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DR. SCHLIEMANN.

New Dominion Monthly.

AUGUST, 1877.

SKETCHES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL ACT, 1791.

The Quebec Act of 1774, however agreeable to Lord Dorchester and welcome to the upper class among the French-Canadians, was not destined permanently to rule the destinies of Canada. Not only was the measure singularly crude and unconsidered, but it was moreover a direct breach of a solemn promise contained in a royal proclamation. It doubtless proved agreeable to the conquered race, or new subjects, as they were then called, because, though only affording a semblance of liberty, still it was a more free rule than they ever had experienced under the days of the *Fleur-de-Lis*. To those, however, who had been brought up under the protecting influence of England's noble constitution, there were many features in the measure which appeared very objectionable and seemed fraught with trouble and danger for the future. The true friends of liberty trembled; but, as Burke had forcibly pointed out during the debates on the Quebec Act, the sympathies of the French, as shown by their numerous petitions, had ever been in favor of despotism and against constitutional liberty. To the *habeas corpus*, the greatest palladium of personal freedom, they attached no value, representative insti-

tutions they objected to, trial by jury they would not hear of. Their wishes unfortunately prevailed over those of their more enlightened though less numerous fellow subjects of British origin. The Quebec Act was forcibly carried through, and may be considered chiefly due to the strenuous efforts of Lord Dorchester, aided by the desire, openly proclaimed by the Solicitor-General on the floor of the House, to discourage British emigration to Canada as much as possible. A change had become imperative for various reasons, the most marked being the successful revolt of the colonies in America since the passing of the Quebec Act. The dissatisfaction of the English provinces had gradually, by the short-sighted policy of the Government and the dogged obstinacy of the King, been ripened into rebellion. The Americans had fought for and won their independence, and thousands of sturdy Loyalists, rather than live under the stars and stripes, had emigrated into the vast forests of Canada. These men, many of whom were the pick and flower of the American settlements, distinguished not less for their hardy, uncompromising loyalty, than for their energy, honesty and learning, brought with

them into their new homes, the love of constitutional government and a steadfast attachment to English law. When the Quebec Act was passed, the English-speaking population of the country was a mere handful; men who, for the most part, had been attracted thither by the bait of trade, and who looked forward with feverish anxiety to the day when, having made a fortune, they would forever quit the shores of the St. Lawrence and return again in affluence and wealth to the little Island across the ocean, which they never had ceased to think of and speak of as their home. These men, although seven-eighths of the trade of the colony was in their hands, and their interests must necessarily have often been very much jeopardized by the inconveniences and uncertainty which must perforce accompany an unfixd and ever-changing system of jurisprudence, could scarcely expect to exercise as much influence on the home government as permanent settlers. In 1791 the case was widely different. That portion of the country which, in that ill-advised measure, is called Upper Canada, was being fast peopled with a race of men who had nobly sacrificed their dearest interests to their loyalty to their king; who, driven by rebellion from their own homes, had been forced by the adverse fate of war to seek refuge in His Majesty's closest domain, and had done so under an express promise that there they would find the protection of English laws and the comfort of constitutional institutions, to which they ever had been accustomed. Under the circumstances it is evident no ministry could have ventured to break faith with men so placed, and having first induced them to settle in Canada, it became necessary to provide them with a proper constitution.

There are plenty of flaws to be found in the "Constitutional Act," even as carried out, and some of the most objectionable features, such as a heredi-

