowing that present anguish is the price of future safety—our friend Charles takes this opportunity of getting to shore. With cautious step, for the ledge is slippery and the footing treacherous, with one eye on the last visible inch of his line and the other everywhere—"feeling his fish" all the while, carefully letting out line as he recedes from the fish, and reeling it in as he approaches him, so that the same gentle strain shall never cease for an instant, he picks his way rapidly to shore, daring many a dangerous leap with the *foot of faith*. Once safe on shore, he breathes more freely, and feels increasing confidence as to the result: he walks steadily down past the rapid, taking in line and feeling his fish, till he reaches the nearest point in a direct line to his resting captive. The imminent danger of defeat being now over, our angler is quite as willing as his prisoner to rest awhile and wipe the perspiration from his brow.

Harry, whom we left on the rock, had caught one grilse, and hooked another which made his

escape just as his capture was thought certain; he was in full view of our position, and, of course, had seen the whole fight, as far it had progressed. So anxious was he for the success of his friend, that he forgot his own fly, which was dangling from the upright rod, as he stood eagerly enjoying the sport, and admiring not only the strength and pluck of the noble fish, but the skill and coolness of his brother angler. The change in Charles's position from the ledge to the shore, hid him from view, and unable to bear the uncertainty, besides wishing to be "in at the death," he hastily waded ashore, stood his rod against a sapling, and came with long strides to the scene of combat. He reached the standing point of his friend as he was wiping the moisture of exercise from his brow, and glances full of meaning and sympathetic pleasure were exchanged, but beyond the involuntary exclamation, "well handled, Charley!" not a word was spoken, and we anxiously waited for the next manœuvres of the opposing combatants.

Our monarch had evidently a knotty problem to solve, and was doubtless meditating deeply on "the position"; were it not for the regular and symmetrical arch of the tapering rod, we should not have known his whereabouts. Presently there came a succession of sharp, indignant jerks, then a relapse into quietness. Had these jerks been met by a straight rod, thus bringing the whole force on the hook, instead of on a yielding arch that gave to the slightest strain, the chances were ten to one that the captive's object would have been gained, and the hook torn from its hold; but our angler had learned from experience that the monarch of the stream is most to be guarded against when most quiet, and was fully prepared to foil this manœuvre. Accordingly the jerks were met by a long and flexible arch, which offered so little resistance, that the efforts of the fish could only fatigue himself, and render his subsequent struggles less vigorous. Still, these vindictive jerks are not relished by the angler, he knows they mean mischief, and that they are liable at any moment to succeed—for who can tell how a salmon is hooked till he is fairly on shore? So, to avoid a repetition of these dangerous tricks, and to prevent him from recovering energy to repeat them, it became advisable to rouse him from his lair, keep him in motion, and exhaust his strength as soon as possible; for your old angler well knows that the chances of losing a fish increase in a direct ratio to the square of the time he has been on the hook, as every rush, and every struggle, and the consequent strain on the hook, is weakening the integuments in which it is embedded, and wearing out the hold. Our friend knew all this, and felt himself master of the situation. Avoiding that too common practice of attempting to rouse his fish by jerking on the line, thus doing, much more effectually, what the fish has been trying to do, he shortened the arch of his rod by pointing the but in the direction of the fish, thus increasing the steady pull on his prisoner,

and causing him to set every muscle to resist the merciless strain; then drawing his hunting-knife from its sheath at his side, he gave a succession of smart raps upon the but of the rod, sending an electrical thrill down the tense line, so surprising and startling that, despite his courage and pluck, he fled amain, in a series of short, irregular, zigzag plunges, and once more headed down stream.

Constant exertion and the incessant strain had evidently reduced his strength, and his career was now soon checked by a judicious use of the but; in addition to the weight of line he had to draw through the water, the shortened arch of the rod made it more difficult to uncoil the line from the reel, and he soon gave evidence of fatigue. Unable to continue his course, he came to a halt, still resisting to the utmost the strain applied to turn him, and in the struggle to maintain his place we could see the glitter of his silver side—sure omen of success to the cautious angler. To a steady, careful, persistent, yet gentle strain, he was forced to “give up the position;” slowly and unwillingly he turned his head toward us, and slowly but surely the revolving reel shortened the distance between him and his relentless foe. The victory now seemed to us to be won, again our mouths watered at the idea of our delicious breakfast, and we became impatient to see the full length beauties of this brave but conquered hero. Not so Charles. Past experience had taught him that in angling, more than in any other pursuit, there was “many a slip ’twixt cup and lip,” and that a salmon, especially, was never vanquished while he could wave his tail, more powerful in his death throes than in life. Carefully, but cautiously, he wound in the line, his eye never leaving his approaching prize; gradually the distance diminished, the brave fish coming in sideways, until he was within ten yards of the shore. Our trusty canoe-man, George, was ready, gaff in hand, and only waited a nod from Charles to wade into the water and end the battle. The feeble struggles of the exhausted monarch told that the favorable moment was approaching, and soon the weary waving of his restless tail was the only indication that the brave old warrior was still alive. The expected nod was given, and George cautiously approached the apparently exhausted captive. Waiting till Charles, by dexterous management, had brought the broad side of the fish directly in front of him, with gaff outstretched, ready to give the final *coup*, he made one step forward, but in his eagerness, placed his foot upon the round surface of a slippery stone, lost his balance, and in the instinctive movement to recover it, brought the gaff down with a splash within a foot of the quiet and unresisting fish. Quick as thought the apparently subdued prisoner darted up stream, making the rod bend and the reel fairly sing with the rapidity of its revolutions. With one glance of indignation at poor, crest-fallen George, our angler, who had never relaxed his care, even in the moment of assur-

ed victory, let the fish have his head, knowing that the strength of the current and the weight of the line would soon overcome this last effort of the courageous monarch. The result proved the correctness of his augury. Nobly the gallant fish held his way till at the very foot of the narrow channel near which he was hooked; he had now taken off the reel about thirty yards of line, and to draw this after him in the swift water of the rapid was too much for his exhausted strength. Poising himself a moment on the brink, he made an attempt to shoot the rapid, but being met by the opposing skill of his wary foe, who at this moment shortened the arch of his rod to its quickest curve, by pointing the but directly at him, he fell back, and was carried down by the current. When again brought to the surface, it was evident that fish nature could continue the combat no longer, and fairly exhausted by his last futile efforts to escape his fate, he turned his silver side to the sky and was quickly drawn in to the spot he had so lately left. Our friend Harry, who had watched the battle without a word, but with every feature eloquent with excitement, now seized the gaff, determined that no less worthy hand than his own should give the finishing stroke to this brave warrior. Wading within reach of the nearly lifeless fish, with sure and dexterous stroke he impaled him on the gaff, and walked ashore with the corpse of the gamest fish that ever gladdened angler's heart, or rewarded skill and coolness.

A hearty shake of the hand that had managed the prize so deftly, said all that was necessary between these old knights of the rod, who had, years since “won their spurs” and taken their degree in the “gentle art,” and we proceeded to inspect and weigh this noble specimen of a gallant fish. He weighed twelve pounds two ounces, was a finely formed male, and evidently not long in fresh water. Examining his mouth we found that the hook had dropped out of a “button-hole” in the side of his lower jaw the moment the gaff took the weight of the fish and relieved the rod from the strain—no better evidence of perfect handling could be given.

It was now seven o'clock; the battle we have so quickly fought on paper occupied over an hour, affording the keenest enjoyment and the most delicious excitement to both Charles and ourselves.

Inspecting his fly, Charles found that it was pretty well “chewed up,” and the link of gut on which it was dressed, so much frayed that it was not to be trusted in another encounter. Substituting another of the same pattern, our angler betook himself to his old stand, and again his glittering lure hovered over the foaming current. At the third cast a grise leaped clear out of water and literally took the fly “on the wing.” As if to meet the wishes of the angler, he shot out of the rapid into the quiet pool on the left, and evidently did not know that anything extraordinary had happened to him. He gave a few careless

sakes of his head, and commenced sailing leisurely up and down the pool, now and then approaching the rapid, but turning to gentle persuasion; at length realizing that something was wrong, and not understanding what the constant strain that impeded his movements meant, he began to grow restive, and made determined efforts to reach the rapid and leave for parts unknown. Emulating the courage of his illustrious predecessor, but having much less strength, he was easily restrained within the limits of the pool. Finding his liberty in danger, he resorted to the invariable leap, and showed us his silver sides. In his second leap he turned a fair summersault, and in falling got the leader under the gill cover. This most unusual intrusion of a foreign substance irritated him to madness, and he plunged wildly about without order or method, and would soon have wasted his juvenile strength, and have fallen an easy prey; but to the intense surprise of our angler, with but a gentle arch on the rod and scarcely any strain, the recoil of the rod and the line dangling in mid air, showed that he was off. Amazed at this unlooked for event, our disappointed angler immediately proceeded to inspect matters and learn the cause of this defeat. Reeling in his line, and examining his leader, the mystery was soon solved; the gut had parted at the point of junction with the hook, which must have been firmly bedded, and when the leader got under the gill cover, it brought a short turn in the gut at the point of junction, which, rubbing against the shank of the hook, was quickly cut through.

"Served you rightly," said Harry, who had lingered to see the success of the new cast, "your foolish persistence in using *gut lengths* instead of *loops* in salmon fishing, has now met its reward. Strange that so clever an angler as you have proved yourself this morning, will adopt this objectionable resuscitation of an old and discarded mode. After dinner to-day I will give you a lecture on this subject, and leave your own good judgment to decide which is best. Come, let's to camp and look after the proper preparation of that salmon for breakfast."

"Stay a moment," said Charles, "I think I saw the gleam of a 'silver-sides' close to yonder rock, I should like to shake a 'bug' over it."

Hastily attaching a fly, dressed on a hook whipped to a small loop of the stoutest gut, to the end of his leader, he deftly landed it on the rock and let it fall thence into the eddy on the outer side. The "bulge" in the water and the spreading circle that followed showed that a fish was thinking of breakfast as well as Harry, but apparently this fly was not to his taste. Our angler lost no time in useless casts, but instantly recovered line and replaced the rejected fly by one of more gaudy hue and larger size. Making a number of casts directly across the rapid, and in a different direction from the rock, increasing his length of line each time,

until he had out sufficient to enable him to cast over and beyond the rock, he exerted his skill and let his fly fall about three or four yards below it, and drew it fluttering past the shoreward side. The fish made no further sign of his presence, and a succession of casts had no better result; at length, when further trials seemed useless, and he was recovering line for what he intended as the final throw, at the very instant the fly left the water, under the full and vigorous upward swing, the fish struck. The force requisite to lift twenty yards of wet line from the water, and send it streaming straight behind you, is very considerable; to meet with a sudden check at the critical moment when the greatest effort is made, is most generally followed by grief. In this case the rod broke at the second ferrule; being of good, trusty "greenheart," it did not part, but its strength and elasticity were gone, and to think of managing a salmon on it was out of the question. Here was a situation to try the nerve, coolness, skill and judgment of an angler; but our friend was equal to the emergency. Lowering his rod so as to bring the strain directly on the line, and seizing it above the reel so that he could draw it in or let it slip out as occasion demanded, he backed slowly and carefully along the dangerous ledge toward shore. The instant the accident occurred, Harry snatched up the gaff, and in a moment was on the point of the ledge nearest the fish. Charles steadily receded, not giving an inch of line, in such a direction as must bring the fish diagonally past the point on which Harry crouched immovable, with gaff extended under water, ready to strike the moment the fish passed over it. The salmon, apparently, had not recovered from his surprise, occasioned by the severe shock received when he struck the fly, and offered but little resistance to the steady strain that drew him nearer to the desired point. A failure to impale him at the first stroke would inevitably result in his escape, but the gaff was in the hands of one who seldom failed. At the critical moment, just as the middle of the fish crossed the submerged handle of the gaff, the stroke was made; the fish, lifted from the water, was writhing in the deep hook of the gaff, and borne triumphantly to shore. He weighed ten pounds, the hook was firmly fastened in the tongue, and it was much to be regretted that the rod broke, for he would doubtless have given magnificent sport, as soon as he fully realized the danger of his position; as it was, he was literally dead before he knew what ailed him. Consigning the trophies to George, with instructions from Harry to clean the one last caught, without cutting off the head, or splitting the fish, we walked back to camp and found the men busily engaged in preparations for breakfast. Fresh rolls were baking in a Dutch oven before a blazing fire; potatoes were washed, ready for the pot as soon as the water boiled; the kettle was singing merrily, ready to infuse the fragrant coffee, and only waited for Harry, who always preferred preparing his

favorite beverage, and never allowed any one but himself to ROAST A SALMON.

Charles, who had disappeared in the store tent, now emerged with a pitcher of the most appetizing bitters, in which the pungent aroma of "Angostura" was plainly perceptible. Blessings on Dr. Seigert of Ciudad Bolivar for his invaluable boon to the angler! Strong, pungent, aromatic, pleasant in a bitter and excellent as a stomachic, one bottle of his wonderful preparation will go as far as half-a-dozen of the best bitters in common use. We drank the health of the victor in the morning's battle, when it was proposed to walk to the upper casts and learn what success had attended our good friends Jim and Fred.

"Hold a moment," said Charles, "let us just watch that gourmand, Harry, prepare the fish for roasting; good angler as he is, he ought to have been a cook; had he been one, Soyer's laurels would have been in danger, as you will admit when that salmon comes to table."

There was Harry, deep in the mysteries of the *cuisine*. A plate before the fire contained a large lump of sweet fresh butter, made by the fair hands of Miss W., of Cambellton, which was slowly melting; two huge sheets of the coarsest brown packing paper, thoroughly saturated, had just been brought from the river, together with the fish, nicely scraped, stomach and intestines carefully removed, but the dark streak under the back bone preserved intact. Spreading two large sheets of clean white paper on the bark dining table, our cook proceeded to cover their surface with the melted butter; taking the fish by the gill cover he carefully dropped, pinch by pinch, about an ounce of salt, and quarter of an ounce of pepper, down its throat; then carefully laying it on the prepared paper, he proceeded to envelope it tightly in its folds, looking carefully that no break in the paper occurred, and that it was hermetically sealed. This important operation completed with dexterity and quickness, it was then rolled tightly in fold after fold of the two huge sheets of wet wrapping paper, the ends of the first sheet carefully turned over and secured by the folds of the second. This done, the precious parcel was bound tightly at head, middle and tail, by strings stripped from the inner bark of the cedar, and the odd-looking mummy carefully deposited in a deep grave made in the ashes of the blazing fire, and reverently covered half a foot deep with the hot ashes removed from the grave; on this he raked all the live coals within reach, and giving strict orders that no one must presume to disturb it, Harry was ready to accompany us to the "upper casts," learn what our friends Fred and Jim are doing, and intimate to them that breakfast was waiting.

Between the camp and Burnt Hill Brook the shore is very rugged, and the passage exceedingly difficult; but the walk of generations of anglers between the upper and lower casts, has worn a well beaten path through the woods,

in a direct line to the mouth of the Brook, diverging in two or three places to favorite casts below. The whole walk does not occupy more than five minutes. As we came to the first turn off we had a view of the river, and saw Jim standing on a rock about ten yards from the shore, with a most telling arch on his rod. Hastening to the side of the river, we found him in a peculiar position: he had succeeded in reaching the rock by wading waist deep through the water that intervened. Here he had hooked, and had been playing for half an hour, a powerful fish; but, having no one to assist him in securing his prize, he was becoming very anxious as to the result, when we made our timely appearance. With all the suppressed excitement of an "old hand," Charles proceeded to render his aid, and asked Jim to throw him the gaff. The fish was nearly exhausted, and our friend Jim, who had several times in the course of the fight made up his mind that the captive would escape, was now so much elated at his success that he declined assistance, declaring he would conquer or fail—have all the honor or none. This was a desperate resolve, and not by any means a wise one, for immediately below him was a very swift run between two rocks, below that was a comparatively quiet basin, in which the fish now rested, evidently much exhausted by his fruitless struggles. To gaff him from the rock seemed impossible, for before he could get him within reach, he had to be brought up that narrow sluice-way between the rocks below. Three times had the attempt been made, but each time had failed in consequence of the strength of the current. The only other mode possible was to lead the fish round the inner rock, clear of the current, and so get him into smooth water. This would have been easy enough, and would long since have been done, had he not been confined to the rock on which he stood. The water was running too swiftly between him and the shore, and the footing was too dangerous, to make an attempt to reach *terra firma* with a fish on his line. From the position in which he stood, his rod was not long enough to enable him to coax his fish round it—at least not while the fish was vigorous enough to resist with any force; but now that he was pretty well exhausted, our friend Jim indulged the hope that he should succeed, and thus have the rare honor of gaffing his own fish from "Governor's Rock,"—a feat perhaps never yet performed by any of the famous anglers who have fished this splendid cast. Carefully reeling in his line till he had the fish at the nearest distance that would allow him, in the sweep, to clear the rock, he gradually lowered his rod and brought the arch from a vertical to a horizontal position, and strove with all his strength, and to the imminent jeopardy of the tip, to persuade his reluctant prisoner to turn the *cape of death*. Slowly and carefully he coaxed him forward—reeling in inch after inch, foot after foot of line, the fish gallantly fighting for every inch he yielded.

His former efforts now told seriously against him, and it was plain that the contest could not be much longer continued. Pursuing the same careful tactics, coolness and skill were soon rewarded: the unwilling fish was drawn slowly round the inner side of the rock into the still and shallow water of the shore. Instantly the arch of the rod resumed its vertical position, and we all drew a long breath of relief; the trusty "Tannahill" had proved its staunchness, and added fresh honor to its skilful maker, whose cunning hand, alas! is now closed in death. Peace to his ashes! Although the great danger was over, and it would have been the easiest of all things for any one of us to have used the gaff with success, yet the crochet of Jim's, to gaff his fish from that rock, rendered the issue still very doubtful.

To secure a full grown salmon without assistance, even from the shore, is at all times a difficult feat, requiring the utmost skill, coolness and nerve; but to do so from "Governor's Rock," with scanty standing room, the water foaming round you on three sides, and nearly breast deep on the fourth, is a feat indeed, of which any angler may justly be proud. The weight of the fish, the extremely short curve of the tip that is necessary to bring him within reach of a five foot gaff, the position in which the rod must be held to do it, the fact that this must be done with one hand while the other holds the gaff ready to take advantage of the critical moment, all combine to render it a nice and ticklish operation. Our friend, though a young salmon fisher, possessed one of those cool, imperturbable natures, that are always ready for any emergency, and nerves that never failed him. Winding up his line till the leader nearly touched the tip, he stooped, took up the gaff at his foot, placed it in the water, and, pointing the tip of the rod over his shoulder, he bore with all the strength of his sinewy hand on the still resisting fish. Slowly he approached the submerged gaff, which was as still as if held by a hand of iron. Bravely the "Tannahill" bore the terrible strain; the trusty green-heart tip proved itself perfect, and called forth another blessing on its departed maker. The fish was now within reach of the gaff, but "head on" to the angler, and it became necessary to coax him to present his broadside to the enemy. Carefully turning half round, holding the gaff still unmoved, our angler altered the direction of the strain, and gradually the fish altered his position,—his silver side appeared full in view: quick as light the fatal stroke was made, and a shout of exultation greeted the fish as he emerged from the water, safely impaled on the long point of the gaff. Congratulations and praise were heartily bestowed on the victor of this hard won fight: he was speedily on shore, the fish weighed, which showed 10 lbs. 14 ounces, a splendid female; the hook was deeply seated in the upper jaw, and escape was impossible, except through accident or bad management.

We now thought of breakfast, and Harry,

who had quite forgotten his *dead* salmon, in his excitement over the *living one*, suddenly became solicitous for *its* fate, and incontinently "made tracks" for the camp. On shouting for Fred, he answered immediately beside us, leaning lazily on a rock; he had reached the scene by another path at the same moment we did, and had silently enjoyed all the excitement of the "death." So engrossed were we by the enthralling battle, that we had not noticed his presence. He had gone to the mouth of the Brook, caught two grilse and a dozen splendid trout, and had only desisted when his inner man gave unmistakable monitions of breakfast time. On reaching camp we found the table spread, the coffee made, and everything ready—Harry stamping with impatience lest his "mummy" should be over done. Hastily performing our ablutions we told him to "unroll," and in two minutes we were doing justice to the most substantial, as well as the most delicious meal that ever gratified hungry mortals.

## CHAPTER II.

We left our anglers at the breakfast table with keen appetites, doing justice to the various substantial dishes before them. Your "old hand" at the angle has learnt by past experience that nothing so much enhances the pleasure of sport as comfortable quarters and a good commissariat. Our friend Jim, who had a *strong weakness* for creature comforts, made it an indispensable condition of his company that he should be "Commissariat General to the forces," and on this occasion, without indulging in useless extravagance, or overloading us with superfluous luxuries, he had, with thoughtful care, seen that all the necessaries of comfort had been provided for our "outing." Salt pork, flour, butter and potatoes formed the staple articles of our stores; while tea, sugar, coffee, preserved milk, pickles, a small hamper of juicy Bermuda onions, a case of Claret, one of Sherry, a demijohn of Martell's Pale Brandy and one of prime Hollands, gave us the means, with the assistance of our rods and guns, of indulging in all the luxuries that a reasonable sybarite could demand.