tary Upper House, were never enforced. But with all its faults, the constitution was nevertheless found to work fairly well in Upper Canada. In Lower Canada less than fifty years of what to the French-Canadians was unheard-of freedom, led to rebellion, and it at last became necessary to pass the Union Act, in order to control the dissatisfied French-Canadians of Lower Canada by uniting them to the loyal British subjects of Upper Canada. It would almost seem that even in their descendants, after a century of liberty, the French are incapable of moulding themselves to the proper working of free institutions. Liberty seems always doomed in their hands to degenerate into license. In Lower Canada the Constitutional Act led to rebellion, the Union to a galling domination of a compact French minority over a more divided English majority, Confederation to the establishment in the Province of Quebec of an openly proclaimed priestly rule, having for its object the down-treading and abolishing of everything British and everything Protestant. Legislative union when it does come, as come it must before long, will probably render harmless the efforts of these enthusiastic French-Canadians to harm in the future their fellow-countrymen of different creed and different origin, but can hardly be expected to change their natures and prevent them from continuing to be what they hitherto have been, dissatisfied, discontented and hostile, all of them aliens in feeling, many traitors at heart, adding to the bitterness of national prejudice the rancor of an aggressive and persecuting faith.

In summing up the history of Canada previous to 1791, Mr. Garneau says:—

"During twenty-six years, Canada had been subjected to three several systems of government; all which, though differing in name, perfectly resembled each other in tyranny and the disorders they gave rise to."

Mr. Garneau's words certainly convey to a certain extent a truthful representation of the state of the country and the forms of government successively established before 1791. But it can, on the other hand, be safely asserted that, under the most oppressive of all the three different governments, the French-Canadian portion of the community enjoyed much more real liberty than they ever had under the rule of France. To begin with, *lettres de cachet*, that most crying abuse of French tyranny, were never heard of from the day the Union Jack was run up on the citadel flag-staff. Before that, the Governor was always provided with a certain number of these pleasant little missives, invented by *le Grand Monarque*. They were all duly signed by the King, the name of the person to be committed and the date only being left in blank, and could be, and were, by the Governor used at his good-will and pleasure. Moreover, the Conquest abolished the hateful rule of the Intendant, which had proved productive of so much misery and desolation under the grasping and dishonest Bigot. It must also be remembered that the monopolies which marked the sway of France disappeared with British rule, and such considerable progress followed the opening up of trade and the impetus given it by British energy and British industry that, during the twenty-six years of tyranny complained of by M. Garneau, Canada made greater strides towards prosperity and wealth than during the preceding century and a half. It is fair that some allowance should be made for the not unnatural prejudices of every writer, but from a usually not inaccurate historian, a greater amount of honesty and truthfulness might not unreasonably have been looked for.

Of the Act we are examining, Alison says :—

“A rebellion, or possibly a separation from the parent State, was inevitably bequeathed to Canada by the con-

stitution of 1791.” The censure is strong, but it must be admitted that the measure was very ill-considered. All its defects were pointed out strongly and fully to the House and Government by Mr. Adam Lymburner, who, with great ability, at the bar of the House, pleaded the cause of the resident English, and with prophetic voice proclaimed the future evils likely to arise from the course about to be adopted. Pitt, however, was then at the helm of the State, and had made up his mind with dogged obstinacy to the passing of the bill. Moreover, the times were full of anxiety and trouble, and the great statesman had too many more important subjects to attend to, touching matters nearer home, to be able to devote much time or care to the management of a distant and at that time not very important colony. The interests of the United Empire Loyalists were what the Government naturally looked to most, and it was thought their happiness and prosperity would be best secured by separating them from the French element. There may have been some reason in the argument; but it would certainly not have been unreasonable to have expected some thought to have been given to the comfort and security of the British in Lower Canada also. Perhaps, furthermore, Lord Dorchester, the brilliant originator of the Quebec Act of 1774, had got the ear of the Ministry, and as usual sought to the utmost of his power to favor the French at the expense of his fellow-countrymen. That he certainly took an interest in the matter is made clear by the fact that he was chosen to inaugurate the constitution in Canada, and returned thither for the third time as governor in 1793. He remained in Canada only three years and then obtained leave of absence, but never resumed his duties. In truth, though only in his seventieth year, his mind had given such unmistakable signs of premature decay, that it had become

impossible to have him longer in charge.

The leading feature of the Act of 1791, and its greatest mistake, was the separation of Canada into two provinces, thus giving to the French-Canadian element the complete control of Lower Canada; a mistake which, in spite of the solemn warning of history, has been carefully copied into the Confederation Act, and which doubtless before long will lead to trouble in the Province of Quebec. The difficulties those who framed the measure found in the way of legislating otherwise are of course apparent; the French-Canadians were in a very large majority and would have expected an equal large proportion of the representation, and the English from the Upper Provinces would on the other hand probably have preferred even American dominion with English laws, to English dominion with French laws. It might perhaps have been found feasible to introduce the French laws in Lower Canada and the English laws in Upper Canada, giving to both provinces an equal representation, as was afterwards done under the Union Act, but such a step would have dissatisfied the French. The question was certainly not an easy one to settle. Mr. Pitt stated that the population of Upper Canada did not exceed 10,000; the census of 1790 makes the population of Quebec, 224,466. The difference in numbers was very great.

There was, moreover, a strong feeling in favor of conciliatory measures, and means which after times have shown to have been not so wise may have appeared imperative then. The French revolution, following upon the success of the United States, had startled the world not a little, and people were beginning to speak of the advantages of democratic institutions in a way which made kings tremble on their thrones. The powerful notes of warning on the course entered upon by France had the previous year been sounded by Burke in the publication of his cele-

brated "Reflections on the French Revolution." At the same time, Paine's "Rights of Man" had just issued from the press, and had been hailed as the handbook and gospel of the new school in politics and religion. The new French constitution had been completed, and a powerful blow given, not only to the privileges of the Crown, but to the power and authority of the clergy. In England, it was well known, there existed a feverish state of excitement, which at any moment might break out in a flame of rebellion. Jacobin clubs were becoming very numerous, and were believed to be headed in many cases by men of position and wealth. Lord Stanhope had openly presided over a large assemblage, called together at the Crown and Anchor, to commemorate the fall of the Bastille. There was, moreover, good reason to believe that, in Canada, the principles of the revolution had already taken a strong hold upon some of the younger French-Canadians, and though forcibly opposed by the priesthood, through motives of policy, were gaining ground slowly in the country parts. These considerations, joined doubtless to the strong representations of Lord Dorchester, in whom the French interests always found a staunch supporter, induced the Government, harassed by a thousand other questions of more moment, hurriedly to pass the bill.

Another most objectionable feature of the bill was the appointment of hereditary councillors. The folly of such a proceeding was very ably, though ineffectually, pointed out by Mr. Lymburner in his memorial. Mr. Fox, on the other hand, wished the members of the Council to be elected, their property qualifications and that of their electors to be much more considerable than those of the members of the Legislative Assembly. "By this means," Mr. Fox said, "they would have a real aristocracy chosen by persons of property, from among persons of the

highest property, who would hence necessarily possess that weight, influence and independency from which alone could be derived a power of guarding against any innovations that might be made, either by the people on the one part or the Crown on the other." At the same time the idea was considered exorbitantly democratical; it was, however, afterwards adopted under the Union, though without the wise restrictions which would have made it so valuable. There were many other serious errors in the constitution then framed, though the division of the colony into two provinces was probably, in its after consequences, the most serious. There should have been a provision made that all placemen, except the legal advisers of the Crown, should be excluded from the legislative council. Another very grave error was giving the authority to the governor to divide off and apportion the various counties or electoral divisions, according to his own good-will and pleasure. A powerful but not very temperate writer, in a correspondence in "Blackwood's Magazine," 1835, alludes to the division made by the Governor in the following terms:—