The board at which our anglers sat, certainly contained the essentials of a hearty breakfast. Occupying the middle of the table was the "*piece de resistance*," in the shape of a 10 lb. salmon, so well prepared by Harry's tender care that he looked as natural on the table as he did in the water. The close folds of the well oiled paper had confined all the moisture of the delicious fish, and he was literally stewed in his own rich juices. Flanking this on one side was a huge tin pan full of the most mealy and delicious new potatoes, whose ragged jackets showed their quality. On the other side was a plate of nicely broiled rashers of bacon, and a dish of boiled eggs. On one end of the table was a plate of warm light rolls that would have made the most skilful housewife burn

with envy, supported by a "pat" of fresh golden butter, the very appearance of which would have given an appetite to the most fastidious gourmand; on the other a loaf of yesterday's baking for those who preferred it. Harry presided over the coffee pot, ready to pour the clear amber, fragrant extract, for those who relished it; while Charles was ready to draw the cork of a bottle of claret, for such as preferred a cooler diluent.

Our anglers' appetites required little whetting, and for some time each was intent on the business of the hour. As soon as the sharp edge of hunger was dulled by repeated attacks on the viands before them, conversation became general; the battles of the morning were fought over again, notes compared; the merits of the different flies used were discussed, many knotty points argued, and before leaving table the programme for the evening's fishing was arranged.

Your true angler, who fishes for sport and excitement, is never greedy: he knows that the great secret of success lies in resting the pools, and he is too good a general to destroy his evening sport by uselessly lashing the water at midday. In fact his chances of success are greatly increased by giving the casts a long rest, and if the locality will admit of it, the longer the better. Our anglers were learned in all the lore of "old hands," and accordingly it was decided that after dinner at four o'clock we should take the canoes and drop down to "Rocky Pond" and "New Pond," some three miles below, the former to be occupied by Fred and Harry, the latter by Charles and Jim. This important matter disposed of, the table was vacated, and each prepared to follow his inclinations for the rest of the morning.

It was now ten o'clock; the sun was high in the zenith, and the day would have been uncomfortably warm in dusty and crowded cities, but beside a swiftly running stream there is always a cool and pleasant breeze, and the air was now so nicely attuned to our comfort that we forgot its presence. Jim, having had a romp with his dog, a splendid young Newfoundland, which he was rearing according to his own notions of canine perfection, and, having inspected the smoke house to see that yesterday's trophies were getting properly cured, had lighted his pipe, betaken himself to a roomy hammock slung in the shade of two huge birches, and was deep in the pages of the last "Atlantic." Harry had got out his stock book, and was busily engaged in selecting materials to imitate a fly which prevailed on the water, and at which several salmon had risen during the morning. Fred and Charles were preparing a target, intending to have a trial of skill as marksmen, in which capacity they both prided themselves, Fred with the rifle, Charles with the pistol. A hawk that had been hovering over head, and had more than once swooped almost within reach, offering a pretty mark for a shot on the wing, excited the wish of Fred to secure him as a trophy, but the cautious bird did not venture within range of a

gun, and even Fred, good shot as he was, knew it was hopeless to hit so small an object on wing with a rifle ball. The bird was seen by one of the men to alight on a tall withered pine that stretched its bare arms to the wind, about 150 yards from our camp. He immediately informed us of the fact, and Fred was again on the alert. Taking from his pocket a small but powerful field glass, he reconnoitered the position of the bird. Charging his breech-loading rifle, setting the proper sight, and using the corner of the table as a rest, he took careful aim and fired. To our great surprise, the feathers flew in a cloud from the bird, which, mortally wounded, flew slowly and laboriously to the adjacent woods, and was seen to fall amid the dense foliage. Considering the great distance, and the smallness of the object aimed at, this was a splendid shot, and Fred was complimented in high terms. The target, a square of spruce bark, with a deer drawn upon the inner surface, was now completed, and posted at 100 yards. Each was to have three shots, and he who lodged his balls nearest the fore shoulder was to be considered the successful competitor. Fred fired his three shots in rapid succession, not even waiting to see where they lodged. On examining the target we found that two balls had struck the fore shoulder not three inches apart, while another had penetrated the middle of the effigy. The holes were marked with Fred's initials, and Charles prepared to try his skill. With more care, apparently, than Fred had used, he brought the rifle to a level and fired. Not being so much accustomed to the piece as Fred, Charles proceeded to examine the result of his shot, and found that his ball was in a direct line with the shoulder, but about six inches too far behind. Reloading, he again took deliberate aim, and lodged his ball this time about midway between his last and Fred's best shot. On his third attempt he bored a hole close beside Fred's most successful effort, and, although beaten in the trial, had cause to be gratified with his success. The rifle was now changed for the pistol—Fred preferring his "Colt," while Charles rested his hopes of success in Smith & Wesson's six shooter. This is an admirable arm, and in many essential points surpasses all pistols now in use; the cartridges, containing powder, ball and cap combined, have only to be placed in their receptacles, and the revolving chambers put in their place, when it is ready for use. After being used the chambers can be removed in a moment, and the pistol is safe and harmless. Loading the whole six chambers and inserting them in their place, Charles placed an empty bottle on a stump at a distance of twenty yards; in this bottle was a cork, inserted just far enough to retain its position, and which could be knocked out at the slightest touch. Carelessly raising the pistol with a loose arm, he dwelt a moment with hand as firm as a rock, then fired; the neck of the bottle was broken off, leaving the rest of it unmoved. Substituting another, with the cork similarly arranged,

again he levelled the pistol, and taking more critical aim, the cork flew off, leaving the bottle unbroken. The third shot was a repetition of the first, and Fred was now ready to enter the lists. The rifle was his favorite weapon, and he handled it off-hand, but his use of the pistol was marked by less confidence and more care. Steadily he raised his arm, carefully he took aim and fired—the bottle was broken in the middle. It was replaced by another, and again Fred exhibited great care in his shot, and the broken neck of the bottle showed that his aim was correct. Another bottle shared the same fate, but the cork alone had not been touched, so Charles was adjudged the successful competitor this time.

"Now," said he, "I have three shots left; with the first I will take off the neck, with the second break the bottle at the middle, and with the third displace the bottom from the stump."

None of us believed that this boast would be made good, and we all gathered round to mark the result. With the quickness of snap-shooting he raised the pistol and fired—away went the neck of the bottle; apparently without moving arm or hand, again the pistol was discharged, and the headless bottle, struck about three inches from the top, was reduced to a very small remnant, presenting but a very diminutive mark for the last shot. This time, raising the pistol with some care, and dwelling longer than usual, he fired; to our surprise and gratification the bottom was struck so near the stump that it was not only shivered, but every piece scattered, not a particle remaining in its late position. This splendid shooting rather surprised our canoe-men, who longed to see such skill exercised on deer or moose, and excited Fred's ambition by describing a favorite haunt of these animals — Miramichi Lake — about ten miles further up the river.

It being Jim's turn to arrange the bill of fare and look after the dinner of the day, he, having finished his article in the *Atlantic*, proposed to Fred to join him in a walk up an old lumber road and get a brace or two of partridges, and perhaps a hare, to vary our dishes at that important meal. Accordingly, loading their guns and lighting their pipes, they sauntered into the woods, following a road used by lumberers, along the sides of which the partridge loves to bask in the sun and roll in the dust of decayed logs and stump. Charles joined Harry in the dining-room, an open shed of bark, shaded from the sun by small trees planted along its four sides, intending to take a lesson in the mysteries of fly-dressing, as he was deep in the intricacies of a "bug" of which he had great hopes in the evening.

"Harry," said Charles, "as we go down stream this evening, and shall have no time to linger at table, I will now hear your lecture on loops *versus* lengths, if you have no objection."

"None in the world," said Harry, "as I can talk and dress flies at the same time. But first there is another matter to which I would call your attention—the great error that most

fly-dressers make in whipping the gut to the hook; they place the gut *underneath* the shank of the hook, instead of on *top*. If you will reflect a moment you will see the impropriety of this mode, and the great advantages of placing it on the upper side of the hook. You must remember that the point of the rod is at a considerable elevation above the hook when it is in a fish's mouth, and that the strain is always *upward*; the consequence of this is, that if the gut is whipped on underneath, it brings it in constant contact with the end of the shank, which soon cuts it, or so frays it that the first heavy strain is sure to part it. By adopting the other method we avoid this danger, for the strain is always pulling the gut clear of the hook. I think I need say no more on this subject, and I hope you will, in future, adopt this latter mode, it being incontestably the best."

"Well," said Charles, "I never gave the matter much thought, but it surprises me that this objectionable mode is almost universally adopted. I shall henceforth discard it, and follow your practice. But let me hear your objections to gut lengths."

"Tell me first," said Harry, "why you object to loops?"

"Oh they are so troublesome, and occupy so much time in changing flies, that I find lengths more convenient."

"That is because you do not manage them rightly. Is this your only objection?"

"It is the principal one, and perhaps the only one I can urge."

"I will show you when we are fishing this evening," said Harry, "that, properly managed, your objection is groundless, and will now give you several good reasons why I prefer loops and discard lengths. The first is that loop, of double gut, is doubly strong at the very place where the greatest strength is required—the point of juncture between hook and gut. In using lengths, the gut, where it joins the hook, by constant bending is soon frayed, and is constantly growing weaker. The loop, being of double gut, does not bend at the point of juncture, for that point is the very strongest in your whole leader, and consequently the last to break. Who ever saw the loop worn off a fly till it was thoroughly used up? But how many scores of good flies are rendered useless by being severed close to the hook, while they are, in other respects fit for further service? My second reason is that lengths are more expensive while less efficient. My third, that flies on loops are much more nicely kept in the book, and my fourth is that nothing is more slovenly than for a good angler to fish for salmon with gut lengths, when flies on loops can be had. If your grilse, this morning, had been hooked on a fly tied on a loop, he would now be snugly in pickle and ready for the smoke house to-morrow, instead of roaming about with your hook in his mouth, suffering pain, and perhaps doomed to starvation. I would further observe that my remarks about whipping

the gut to the hook, apply also to loops; the best mode is to lay both ends of the loop, partially flattened and indented, on the top of the hook."

"There seems to be good reasons for your preference," said Charles, "I shall, in future, discard lengths when I have learned your mode of attaching the loops."

"Here," said Harry, handing him one of the imitations he had just completed, "try this fly in New Pond; if I mistake not it will prove successful; fish rose freely at the original last night and this morning."

"If you have finished, let us saunter up that old road, and see what Jim and Fred have done. I heard several shots fired since they left; they may have been successful in foraging, and a brace of partridges, nicely roasted, will be very acceptable at dinner."

Methodically gathering up his scattered materials and replacing them in his stock book, Harry donned a broad-brimmed country straw hat, and proceeded to load his gun.

"You'll scarcely need that," said Charles; "two guns are enough, surely, for the short distance we shall go."

"Never go into the woods without your gun," replied Harry, "something is sure to cross your path, and you feel annoyed that want of foresight has lost you a good shot. Ha! look there; do you see that large bird lazily winging his way in the very direction we are going? That is an owl, one of the largest species, and he contains some invaluable feathers for dusty millers and grey moths. I must have that fellow."

Requesting Charles to keep the bird in sight, Harry hastened the loading of his gun, substituting an Eley cartridge for loose shot, and they set off up the road in the direction where Charles had "marked" the bird settle in the top of a high tree. The owl is not much disposed to exercise in mid-day; once comfortably settled he remains until disturbed; so our friends sauntered leisurely along, stopping at every turn of the path to pluck the wild flowers that peeped modestly from the undergrowth or flaunted gaily by the way side. The day was lovely; the dense woods through which the road lay afforded shelter from the hot sun; the buzz of myriads of insects made the air musical, the monotony of which was relieved by the occasional drumming of a partridge, the gleeful noise of a squirrel, or the indescribable sound produced by a passing locust; life, busy, jocund life, was all around us, and we seemed but intruders in this wonderful scene of Nature's mysterious operations.

An unexpected turn in the road brought us in close proximity to the tree in which the owl had settled, and Harry approached it till within range. Being anxious to secure the bird for the sake of the feathers, he determined to risk no flying shot, but to "bag" his prey even at the risk of his credit, by shooting him from his perch. Accordingly he took deliberate aim, fired, and the monstrous bird flapped

heavily to the ground. Running in to secure his prize, the wounded bird showed desperate fight, bristled its feathers, spread its wings, and spitting like an infuriated cat, seemed determined to resist to the last its approaching fate. Wishing to preserve the plumage uninjured, Harry seized a stick and approached to end the matter by a rap on the head. The plucky bird made directly at him, and only by presence of mind and activity did he escape an ugly stroke of his formidable talons. Stepping quickly aside, Harry avoided the stroke, and before the bird could renew the attack, a well-delivered blow of the stick knocked him over, and a succession of sharp raps ended his pain and his earthly career at the same moment. He was a splendid specimen—a gigantic male—and we much regretted that the means of preserving his skin were not at hand. As it was, Harry removed the wings close to the body, plucked the tail feathers, the most useful of those on the back, and left the carcass for the first hungry fox that fancied this description of banquet.

"There," said Harry, "had I listened to you and left my gun behind, I should have lost this valuable prize—for prize it is. Look at these feathers—did you ever see so close a resemblance to the wings of a dusty miller? Besides these, the lighter feathers are very useful; that excellent fly-dresser and good angler, O'Connell, of Halifax, dressed a fly from those feathers for Admiral Sir Houston Stewart, a most accomplished angler, with which he was so successful that the fly has since taken his name, and is now well known as "the Admiral." I will show it you on our return to camp."

A report, quite near, told of the close proximity of one at least of our foraging friends; and almost immediately Fred emerged from the wood with a partridge, he had just shot, in his hand, and two well-grown chickens in his pocket. He told us Jim was just behind, and that between them they had shot two old birds and four young ones. These being as many as we wanted for dinner, they were returning to camp, for your true sportsman never kills more game than he can use. Jim presently made his appearance, and we all strolled back to camp, Harry much elated by his feathery prize, and Charles quite as joyous over the prospect of a tender tit-bit for dinner.

On reaching camp preparations were made for that important meal, which, by common consent, was to be over by four o'clock, in order to enable us to reach the scene of our evening operations in good season. Harry again undertook the critical task of roasting the salmon, leaving the superintendence of the rest of the dishes to Jim, whose turn it was to see that dinner was properly prepared. Quite a discussion now arose as to the best mode of cooking our feathered game. Jim favored roasting, while Charles inclined to broiling. This knotty question was not easily decided; appeal was made to Harry as an

authority in such matters ; he settled the dispute by giving Charles two of the chickens to broil as he pleased, while he would cook the rest himself, in order to show such barbarians how a partridge should be prepared for a palate that could appreciate the flavor of this delicious bird.

While engaged in preparing his salmon he despatched one of the men down the banks of the river, where there was a deposit of tenacious clay ; he directed him to bring a large lump, temper it with water, and knead it into a soft and pliable mass. Having completed the preparation of his fish, and deposited it in the ashes, he proceeded to operate upon his birds in an equally novel manner. He removed the first joints of the wings, cut off the legs at the middle joints, separated the feathers of breast and back, rubbed into each some salt and pepper, some under the wings, replaced the feathers, smoothed them down carefully, and laid the birds in a row, ready for the final process in this strange mode of cookery. The man now brought the mass of clay, quite soft and pliable, on a square of bark, the woodsman's invariable dish, and Harry proceeded to envelope each bird in a covering of the plastic material. They were strange looking dumplings, certainly, and we did not augur very favorably of the result. Nothing discomposed by our misgiving remarks, Harry encased his birds in this primitive covering, and placed them, four in number, in the ashes beside the salmon.

"There," said he, "when my mummy is ready for table, these fellows will be nearly done; when served, taste them and judge; in the mean time look and learn; your old campaigner wants few cooking utensils, and such as he needs are always at hand."

Having removed from his hands the traces of these operations by a liberal use of soap and water, he betook himself to the mysterious recesses of the store tent, reappeared with a bottle of Hollands in one hand, and a small bottle of the veritable "Angostura" in the other. Calling for glasses, water and sugar, he concocted one of the most pleasant bitters that ever sharpened the appetite of luxurious gourmands. We all partook of the "whet" and proceeded to perform the slight toilet necessary for the only formal meal that sportsmen indulge in.

These preparations were quickly made, and while dinner was being placed on the table, our anglers selected and attached the flies that each hoped would prove successful in their evening's trial, and got all things ready for an immediate start. The canoe-men were already fortifying their inner-man for the work, and the others having placed the first course on the table, were ready to replace it by the second when called. Our anglers took their seats, and Jim, whose place was at the head of the table to-day, served out a most delicious chowder, made of the fine trout that Fred had secured at the mouth of the Brook, during his morning's sport. This was followed by the dish—

Harry's roasted salmon—of which a vigorous appetite, engendered by life in open air, seldom tries. After again partaking of this most tempting dish, and again expressing the highest praise of the splendid cookery, the *bonne bouche*—the curious dumplings, were called for. Harry would permit no less careful hand than his own practised one to touch these precious lumps of baked clay,—and while the others were enjoying their glass of sherry, he was busy in 'the "kitchen," dishing up his "roasts." Charles called for his "broils," which made their appearance at the same moment that Harry deposited on the table, in a tin pan, his four birds, smoking hot, divested of every particle of feather, and presenting the delicate white flesh, literally swimming in the rich juices of the birds, which had all been confined by the unbroken skin, while encased in their clay covering, but which trickled out as soon as the hard shell was dexterously opened by Harry, and the birds literally lifted out of their skins, leaving the feathers fast to the clay matrices. One was served to each, and pronounced incomparable. The stomach and intestines had shrivelled into a small hard ball, like the kernel of a nut, and was as easily removed as the kernel of a filbert, without breaking the tough and hardened integuments in which they were enclosed.

"There," said Harry, "taste that, and confess that you never knew the real flavor of a partridge before."

We not only tasted, but each found his bird so rarely delicious, that every plate was cleared, while Charles's "broils" were standing neglected at the corner of the table.

All confessed that a new idea in cookery had been received, while Harry explained that the rich flavor of certain parts of the bird, confined while roasting, thoroughly impregnated the rest, and produced the very perfection of a *bonne bouche*. He even contended that the retention of the stomach and intestines added to the excellence of the flavor, and that their removal, previous to roasting, would inevitably spoil the dish.

Usually we lingered at table, drank a glass or two of sherry, and picked a morsel of rich old Cheshire cheese as a digester, before resuming our rods for the evening sport. But, to-day, having to proceed down stream about two miles, which would give a period of repose after so hearty a meal, we dispensed with this, as also with our usual cup of coffee; the canoes being ready, rods and gaffs deposited in the clefts prepared for them along the sides, we took our seats, the sturdy canoe-men soon pushed us into the current, each eager to shoot the rapids of Grassy Island first.

These canoes are hollowed out of a single log, the gunwale not more than an inch thick; the sides gradually increase in thickness towards the bottom, where they are about two, and the bottom itself three inches thick, strengthened by small knees placed at intervals along the inside. To those unaccustomed to them,

they seem the most frail and unsafe shells that could possibly be contrived, but in reality they are very strong, very steady, and admirably adapted for the rapid and shallow waters in which they are employed. They are propelled by poles instead of paddles, and the skill with which they are managed, by those who almost live in them, is really wonderful. To the dweller on the banks of the upper Miramichi, his canoe is both horse and wagon; capable of carrying a large load when properly stowed, it is his usual mode of transport, and is to the white man what the "birch" is to the Indian, with this advantage, the log canoe is more steady in the water and better adapted, by its superior strength, for passing over the rough bed of the stream, and shooting among the sunken rocks that lie hidden in the dangerous rapids.

Our men were picked ones, and each was famous either as bow-pole or stern-pole. The former must possess a thorough knowledge of the river, be quick, skilful and sure-footed; the latter must have thews and sinews of iron, strength to force the canoe over places where the water is too shallow to float her entirely, and dexterity to second the quickest motion of the bow-pole, who sees the hidden danger before his fellow, and intimates its presence by a motion of his pole. Our men were famous: they took as much pride in their canoes as city swells take in their horses, and plumed themselves as much in their management as the latter do in their driving. The post of honor is always in advance, as it is comparatively easy for the hinder canoe to follow in the wake of the leader, and each of our crews strove for the honor, although it involved more trouble and labor.

Charles and Jim occupied one canoe,—Fred and Harry the other. In starting, Charles's canoe got the lead by a single length, and his men strove to maintain it. Fred's canoe-men strained every nerve to gain the advanced post, and for a minute or two the race was very exciting. We speedily neared the rapids, Fred's canoe gradually gaining on the other. When the head of the rapid was reached, Harry, fearing some accident which would mar the evening's sport, made a signal to the stern pole, which was immediately responded to by a cessation of exertion; the outer canoe now shot ahead and passed down in splendid style. Ours followed in her wake, and soon we were side by side in the still waters below.

The flow of the river here and for two miles below is very rapid, and a canoe passes swiftly down stream. Half an hour sufficed to put us at our respective stations: Charles and Fred preferred to fish from the canoes, while Jim and Harry chose to take their chances from the shore, as at this point of the river the rocks are easily reached, and in case of difficulty the nearest canoe could easily render its aid. The canoes now ran in shore, Jim and Harry took out their rods and gaffs, and Fred and Charles were speedily among the rocks in the middle of the two ponds.

Rocky pond was an old and famous place for salmon; the water, deep and comparatively still, was thickly strewed with large boulders and smaller rocks, among which the salmon love to linger. New Pond was only a continuation of this, which the ice of some recent spring had hollowed out in its course. We were all in sight of each other, and sometimes within speaking distance, but your eager fisherman seldom cares about talking when intent on his favorite sport. Harry had taken his stand on a rock at the head of Rocky Pond, easily reached from shore, while Jim had proceeded to the lower end of New Pond, intending to work his way upward. Fred had commenced at the extreme head of the pond on the right side, giving Harry a fair chance on the left; being in the canoe, he could drop down as he pleased, and reach any spot that gave promise of success.