"Sir Alured Clarke dealt only in masses. Accordingly he incorporated and breathed a political existence into places possessing a full complement of hewers of wood; he tabooed the seigneuries or Franco-Canadian settlements only—a narrow strip of land on both sides the St. Lawrence, varying in breadth from ten to forty miles; and he excommunicated all other, the denizens of the trackless, measureless wilderness of forest and Savannah, where the hardy sons of Britain were shadowing out the thews and sinews of future empire—Yea, the General, perhaps abhorring the skeleton of a corps, excommunicated them without saving clause or benefit of clergy, then and thenceforward; so absolutely that, until of late, nay, even now, there are tens of

thousands of English who have right, title, or interest none in that constitution so gratuitously presented by their own fatherland, save and except at the price of home and property elsewhere, by residence within those counties with English names, into which Governor Clarke fantastically carved the favored land of Gallic feudalism, *Lots et Ventés*, and the charter." The words are bitter, but the accusation was well-founded, and the grievance heavy. Instead of dividing off the whole country in such a way as in time to include within the electoral franchise all new settlements, the principal object in view in making the division would seem to have been to distribute, as evenly as possible it is to be presumed, the representation through the country then settled or granted, without taking into consideration the vast area of wild lands which in course of time came to be cleared and colonized. The blunder was an exceedingly stupid one, and one which a little more attention to, and interest in the Crown he was representing would have saved the Governor from committing. It was clear that no emigration could be expected from France, French emigration then, as now, being as the experience of the past few years in Canada has sufficiently proved, neither considerable in number, nor valuable in kind. It was, therefore, clear that if emigration was to be looked forward to, it was from Great Britain it must come, and in that case the first duty of a British governor and English officer was, when he had the power in his hand to do so, to secure beyond question to his countrymen on coming to the country at any future day their constitutional rights. The consequences of the want of foresight of the Governor, not to say dereliction of duty, were not long in being felt. The French-Canadians showed from the first the strongest prejudices against English immigration. They do so still; or what is the meaning of repatriation efforts? After a

time the English became tired of being abused and insulted by the yelping French demagogues and their scurrilous press, and as they even then contributed most towards the revenue, besides being in truth the authors and promoters of the whole prosperity of the country, demanded to be represented also. Their petitions to that effect having been disregarded in the House of Assembly, were in 1828 forwarded to the House of Commons. It then appeared that no less than thirty-eight townships besides other settlements, containing a population of over 40,000 souls, almost all of British descent, were unrepresented in the Quebec Legislature, through the stupidity of Sir Alured Clarke. This crying grievance was to a certain extent alleviated. Those who were suffering under it at the time, with the long endurance which characterizes the race, had not made much moan over their hard fate, but had patiently sought and finally obtained constitutional redress. Had the roles been reversed and the "*nation Canadienne*," as it then called itself, been placed in the same position, what a howl we would have had from all the Papineaus and Papineaulings of the day!

The object the Act had in view—and that object must have been sanctioned if not encouraged by Lord Dorchester, since a copy of the draft of the Act was forwarded to him by Lord Grenville in 1789 for his opinion and advice—was to give to the French-Canadian and Roman Catholic population of the Province of Quebec the complete control of that portion of the colony. In that respect the Act was a complete success, and so has been since the Confederation Act. At the wisdom of the proceeding many perhaps would feel disposed to cavil. Its consequences are now matter of history, and can be easily summed up. The French-Canadians, a totally ignorant population, up to that time completely subjected to despotic

rule, suddenly found themselves gifted with a semblance of constitutional freedom. It was a semblance, a mere shadow, because the Ministers of the Crown were not responsible, and it was not necessary that the Government should command the confidence of the Legislative Assembly to remain in office. The Ministers were named by the representative of the Crown and remained in office as long as he pleased, whether either or any of the other branches of the Legislature had confidence in them or not. Still it was a far greater advance towards liberty than any Frenchman had experienced before. The *habitants* were naturally delighted, especially as Lord Dorchester, their prime favorite, though even then in his dotage and obliged to be closely watched by his *aides-de-camp* to prevent him from doing unseemly actions, had again been sent out to assist them in maintaining their superiority over the hated English. The first election proved a grand triumph for *la nation Canadienne*; the French-Canadians stood about three to one in the Assembly, and equal if the Speaker be excepted in the Council. It was not until the fifth parliament that Messrs. Papineau and D. B. Viger, the arch-rebels, made their appearance; but the first had the honor of including Mr. Bedard, whom Sir James Craig afterwards very properly cast into gaol for treason, and kept there in spite of both the prayers and the threats of the Assembly. One of the first attempts of the new legislature was to secure the return of the Jesuit estates to the various religious institutions. The same effort has been renewed since from time to time, and this very praiseworthy object was one of the first questions mooted in our Quebec Provincial Legislature after Confederation. Another sign of loyalty and mark of gratitude which was deemed particularly well-timed in 1791, was a declaration that all proceedings, statutes, &c., should be published in French as well as English. To this

the French-Canadian population has ever since attached much importance. In the transaction of business, it has been found indispensable to have recourse to the much-despised Anglo-Saxon tongue it is true; but they do so under protest, and still stand by their primitive language which, to men of education, bears as close a resemblance to the original Iroquois almost as to the language now in use in educated France. To testify their strong feelings on the same score, one of the first acts of the Government of the Province of Quebec was to have the names of the various public departments printed on their respective entrances in French and in English—the French is always above, the English beneath; the French generally large, the English very often smaller. It is but a trifle, almost too petty and insignificant to deserve notice; but still straws serve to show how the wind blows, and this little circumstance, the truth of which anyone in five minutes can verify, shows the *animus* which animates the majority who now lord it over the Province of Quebec, and proves the truth of Mr. Lymburner's prediction and how completely the "Constitutional Act" of 1791 has succeeded in making the French-Canadians a separate and distinct people, who look, if not with open hostility at least with jealous suspicion, upon the race of their conquerors, and are opposed, and probably ever will be opposed, to them in language, religion and manners.

The discussion upon the "Constitutional Act," however, never will be forgotten as long as English history is written,—not from any intrinsic value of its own, but because it was the occasion which led to the rupture between Fox and Burke. It was, it is true, the mere excuse for a quarrel which had been brewing for some time; but it must be alluded to in recalling an anecdote not likely ever to be forgotten. Rogers, in his recollections, reports Fox

as saying some twelve years later: "After all Burke was a damned wrong-headed fellow through life—always jealous and contradictory;" nevertheless there can be no doubt that at the time he felt the separation keenly. The scene has been variously related. It would seem that Burke felt hurt at some remarks made the day before by Fox, and took occasion of the Quebec Act to vent his spleen. He was called to order for a most violent attack upon the French constitution. Refusing with an obstinacy which was not unusual in him, and which often had been used to good purpose in a better cause, to heed the clamor raised by the opposition benches, a vote of censure at last was moved by Lord Sheffield and seconded by Fox. This provoked him exceedingly and he exclaimed:

"To return to the point in hand, it is a question not of routine, but of principle. It is simply this: Upon what basis is this new government of Canada to be formed? It is perhaps an indiscretion, at my advanced years" (he was in his sixty-first year) "to provoke enemies; but I will risk all that, and with my last words exclaim, Shun all French constitutionalism!" Fox anxiously whispered a hope that there was no loss of friendship.

"Yes," replied Burke aloud, "there is a loss of friendship. I know the price of the course I shall henceforth take. I have done my duty at the sacrifice of the partiality for me of him I have long loved. Our friendship is at an end! I quit the revolutionary camp." And so saying he left his seat and crossed to the other side. Fox attempted to answer, but could not find utterance, and finally burst into tears. It was a strange scene, such as had never been witnessed before and never has been seen since in the House of Commons. Fox was much Burke's junior, and had been brought up politically, so to speak, by him; their friendship extended over twenty-five years and

had begun two years before Fox entered the House, and when he was only seventeen years of age. To a man of his sensitiveness it was of course a sore wrench. Still the breach never was mended. When Burke was on his death-bed Fox offered to go and see him, but the offer was refused by Burke, he said, through principle.