Harry had been successful already with the fly he had dressed in the morning, and had taken one grilse and hooked another which escaped. Seeing that Fred had twice changed his position without success, he hailed him and signalled him to approach. On coming to the rock, the canoe-man went a short distance up stream on the opposite side, crossed above the pond and dropped gently down, carefully avoiding any disturbance of the fish. Removing the fly Fred had vainly tried, and substituting one of his morning's achievements, he directed Fred to try it over the places he had just left. Crossing again in the same careful manner, and dropping silently down to within an easy cast of the rock he had just essayed, he carefully threw his fly beyond it and drew it dancing up the eddy. A break in the water told its tale of joy, and the whizzing of Fred's reel gave evidence that something lively was on the end of his line. The rocks were so thickly scattered below that it was a work of difficulty to prevent the fish from turning one of them, and thus render his escape very probable. The only mode of doing this is by a steady and unceasing strain; but this cannot be applied with safety to a fish in his first vigorous rush. You can only give him line and let him go. In this case the rush of the fish was so strong and powerful, that to check him instantly was out of the question; go he would and did, until he had run off some forty yards of line, and that which we feared had happened. He had shot across stream, and the line was now rubbing against the side of a huge rock that lifted its rugged surface above water. Instantly the canoe darted down in the path of the fish, Fred with hand on line, checking its speed, as the moving canoe eased the strain on the rod. Getting below the rock, that danger was passed, and Fred succeeded in turning his fish's head up stream. He now managed him in capital style. Although this was his first salmon season, his long practice among the famous trout of Umbagog and Richardson's Lakes had made him *au fait* in the use of rod and line, and in about thirty minutes he had the satisfaction of seeing his first full-grown salmon

stretch his silver length in the bottom of the canoe. He was at once despatched by a blow on the head and weighed, the scale marking nearly twelve pounds.

Harry, in the meantime, had taken several grilse from his rock, but, eager for more powerful captives, had changed his base, and was now wading waist deep to another rock further out in the pond, where he hoped for more exciting victories. Jim and Charles had each caught a grilse, but neither had yet lured a full grown monarch from his lair. Harry reached the rock with gaff in one hand and rod in the other, and was making vain attempts to get on its top. Incommoded with his "tools," and heavy with wet clothing, he could not clamber up its smooth sides. In vain he took both rod and gaff in one hand and strove with the assistance of the other to scale it. The bottom of the rock, worn smooth by the action of the water, offered no friendly projection for his foot, and he was compelled to do what no angler does if he can help it,—place the butt of his rod in the water. He leaned the rod against the rock, and using the gaff as a staff, succeeded in getting on the top; but his wet and heavy clothing destroyed his equilibrium, and in rising to his feet he tumbled head first into the pond. The water was not deep enough to render swimming necessary, and Harry, bringing his legs under him, coolly resumed his rod and gaff, and waded back to shore, amid the gleeful shouts of his friends, who had witnessed his defeat, and who could not resist laughing, even while they sympathized with his mishap. A tumble in the water on a fine afternoon in the middle of July is not a very serious affair, and Harry was too good an Indian to care for a ducking, or to be much inconvenienced by his wet garments. To look after his watch and fly-book was his first care. These attended to and set to rights, he availed himself of the canoe, was this time placed safely on the rock, and was soon rewarded by hooking and killing, in magnificent style, the largest salmon but one that had yet been taken. No special difficulty occurred with this fish; the water was still and deep, and that part of the pond being comparatively favorable for manœuvring, the fish was killed *secundum artem*, after a fine battle of thirty minutes.

The shades of evening were now approaching, and it became advisable to get back to camp before darkness rendered poling up the rapid water that intervened both difficult and dangerous. Our anglers had met with a fair share of success and good sport, although nothing remarkable or worthy of note had occurred—Harry's mishap being the event of the evening. We all resumed our places in the canoes, and, lighting our pipes, enjoyed a comfortable smoke and had an enlivening chat during our passage up stream. We reached camp just as night was drawing her mantle over the scene; but the evening was one of those soft, balmy ones that are common in the month of July; and as the moon would rise about nine o'clock, promising a lovely night, we prepared to enjoy it to

the utmost. Changing our light outer garments for others of thicker material, and our damp stockings for dry ones of stout woollen yarn—articles absolutely indispensable to the comfort of anglers—and seeing that a good store of fuel was at hand to keep up the fire when advancing night should chill the air, we gathered in a social group, enjoyed our deferred cup of coffee and "talked fish." Former hard-won fights were fought over again; pleasant anecdotes of past "outings" were related; amusing stories of well-known anglers were told, and their various modes of handling fish described and commented on. Soon the conversation took a wider range, and every variety of interesting topic was touched upon. Sporting tales led to literature generally: literature introduced music, and Charles, having a thorough knowledge of this, a finely cultivated tenor voice, and exquisite taste in singing, gave us a succession of operatic gems, assisted by Jim, whose fine, powerful baritone added to the effect. Charles, whose taste for music was a speciality, improvised a trumpet of birch bark, with which he accompanied Jim, and also trumpeted off several solos. The effect of these was strangely assisted by a clear echo from the high hill immediately behind us, and the sounds were reflected back so accurately that it seemed as if another performer was answering note for note.

The moon rose, at first in clouded majesty, but after attaining some altitude the whole firmament was in a glow, and the rare beauties of the surroundings—wooded hills, dense forest and tumbling water, in every variety of light and shade, will not soon be forgotten by any one of that appreciative group.

When pleasantly occupied time slips rapidly by, and we were quite startled from our propriety by some one making the notable discovery that it was past eleven o'clock. The concluding part of the day's business had now to be performed, viz:—arrange the programme for the morning's fishing. The canoe-men's glowing description of Miramichi Lake, and the assurance that there was every probability of seeing Moose in the neighborhood, was too much for Fred. He had been brooding over it all day, and his newly-hatched resolution now broke shell and made its advent in a proposition to take a canoe, two men, a small tent and two days' provisions, start at day-break next morning, and try his luck in this Paradise of hunters. The only demur to this was a disinclination on the part of Charles to separate from Fred, whose father had strictly enjoined him to defer in all matters to Charles, whose more mature years and vastly greater experience in wood-life rendered him a suitable mentor for his young friend. On Harry's assurance that the canoe-men, whom he had known for years, were prudent and trustworthy, and that there was not the slightest ground for anxiety, Charles' objection gave way, and so it was agreed that Fred should follow his *penchant*;—and it was further arranged that Jim should proceed in

the other canoe to a famous cast. "Long Pond," some five miles up stream, while Charles and Harry should confine themselves to the "Home Circuit," the casts having been undisturbed since morning. As Jim and Fred were going in the same direction, they agreed to start together, and Fred could "shake a bug" over the pond while the men were preparing breakfast. This settled, they at once betook themselves to repose, in order that no drowsiness in the morning should impede an early start. Charles and Harry volunteered to get their provender put up, and have everything ready for a start, as soon as "tired Nature's sweet restorer" had performed her office.

This was quickly despatched, and the men, who were as anxious as Fred to share in the excitement of a moose hunt, were notified to be ready by the first grey light of dawn.— Charles and Harry, whose friendship was deeper than the mere passing companionship of an "outing," and between whom a warm feeling of mutual love existed, lingered in friendly converse, enjoying the rare splendors of the night, and pondering on the sublime mysteries of nature. An hour later they betook themselves to their fragrant couches, where we will leave them till daybreak rouses them for renewed pleasures.

(To be continued.)

## THE HALF SISTERS.

BY MISS M— S—, FREDERICTON.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE PIC-NIC.

"HERE Gracy, step on my hand."

The bride of a month, resting her foot on the offered support, sprang lightly to her saddle.

"Now, hurry Frank, and we'll have a splendid canter."

Vaulting gaily to his seat, away they sped swiftly, giving care for the time to the winds. In truth they knew little of the demon; mutual affection and a moderate competence enabled them to keep him at a respectable distance.

After a smart run of several miles, they drew rein on a high bluff, beneath some magnificent pines, overlooking the river. The bright waters swept onward to the sea. The feathery pines sighed softly on the summer air. They saw the sacred charm on Nature's lovely face, and dismounted.

"We couldn't find a lovelier spot. Frank."

"I agree with you entirely, Grace," he rejoined, throwing himself indolently along the grass. She seated herself on a mossy knoll, a short distance off.

They remained silent, apparently absorbed in the beauty of the scene. At length Grace approached, and throwing herself beside him, said—

"Of what are you thinking, Frank?"

"Of what *should* I be thinking, Grace?"

"Of your wife to be sure."

"I was thinking," he went on, as if talking to himself, "of an elf who a moment ago sat perched on a crag, like a fairy in an acorn cup. Can you help me to find her, Grace?"

A sharp pinch on the arm was his answer.

"Ha!" said he, starting, "I thought you'd help me, mischief," and he essayed to grasp her, but she was gone "swiftly as a northern light," he soliloquized.

"What has transfixed you, Grace?"

"Oh! a hare, a beautiful hare; come see him, Frank."

"Thank you. I'm looking at something I like better."

"Nonsense! Ah, here he comes. What a beauty! With what ease and grace he manages those long leaps, Frank."

"It would puzzle you and your hoops together to do it, Gracy."

"Catch him, Frank, do please."

"I have already caught an 'Heiress,' and that's enough for me. Come sit down, Grace: you're as hard to 'have and to hold' now, as before you said the words love, honour and— and—"

"No, no!" she cried, putting her hand on his mouth.

"And—," he continued.

"Do just as I like," she concluded, laughing.

"Yes, that's the way you fix it, Gracy, to a certainty."

She seated herself beside him, and, laying back her shining head on his arm, said—

"Was it wise, Frank, to make such a rash promise, when you know, (throwing him a terribly defiant glance, and holding up her little finger to ensure attention,) when you know, Frank, I'll never keep it. You men are so unreasonable; how can a poor faulty woman ever hope to please you? Now I think of it, Frank, 'twas you who promised a thousand times to do whatever I wished, if I'd only say —."

"Yes," he subjoined.

"Yes, Frank."

"Well, darling I'll keep *my* word, whatever you do with yours, traitor that you are. No later than this morning you threw away my old pipe, because you suspected me of smoking, and utterly refused to buy me some cigars. You'll be the death of me yet, Grace, if you keep on."

"Go to Cu'a, Frank and buy a slave."

"Imp," said he, grasping her hand, "scarce

CHAPTER II.

ZELLA.

thirty days are come and gone, since I placed this ring on your finger, in token (here he glanced at her, smiling maliciously,) of your submission for life, (the hand was jerked violently away—he went on without comment.) Scarce thirty days, I say, Grace, are come and gone, before I am dragged away from the peaceful and delightful pursuits of the counting-house —”

“And dry, dusty ledgers,” she interposed, squeezing his fingers. “You dear old quill-driver, you were so glad to come.”

“To play the part of squire,” he went on, “to this same lady, under the greenwood-tree.”

“Only too glad to come, Frank, but you want to be coaxed; you were dying to come all the time.”

“I protest, Grace, I came solely and wholly to please you, and now I get no credit for good intentions; as for coaxing, heaven knows I get little of that.”

“You’re like all the men from Adam down,” she replied. “The moment you think you’ve done anything wrong, you try to throw the blame on some poor daughter of Eve. Get up laziness, here’s John with the dinner.”

The serving man, who had followed with the dinner, now rode up, and a dainty repast was soon spread on a snowy cloth, to which their long ride enabled them to do ample justice.

“If Zell were only here,” said Grace, in a weary sort of tone.

“I wish she were, dear, for your sake.—When is she coming home?”

“Oh, not for a long time, and my father is so lonely now that I am gone.”

“Is she at all like you, Grace?”

“You have never seen her, Frank, have you?”

“No; what’s she like, fairy?” he asked, munching away in good style at muffins, sandwiches, etc.

“She’s not at all like me. She’s tall and graceful, with immense braids of auburn hair, and sad grey eyes.”

“Well, she’s not pretty, Grace, though she is your sister.”

“She’s lovely, Frank.”

“Not a bit of it; wouldn’t give you for a whole gross of such.”

“You speak without knowing, Frank.”

“I would make no difference; she can hardly be pretty—a great overgrown —”

“Hush, Frank, you’ll be sorry for this when you see her.”

He made no reply, but smoothed the pretty rolls of her soft light hair. How could he help it? she looked so well in her riding-habit of purple velvet, and hat and plume.

“Prim, stately and severe,” said he under his breath, smiling at Grace.

“Not at all, Frank Vining. Wait till you see her: you’ll quickly change your mind or I’m mistaken.”

Winter came and went, and summer followed, and woke sweet baby-life in the home of the Vinings. They were happy before, but now their happiness was doubled, as they watched the growth of baby Zell—so named for the absent aunt and sister—and steadied the tottering steps, when at length the little feet essayed the garden walks, lost in wonder at the airy flights of gorgeous butterflies, and the unfolding of “pitty, pitty fowers.”

At length a letter arrived from Zella, she was coming home.

“Papa, Aunt Zella is toming ‘ome,” said baby, as she met her father at the door, and put the letter in his hand.

“So she’s coming, Grace?”

“Yes, she will be here next week,” and joyful tears stood in the black eyes.

When Frank Vining came home from his dreary counting-house one rainy evening in the following week, he sought the dining room—his wife was not there; the parlor also, neither was she there; he ascended to her dressing-room. Before a low fire in the grate sat his wife, her head resting on the shoulder of an elegant woman, who held baby Zell on her lap, and was playing with her light curls.

“And you named her for me, dear,” the stranger was saying as he entered the room; “how kind of you.”

The introduction over, Frank had time to observe his guest.

“How very unlike she is,” thought he, “to what I had imagined. Grace did well to say, wait till you see her. She is like a woman bred in courts; every movement betokens nobility. She is much older than Gracy, yet looks quite as young. What is the peculiar charm about her that so enchains the eye? Ah! now I see it. ‘Tis a serene and pensive grace—a calm purity, breathing more of earth than heaven.”

Days and weeks passed away, and, though Zella’s home ostensibly was with her father, the most of her time was spent at the Bluffs—the name of her sister’s home. There, time, indeed, seemed to have wings. Nothing was thought of but pleasure; yet Gracy hardly knew how it was, though she was pleased to have Zella with them, they were always in a whirl now—and she sighed, scarce knowing why. And Frank, too, seemed changed; he was always excited now—always planning some new amusement: not content with the simple home pleasures of old. He grew irritable, too, at times speaking harshly to herself and baby. So Gracy’s sighs grew more frequent, as she moved wearily about her stately home.

As the days passed away, never to return to mortals with one atom of their freighted hours, Grace’s cheek grew thinner and paler, but Frank never seemed to see it.

Zella talked about it, and wondered at the change, and told Frank he must take her to the

sea-side. He contended that there was no change in Grace; or if there was, it was caused by too much attention to the child, and moping in the house. "Why wasn't she gay and cheerful like she used to be? Surely it was her own fault if she were ill."

Oh! Frank, Frank! was it her own fault if she were ill? Where were the tender words that used to fall upon her ear, like harpings of the blest? Where were the loving looks that once breathed new life through every vein? All cruelly withheld; and in their place averted looks, studied politeness, or indifference. No wonder that she drooped like a flower removed from the light and heat, to the dungeon's stifling gloom.

And why was she not asked to join in those exhilarating rides over mount and moor, that sent the bright blood so lavishly to Zella's cheek?

Zella often urged her to go, but as the one voice she so longed to hear never joined in the request, she refused. After a time Zella also stayed at home, much to Frank's chagrin.

"Why do you never ask Grace to go?" she questioned.

"Surely Grace is old enough to know what she requires without any urging from me!" he rejoined.

She looked at him steadily a moment, then, without a word, left him.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE SICK ROOM.

One afternoon a message arrived in haste from the Bluffs. Frank hurried home; his wife had fallen from her chair in a swoon, and was still unconscious.

The doctor came and pronounced it an attack of low nervous fever, requiring the utmost care and attention. Frank entered his wife's chamber with the looks and feelings of a culprit.

He didn't see Grace, but Zella knelt beside the bed, her face buried in its snowy coverings. The light in the curtained room being dim and indistinct, prevented him at first from seeing Grace's white face, scarcely less white than the pillows around it.

When at length he perceived her he was startled. She lay as one dead, in a kind of stupor, too weak to open her eyes.

Zella moved not, spoke not—gave no token of her knowledge of his presence.

"Grace, darling," he said, "speak to me."

The loving words that the aching heart had so longed for in the cold, cruel past, fell all unheeded now on the poor dull ear.

"Zella!"

There was no reply—no motion sufficient to stir the folds of her pink cashmere robe.

"Zella," he repeated.

The hand that grasped her sister's tightened its clasp.

"Zella, is she dead?"

She raised her head—that superb head, with its crown of auburn hair, and lifted those sad

dark-grey eyes to his. Bright tears lay in ambush along the drooping lashes.

"No, Frank; thank God she is not dead yet."

"Must she die, Zella?"

"He only knows who alone can save her," she replied.

As she spoke the pattering of little feet resounded through the hall, and little hands impetuously pushed aside the door, and baby Zett entered, her face flushed, her eyes full of tears, crying out—

"Ma-ma, ma-ma; airs ma-ma Dacy? I ont ma-ma Dacy."

Zella caught the sobbing child in her arms, and tried to soothe her, but in vain. She had broken away from her nurse and would have her mother.

The ear that heeded not a husband's repentant cry, awoke to consciousness at the sounds of baby woe. The white lids lifted, the feeble hands essayed to move. Zella feared she might disturb her, but another imploring glance of the dim eyes decided her, and she placed the babe in its mother's arms and it hushed its sobbings directly.

Frank looked at them a moment, and better thoughts than of late he had cherished awoke in his heart. He thought of the time when Gracy Graham was dearer than anything on earth to him, and he bent over the bed and kissed her white forehead, murmuring—

"God bless my treasures."

Gracy's eyes opened a brief instant at the touch, and closed with a look of sweet content.

For many days Grace Vining hovered on the mysterious boundary that divides us from immortality. She struggled back as in the pangs of a second birth into what we call life; but so ethereal, so spiritual did she look, that it seemed almost impossible she should ever recover her wonted strength and vigor. But for her child, she could almost have taken the parting hand without a tear.

During her illness she had thought much. She saw herself disappointed, crushed, heart-broken. Frank loved her not; how could she live any longer? Life without love seemed not worth a struggle.

She looked at her own conduct: had she done anything to estrange him? She could accuse herself of nothing. He was tired of her looks, perhaps? or had she fallen unconsciously into slatternly habits? She could not think so. She looked at her dress in the glass, white India muslin; to be sure it hung loosely on her just now, on account of her thinness. Her beautiful light hair, that Frank used to smooth so lovingly, was relieved by a roll of black velvet. Was Zella's prettier? Perhaps it was, she thought. It appeared Frank thought so; and here two heavy tears rolled down her cheeks; but she felt them not for the spasm at her heart.

She could find no bill of indictment against herself; but oh! how weary grew her heart as she heard her husband's familiar step here and there throughout the house, but never seeking

her. Oh! for one kind word, one look like the past; for with returning health, Frank's slight show of feeling had all gone, like a summer-dried stream, and she felt, with an indescribable shudder, that if she were in her grave she would not be missed—or it would be a happy miss—to him.

"Deep yawns the grave to mortals,  
On its brink dark horror stands,  
A dark veil hides the portals  
Of that undiscovered land.  
The nightingale's sweet singing  
In its breast can never sound,  
Nor love, her roses flinging,  
Break thro' the mossy ground.

Yet still in that place so lonely,  
Can the peace we've sought for come,  
And man, in its cold depths only,  
Rest in a quiet home.  
And the heart with anguish riven,  
Finds ever on that blest shore,  
From the storms of life a haven,  
Where the pulses beat no more."

—Anon.

Far reaching through the clouds of sorrow, beneath which Grace so meekly bowed her youthful head, she seemed to hear a something not of earth—a solemn tone always calling in the day and in the noon of night. Was it her mother's voice—the voice that used to sing the little lids asleep at twilight's dewy hour, with sacred songs of Bethlehem? Ah! no; 'twas a divine and gracious voice that is forever calling to all the weary sons and daughters of earth, saying:—"Come unto me and I will give you rest." She had wandered far and set up her idols, but she obeyed the inviting voice, and returning found the peace of heaven.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### SHE DIES.

'Tis June—delightful June. The red-eyed sun is rolling lazily down the west. Gigantic shadows are lurking all about the garden. The flowers begin to give out their odorous breath. Grace, Zella and baby are wandering about among the clumps of roses, white and red.

There is a face at the hall window—a white passionate face—a man's face. The wild eyes are fixed on the group below. He talks low, as to himself. Listen—

"Zella, my glorious Zella! You should be loved by a noble being, and not by a guilty wretch like me. My queenly, beautiful Zella. Yes, that's it—'Beautiful!'—'tis a sweet word. My wife is pretty, but Zella is *beautiful!*—Beauty lingers in the clear pure oval of her cheeks, and nestles beneath the heavy curtains of her great grey eyes: it sleeps upon her low sweet brow, and lurks around her pearly mouth. How tenderly she looks at Grace. Ah! there, they see me!"—steps back from the window.

Grace wears a dress of black silk, and Zella has decked her abundant light hair with white roses. Ah! Zella, she will soon be crowned by angels' hands in Eden's happy bowers. Her cheek is like the maple's leaf in autumn,—does it portend decay?—and her black eyes are luminous as stars

Baby Zella is full of tricks. She gathers handfuls of violets and daisies and throws them over her head with a shout, or sticks them in her hair, with a wise, old-fashioned look, in imitation of mamma, or flies down the garden walk like a little fairy. in white frock, blue sash and red morocco boots—her flossy yellow curls floating on the breeze.

The white, distorted fiendish face returns to the window, the fiery eyes intent on the group below. The black hair is tossed wildly about the forehead. He grinds his teeth and strikes his hand heavily against the window sash. He grows calmer.

"Fool! fool!" he mutters. "*I must be calm. She must not know, must not suspect, or she would hate me.* The rose I gave her an hour ago is on her bosom; its white leaves tremble with her perfumed breath. She calls me *brother* in her calm passionless way. What *mockery!* I'd do—what would I *not do* to gain her love?"

Aye, start Frank Vining; well may you start. What thoughts are these in your dark heart, turbid and black as Stygian pools, and fathomless as Erebus?

"*Till death us do part!* Those are the words we said. Well, death comes early—*sometimes.*

"Down! demons, down! take your grip from my heart. There, I breathe freer. Angelic torment, enchanting destroyer,—(they approach,)—vanish I must." He goes.

The time wears towards autumn. Grace goes out on horseback now sometimes; Zella will have it so. The day is cloudy; the sweet southwest is blowing. The sky is full of white scudding clouds. There is company at the Bluffs; Zella and her father, a white haired old gentleman, are there. Zella presides at table, lest the fatigue should be too much for Grace. How fair she looks in cuir-coloured satin; golden arrows loop lightly back from her face those beautiful braids of hair. They look like bands of net-work, so broad, so perfect are they, bowled out on each side of her head, and caught up behind on a golden comb. Her only other ornament is a knot of Forget-me-nots, Frank's gift.

At dinner Zella could not but see something was wrong with Frank—he was restless as the wind, nervous as a murderer. He drank her health continually, to her great embarrassment: and in pouring her out a glass of currant wine, his hand trembled so greatly that he spilled half of it on the table. She wondered but took no notice.

At last the dinner is over, and the last guest gone, and Frank is in his study. As he passed his wife's room he looked in, the door being slightly ajar. She sat by the window, her head bowed on her hand, quite unconscious of her baby's presence, who was playing with her little toys on the carpet. Suddenly the babe looked up at her mother, dropped her toys, and running up to her, put her arms round her neck and kissed her, saying, soothingly—

"Don't ty, mamma, baby Zell ov ou vey mush,"—and she stroked her cheek and tried to raise her head, while the little lips quivered and the eyes filled with tears.

"Darling," said her mother, and caught her to her heart, as if she had nothing else on earth to love.

This was too much for Frank and he sneaked away like a whipped cur to his kennel.

He is alone now. let us look in.

Alone did I say? No; *murder*, blood stained and ghastly, stalks at his side. Fiery passion tugs at his heart; cruelty, haggard and horrible nerves his arm; his eyes roll wildly; great heavy drops stand out on his brow. He staggers to his desk: he appears to look for *something*. He finds it; he closes his hand upon it firmly, and, though it cuts into his flesh, and heavy blood drops plash upon the floor, he feels it,—knows it not. He fixes his eyes on something in the desk: he gazes eagerly, earnestly. 'Tis a note secured by a tiny white ribbon. He grasps and opens it, inside is a curl of golden hair.

He kisses the pretty curl; he winds it tenderly round his fingers; he regards it benignly, worshipfully, as heathens do their idols, saying,

"Deliver me for Thou art my God." So does he feel as he gazes on the pretty curl. He speaks—

"My wife, my gentle Gracy!" Again he strokes the curl. "Save me! save me, Grace! Save me from myself." He flings out his arms in a frantic manner.

"Away! away!" he cries. "I will not—cannot. Oh! my pretty Grace. Leave me, ye fiends!" He hurries to and fro.

"Hark!" he calls, "who speaks?"—goes to the door. "Some one called my name." Returns groaning. He opens his arms and calls beseechingly—

"Return divine and pitying Love: turn not away your shining face from my red and branded brow. Oh still the tempest in my soul; let those bright wings enfold me." A look of calm slowly settles on his face, he smiles softly and speaks—"Oh! bid me go in peace."

Presently he drops *something* hitherto concealed in his hand, on the floor with a shudder and goes out quickly. It falls with a metallic ring. Let us see what it is.

*'Tis a nail—a small iron nail!*

An hour later Frank sought his wife's apartment. She sat by the window, her eyes fixed on the sky, which wore a sheet-like tint, hard and grey, so also did her face. He laid his hand on her shoulder. She shook it off quickly.

"What's the matter, Grace?"

"Nothing."

"*Nothing* makes you look very strangely, then," he replied.

She made no answer, but taking up a book, totally ignored his presence.

"Grace, speak to me."

"Certainly;" laying down the book—"what must I say?"

"What's the reason of your strange conduct?"

"Ask your own heart candidly, and you will be answered."

"This is trifling, madam; explain yourself."

"We will not discuss the subject if you please."

"I must know, Grace."

"You are very wearisome, Frank: pray leave me."

"Once more I ask your reason, Grace?"

"I would have spared you the shame, sir, but since you must—there lies the reason," indicating with her finger a certain spot on the carpet.

He stooped and lifted a soiled and crumpled bit of paper—glanced at it carelessly, upon which his knees seemed to be seized with a sudden weakness. Her eyes were on him; they flashed like avenging lightning.

He staggered to a seat—speech seemed to be denied him; but he retained the paper firmly in his grasp, gazing on it as though it were his death warrant.

The babe, on seeing the paper in her father's hand, ran to him and tried to catch it, crying—

"Mine, papa, mine."

He pushed her petulantly from him.

Grace, perceiving this, ran to the child, and catching her in her arms said, with a majesty which no words can describe,—

"Perjurer! miserable perjurer! add not to your guilt by cruelty to this poor child; wait at least till I'm in my grave, where you wish me to be. No wonder that you tremble! No wonder that the coward blood forsakes your cheeks and stagnates round your black and treacherous heart!"

"Grace," he said, and raised his hand as if in protest.

"Speak not to me!" she cried, with an air of lofty scorn; "henceforth our lives must be divided. Were it not for this poor babe, I would put the ocean between us."

She kissed the child as she spoke, a change passed over her face: her voice trembled with a deep sorrow as she cried—

"Oh! Frank, Frank! that it should ever have come to this between us," and she bowed her head on her baby's shoulder, while bright tears rained from her eyes.

He saw her changed mood and sought to take advantage of it.

"Grace," he said, advancing, "let us be friends and forget and forgive; think no more of this. I will give you no cause of disquiet in the future; my wife is more to me than all the world beside."

She turned her head: she smiled, while a look of deep tenderness illumined her face.

"Go on, Frank, a moment longer," she cried; "so you once used to talk, and I—to listen and believe."

"If you would only overlook this, Grace."

"Must I awake to the sad present to know that lover and husband, both, are gone? Oh, cruel hap!"

"Grace, the time you speak of may return if you will."

"It never, never can. The sorrow you have caused me I would willingly overlook, if only your fancy had strayed; but I believe your heart is wholly turned from me."

"You would not listen to me Grace, or you would have known how deep, how sincere is my remorse for what is past. I sought you to say so; I brought you a repentant, loving heart and you cast it from you with disdain."

"Hypocritical schemer!" she replied, while her bearing grew stately and queen-like as Zella's own, "dare not to speak to me, your injured wife, of repentance and love with that silent witness of your guilt in your hand. *That* is proof, if proof were wanting, of what I long ago suspected. *Man, you love me not.*"

"Where got you this nonsense?"

"The child brought it to me. Where she found it I know not; she ran away before I could ask her."

"Grace, hear me."

"Make no appeal to me with that paper in your hand."

He commenced tearing it; she sprang and caught it.

"Listen to this sweet billet-doux," she cried.

"My glorious Zella! my peri! my heart's passion flower! blooming as eastern bowers, but not for me. Too late, too late I've found you. I must not touch one brad of your shining hair—one fold of your dress; I must not take your hand. Oh! no; it would be treason in the eyes of my insipid-looking wife. Why don't she take the measles or small-pox, and die in time to bless her husband, and save him from being a villain. Oh! the hated, hated gulf between us. We are commanded somewhere—in some book I used to read when I was a foolish child—to 'Pray without ceasing,' and I do pray, but my petition never varies in style or matter. It might be translated thus, (and oh! that it might please the fates to translate her.)—'May the powers of earth or air, some ghoul or goblin grim, ferry my stupid incumbrance of a wife across the sky without delay.'"

During the reading of this paper he had made many efforts to get it from her, but without positive violence was unable to do so.

She laid it down without comment.

"Well," said he, with a laugh that was properly a sneer, "you must feel supremely flattered at my estimate of you, Mrs. Vining."

"I shall make arrangements to go to my father as soon as possible, sir," she rejoined.

"You will make arrangements to go to the moon, madam."

"Poor old man," she continued, rising, "what shall I tell him?"

"Tell him his daughter is married to a villain," he hissed in her ear, and slamming the door was gone.

When he reached his own room he was more like a demon than like a man. He laughed unmeaningly—started up purposeless. What's to be done must be done quickly, thought he. Why should I falter? why should I fail? 'Tis only a moment and 'tis done; and so he gave the reins to passion, and resolved to follow whither the fury led.

Two weeks passed away at the Bluffs, Grace preparing to leave and yet lingering. In all

that time she had never seen Frank. One sunny morning Zella came and insisted she should go and spend the day with her father. The horse was soon saddled and waiting; presently Grace ran down stairs, calling to Zella to come. The next moment a horrible shriek was heard, then the words—

"Save me, Frank! save me."

Zella flew down stairs; as she passed Frank's door she caught a glimpse of his pale face at the window. What a horrible sight met her eyes when she reached the spot.

*Grace was dead!*

The horse had started before she was fairly seated, throwing her on a stone; her head was shattered; the golden curls, spotted with blood, lay quiet in the dust. With a dismal groan, Zella sank down insensible. The serving-man stood over his mistress lamenting wildly.

"Oh! my lady, my dear lady," he cried.

By this time Frank was on the scene.

"My darling," he said,—*"my poor, dear Grace."*

He gave orders to bear the body to the house, but he studiously kept his eyes from the sight of the lifeless clay.

Was it *peace* with him now? The hated gulf was bridged with blood and he was *free*.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE WOOING.

"Aunt Zella, see! pity flows for mamma Dacy's grave," and the child laid a handful of flowers on the grassy mound, not with a shout as in her babyish sports, but seriously, sadly—repeating in a subdued tone,—

"Mamma Dacy's in the dound, Aunt Zella."

"Yes, darling, but don't cry; she's in heaven too, you know," explaining as clearly as she could this seeming paradox to the little learner.

"Es," said the child, with a sigh of relief,—*"mamma's in hebben, too."*

Frank was all that a widower should be. He went nowhere except to Mr. Graham's, and it was *very* natural he should go there—though, strangely enough, when the bereaved father spoke, as he often did, of his lost daughter, the child of his pretty Annie, he (Vining) always grew horribly agitated.

The old man, marking his distress, would often reproach himself for wounding his feelings by mention of his dead wife.

"Forgive me Frank, lad," he sometimes said, "for talking so much of my lost one; but she's always in my thoughts, my darling is, night and day. I shut my eyes sometimes and see her going about my house as she used to with all her pretty ways, you remember, Frank?—(receiving no answer from his disconsolate son-in-law, who at such times always imitated the ostrich, and, burying his face in his handkerchief, appeared literally to wallow in grief). Of course you do; forgive a foolish old man, my boy, forgive me."

Here Frank, making a desperate effort, seemingly, would grasp the old man's hand.

"Poor boy! poor boy; no kinder husband ever was. I hope Zella may find as good."

At this juncture the old man once sprang from his seat, crying out—

"Zounds, boy! spare my knuckles; they're old and rickety like an old worn out chair, and won't stand hard knocks." Seating himself, he continued—"My loss can never be repaired, but yours can."

Here Frank shook his head sadly.

"I sometimes think, Frank, I hear her pony scraping the ground with his feet, as he used to when she'd come home from riding. I would look up and there would be her bright face in the window, peeping in between the curtains, bending over the horse's back. 'Father,' it would be, for she never allowed a servant to dismount her."

There was one thing perfectly unaccountable to Frank, and interfered materially with his plans. Since the death of her sister, Zella's manner had been pointedly cold—nay, freezing as polar snows.

"What could it mean?" he asked himself uneasily. "Can she suspect anything? Can she have noticed anything?" If all should be lost now, he felt that he should go mad—reason would be dethroned.

"And that old dotard continually groaning about his daughter; that's enough to keep her from marrying me. Oh! Zella: to lose you now, what would life be worth?"

It was now more than six months since Grace's death, and Frank could not conceal from himself that, notwithstanding his untiring efforts to overcome Zella's coldness, it remained the same.

What must he do? If he gave her a flower it was not worn in her girdle or her hair, but tossed on the floor, as of no value. It irked him sorely to see it; he clenched his hands in impatient rage.

"Why could he not win her love? What stone was in her heart? what rock of bitterness that all his love could not dissolve?"

If he took her books, she only begged him not to give himself so much trouble.

He was foiled at all points and in despair.

The evening was still and sultry—the sky dark and lowering; thunder clouds frowned in the north. Frank sat in his stately drawing-room alone. Grace was not there to trouble him now, but he seemed oppressed. He shivered; the evening must be cold. He rose and rang the bell furiously—a servant appeared.

"Bring coals—fire instantly."

The man seemed alarmed and disappeared quickly. Going to the kitchen he astounded the servants by the announcement that the "master was daft," as he elegantly expressed it.

"It's joking you are, Mr. Butler," said Bessie Tilton, the upper house-maid.

"Deed thin I'm not, Miss Bessie: I'm feared —." The bell ringing violently cut him short. He opened the door cautiously.

"You indolent scoundrel, how dare you be so slow? Where's the ice? Quick, I'm burning."

"Sure 'twas coals your honor ordered."

"Coals, you lying dog," throwing the scuttle of coals over him, "there, how do you like them yourself? If I had a match, I'd set fire to you. What do you stare at, idiot? off to the kitchen." The last order was quickly obeyed.

"He's clean gone, Mrs. Finnigan, mad as a hatter, he towld me to bring in coals, an whin I tuk em 'twas ice he wanted, an throwed the nasty coals over me. Look, Miss Bessie, I'm a sight to be seen."

Bessie tittered a little laugh, saying, "You always were, you know, Mr. Thomas."

"You flatter me, Miss Bessie, indeed you do," said Thomas, who inferred from the titter, that he was a pleasant sight.

Meanwhile Frank grew more excited; he couldn't rest; he rose, and hurried through the room, crying out—

"Oh, for a human voice, a human face, to break this horrible solitude, the grave could not be worse."

The servants, full of curiosity, were grouped at the opposite door of the room, peeping in, as it was not quite closed.

"Oh my, how he do talk," whispered Finnigan to Bessie, who was shivering with fright.

The wall of the room was ornamented with panels, enclosing mirrors, the whole length of the apartment; he stopped before one of these, looking vacantly at it.

"If I could but hear the patter of my little daughter's feet along the floor," he muttered.

"My daughter. Father Graham weeps for his daughter, but she rests in peace, while I am tormented. Hark! she calls me, *Save me, Frank, save me!* She has cursed me and my riches; she will torment me forever. What is all this splendor to me? Can gold or silver bring rest to the haunted soul? Never, never! Can they shut out that cry from my ears? Never, never! Can riches, or honor, or power gain me the heart I covet? Never! and I scorn it, I despise it, I crush it beneath my feet, perish the dross," and suiting the action to the word, he ground his heel heavily into the bright velvet roses of the carpet, crushing them damagingly. As he raised his head he stood as one transfixed, his gaze was fastened on the mirror; he raised his arm slowly, and as it would seem without any volition, and pointed to the mirror. His face grew white as the dead, he seemed to stiffen into marble.

"What on earth do ail him?" said Thomas, "he be scared at summat."

"How dreadful he do look," whispered Bessie.

"I declare I'm not myself at all," asserted Mrs. Finnigan, without informing her audience whom she thought proper to be.

"She comes," cried Frank, staring wildly, "she rises in my sight, just as she looked when she fell. Away, away, poor shadow,

there's blood upon those glossy curls, she points to it." At this moment the storm which had been slowly gathering, broke over the house. The lightning dashed through the

room, shivering the mirrors, the thunder pealed; Frank fell at the foot of the glass, slightly stunned.

(Conclusion in our next.)

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

BY MISS M. A. S. MASSMAN.

Low, sad and slow, from Afric's distant coast,  
List! the wild wail of sorrow on the breeze;  
Brave Livingstone has fallen at his post,  
Where wave the feath'ry palms, o'er tropic seas;  
Where crimson Cacti bloom amid the trees,  
Where sweeps the lordly Niger to the strand,  
To swell the deeps—sublimest symphonies.  
There fell the martyr, 'mid his scanty band,  
Beneath red *murder's* fiendish arm, far from his  
native land.

Another noble name baptized in blood;  
Henceforth fair *Science* shall adorn thy page,  
And LIVINGSTONE, intrepid, great and good,  
Shall be a beacon light for every age.  
Hero and Martyr did vague thoughts engage  
Thy boyish soul, sporting on the Clyde?  
Of Afric's strand, where the fierce Gallas wage  
Inhuman war; where horrid serpents glide,  
And Jaggas, hideous cannibals, roam o'er the des-  
erts wide.

For thee, Oh Afric' and thy dark brow'd sons,  
Columbia mourns her noblest slain.  
They died heroically 'mid thund'ring guns;  
No battle-cry shall break their rest again.  
Still file thy caravans across the plain,  
And pierce the Pyramids, thy desert air,  
Fierce round Agulhas beats the stormy main;  
Yet, still Columbia mourns the brave who were—  
And will, while one sad mother weeps beside a vac-  
cant chair.

Mother, fond mother, did no vision dread  
Of bloody death afar on barbarous shore  
Affright thee, when thy baby-boy's young head  
Nestled within thine arms? Didst hear the roar  
Of fiendish rage? Didst see the streaming gore?  
When *murder, child of hell* in human shape  
Stalked through the spicy woods. Vain to implore  
For life from hearts like tiger of the Cape,  
Or spotted Pard, or prowling wolf, or loathsome  
crawling snake.

Beled-el-jered! from the mountain sway  
Of Atlas to the fertilizing Nile—  
From Senna-gambia to Agulhas bay—  
*Thou owest a life thrice told for every mile!*  
What though the sweet and starry Jasmine smile—  
Myrtle and Passion-flower faint with bloom,  
And gorgeous plumaged birds the eye beguile—  
Thy sons as cruel are as death or doom;  
As Lion fierce, or Hyena, within the Junglo's  
gloom.

Unknown, perchance, thy grave, if grave thou hast,  
Great-hearted man, forever passed away  
To the dim future's undiscovered land. No blast  
Of death can harm thee more. The breathless clay,  
Perhaps, lies dark and deep. But what can slay  
*The deathless mind of man?* Peace to those gone!  
To Park and Speak, whom nothing could dismay,  
To Laing and to Columbus, and the long,  
Long list of heroes, and to thee, undaunted LIV-  
INGSTONE!

SOLITUDE.

As a general thing men of letters lead lives of solitude. When noble thoughts are to be penned, and great plans and schemes of reform for the amelioration of the races or for the improvement of mankind are to be conceived and matured, great minds retire to solitude and in silence to meditate. And in all the various fields of mental labour and incessant physical toil, how wisely doth it adapt itself to the various faculties and amount of culture possessed by the intellect. Genius is essentially a lover of solitude; there its bright conceptions begin to unfold themselves; there its visions of honour, fame and reward, cast their bright reflections on the future and light its worshippers to worlds unknown. Even men of action have sought and dwelt long amid its peaceful shades. Emerson tells us with his characteristic quaintness and conciseness of expression, that Napoleon had his hours of thought and meditation, where his intellect brightened and expanded, and where his selfish plans of conquest were slowly and silently matured. "To be perfectly

original," says Byron to the Countess of Blessington, "one must write little and reflect much," and where have we a better opportunity to do this than in the privacy of that sanctuary where stillness reigns? But while it has its advantages with reference to the progress and development of the intellect according to temperament and habits of character, it also has its disadvantages. Solitude and society react upon the individual, and to men of thought, culture and scholastic training, the one is as indispensably necessary as the other. In truth, they who *delve* in the mine of literature have need to pass the greater part of their time in quietude and seclusion. It is a pleasing task to reflect upon the lives of literary men, who have spent the most of their time away from the distraction, bustle and noise of the world, and also to consider the effect solitude produces on their character and works. Men of strong passions, and possessed of literary tastes, such as Byron, do well to spend their lives in retirement, and to the seclud-

ed life the author of *Childe Harold* led in Italy, near the woods of Ravenna, and the cloistered stillness of Pisar, we are indebted for the mass of compositions he has bequeathed to posterity.

But we will not deny the fact, when we consider his varied talents, that had he chosen any other sphere of labour he would have been as equally successful. Men of his force of character, endowed with transcendent abilities and impelled by the voice of ambition and of fame, generally choose that occupation most congenial to their tastes. The same remark is applicable to Burns, Shelley and Tennyson, and to men whose intellectual abilities are of a different order. With regard to the former writers, it may be said as one intensely subjective poet expresses it,

"It is their nature to blossom into song  
As is a tree's to leaf itself in April."

Though solitude may be necessary to those who devote their lives to study and reflection, no man, the writer ventures to think, ever became justly celebrated who has not mixed in society and the bustle of the world at certain epochs of his life. Knowledge of mankind thus acquired becomes especially necessary when he retires to the precincts of that cloister where stillness reigns, with no companion save his own thoughts, with no friends but the visions that cheer his loneliness.

Thus Voltaire retired after many years of political servitude, anxiety, disappointment and care, to the woods of Ferney and the romantic scenery around lake Seman, hallowed since by the recollections of many a gifted name. But there are two ways into which solitude divides itself, and men of letters, according to their character and temperament, walk in one or the other. The first is the way of perfect seclusion from our fellow men, a complete isolation from all society, and a distaste some persons invariably feel with regard to its duties and rewards. Such become in time misanthropic and sink into the cynic the sophist and recluse and betray in their character all the weakness and torpidity which habits there formed, confer. Ignorance, conceit, egotism and pride, combined with false wisdom on all the important questions which concern society, generally characterize all those who voluntarily quit the world for study and repose. To be great, to be really useful, we must bear one another's burdens, we must not be content to be a mere looker on in the world's great affairs or in the duties we owe to society, but take our part in it where talent can be recognized, appreciated and rewarded. This is the course pursued by the true philosopher, the philanthropist, and heroes of our race. It is for aims not purely selfish that they labour night and day triumphing over every obstacle and giving to the world a rare example of industry, disinterestedness and virtue. Such men as Thomas Powell Buxton, Cobden and Peabody, are an honour to any people and clime. They combine thought with action, and solitude to them is but a peaceful garden of repose where they enjoy for a time its fragrant odours, its

shady walks and luscious fruits, soon to start again, like the pioneers of civilization, into the world's tangled thickets and mazy paths to break down the barriers that obstruct the advancement of our race. So rapid has been the march of civilization in our day, so enterprising and practical has our race become, that almost all men of tal at have, with some measure of success, combined business with study. It is only when in affliction and distress that we seek for that *freedom* from intrusion and unrest which solitude alone can give.

It is the nurse of old age, it is the sacred sanctuary of the heart's most tender feelings, wounded pride, unreciprocated love, misfortune and distress, seek unconsciously its peaceful shades. There too character is moulded and developed, and the general tendency of the intellect soon makes itself manifest both in thought and action. But one soon wearies with constant self seclusion, especially he who has lived long in the excitement and bustle of society. The strong hours, as Schiller beautifully speaks of time, conquers all deep grief which sends its sharpest pang suddenly to the heart. To men of politics, business and literature, solitude for a time gives its choicest blessing and reward. We carry to its quiet arbours and solemn temples our depressed and enfeebled bodies emaciated by long contests and pursuits too ardently pursued. Then it is we learn to love the rich blessings of humanity, the beautiful and romantic in nature, and enjoy that by-gone freshness of feeling which, to some natures, seldom completely decays. At this season of the year when nature revels in an almost tropical luxuriance of vegetation, how many are seeking her shady solitudes in the country or by the sea shore.

An irrepressible gush of emotion swells in the heart similar to that one feels in childhood, when we hasten away from the close confined air of the city, to linger amid shady groves by mountain rills, or wander by the shores of placid creeks to enjoy the languor of summer morns, or feel its twilight breezes stirring our uplifted hair. Where this is written solitude comes with no sense of anxiety or care, and with no gloomy apprehension of bills not discounted, or of debts unpaid. The mind is occupied with the sights and sounds of nature, and dwells with a sickening sense of fear and dislike upon the commercial speculations and transactions of the counting room, or the rise and fall of stock. Far away the eye gazes upon the dark outline of the distant forest and the shadows of the elm trees reflected on the river. The sky is clear and cloudless and the faint hum of summer birds and falling waters comes to our ears with a strange and unwonted delight. Writing, as we now do, beneath the poplars and beech trees that spread their leafy arms on high, with a portfolio before us, the by-gone hours of early youth come back in all their freshness and beauty, and we feel that as solitude is the school of thought it is also the inspirer of the heart's best affections,

THE FORGET-ME-NOTS,—A TALE.

BY MISS M. A. S. MASSMAN.

DRY, dead, and withered *now*, once full of life, and bloom and beauty, *like her*—and blue as a summer sky. Frail, withered flowers, how vividly do you recall the past, and bring again before me all that I have lost—have worshipped—all which the invisible phantom wings of Death forever hide!

My Idol held these flowers in her dying hand, long years ago, since which I have wandered—wandered through the earth unceasingly, but never, never since, on land or sea, have I found *my lost darling*, my Isabel.

Strathmore Lodge was a low, stone building, with wings attached, with windows opening to the floor in the centre, similar to a door. A balcony encircled the entire building except the back.

The school-room was on the second story, in the South wing, over a pretty thicket, where birds sang all day long, and flirted in the soft twilight of the boughs. There too the nimble squirrel gambolled, and bright wild flowers nodded in the breeze.

The house stood high; a flight of stone steps leading to the lawn, in the centre of which was a fountain, shaded by willow and other trees, beneath whose drooping boughs stood a weeping Niobe of white marble, with clasped hands and bowed head. Gold-fishes dived about the pebbly bottom of the fountain, and pale water-lilies floated gracefully on the surface. An arched iron gate, and stone wall separated the grounds from the highway. This stone wall was thickly lined with trees. Inside the gate was a broad gravel walk, which, presently separating, formed a semi-circle round the lawn, meeting again before the house. Solemn old pines and fragrant cedars stood about, solitary or in a group, with bright flowers twined about their rugged trunks. Another flight of steps, wreathed about, as was the entire balcony, with wild red roses, led from the *South* balcony into the pretty thicket named above.

These roses were everywhere at Strathmore; they threw their bloomy arms across the rough dark stones, clothing them with young life and beauty. They looked audaciously into the chamber windows, and peeped about the grey old gables, throwing the charm of their own bright beauty and fragrance over their strength and sternness. These climbing roses were a very *charm* to Isabel; but I will not anticipate.

On a certain glad, bright morning in the long ago, I, Allan Stormont, tutor to Master Harry Strathmore, only son and heir of Mortimer Strathmore, Esquire, of Strathmore Lodge, stood during recess, at one of the open windows of the school-room mentioned above.

I had arrived only the night before, conse-

quently knew nothing of the family, save my pupil and some of the servants.

As I stood wondering whether I should like my new home, I heard Harry calling—

“Bell! Bell!”

“Here, dear,” replied a soft, musical voice from the thicket beneath my window. Looking instinctively in the direction of the sound, I perceived something white moving among the trees. A low stone fence, ornamented with urns, and a fanciful iron gate, divided the bosage from the court. This, Harry cleared at a bound, and joined the white vision which presently emerged from the leafy thicket, and proved to be a lady, and the owner of the pleasant voice.

Her dress was some white, vapory fabric, that fell away from her full, flexible form in graceful folds, like a floating silver cloud. In figure she was somewhat tall, with a rather small head, a long slender throat, and graceful shoulders. Her hair was very black, and satiny, and slightly waved, and worn in what I thought a lovely fashion. It was brushed away from her face, and the ends looped up behind beneath a fillet of red velvet, which encircled her head, fastening at the side with two red silk tassels. A necklet of red coral clasped her pretty throat. Thus far I noted as she stood with her back toward me, one arm thrown carelessly over Harry’s shoulder, as he stood playing with the tassels of her red silk girdle, while the warm summer wind tossed and retossed his light hair about his boyish face.

Oh, Isabel, my idol! vainly do I attempt to portray the impression stamped upon my soul’s vision in that hour.

She turned and raised her head. I saw a pair of intense grey, glorious eyes, shadowed by long, drooping lashes, and strongly-marked brows; a very white complexion, with dash of the red-rose straying now and then a through her round, velvety cheeks; a forehead broad and full, a straight, short nose, a small, full mouth, and rounded chin; but what impressed me most was the air, the expression of this fascinating woman’s face, for after all that may be written or said of this or that feature, it is the *soul within* that makes or mars an impression—that which looks from the eyes, be they green or grey—that speaks from the heart, be the mouth small or large; and this peerless soul within was what so glorified my darling’s earthly aspect, that for *me* to see her was to love her forever.

As my eyes were riveted on her face, suddenly, as though her attention had been directed to me, she raised her eyes and our glances met. Then it was that I fully recognized that

air of languishing hauteur, which gave such distinction to her appearance; an extra grace, which Nature, all-bountiful mother, reserved for this, her favorite child.

I bowed inwardly before this all-conquering woman; my heart did her homage from that hour. She gazed at me an instant with some little interest, so self-esteem insisted, then turned carelessly away.

At twelve o'clock a luncheon was sent into the school-room for myself and pupil. I had breakfasted early, with Harry only, in consequence, as he informed me, of his father and Bell being out the night previous to a rout at the Firs, the property of a neighboring gentleman named Dash, whose son, Dr. Dash, "a Hummer," as Harry declared, who could fire the best shot, and make his horse jump the highest fence in the country.

At dinner I first met my employer and host, and was introduced in a stiff, perpendicular style to his daughter, Miss Isabel Strathmore. I got through with my dinner after a fashion, scarcely daring to raise my eyes to Isabel's face. When I did, with a great effort, she was not looking at me at all, though exactly opposite. She was looking very serene and proud, and cool as a sea-nymph. As for me I was so nervous and embarrassed at finding myself for the first time among perfect strangers, in the capacity of a subordinate, that I was certain the thermometer had suddenly risen to two hundred. After what seemed to me hours, the servants removed the cloth, and brought in sweet biscuits and home-made wines, the Squire being strictly temperate.

"Will you take Raisin or Orange Wine, Mr.—Mr.—I really forget your name, Sir," said the host, honoring me with a frigid North Pole glance.

"Stormont, Sir," I stammered, in a white heat, that made my collar wilt like a newly transplanted vegetable in a hot sun.

"Isabel, will you take any?"

"A little Currant, Sir."

"You can help yourself, Harry."

When Isabel rose to leave the room, I was about rising to open the door for her to pass, but my employer's icy eye arrested my incomplete presumption, and stayed me, like a block of marble, on the floor—like a mummy in an Egyptian Hall, which has been preserved for a thousand years—or any other piece of inert matter.

What a powerful eye was Mortimer Strathmore's, to awe the audacious and meddling into quiet!

Passing me, he held the door himself until Isabel had passed through.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SNAKE.

The more I saw of Isabel the more I loved her. I am not like many men who can love one object devotedly a month or year, and some other object just as devotedly the next

month or year. I could not do so if I would, and would not if I could.

Isabel, I am sorry to have to admit it, was like her father in one respect, she was very proud, but she had been tutored and taught to believe in her own and her father's grandeur, from the hour of her birth. She had only to speak to be obeyed by obsequious attendants, from the time her infant lips could frame a command, therefore she was not so *wuch* to blame. Herself and Harry were the only children, her mother having died at his birth. If I met her in the grounds, as I often did, a haughty inclination of her queenly head was the only favor bestowed on the poor, solitary tutor, except Harry chanced to be with me, then she would stop and talk to him as tenderly as a dove to its cooing mate; such was her manner for five or six months after my installation at Strathmore Lodge.

I knew it was insanity to think of her, except as something bright and sacred, far beyond my humble grasp. Indeed I never did, at that time; yet something impelled me irresistibly to the walks she haunted with her noble presence, to the fountain where she lingered in the twilight, watching the sunset's royal glories depicted in the still basin, where the pretty spotted fishes hid among the lilies. But Isabel did not always muse beside the fountain alone in the melancholy twilight, listening to the sad night wind moaning among the cedars, and the fountain's dreary splashing.

That "Hummer," Dr. Dash, was very often there, as I well knew by the scent of his Havana wafted to my lurking place, the thicket or copse, whence I could also see the eye of fire on the end of his cigar, ever hovering near the dim, white-robed figure.

One breezy afternoon, I sauntered, after school-hours, down one of the principal avenues. I was listless and moody, but thinking, as ever, of her. The sound of horses' feet smote on my ear; in an instant she dashed past me on horseback, followed by her father's man Grim. I raised my hat as she passed, but she scarcely bestowed a glance upon me. I wandered round the place until wearied out, when I flung myself down on one of the many rustic seats scattered about among the trees. I trifled awhile with Horace and Ovid, holding the volumes in my hand, but thinking more of the far away solemn lig'it in those *very gray* eyes of hers than of all the books written since the deluge. Little did I think, sitting idly by the fountain, that summer afternoon, that my feet were just on the brink of a new and heavenly life. Little did I think that Destiny, or Fate, or what you will, was about to remove the dark, cold clouds from before my face, and lead me willing captive into Love's enchanted land. How is it that we never know when a crisis is approaching in our life? How blind we are! No friendly hand is outstretched through the thick darkness to aid—no kindly voice to cheer. All is hidden from our ken—we stumble on, unknowing whether Joy will

meet us with her radiant face, or pale-eyed Sorrow fold us in her chilling grasp.

I sat there half an hour, perhaps, when I saw Isabel open the low gate of the thicket, and advance in the direction of the fountain, still in her riding habit of dark red or murrey-colored velvet, with a pretty hat of the same material, looped up on one side with crystal links and ruby button, and the face I loved shaded by drooping crimson plumes. The trail of her habit was thrown lightly over one arm, and her riding whip was in her hand.

She approached the fountain, giving me a cold, scant glance and word, and stood watching the fishes. Not wishing to be thought watching, I turned away, and appeared to read my books attentively. Presently a wild, terrible shriek tore through the frightened air. I was on my feet in an instant, looking round for the cause. I soon saw it.

A large snake, of the venomous class, had trailed his slimy length along past Isabel, so that she must step over him in order to leave the fountain. There he lay with neck arched and swollen, head drawn back, eyes sparkling with rage, and scarlet sting protruding, in act to strike. One bound, and I had grasped the monster firmly by the throat, then with a large pocket knife, and the help of Isabel's riding whip, I soon despatched him.

Isabel stood one moment and looked at me. I think it was the first time she really saw me, or at least recognized in me anything beyond a mere drudge—a teaching machine. Suddenly she stepped up to me and kissed my hand, and there were tears—yes, tears of gratitude—each one worth my poor life, on her angel face.

"Mr. Stormont," she exclaimed, "words can never reward you, my future life shall do so."

By this time we were joined by the whole household, who came wondering at the shriek. We gathered round the dead reptile, and examined him at our leisure.

"You did well, Mr. Stormont," said my employer, grimly, "you shall not go unrewarded."

"Oh, Father," said Isabel, while a shiver ran through her frame, "but for Mr. Stormont's courage and promptness, I might have been dead by this time, perhaps."

"Yes, Isabel, he shall be suitably rewarded."

"I did only what any man would have done," I replied, "I wish for no reward."

"Mr. Stormont," rejoined Isabel, *any man* might not have had your courage," and for the second time those very grey eyes lifted me quite out of myself.

"Isabel, you look pale, take my arm," and making me a stiff, formal, drill-sergeant's bow, Mr. Strathmore led his daughter away, but not before she had waved me a kind adieu.

That night I walked in fairy land. No happier mortal breathed. Away with care and depression, I would have none of them. What cared I for her father's frowns? She, my idol,

had smiled upon me. I could live on that smile for days.

### CHAPTER III.

#### CONFESSION, OPPOSITION AND PARTING.

The next morning, Grim, who, by the way, was just as precise as his master, informed me that my presence was desired in the study.

I went down, not without some little trepidation. On knocking, the dry, cold voice of Mortimer Strathmore bade me enter. Motioning me stiffly to a chair, he began—

"I sent for you, Mr. Stormont, that I might express my sense of your very proper conduct yesterday, in rescuing my daughter from great peril." The words "my daughter" were greatly emphasized. "Let this purse, Sir," extending his hand, "be some mark of my gratitude."

"No Sir, no," I replied, "I did not save Miss Strathmore's life for reward. I must decline the money, Sir."

"Young man," trying to awe me into submission with the petrifying glance of his strong eye, "pride is a great sin, a very great sin, especially in one of—of" stopping as if at a loss. Presently he asked, "what then do you expect me to do for you, Sir," elevating his grizzled brows, and assuming a frozen attitude generally.

"Nothing, Sir," I replied, "nothing whatever. I am too happy to have been of service to Miss Strathmore. I thought not of reward."

"As you please, Sir," in a stately manner, rising, "if I can be of service to you at any time, I shall esteem it my duty to do so, good morning, Sir," and our interview was over.

As I passed the front door, in returning, I saw Jack, Harry's servant, dragging away the dead snake. Spying me, he cried out—

"I'd like to make this here reptile a present to Dr. Dash, Sir, fur to stuff fur his cabinet, fur I don't think he'll ever kill one hisself, Sir."

"Ay, ay, Jack."

I heard the rascal mutter to himself something about killing two birds with one stone. Probably he did not refer to me.

When I met my darling now, there was always a blush and smile ready for me, and at last, I, even I, Allan Stormont, tutor, dared to hope that the proud Isabel Strathmore loved me.

When luncheon was sent to the school-room now, there was always some little delicacy of fruit or pastry, with a little note appended, stating it to be for Mr. Stormont. Very often this little attention came in the shape of a bouquet, generally of Forget-me-nots and red and white roses. But Oh, those summer evenings! That glad long ago, when Isabel sat on one of the crimson lounges, that, with stools and music-books and embroidery, generally littered the balcony, with Harry, myself and Shag, Harry's dog, on the steps, and sang those low, exquisite melodies that turn the heart to tears,

such as "Home, sweet home," "Somebody's Darling," "Take me home to die, mother."

Oh my lost, lost Isabel! how can I speak of that blessed time and not die, die away?

After a time Isabel appeared to grow shy of me; she grew pale, and ill at ease, evidently. When she spoke to me I observed more of that tender melancholy that first struck me so forcibly. One night, when I sought the verandah as usual, the couches, the stools, the climbing roses, the soft night air, the glorious moon and stars, all, all were there but her—but without *her* 'twas empty space to me. I went down the steps and entered the copse, and before I was aware, came upon Isabel leaning like a statue against the trunk of a tree.

How beautiful she looked, but how pale! her lovely hair all bright with those red roses she loved to wear; in her fairy-like hands a few sprays of bright-eyed forget-me-nots, and Shag couched at her feet.

"Why, Bell." I stammered, (she had asked me to call her so,) "I was not aware you were here." I stood near her a moment, she made no reply. Directly her eye lighted on a knot of faded flowers that she had given me some days before, and which I still wore in the button-hole of my coat.

"What can possess you, Allan, to wear those wretched old flowers," she asked petulantly, with a dash of the old hauteur flitting over her pale face.

"Because—because—I—I—"

"Because what? Surely the gardener will not refuse you a fresh nosegay. Here, Shag," and pulling them suddenly from my coat, she threw them into the air for the dog to catch.

"Oh Isabel," was all I could say.

"Now, Allan, you could not possibly value those old dead flowers."

"More than anything on earth, except the hand that gave them," I answered, for I saw that much was at stake. I trembled in every limb. She made no reply, but turned away her head.

"I could not help loving you, Isabel. Forgive me, my friend, and forget the poor tutor's presumption—forget that I have learned to love you better than life."

She made no answer. I scarcely knew what to think.

"Will you give me these, Isabel?" I asked, touching the flowers in her delicate hands, which I saw were trembling. "Let me carry to my obscurity some memento of the only bright spot in my desolate life. Speak, Isabel, I implore you!"

She turned impulsively at my objuration, as if to speak, then stopped and walked haughtily away a few paces. I was dismayed.

"Miss Strathmore." I faltered, "pardon me, I have erred."

Quickly she turned, and putting the flowers into my eager hands, gave me a look of trust and confidence, and said, "Take them,

Allan, and my heart with them, since you prize it."

"Dear Isabel, the poor tutor is unworthy of your love."

"No, no, she cried, 'tis I who am unworthy, but Love, the conqueror, who has vanquished even me—will sanctify me—will ennoble me, I trust, for your sake, Allan."

"Dear Isabel, the study of my future life shall be to make you happy. But what of Dr. Dash?"

"Don't mention him, please, Allan, he has no heart—he don't know what Love is, except by name," and tears were falling from her blessed eyes.

Those forget-me-nots, hallowed by her tears, by Love's first sacred breath, and embalmed in the dear memory of the dead past, I gaze on as I write, far more precious in their decay than aught on earth, except the shrouded form long ago laid to rest in its dark bosom.

Suddenly an icy voice, a ghostly, sepulchral voice, the voice of Mortimer Strathmore, said, "Young man, leave the room and the house—you are dismissed from my service—and remember, if I catch you lurking about the grounds, I'll set the dog on you. Miss Strathmore, take my arm," and he led her away.

The next day, as I was crossing one of the streets of the small town adjoining Strathmore Lodge, I heard my name called, and turning, I saw Harry.

"We are to leave to-morrow, for England," said he. "Mr. Stormont, Isabel sends you her love, and bids you cherish the flowers she sends you till you meet again. We start at four this afternoon."

I took a slip of paper from my pocket and wrote in pencil, "Fidelis ad urnam,"—faithful to the grave—and charged him to give it into her own hand.

I watched the carriage leave the Lodge, and saw the distant wave of a white hand, and watched from the shore, as long as my tear-blurred eyes could discern the outlines of that drooping, graceful form.

## CHAPTER IV.

### WEDDED BLISS AND DEATH.

Four years passed away in which I heard nothing of Isabel Strathmore, but her image still reigned as brightly in my heart, as when I first learned to love her.

I was standing at the boat landing of the town above mentioned, in a listless, wretched mood, one dreary rainy afternoon. I could not bring myself to leave the place where I had first learned the joyful grief of love. I had been thrust out of my Eden, but memory, sacred to her trust, still held in sad remembrance the rainbow glories of the past. Still did I seem to see my Isabel's form out on the dark river, as she faded from my sight on that morning long ago; the echoes of her voice still lingered in my heart of hearts, as it will forever.

A steamboat was nearing the wharf—she anchored, and I watched with listless eye the disembarkation. What was it in the air, the turn of the head, the haughty languor of one of two women closely veiled, who were just stepping from the boat as I observed them, that sent such a thrill to my heart as had not surged through its sluggish pulses since she left?

I followed them to one of the principal hotels, which they entered. Shortly after I sauntered in, and looking down the list of arrivals, read the name of Miss Strathmore and servant, of Strathmore Lodge.

Ascertaining the number of her apartment, I sent in my name. The next instant I was gazing on the sad splendor of the dusky eyes I loved so well.

I cannot describe that meeting; I must leave it to the imagination. We were married quietly that evening, and I took my darling, mine now, to a pretty cottage I had rented on the outskirts of the town. To say that we were happy sounds weak and flat and tame in comparison with the reality.

After our marriage Isabel told me something of what happened while she tarried from me. Her father said she must give me up unconditionally—there must be no half measures, and she had told him that she would not marry me, and would forget me if she could—"for you know, Allan dearest," she added, "I was very proud; I had been taught to be so. Forgive me dearest," taking my huge hand in her childish fingers, "Love has conquered me."

"I tried to forget you, Allan, to please my father, but as well might the river cease to flow onward to the sea, or Cape jasmins blossom under Alpine snows. I could not forget you, and my health failed, (she had grown very thin and white, and I noticed, as she talked, she seemed oppressed for breath.) My father took me to all the lovely spots in the old world, but I heeded not, I was thinking of other scenes and happier hours, of our happy evenings on the old balcony, with the sad night wind sighing through the cedars round the fountain, of how you looked when I threw away the forget-me-nots, and I was wretched. I told my father, at last, if he did not wish to see me die, to bring me home."

"To marry that—"

"I'll not tell you what he said, Allan," (still holding my hand close in hers.)

"Yes," I replied, "I will marry him."

"Then," said he, "from this hour you cease to be my daughter. Never come into my presence again."

"I am as proud as himself, and needed no second dismissal. My maid sold a few of my jewels to pay our passage, for I could not ask for money. Doubtless my father supposed I would repent of my rashness; but no, my heart had been too deeply wounded by those unkind words; I would have left him had I perished in the streets. Next day we sailed for America without having seen my father."

As the days wore on, my darling grew fragile as a snow-flake. Her cheek rivalled the hues of the dying sunset, or the bright maple leaves that waved before our cottage door, which had now put on their scarlet autumn dress. I did not think of real danger, though her light step grew heavy, and the bright veins on her polished forehead stood out distinctly. Her splendid eyes grew bright as stars, but were always full of a sweet love-light for me. *There could not be danger.*

"My dearest, must I leave you—must we part so soon? Oh, Allan, this is worse than death! How can I leave you for the dark, cold grave? We have been so happy here. Oh, Allan, this is hard indeed!"

"Talk not of death, Isabel, I implore you, or my heart will break. You will live many happy years to bless me, darling."

"Do you think there is any hope, love? I feel as if there were none. But how can I die, Allan, and go away, I know not whither, while you still linger here? And you will miss me, you will mourn for me, love"—here tears stopped her utterance, and I was fain to restrain myself, to give the comfort I could not feel.

Day was breaking. I had wheeled her couch to the window for air.

"Roll up the blind, Allan, I would see the sunrise once more, and oh that I might live to see Harry again. Dear boy, he'll grieve for Isabel. Allan, love, you'll come to my grave sometimes?"

"Dear, dear wife, how can I give you up, what shall I do without you? Isabel, if you must go, your place of rest will be the dearest spot on earth to me."

This seemed to satisfy her.

"And now bring me the little casket from my dressing table, Allan."

When I had brought it, she took from it a ring and a knot of faded forget-me-nots.

"This ring, Allan, give to Harry, if you should ever see him, with his sister's dying love."

I promised obedience.

"Now take me in your arms, love, I'm weary."

I rested the beauteous head, with its wealth of silken hair, on my breast, but my tears fell on the dying face.

"Allan—husband—friend—don't weep," she gasped, "there are no tears in heaven, whither I hope to go."

She took the forget-me-nots in her thin, feeble hand.

"Allan," she asked, "do you remember these? I wickedly threw them into the air for Shag to catch, but I loved you dearly all the time and I was fighting against it. I went back afterwards and picked them up, and put them among my treasures."

"Keep them for my sake, Allan, till death sorrow forever passed away, we meet in the land that is very far off."

I bent over and kissed the dear face, and the hand that held the flowers.

"The last—the last" she faltered. "Tell father I forgive him. Sing, Allan, sing."

I tried to comply, but could not for my tears.

"Poor boy," she said, "you will not forget Isabel." She then sang in a low, faltering voice—

"We would see Jesus, for the shadows lengthen  
Across this little landscape of our life,  
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen,  
For the last conflict, for the final strife."

The voice ceased abruptly; there was a gurgling sound, the red blood rushed from Isabel's mouth; her white dress was dyed with the crimson tide. I was alone. Isabel Strathmore was with her God.

*Too late* her unnatural father repented of his cruelty. I saw him stand beside his daughter's grave in speechless sorrow.

Twenty summers have the roses blossomed on my darling's grave, but she is not forgotten. Soon I shall rest beside her in the silent dust—for so Harry has promised—and these *sacred flowers* shall rest in my lifeless hand.

## THE LASSIE I KEN.

BY W. M.

There's a bonnie young lassie I ken,  
Down amang yon green knowes,  
Where the wee burnie roves,  
Stands the cot of the lassie I ken.

Her charms wha could paint with a pen?  
Neath the sun's gowden ray,  
There's nae flower half so gay,  
As the bonnie young lassie I ken.

The violet blooms sweet in its den;  
But sweet tho' it be,

It's no half sae to me  
As the bonnie young lassie I ken.

She staw my heart first in yon glen,  
And ever sinsyne  
I've had nae peace o' min'  
For the thoughts o' the lassie I ken.

Wi' her a blythe life I could open,  
For her e'e's a bright blue,  
And her heart's leal an' true—  
She's an angel, the lassie I ken.

## UNCLE JOHN'S STORY.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY E. S. J.

### CHAPTER I.

I HAD come to spend a week's summer holidays with my Uncle John, whose fertile and well cultivated farm lands are situated in that part of our Province, sometimes and most inaptly styled the "Black North." Promises of excellent fishing had proved sufficient to induce me to accept a long-standing invitation from my uncle to make him a short visit at his home in Restigouche.

The fishing I found to be all that one could desire. The trout were large in size, in fine condition, and there were plenty of them; affording such sport as might make water the mouths of those of our St. John anglers who content themselves with hovering about the over-fished streams and lakes in the vicinity of the city.

During the first few days of my stay the weather was remarkably fine—too much so to last long—but on the fourth or fifth day a change took place, and the rain descended in torrents. Of course this, for the time, put a stop to our sport, and we were compelled to remain in doors, and await, as patiently as possible, the departure of the dripping canopy of clouds, in order to resume our operations among the finny tribes.

The first part of the day, until dinner time, I passed in doing my best to amuse a troop of chubby-faced, auburn-haired youngsters—I had almost called them *red-haired*, but it will not do to forget that the little rascals are my own cousins. In the afternoon Uncle John took me into his "museum," as he styled a good-sized, well-lighted room, with windows looking out to the rear, and which was conveniently fitted up for the reception and safe-keeping of such little nick-nacks and curiosities as he had, with considerable perseverance, managed to gather together. A pair of glass cases contained, respectively, a fair collection of shells and corals, and one of stones and minerals. In two or three small cabinets, evidently of home manufacture, was entombed a little host of insects, of various species, including a brilliant gathering of butterflies of almost every variety and hue. Besides these there were many other objects of interest, "too numerous to mention," but one which chiefly attracted my attention was an old-fashioned, silver hunting-cased watch, which was carefully enclosed in a glass-covered box, that also contained two small, conical-shaped bullets, alike in size and pattern.

On taking the watch in my hand, and inspecting it more carefully, I noticed that it had received some pretty hard usage. The case was sprung and battered, and upon the front, close to the rim, was a deep indentation, seemingly caused by a heavy blow, which had also destroyed the face, stripping it almost bare of its covering of white enamel.

As I expressed some surprise that he did not have it put in order and set going, my uncle replied that it had done enough for him already, having once been the means of saving his life, and so it was his intention, in consideration of past services, to allow it to retire from active service during the remainder of its existence.

"Save your life," I exclaimed in a tone of wonderment, "When—how?"

"It's a long story," he replied, "though not wholly devoid of interest, and, if you wish, we will take a chair by the window, and you shall hear it, or as much of it as you choose to listen to."

To this I readily agreed, for not only did I feel desirous to learn something further concerning the matter, but I also anticipated that this would be a pleasant way to relieve the tedium of a wet and disagreeable afternoon. So, taking a chair by the window as desired, I signified my readiness to hear the story, which my uncle accordingly commenced in words, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows:--

"Early in the summer of 185— I found myself out of employment and also considerably of pocket. Some eighteen months previously I had very foolishly disposed of my farm, which had been given me by your grandfather, and which consisted of a hundred acres of as pretty a piece of interval as one could wish to turn a furrow in, in order to obtain means to embark in the lumbering business, at which I imagined I could make a great deal of money in a very short time. You see I was young and hot-headed, and looked upon farming as being altogether too slow a way of getting on in the world. I wanted to get rich suddenly, and thinking that the path to fortune lay through the lumber woods, I resolved to seek and find it there. And so the farm was sold, and I obtained instead a government permit or license to cut timber on a tract of wooded land, watered by a tributary of the Miramichi.

Part of my ready money I laid out in provisions, clothing, axes, and such other articles as I supposed would be necessary in carrying on my lumbering operations. What little remained was carefully laid aside as a kind of reserve, in case the venture did not turn out quite as successfully as I anticipated. The low state of my funds would not permit me to hire many hands, but I was fortunate enough to secure the services of a couple of experienced lumbermen, who consented to work for me on consideration of receiving a fair share of the profits, whatever they might be. I afterwards managed to hire several yokes of oxen, making a somewhat similar bargain with the owner. All preparations were now complete, and by the

time winter had fairly set we were ready to go to work.

Well, that winter we got out a great number of fine, heavy pine logs, which, in the spring, were sawn into deals and boards and shipped to an English market on speculation. As it happened, this sort of timber was in great demand there, and the whole lot met with a speedy sale at a very satisfactory rate, so that when all demands were paid off and accounts squared, I found myself in possession of something over three hundred pounds.

Feeling considerably elated with my success so far—for a success it was, considering the many drawbacks I had to contend with—I resolved to commence operations on a larger scale in the coming fall. Accordingly, when the time came, I hired more men and oxen than I had before, and not only spent all my money, but went in debt to the amount of as much more, or as far as my credit would allow me to go. Knowing little or nothing of the precarious and uncertain nature of the pursuit in which I was engaged, I very simply imagined that because on one occasion a certain quantity of timber sold for one thousand pounds, it was only necessary, on another, to increase that quantity two or three fold in order to swell the cash receipts in like proportion. Had my reasoning in this respect proved to be quite correct, no doubt I should have made a handsome thing of it, for during that winter and spring I manufactured and shipped a very great deal more timber than in the previous season, but unfortunately a great change had taken place since the time of my last shipment, and the market prices, which then ruled high, were now just the opposite. The consequence was, that as I was obliged to sell my stuff at once to enable me to take up my notes, which were rapidly coming due, I did so at a considerable sacrifice, and found that the proceeds of the sale were little more than sufficient to satisfy the demands of my creditors, thus leaving me, notwithstanding all my pains and labor, with actually less money than I had started with a year and a half before. This was, indeed, a great and bitter disappointment to me, but it had the effect of opening my eyes to see my folly in exchanging the comparatively easy and pleasant life of a farmer for the laborious existence of a lumberman.

Thus it was that matters stood at the time spoken of in the beginning of my story.

## CHAPTER II.

About this time the gold mines of California were attracting universal attention, and the fame thereof extended even to the out-of-the-way country settlement where I was then staying. Stories were told of certain fortunate individuals, who, though starting off almost penniless, had, after one or two years' stay in that wonderful country, returned home literally loaded down with the precious shining metal. This suited my taste exactly, and I asked myself why I could not go and do likewise. Because

I had not succeeded in one undertaking, it was no reason why I should fail in another. Others beside myself had lost money at lumbering, but I knew not a single instance of a man losing any at gold-digging. To be sure I did not exactly know any one who had become rich in this way, but I had heard of plenty, which amounted to very nearly the same thing. The upshot of my brief deliberations was that I concluded to go to California, and that with as little delay as possible. It did not take me long to get ready. The few goods and chattels in my possession, consisting principally of some articles appertaining to the lumber-camp, were sold for what they would bring. This done, I was speedily on my way to Saint John; on arriving there I pushed on without delay to New York, *via* Boston, per steamer and rail.

In the Empire City I stopped awhile to look around me, and make enquiries as to the best route to take to reach the "Golden State." I learned that the through line to San Francisco, *via* the Isthmus, was most popular, it being considered the safest and most speedy.

Having resolved to proceed on my journey by this route, I one afternoon stepped into a ticket agent's office in Canal street for the purpose of procuring a ticket. While there, I noticed that a man, who stood leaning against the counter, and who appeared to have come on a similar errand, was regarding me attentively. As I looked up he accosted me with—

"Thinking of going to California, stranger, are you?"

I replied that such was my intention.

"You have never been there before, of course. Do you intend to go alone or in company?"

"Alone," I returned. "I don't suppose there will be any great difficulty in doing so."

"Perhaps not; but it would be as well for a person who has not been around that district before to go along with some one that has.—You see, society is in a sort of mixed up state there just now; it's a spot of ground where every one is for himself, and the bowie-knife for all."

"Then you have been there yourself?" I asked.

"Yes sir I have, and I've seen some pretty tough times there, too. I thought when I left there last fall I shouldn't care about going back, but somehow I've changed my mind since then, and I expect to be at my old quarters again before many weeks."

The tickets now being ready, we took them and walked out of the office and up the street together. As we did so I took the liberty of scrutinizing my newly made acquaintance more closely. He was a middle-aged man, of average height, well formed, with rather handsome features, and a frank and honest expression of countenance. For a time we moved along without speaking: I pondering in my mind the advisability of trusting this man, of whom I knew nothing, so far as to propose that we should journey together. The very fact of his evincing so sudden an interest in my affairs tended

to make me somewhat suspicious, and I inwardly resolved not to commit myself too far until I learned something further concerning him.

By the time I had come to this conclusion my companion inquired if I had ever been in New York before. I replied that I had not, and he thereupon kindly offered to show me round a bit. To this I thankfully agreed, and we spent the remainder of the afternoon in passing from one point of interest to another in the great metropolis. During this time we had an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with each other. My new acquaintance informed me that his name was John Brent, and that he belonged to Albany, where he formerly carried on business as a retail grocer. A few years ago he left the store in charge of his wife and eldest son, then a youth of sixteen, and joined the eager thousands who were flocking to the gold fields of California. At first he was quite unsuccessful, but afterwards more fortunate, and was beginning to gather a golden harvest when a letter from his wife brought him word of the dangerous illness of his only daughter. Returning home with all possible speed, he arrived there just in time to follow to the grave the corpse of his favorite child. Since then home did not seem like home to him, and he had again started for California, in hopes of diverting his mind from the loss which he had suffered.

Once, towards the close of his touching narrative, the man's tone and lip seemed to quiver involuntarily; it was but for a moment, and might have escaped the notice of any but the closest observer, but it was sufficient to stamp with truth the words that he uttered, and dispel all my doubts concerning the honesty of the speaker. Being satisfied on this point, I became sufficiently communicative to give in turn a short account of myself and the circumstances which led me to think of going to California. Thus engaged the hours slipped pleasantly by until the time came for us to separate, which we did with an agreement to meet next day, in order to proceed with our sight seeing in such parts of the city as we had not yet visited.

During the few days that elapsed before the departure of the steamer in which we had taken passage, Brent and I were a great part of the time together. Indeed, had it not been for him, I, all unknowing and unknown, must have been very lonely in this great city. By his advice I purchased my outfit in New York, he assuring me that I could get it there for less than half the money it would cost in San Francisco. This I found to be actually the case.

On the following Saturday the steamship with us on board swung from the pier and stood down the bay towards the narrows. Gaily she sped onward as if rejoicing in her newly restored freedom, the powerful paddles beating the encircling water into a sheet of foam, in her impetuous haste to reach the open sea beyond. Soon the island forts, and then Sandy Hook were left behind, and Manhattan Island, with

its beautiful surroundings, were lost to view. I need not stop to describe our outward trip. We made a speedy and pleasant run to Aspinwall, whence we took the cars to Panama, on the Pacific side of the Isthmus, where we found another steamer ready to convey us to the place of our destination. From the time we left Panama the weather continued almost perfect, and on the twenty-second day after leaving New York, the vessel was steaming through the Golden Gate, and the magnificent bay and terraced city of San Francisco opened to our delighted gaze.

On landing from the steamer, Brent, who appeared to be very well acquainted with the place, took me to the "What Cheer House," kept by an enterprising New Englander named Woodward, where we found the "cheer" to be very good indeed, and that too, at a very moderate charge. Before being permitted to partake of the aforesaid cheer, however, we were politely informed that it would be necessary to settle in advance for anything we might choose to order. The no credit system was the invariable rule in this model establishment, and extended to board and lodging alike.

When about to leave San Francisco, Brent made a most generous proposition, viz., that we should enter into a kind of co-partnership, and work together, sharing, as equally as possible, both the labor and the gains. Remembering that I was only a "green hand" at the work, I at first hesitated about accepting the offer, but as my friend appeared hurt at this, I changed my mind and agreed to the plan, and so we shook hands over it, and the bargain was complete.

Next morning we left the city, bound for the "diggings," each mounted on a lank, raw-boned, powerful mustang, and leading a third, laden with a well-selected stock of supplies, ammunition, mining implements, &c., sufficient to stock a small country grocery. A journey of about two hundred miles brought us to the spot that we selected on which to pitch our tent. It was very pleasantly situated on the Stanislaus River, not far from Sonora, in Tuolumne County, one of the richest gold-yielding districts in California. The work of setting up our tent, and getting things in order generally, occupied the first day after our arrival on the camping ground. Next morning we set up our cradle and commenced operations. That day's work convinced us that the place had been judiciously chosen: we gathered about six ounces of gold dust, worth nearly one hundred dollars.

As, perhaps, few persons who have not visited the gold regions have any idea of the construction of that useful little machine, the *cradle*, a brief description may not be amiss. Its name is obviously derived from a similarly formed, well known article of household furniture, very commonly used throughout all civilized countries to put wakeful and—but I digress. It is by no means a complicated arrangement, consisting merely of a strong wooden box, from three to four feet long, and about

half as wide and deep. The top is open at the front end, the other half being covered with a square, iron-bottomed box, provided with a number of holes to allow the disintegrated washings to fall through into the receptacle beneath. The machine is mounted on rockers, which enable the operator to impart to it a continual, swaying motion, thus shaking the lumps of "dirt" together, until the mass is completely broken down, and carried by a stream of water, supplied to it by hand, into the lower box, whence the water escapes, carrying with it the light earthy particles, through an opening left for the purpose in the front end, while the precious "dust" itself sinks to the bottom.

### CHAPTER III.

Merrily we worked on through the bright, sunny, summer days, and our pile of dust became larger and more heavy. Merrily, I say, we worked, for I was in exceedingly good humor as I beheld our leathern treasure bags assuming a most delightful rotundity, and my partner too, though at first he was quiet, almost to sadness, soon caught sufficient of my spirit to cause him to work away with an ardor almost equal to my own. The labor of digging earth, carrying it to the washer, and rocking the cradle, we performed by turns. Though by no means a light or easy task, it did not require much skill, and I soon became quite used to it. Indeed, Brent frequently declared that I got through with a greater amount of work than he did. This might have been the case, as my whole heart was in it, while his often seemed to be very far away.

One evening, at the close of an unusually successful day's washing, having enriched ourselves by nearly ten ounces of glittering dust and nuggets, my partner said:

"It appears to me, John, that we had better look about for some safe place to stow away our dust; it's getting rather too heavy to carry about with us, and it won't do to have it lying about too loosely. Accidents of a somewhat unpleasant nature sometimes happen in these parts, you know."

To this I assented, and he continued,

"I have been thinking the matter over of late, and have an idea which I think would answer for the present. We have an empty powder can, not in use,—suppose we make this our Savings-bank, ensuring its safety by burying it in the ground, near to the surface; then when we want to make a deposit, we need only throw aside the surface earth and take out the plug. What do you think of the plan?"

I thought it an exceedingly good one, and told him so; accordingly we proceeded to put it in execution. First we poured our gold into the flask, the neck of which we closed with a wooden stopper, and then it was placed in a shallow hole, dug for it in one corner of the tent, after which we filled up the surrounding space, and scattered the remaining earth outside.

So far we had not been troubled with too much company. With the exception of some miners, passing to or from their more distant claims, or perchance an occasional visitor from Sonora, we seldom looked upon a human face excepting each other's.

The disturbed state of the ground bore evidence of the recent working of the adjoining *placers*, but the late occupants were now gone, probably drawn away by reports, as likely to prove false as true, of richer discoveries in another quarter. We were not sorry for this, seeing that it allowed us to work away without being inconvenienced by inquisitive or troublesome neighbours. Happy would it have been for us had we been allowed to remain so, but, unfortunately, we were not.

One afternoon, which found me seated on a large stone close by the river, busily employed in working the rocker with one hand, while with the other I supplied the machine with water by means of a large tin dipper, I observed a man approaching the spot where I sat. As he drew near I glanced up, without pausing in my work, to take a view of him.

He was a rather short but muscular looking fellow, with sandy hair and whiskers, heavy eyebrows to match, and a pair of sharp, glittering, grey eyes beneath them. On his head he wore a dirty white felt kossuth, next in order came what might once have been a white duck shirt, but which now matched the hat exceedingly well. Corduroy trousers and a pair of heavy cow-hide boots completed his attire.

His equipments consisted of an old military knapsack, strapped upon his back and half hidden by a large washing pan, of a pattern then much used by solitary miners who had not the means of procuring a cradle, and a leather belt in which was stuck a revolver and a nasty looking bowie knife.

"Hello, stranger," he commenced, sauntering up:—"purty good site, eh?"

"Just so so," I replied in a dry tone, not liking his appearance.

"Used ter be a decent sort of a spot, but thar's ben so many chaps rootin' an' scratchin' through it that it had ort to be nigh about clean-out by this time."

"Probably it is," was my reply.

"Was thinkin' of squattin' down somewhar round these diggin's myself. D'ye s'pose thur'd be a chance for a feller here?"

"You might do better," replied I, not caring to hold out any inducement for him to remain.

"An' p'raps agin I might do worse."

"Perhaps you might," I returned, very coolly.

"Wall, thar's no harm tryin'. enyhow, an' ef I don't make a thunderin' heap, I can't lose much, that's sartain."

Winding up his observation with a broad grin at what he seemingly considered an unusually good joke, the fellow gave me a short nod, and walked off as leisurely as he came.

In a few minutes afterwards Brent made his appearance, for he had been digging at the

*placer*, some little distance away, at this time. I told him of the circumstance, and he seemed to be no better pleased than myself with the prospect of having such a neighbor. "Still," said he, "seeing that we cannot prevent his coming, it will be as well to treat him civilly, should we chance to meet, at the same time keeping a sharp eye on his movements."

A day or two passed by without a reappearance of our visitor, but just when we were considering ourselves well rid of him, I discovered the fellow a short distance up the river, sitting on his knapsack, and seemingly employed in washing out a panful of earth.

On pointing him out to Brent, he merely observed, after taking a prolonged survey of the stranger, "Well, I must confess I don't much like the man's looks, but we may not be troubled with him long, for it is my intention, if you have no objection, to start for San Francisco in a few days."

"What!" I exclaimed, "and abandon our claim?"

"Why, yes; it's not nearly so productive as as it was at first. Besides, I should like to see our treasure in a place of safety, for we must have nearly ten thousand dollars worth of gold by this time."

"Very well," said I, "of course you know best."

It was arranged that we should work on for a fortnight longer, and then return to San Francisco. I resolved to make as much as possible the remainder of our stay, and the consequence was that we not infrequently took from six to ten ounces of dust from the cradle, as the result of one day's operations.

All this time our new neighbor, who, by the way, called himself Bill Folyard, appeared to be trying his best to work himself into our friendship and confidence. He apparently passed his waking hours in panning earth, fishing, and hanging about our tent, allotting about an equal portion of time to each employment.

The deep dislike I had taken to the man at first sight was only intensified as I saw more of him. There was something unreal about him that I could not fathom, and which made me suspect him of playing a part for some hidden object.

At length the day for our departure arrived, and everything was in readiness for the start. Our gold dust was sewed up in a couple of belts, one of which each of us wore about our waist, and a heavy enough weight it was for comfort.

The heavier portion of our luggage was disposed of by throwing it into the river, and the lighter articles were bundled upon the backs of our gallant mustangs, or at least of the two remaining ones, for the third had mysteriously disappeared a few weeks previously.

"Now," said Brent, "is all ready?"

"Everything," I replied.

"Then get up and let us be off."

I placed my foot in the stirrup and was about to vault into the saddle, when a low exclamation

tion of surprise from Brent caused me to stop and look towards him. He was looking intently towards an opening among the trees which covered the river's bank. Glancing in the same direction, I beheld the figure of a man, whom I knew to be Folyard, mounted on a horse, and riding towards us.

"Hello," exclaimed that individual, when near enough for conversation, "yer not off, ayr you?"

"If we are not, we very soon will be," said Brent.

"Which way ayr you bound?"

Brent hesitated for a moment and then replied—"To San Francisco."

"Wall I'm blessed if this aint singler. I've just started for that are place myself, and trotted down ter see you before I left."

My partner and I exchanged glances but said nothing, seeing which the man continued,

"I feared I'd have to go it alone, but it seems we're all goin' the same way, an' I guess we'd better make up a crowd an' jog on together."

I felt annoyed at the fellow's impudence, but Brent did not seem to notice it, and merely answered—

"Very well. And now we had better be moving before the sun becomes too strong."

In a few moments more we were in our saddles and pushing forward at a brisk pace. Once during the morning, when Folyard had ridden on in advance, I took the opportunity to ask Brent what he thought of all this.

"I think," was his reply, "that the scoundrel has overheard us talking of leaving this place, and, for some reason of his own, does not want to part company just yet. We need not show him that we suspect anything, but if he attempts to act ugly we'll cut him short at once,"—and he tapped the butt of his revolver significantly.

After this nothing very unusual occurred until we arrived at Sonora, where we purposed to obtain supplies and stay for the night.

Early dawn next morning found us up and off again. We travelled steadily until the heat of the sun became so oppressive that we were obliged to halt a while by the side of a stream of water, to rest and refresh ourselves and our horses. After an hour or so passed thus, we again mounted our good steeds and pushed forward on our journey, nor did we stop until twilight had deepened into darkness, relieved only by the light of the twinkling stars.

While engaged in securing our beasts for the night, Brent, with the pretence of rendering some assistance, came towards me and said in a low tone—

"Both of us must not sleep at once to-night, Tom; that fellow is worth watch'ng."

I nodded, and we turned to where Folyard was sitting upon the grass, taking from his knapsack a variety of catables, together with a bottle of "old rye." On his invitation we partook of some buscuit and cold ham, but declined tasting the whiskey, preferring to quench

our thirst with the pure, cold water of a spring close by.

It was arranged between my partner and me that the night should be equally divided into two watches, he taking the first and I the second. And so we passed the night—Folyard apparently sleeping soundly all the time.

Several days and nights passed very much in the manner above described, and then we crossed the San Joaquin, and soon afterwards the Coast Mountains.

One day, wearied with a long morning's ride beneath a hot sun, we reached a way-side inn, where we found several miners belonging to a "prospecting party," awaiting the arrival of some companions who were to overtake them there. Brent, who had met with one of the number before, was desirous of staying at this place till next morning, and I was more than willing that we should, neither of us having had an unbroken night's rest since we left Sonora. Folyard strongly opposed this arrangement, calling it a mere waste of time, but, upon receiving a quiet hint that it was not absolutely necessary for him to wait, he decided to remain.

The strangers proved to be a free-and-easy lot of fellows, and in their company we spent a happy evening until bedtime, when our worthy host showed Brent and me to our room, and, after we had closed and fastened the door as securely as possible, I had hardly time to undress and jump into bed before I was fast asleep.

Next morning we took an early breakfast and prepared to continue our journey. Before starting, the landlord gave Brent a small box, containing some specimens of quartz, which he requested him to carry to San Francisco in order to have them tested. This he promised to do, and taking leave of our host, and bidding him remember us to his friends of last evening who had not yet made their appearance, we rode on at an easy canter.

As was our custom, we travelled without halting until the heat of the sun made riding uncomfortable. Early in the afternoon we came to a cool and shaded spot which seemed so inviting that we resolved to rest awhile and eat our linner there.

We must have ridden about an hour and got over a considerable extent of ground, when Brent, who rode in advance of Folyard and me, suddenly drew rein and exclaimed—

"How stupid I am; I've left that box of quartz at the place where we eat our dinner."

We all stopped and a discussion took place as to whether we should return for the box or leave it behind us. I favored the latter course, saying that it was a pity to loose so much time for a few pieces of quartz; but my partner was not satisfied with this, thinking that as he promised to deliver the parcel he was bound to perform it. Folyard suggested that one of us should go back for the box, while the two others waited there for him. This plan was quickly

agreed to, and I, having the best animal of the three, was despatched on the errand.

Urging my horse to a sharp trot, I speedily reached our late stopping place, and finding the missing article without any difficulty, hastened back to rejoin my companions.

On arriving at the spot where I left them, they were not to be seen. Greatly surprised at this I called out their names, and immediately I heard an answering shout from among the trees by the wayside.

Dismounting and leading my horse to the place from whence the sound came, a terrible sight met my gaze. Stretched upon the ground, still and deathlike, lay the form of John Brent, and by his side knelt Folyard, supporting with his arm the head of the prostrate man. With a cry of horror I pushed him aside, and, stooping, placed my hand upon my partner's brow, but no life was there—our partnership was dissolved forever!

Rising to my feet, I turned to Folyard and sternly demanded of him whose hand had done this murderous deed. I need not repeat the man's words. He told me that when I left them he and Brent withdrew from the open road, and sat down in this place to wait for me. Before many minutes had elapsed they were startled by hearing a rustling and whispering among the trees, and the next moment three men armed with revolvers rushed forward and fired upon them. Brent sank back at the first shot, and though he (Folyard) managed to draw his revolver and fire at them, he was very soon overpowered and thrown to the ground. This done, two of the villains proceeded to search him, while the other did the same with poor Brent: and then, having secured what plunder they could, they decamped.

"It is very strange that they didn't take the horses with them," said I.

"They struck into the woods whar the brutes wouldn't be no use to 'em."

"And is that the reason why they left the revolvers also?" I asked, pointing to his and then to Brent's.

"They'd plenty of their own an' didn't want 'em I s'pose," answered Folyard doggedly.

"Didn't you say that you had a scuffle with the ruffians before they got you down?"

"We had a tall sort of a scrimmage fur a while, but they were rayther too many fur me an' scon tucked me under."

"And all this took place without so much as trampling down the grass beneath your feet."

"D'ye mean to say I lie about it?" asked Folyard in a fierce tone.

"I do mean to say," I replied, "that there was no such struggle as you speak of on this ground."

"Yer a liar!"

As the fellow uttered these words the hot blood rushed to my head and I was about to throw myself upon him, when like a flash his revolver was levelled at my breast.

"I wouldn't try that game on ef I was you: ye might run agin somethin' as wouldn't agree

with yer inside. There now, that'll do," he added, as I drew back a step; "jest hold on fur a shake or two—I'll not keep ye waitin' long. Ye think I lied about the shootin' scrape; I s'pose ye'd say it was me me that stiffened yer friend thar. Wall, p'raps yer about right; but it would have been better fur ye not to showed yerself quite so knowin'. It wouldn't do to have ye goin' an' blabbin' the thing round,—might get me into a mess, ye know,—so I'll have to stop yer tongue from doin' any more talkin' about it."

He ceased speaking and I saw the hammer of the pistol rise as he deliberately pressed the trigger. Springing backwards, I attempted to draw my revolver, but before I could do so he fired. At the same instant I stumbled over some obstacle and fell heavily to the ground, striking my head upon an exposed root of a tree, and all was darkness.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Returning consciousness found me lying upon my back, just where I fell, in a very confused state of mind, and a very sore and uncomfortable condition of body. For a few minutes I lay there with my eyes half open, trying to remember what had happened to me, but as my ideas were extremely vague and undefined, I gave it up, and essayed to get upon my feet. On looking around, the first thing that I discovered was the white face of the dead man, who lay within a few feet of where I stood; and the , as the recollection of that terrible scene came rushing through my brain, I pressed my hands upon my throbbing temples, and endeavored to collect my scattered thoughts. Soon all became clear. I knew that Folyard had fired at me, and then, doubtlessly, supposing me dead, had taken from me my belt containing the gold-dust, and left me lying on the ground by the side of his other victim. As I thought of the man's treachery, a stern resolve arose within me to seek the cold-blooded monster and bring him to account for this day's work.

I quickly decided upon a course of action. Remembering having passed a small log cabin on the road, at no great distance from where I was, I determined to set out for it at once. A tramp of about half an hour brought me to the door. In answer to my knock it was opened by a man having the appearance of a laborer, who admitted me to a small and poorly furnished room, where a woman was engaged in preparing the evening meal. Seating myself on a low stool, I brie y acquainted him with the state of affairs, and asked him to come with me and fetch the body of the murdered man.

To this he readily consented, and having first constructed a sort of hand-barrow with a couple of short poles and some slats of wood, we left the house together, and in an hour or so returned, bearing with us our lifeless burthen, which we laid down in a back room adjoining the kitchen.

It was now late in the evening, and after having refreshed myself by washing my face and hands at a running brook in rear of the house, I sat down to a very plain supper, of which home-made bread and butter, and strong black tea, sweetened with molasses, were the principal constituents. I did not go to bed that night, indeed I fear that the dwellers in that humble abode would have had some difficulty in providing an extra bed for my use, had I desired it.

For a couple of hours I sat reading an old tattered magazine by the flickering light of a smoky oil lamp. Then laying the book down upon the table, my arms upon the book, and my head upon my arms, I fell fast asleep, nor did I awake until I was aroused by the sound of footsteps in the room. On opening my eyes, I found it was day-light, and the folks of the house were up and stirring.

Before breakfast I took out my watch, (for it was still in my pocket,) in order to wind it up. Much to my surprise I found it in a bent and broken condition, just as it remains to this day. Utterly at a loss to account for this, I looked at the watch a few minutes, and replaced it in my pocket. On doing so it hit against some hard object. I took it out again, and then with my thumb and finger brought from my pocket a small leaden bullet. If I was surprised before I was doubly so now. I felt that this bullet must have been intended for me; but it had struck and stopped the watch instead of my heart, at which it was aimed by the villain, Folyard.

Wrapping the watch and bullet in a piece of paper, I put them in my pocket again, and sitting down at the table, I ate a hearty meal of boiled trout and potatoes, washed down with a mug of sweet cider.

After breakfast I resolved to proceed to the tavern where Brent and I had last put up. My object in doing this was two-fold. In the first place I wished to inform the miners there of what had transpired, in hopes that they would render me some assistance in hunting up the murderer of my late partner. In the second place I wanted to get a horse to carry me to San Francisco, for I had an instinctive idea that I should find Folyard there, if anywhere.

At the outset I anticipated a long and weary tramp, but, as it happened, when a few miles on my way, I heard the sound of horses' hoofs behind me. In a few minutes two horsemen rode up, and on addressing them, I learned that they were the parties for whom the miners at the inn were waiting. Of course it was no longer necessary for me to proceed further, so giving them a message for Brent's acquaintance at the inn, I walked back to the cabin.

Feverish with impatience, I waited until evening for an answer to my message, and then it came in the form of the entire "prospecting party," and with them, to my delight, came my own mustang. It had, they informed me, trotted into the inn-yard with an empty saddle

early that morning, causing them to fear that some accident had befallen the rider.

When I gave them the particulars of the murder of my friend, and my own narrow escape, together with the robbery of the gold dust belonging to both, they expressed their earnest sympathy and offered to aid me, so far as it lay in their power, in finding out the whereabouts of the perpetrator of this triple crime.

After considerable discussion, it was decided that the burial of poor Brent should take place that evening, and that in the morning I should start for San Francisco, accompanied by one of the miners who thought he could recognise Folyard, in case we should be fortunate enough to come across him.

A rough board coffin was soon prepared and in it the body was laid; then four of the men raised it upon their shoulders and carried it to the grave, which was already dugged by two others, in a pretty, shaded spot by the brook's side. I had not the heart to assist then, but watched the proceedings with a sad and bitter feeling within my breast. I saw the coffin lowered into the grave and the earth thrown back upon it, and then I turned from the place and walking away from the sight of the others, I threw myself upon the ground and wept like a child.

After a time I became more composed, and rising made my way back to the cabin. The miners were lying upon the grass before the door, some smoking and others talking. In half an hour or so supper was ready. I sat down with the rest, but ate only a few mouthfuls; I was too sad and dejected to think of eating.

Shortly after dark we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and slept till morning in the open air.

As it had been agreed upon the night before, we separated immediately after breakfast, I and one of the miners, whose name was Martin, taking the road to the city, and the others returning to the inn.

We arrived in San Francisco that evening about nine o'clock, and after refreshing ourselves at a restaurant, we sought out a magistrate, and made before him a statement of facts relating to the murder and robbery. This done, that gentleman took us to the residence of the Superintendent of Police, and finding that official at home, he was speedily put in possession of the facts of the case. He did not appear to be nearly so sanguine as I was of finding Folyard in the city, but took down a carefully written description of the man to put in the hands of the police.

It was settled that Martin and I should stay in the Superintendent's house that night, as it was now rather late to seek lodgings elsewhere. On being shown to our room, we were not long in getting beneath the sheets, which is about the last that I can remember of that day's proceedings.

Next morning we breakfasted with the Police officer in his private room. While thus engaged he informed us of the manner in which he purposed making the search for the man Folyard. Martin and I were to be completely disguised, and despatched in different directions, each accompanied by an experienced detective. He told us that there was a steamship to leave that morning for Panama, and as it was possible that the man might attempt to leave the country in that way, it would be as well to have an eye upon it.

On rising from the table he led us into an adjoining room, which contained such a variety of old coats, trousers, hats, &c., as to give it the appearance of a second hand clothing store. At one end of the room was a toilet table and wash-stand, above which was suspended a large mirror. To begin with, my beard and whiskers were shaved off and my hair cropped closely. These were replaced by a grey wig and whiskers. Next I donned a pair of snuff-colored breeches and an old silk vest, topped with a faded russet cord coat. In the meanwhile Martin was being transformed into a jolly Jack tar in a reefing jacket and loose trousers.

"There," said the officer, when we had finished dressing, "I think you will pass observation, if you only play your parts well; and now to business. You two must go down to the steamer and place yourselves where you can see every body that goes aboard. If you happen to get your eye upon your man, do not lose sight of him, and you will find plenty of assistance at hand should it be required.

With these instructions we left the house and proceeded in the direction of the steamboat wharf. We arrived there at an early hour, and were obliged to wait some time before the passengers began to make their appearance.

As the time for the departure of the steamer drew nigh, the bustle of preparation commenced. At the sound of the first bell Martin and I moved up on either side of the platform which connected the steamer with the wharf, so that we could have a fair view of all who passed over.

For about ten minutes I stood intently watching the faces of the scores of strangers who moved past me, and then a man, carrying a travelling valise, the sight of whom made my heart bound again, stepped upon the platform. He, too, was disguised, but it needed only the glitter of that grey, serpent-like eye to tell me that he was the man I sought.

I beckoned to a couple of policemen who stood close by, and followed him to the vessel's deck. Hardly had he set his foot upon it, when his arms were pinioned to his side, and in spite of his struggles to free himself, he was handcuffed and a prisoner.

I need not take time to describe at length the events that followed. Folyard was taken before a magistrate, and after a preliminary examination, was fully committed for the murder and robbery.

In due time the trial took place. The room was filled with spectators. At ten o'clock the prisoner was led in, guarded by two constables. I was, of course, the principal witness for the prosecution. As my name was called, and I walked to the witness box, the prisoner became pale as death, and shook like a man in a fit. He had not seen me since the morning of his arrest, when he could not have known me.

If anything was wanting to clearly prove the guilt of the prisoner, (whose name, it appeared was William Crowley, and not Folyard as he had called himself,) it was supplied by a very small thing indeed. Prior to the trial, the body of John Brent was disinterred and the bullet extracted from the wound which had caused his death. This was now laid before the court, along with the one which had shattered my watch, and a few others that were taken from a revolver found upon the person of the prisoner. The bullets were precisely alike, and both they and the weapon were of English manufacture, and differed in many respects from the famous "Colt" pattern, then almost altogether used in the United States.

The two belts containing the gold dust, which were found in the prisoner's valise, were next produced. On ripping them slightly my name was found on the inside of one, while the other bore that of John Brent. The evidence against the prisoner was so strong and crushing that when the Judge had summed up and delivered his charge, the jury returned a verdict of GUILTY without leaving the box, and the Judge pronounced the sentence of death.

The sentence was never carried out. On the morning appointed for the execution, Crowley's cell door was opened, and he was discovered hanging to the iron bars of his window by a rope, which he had made by tearing his shirt into strips and twisting them together.

I had no longer any desire to remain in California; the sad and untimely fate of poor Brent, who, under a rough exterior, possessed many sterling qualities, had a serious effect upon my spirits, and rendered the country hateful to me. The recovery of the greater portion of our gold put me in possession of over ten thousand dollars, half of which I was anxious to place in the hands of Brent's family. Arranging my business concerns, I took passage for New York, where I arrived safely without any incident worthy of mention. My first duty was to proceed to Albany, find out Brent's family, inform them of his death, and place in their hands his share of our savings. I had no difficulty in finding them; his widow and eldest son still carried on the grocery store. The time that had elapsed since Brent's last letter had almost prepared them for sad intelligence. Placing in their hands one half of the money realized from the sale of our gold, I bade them farewell and returned to New Brunswick. Having now had a trial of several occupations, I purchased this farm, fully convinced that there are worse cares in the world than those of a farmer.

REVIEWS.

POLITICAL NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS, by G. E. Fenety, (Queen's Printer,) Fredericton, N. B.,—S. R. Miller.

This addition to the native literature of our Province, has now been before the public for some two months, and has been reviewed and criticized freely in the newspapers; by some of them indeed with more acrimony than judgment. The general scope and plan of the work is sufficiently simple. It is in effect a history of the rise and progress of responsible government in New Brunswick, and if the author's intention of bringing the work down to the present day is carried out, it will undeniably, form one of the most interesting and instructive books ever offered to the people of this Province. As we recede from the period when the old system flourished, when the antiquated ideas that the many were made to be governed and the few to govern prevailed, when a close oligarchy opposed itself to that policy of progress combined with economy, which has become the Alpha and Omega of our politicians, it is more difficult for us to realize the abuses of the old order of things or appreciate the advantages of the new, unless some work such as the one before us, is at hand, to serve as a mirror of the bygone times. A new generation has grown up since the downfall of the old system, and one much more eager to look forward to the "promise of the future" than recall the abuses of the past.

The author of this book brings to his aid many advantages for the task he has undertaken. For a quarter of a century he was an active worker in the same political field in which the advocates of responsible government toiled. He conducted the leading newspaper of his party throughout that period, and he is able to recur to the leading events and characters who figured in that portion of our history with the vivid recollection of personal familiarity. Some exceptions have been taken to the style of the work, but this is a matter of merely secondary importance in a book such as this. The author is certainly not a master of that polished and smooth flowing English prose which some fortunate authors have at their command, but he has a style of his own which, if not equally graceful may be quite as useful. There is a native vigor about his sentences, which in the eyes of most readers, will atone for many faults—and it is impossible not to feel that the writer is depicting scenes with which he is himself familiar, and in which he has had a prominent part.

In his preface, the author disclaims all feeling of partizanship in reference to the subject of which he treats; but, unless we are greatly in error, he will find it all but impossible to keep his promise. Nor are we among those who believe that the quality of thorough impartiality is a necessary one in such a work as

this. Responsible Government is now fixed on a secure basis, and no one pretends openly, to deny its excellence—although, no doubt some of the dethroned families secretly long for a return of the old system. This being the case, it would add nothing to the value of this book, and probably diminish its interest considerably if it was written in the cold blooded and impartial style of Hallam. Fortunately, however, for his undertaking, the author has either not attempted to carry out or has entirely forgotten the promise in his preface—for the introductory chapter which describes the political state of the Province before the agitation for Responsible Government commenced, is so powerfully written, and in a strain so much more like the address of an advocate than the charge of a Judge, that it is impossible for any one to read it without experiencing the liveliest indignation at the old system and its supporters. This is not precisely the effect that the "soberness of History" of which the author speaks is calculated to produce—although, we regret to see him use so unmeaning a phrase: "the soberness of history," being merely a hackneyed conventional apology for the dullness and incapacity of historians.

When another number of Mr. Fenety's work is before the public, we will be able to enter more fully into a study of the times of which he writes, and furnish an article which will both edify and amuse our readers. But we cannot now take leave of this work without expressing the hope, that its reception will be sufficiently favorable to justify the immediate and speedy issue of the remaining numbers, and we trust that it will prove as remunerative to the author as it is likely to be valuable to the public at large.

TWICE TAKEN: an Historical Romance of the British Maritime Provinces; by Charles W. Hall. Boston, Lee & Shephard; St. John, J. & A. McMillan.

To paint the rude scenes of forest life among the wigwams of Indians and the huts of the early French settlers of Acadia, seems to have been the task allotted to this author. We are inclined to be envious when we think that this work should have been written by an American, knowing how much there is of Romance connected with the early history of our country to enlist the sympathies and engage the pens of our countrymen. There is a mine of historic and romantic literature to be worked by the student of this or a later day, and we trust that when the flag of the Dominion shall wave proudly over all the confederated states, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, we shall endeavor to preserve from oblivion many a faded annal of the past, or weave into romantic fiction, as Mr. Hall has done, scraps of legendary lore.

We cannot but say that the work before us will stamp its author as a gentleman of extensive reading, culture and taste, and bears evidence of being well and carefully prepared. His style is admirable, and cannot be too highly recommended. His language is correct, chaste and eloquent, and his taste so perfect as to lead him to reject all superfluous images, whilst his vivid imagination transports the reader to scenes of a bygone age. We seem in fancy to dwell among the dark children of the forest by the misty shores of the Basin of Minas, and to hear the guns from the fortress of Louisburg booming in our ears. The story is founded upon scenes connected with the siege of that famous little city, once, as the author terms it, the Gibraltar of the Gallic power in America. His characters, which occupy no great prominence in the recital of the narrative, are drawn with skill and distinctness, and would lead one to expect for him great success in this department of literature. But the great charm of the book is the graphic descriptions he has given us of its various scenes, and the intense love of Nature which seems to pervade the heart of the writer. In this respect it bears a strong resemblance to some of the earlier writings of Cooper. In his own eloquent language he says, "He has tried to tell this story as it should be told, in words redolent with the resinous fragrance of the forest air; passionate as the lives and characters of the races they strive to portray; musical with the ripple of waves, the swaying of boughs, the rush of the gliding canoe, the many sounds of the forest, terrible and solemn, with the strong passions of mortals, the strife of warring men and raging elements, the mystery of the soul's existence after death." We wish to see more works of this kind, blending fiction with fact, concerning the early history of our country. The petty strifes arising from the subjugation of it from the power of the French, the labors of the Jesuits among the Indians, and the strong, ungovernable passions of the latter, must afford materials for much historic and instructive composition.

**PAPETA**; a Story, abridged and arranged from the Diary and Private papers of Mr. Eugene Murat; by James Murray D'Carteret Odévaine. St. John: J. & A. McMillan.

To many minds there is no kind of composition so attractive and fascinating as a good novel. To depict the manners and customs of society, and portray in language eloquent and pure, the various phases of human character, its prejudices, interests and passions, to construct a plot and describe scenes that will startle and please the reader, requires no inconsiderable degree of art, ability and skill. The style of the novel bears some resemblance to that of the drama. In the success of the former mere word painting does not suffice. There must be that happy blending of the dramatic and picturesque which will give to each

character a distinct individuality. It is this characteristic feature so highly observed in the writings of Dickens and Scott, that gives to them so great a preeminence in this department of literature. We think that this power to portray character and scenes in a style natural and life-like, so that the imagination can see as with the eye of reality, is one of the highest triumphs of genius and art. It is this dramatic element in the book before us which so highly commends it to our notice. It is not our purpose here to enter into any detail concerning the plot of this work, but merely to commend it to the notice of our readers. When we think of the boldness of the attempt in publishing a work of its kind in a city like ours, where so little fame or pecuniary profit is to be derived, we cannot but award him some meed of praise. The writer is evidently a person of culture and refinement, but one, we think, whose taste has been vitiated by too close a study of the romantic school of fiction, and it is, we venture to think, to the light and entertaining works of the French novelists, that we must look for a counterpart to this volume. It is a capital book for summer reading, as the style is peculiarly epigrammatic and would be read with pleasure at the sea side or in the country. The writer might have enlarged his work by a more skilful delineation of the scenes connected with the story, thus giving his readers some evidence of his powers of description, but as it is founded upon fact he has preferred the autobiographical form. In this we think he was in error. He should have adhered to the original intention of embodying his scenes into the form of a romance, which would make the work more pleasing and interesting, and would thus afford him an opportunity to display his knowledge of character and power as a writer to the best advantage. Had he adopted this method, we venture to say, judging from the dramatic element in the work, his copious flow of language and vivid imaginative power, it would have given its author a just and enduring reputation.

**THE NEW DOMINION**: a Poem, by W. R. M. Burtis, St. John.—J. & A. McMillan:—

It would be well if all that is written as poetry could serve a purpose, and give an author that share of celebrity for which he sighs. But, unfortunately, there are those who publish, whose rhymes do not rise above mediocrity, and which seem so puerile and rapid that the writers are often under a compliment to those who take time to peruse them. We think the author of the poem now before us may be numbered with the list of those aspirants for poetical honours, who seek to exalt a *principle* at the sacrifice of all rules which govern metrical composition. Genius is the eye that sees, but art guides the hand of the writer. Unfortunately, in the work now on our table, there is manifest evidence of neither the ability to conceive thoughts that the public can admire, nor

that power of art to skilfully arrange them. To say that we have been disappointed in the little work, would be simply to express the opinion of all those who have read it, and we cannot imagine how the author, with his experience, culture and taste, could venture to submit it to the public. He is well known as a contributor to our literature, having written a very agreeable essay on "New Brunswick as a home for emigrants." But however much he may excel in prose, it is evident his *forte* is not poetry. As it is the highest and noblest form of composition, it requires the finest mind capable of weaving its magic fictions into soft, flowing and melodious verse. The style of the present work is very faulty, the conception is obscure and nonsensical, and the versification harshly incorrect. Phrenologically speaking, we would say the author is very deficient in the organ of tune. We regret that space will not admit us inserting some of the most musical passages; but as the work is small and published at a low price, we commend it to the public as a literary curiosity.

THE MAGAZINES.

HARPER'S, for July.—As usual, this popular American magazine is overflowing with good things. Those spirited sketches, *The Dodge Club's adventures*, continue to attract attention, whilst the rest of the contents are interesting and amusing.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY, Boston, Mass.—The June number of this serial is a capital one. Mr. Whipple, the gentleman who lectured in our city last year, if we mistake not, contributes an article on Shakspeare; Mr. L. C. Davis one about comic actors; and Mr. Higginson, Miss Larcona, Miss Appleton, Mrs. Austin and others, supply stories, poems, sketches, &c. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are the proprietors, as well as of EVERY SATURDAY, which we have also just received.

The same firm publish a very clever magazine for the young, entitled 'Our Young Folks.' Every child should have it.

Mr. G. N. Beek, St. John, has sent us PLEASANT HOURS, a New York monthly, containing some good sketches and engravings; GODEY'S and PETERSON'S Magazines, which are invaluable to ladies, both on account of the Fashion plates and pleasant reading they contain; THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE, London, edited by Dr. Guthrie; THE ARGOSY, London; and GOOD WORDS, London: all of which are well known to our readers.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—This instructive and valuable publication for this month fully maintains its already well established reputation as an authority on the speciality which it professes. The publishers are Fowler & Wells, New York.

We are indebted to the editor, Thomas H. Burrowes, of Lancaster, Pa., for the PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL JOURNAL. This brochure deals chiefly with educational subjects, which are handled with considerable ability; the criticisms on new publications are impartially written, and, typographically, it looks well.

CASSELL'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.—This splendid work, which is now being issued in monthly parts, at 6d each, by the well-known firm of Cassell, Petter & Galpin, of London and New York, should be in the hands of every one. The fifth number has just been published, and all who desire to subscribe should without delay leave their names at the bookstore of Messrs. J. & A. McMillan of this city, and receive regularly every month a number, until the whole volume is completed. An illustration of some notable person is to be had with every copy. The type is clear and legible, the paper excellent, and the whole "get up" faultless. We trust our readers will not lose this opportunity to secure a most valuable dictionary.

AT ROTHSAY.

BY W. S.

Pleasant it is with soft airs gently blowing,  
To sit and muse by rock and field and hill,  
And trace unto their fount the brooklets flowing,  
While rapturous joys the ecstatic senses fill;  
To feel the time-worn freshness of old feeling  
Make glad the heart and lighten the dim eye,  
Recalling scenes of other days gone by,  
While fondest memories o'er the heart are stealing.  
Ah! happy they whom nature silent teaches  
True wisdom and the lore of human things;  
To such from homely pages still she preaches  
How great God is, whose heavenly anthem rings  
Thro' all the seasons in their march sublime,  
Led by the changeful hours of fleeting time.

I love this fresh, green spot and river shore—  
The gloomy rocks that overlook the tide—  
For they to me some cherish'd dreams restore  
Of one who walked here gently by my side,  
Fair in the dawn of beauty and of youth,  
Upon whose brow there dwelt the light of truth.  
All scenes are sacred unto him who feels  
Fresh inspiration drawn from hours like these,  
And thoughts now rise the heart in vain conceals,  
Linked with a chord of tender melodies.  
Thus Nature's influence stirs the impassion'd heart—  
A language speaks for all its various moods  
Of sadness and deep joy; nor shall these dreams depart,  
For they shall cheer life's studious solitudes.

## METEOROLOGICAL

SUMMARY OF METEOROLOGIC OBSERVATIONS, for March, April and May, 1867, made at St. John, N. B. Lat. 45° 16' N.; Long. 66° 03' W.—G. MURDOCH.

	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.
<b>THERMOMETER—Highest—degrees</b> .....	46°·00	50°·00	68°·00
“ date.....	31st.	26th.	28th.
<b>Lowest—degrees</b> .....	5·00	23·00	31·00
“ date.....	3rd.	13th.	4th.
<b>Oscillation for month</b> .....	41·00	27·00	37·00
“ daily—mean.....	12·30	8·80	9·00
<b>Warmest day—meand</b> .....	38·00	42·30	58·70
“ date.....	26th.	16th.	28th.
<b>Coldest day—meand</b> .....	10·70	28·30	37·30
“ date.....	3rd.	13th.	4th.
<b>Mean—6 A. M.</b> .....	20·42	32·53	48·13
“ 2 P. M.....	31·61	41·20	52·32
“ 10 P. M.....	25·16	35·40	47·87
“ of readings.....	25·75	36·38	46·44
“ 7 years.....	27·70	37·42	47·23
<b>BAROMETER—Highest—inches</b> .....	30·586	30·312	30·484
“ date.....	6th.	29th.	4th.
<b>Lowest—inches</b> .....	29·220	29·414	29·531
“ date.....	2nd.	6th.	15th.
<b>Range for month</b> .....	1·366	0·898	0·953
“ daily—mean.....	0·240	0·234	0·130
<b>Greatest mean daily pressure</b> .....	30·482	30·306	30·462
“ date.....	6th.	29th.	4th.
<b>Least mean daily pressure</b> .....	29·317	29·446	29·556
“ date.....	30th.	2nd.	15th.
<b>Mean pressure 8 A. M.</b> .....	30·028	29·902	29·985
“ 2 P. M.....	29·990	29·899	29·870
“ 10 P. M.....	30·004	29·896	29·885
“ of readings.....	30·007	29·899	29·881
“ 7 years.....	29·864	29·946	29·820
<b>FORCE OF VAPOR—Greatest—inches</b> .....	0·225	0·277	0·503
“ date.....	26th.	16th.	9th.
<b>Least—inches</b> .....	0·040	0·096	0·156
“ date.....	16th.	12th.	3rd.
<b>Mean 8 A. M.</b> .....	0·093	0·175	0·258
“ 2 P. M.....	0·124	0·193	0·290
“ 10 P. M.....	0·101	0·171	0·256
“ of readings.....	0·106	0·183	0·268
<b>RELATIVE HUMIDITY—Greatest—per cent</b> .....	91 p. c.	100 p. c.	100 p. c.
“ date.....	26th.	15th.	1st.
<b>Least—per cent</b> .....	36 p. c.	46 p. c.	40 p. c.
“ date.....	6th.	14th.	28th.
<b>Mean 8 A. M.</b> .....	71 p. c.	82 p. c.	78 p. c.
“ 2 P. M.....	67	80	74
“ 10 P. M.....	71	81	84
“ of readings.....	70	81	78
<b>WIND 2 P. M. E. to S. W.—Days</b> .....	5 days.	17 days.	23 days.
W. to N. E. “.....	26 “	13 “	8 “
Most prevalent.....	N. W.	S. W.	S. W.
<b>PRECIPITATION—Rain or Snow Fell</b> .....	7 days.	10 days.	14 days.
“ “.....	7 nights.	12 nights.	9 nights.
<b>Snow for month—inches</b> .....	17·750	18·000	nil.
<b>Rain “</b> .....	1·350	2·555	5·760
<b>Melted Snow and Rain</b> .....	3·610	4·420	5·760
<b>Avg. 7 years</b> .....	4·680	3·831	4·712

Our Puzzle Department.

This department is exclusively devoted to ladies, and none but they are permitted to compete for the prizes. To the lady answering the most puzzles we will award a copy of the *Diamond Edition* of the Poems of TENNYSON or LONGFELLOW. All solutions must reach our office before the 1st of September next. The name of the successful competitor will not be inserted without her sanction.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1, Poker,—2, Tyrant,—3, Crinoline,—4, A faint heart never won a fair lady.

*Transpositions*.—1, Kent and Northumberland,—2, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto,—3, Windsor, Digby, Pictou and Halifax;—5, The best horse needs breaking, and the most apt child needs teaching,—6. Waterloo, Bannockburn, Trafalgar and Bosworth Field

*Cryptographs*.—1, 'The "Boarder's lament,"  
Hash for breakfast,  
Hash for dinner,  
Hash for supper,  
Hash! [alarms;

2—And the wild kiss when fresh from war's  
My HERCULES, my ROMAN ANTONY,  
My mailed BACCHUS leapt into my arms,  
Contented there to die.

TENNYSON.

Three gentlemen, E. A. Craig, E. G. Nelson and E. Dimock, answered all. Lots were drawn and resulted in favor of Mr. E. A. Craig, to whom the prize was given.

REBUSES.

1.—The throat, an article of food, a mineral, belonging to a fish, to move, before.

The initials of these spell my whole, which is a man's name.

2.—A preposition, a portion of the body, an animal, an esulent root.

My whole is a lady's name.

ACROSTICS.

3.—An article without which we could not live, and what pertains to it—

1. A lady's name.
2. Another.
3. The same.
4. Ditto.
5. Ditto.

4.—An animal and where it is often seen—

1. A city in Canada.
2. Another.
3. A county in Ireland.
4. A town in New Brunswick.
5. A city in Scotland.

NAMES OF PLACES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED: IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

5.—Mountainous regions and a corporate town.

6.—A large collection of trees and the body of a plant.

IN NOVA SCOTIA.

7.—An animal and a country seat.

DECAPITATIONS.

8.—Behead a beverage and leave a place of amusement.

9.—Behead a place and leave a cup.

10.—Behead a water course and leave water.

11.

ENIGMAS.

I consist of 55 letters—

My 52, 22, 6, 44, 19, 27, 22 is nothing.

" 48, 38, 1, 28, 46, 32, 24, 8, 4 is a capillary decoration often worn by young ladies.

" 15, 36, 5, 3, 43, 25, 40, 33, 2, 41, 17, 11, 30, 1, 9, 14, 13, 24, 39 was eagerly looked for by young ladies about ten years ago.

" 54, 29, 15, 34 is what nearly every lady has.

" 10, 45, 14, 15, 53, 51 is a lady's name,

" 40, 23, 55, 35, 10, 22, 20, 41, 49, 18 is particularly interesting to young ladies.

" 38, 15, 31, 7, 29, 32, 47, 40, 12, 16, 52, 21, 14 also adds considerably to their enjoyment.

" 37, 50, 26, 6, 45 is what many of the fair sex do.

" 42, 11, 2 is what they all do.

My whole is a *very expressive* poetical effusion.

12.

A CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 100 letters—  
My 88, 54, 100, 16, 2, 96, 46, 45, 18, 8, 85 was killed by Jupiter with a thunderbolt.

" 3, 15, 92, 83, 75 a king of Thessaly, who at a very old age was made young again by Medea, at the request of her husband, Jason.

" 9, 67, 93, 4, 19, 98, 56, 60, 94 was Commander-in-chief of the Grecian army at the siege of Troy.

" 73, 69, 1, 65, 62 a nymph who taught the Tuscans the art of prophesying by thunder.

" 73, 11, 73, 33, 26, 68, 72 was a Roman astrologer. [tongue with an arrow.

" 82, 10, 48, 52, 77, 99 was shot through the

" 95, 66, 40, 12, 84, 51, 43, 2, 79 a famous robber of Chios, who, when a price was set upon his head, ordered a young man to cut it off and go and receive the money.

" 44, 29, 91, 80, 61, 17, 25, 8, 34 was an ancient king of Athens.

" 20, 35, 76, 70, 97, 68, 39 a senator who conspired with Piso against Nero the tyrant.

" 90, 32, 89, 72, 91, 6, 50, 53 a famous Vandal prince who passed from Spain to Africa, took Carthage and afterwards sacked Rome, A. D. 455.

My 7, 78, 87, 67, 71. 6, 57, 58 a king of the Curetes, who first found out the use of honey.

" 24, 62, 47, 68, 73, 55 was a princess, who tore her eyes out for the loss of her children at Troy.

" 14, 19, 96, 70, 62, 23, 97, 74 a Vestal virgin, struck dead with lightning in Trajan's reign. [mony.

" 86, 80, 82, 27, 42, 30, 87 the god of harvest.

" 5, 63, 25, 31, 13, 36, 68, 79 a distinguished prince of Palmyra.

" 59, 57, 16, 93, 41, 38, 54, 6 a Greek grammarian, poet and physician of Colophon, B. C. 137.

My 49, 21, 66, 61, 2, 89, 55 the goddess of happiness and misery.

" 22, 50, 28, 57, 68, 92 the god of treaties.

" 64, 8, 66, 18, 93, 75, 9 the goddess of robbers.

My whole is a small piece of geographical information.

· CRYPTOGRAPH.

13.

BWUT JGGHZZJG.

" Ogcu! ogcu! ru vuz zudajqz!"

" Gj, oghssv!" xggr Tdrmsossuqx,

" Vu, qvrssd q, hqpp vuz zudaj qz!"

Zjsv zjsk zgposr ub uz jsw tgzzswx.