The principal provisions of the Constitutional Act were the division of the province into Upper and Lower Canada, and the granting to each of a legislature composed of the Governor, a legislative council and a legislative assembly. In introducing the measure in the House of Commons, Mr. Pitt said :—

“In imitation of the constitution of the mother country he should propose a Council and House of Assembly for each; the Assembly to be constituted in the usual manner, and the members of the Council to be members for life; reserving to His Majesty to annex to certain honors an hereditary right of sitting in the Council. All laws and ordinances of the province to remain in force till altered by the new legislature. The Habeas Corpus Act, already law by an ordinance of the province, to be continued as a fundamental principle of the Constitution.” The number of councillors in Upper Canada was to be not less than seven, in Lower Canada fifteen; in Upper Canada the Assembly consisted of not less than sixteen members, in Lower Canada fifty. The division of each province into districts and counties was left entirely to the discretion of the Governor, and attention has already been drawn to the manner in which Sir Alured Clarke discharged that duty in Lower Canada. Parliament was to be assembled at least once a year, and the Governor could, at his option, refuse, reserve or sanction any bill, and those reserved were to become law only after assent from His Majesty had been obtained and proclaimed. Provision was also made that any bill as-

sent to by the Governor might, within two years, be disallowed by the home authorities. The qualification for voters was property to the value of forty shillings yearly, or ten pound lease. The Governor and executive council were continued as a court of appeal, liable to such provisions as might be deemed necessary by the new legislatures, and to prevent collision between the provinces, “the British parliament reserved to itself the right of providing regulations and prohibitions, imposing, levying and collecting duties for the regulation of navigation or for the regulation of commerce to be carried on between the said two provinces, or between either of them, and any other part of His Majesty’s dominions, or any foreign country, or for appointing and directing the payment of duties so imposed; leaving, however, the exclusive appropriation of all moneys so levied, in either province, to the legislature thereof, and applicable to such public uses therein, as it might think fit to apply them.”

Such were the principal features of Lord Grenville’s Constitutional Act of 1791; and now looking back across a space of over four-fifths of a century, we can trace the consequences which followed it and the influence it was fated to have on the history and prosperity of the colony. The Quebec Act was most certainly a mistake, the Constitutional Act probably a greater one. American writers are fond of attributing to the influence of the Quebec Act the ill-success of their campaign of 1775; it is an error into which Bancroft, at all events, has not fallen. He points out that the only effect of the Quebec Act was to alienate the sympathies of the British residents. As to the French portion of the population, they looked on during the struggle with perfect indifference. For a century almost La Nouvelle France had been at war with the English colonies at various intervals of greater or less duration, while the

Indian allies of the English and the Indian allies of the French never at any time completely buried the hatchet. It was not to be expected that an enmity of such long standing would be suddenly breached over by a proclamation from the Continental Congress. Of the two, it is probable the *habitants* sympathized more with the English from England, than the English from America. To neither did they render material assistance, and the Americans were defeated by the British regular troops, assisted by the Quebec volunteers. At the time of the passing of the Quebec Act, the Canadian population would have been prepared to accept English laws and customs, which gradually would have introduced the English language and, by this time, the people of Canada, instead of being composed of two completely distinct and different races, would have formed but one people, possibly uniting the best qualities of both nationalities. The encouragement of a separation between the descendants of both countries, so judiciously commenced by the Quebec Act, was further fostered by the Constitutional Act, and has since, in so far as the Province of Quebec is concerned, met with its final completion

by Confederation. The provinces having been separated, the French element in Lower Canada being much the most numerous, a large majority of French-Canadians were returned to the House of Assembly. It is true that, even twenty years later, a large proportion of the intelligent representatives, selected to protect French-Canadian interests in the provincial legislature, could neither read nor write; but that mattered little,—they knew enough to hate the English, to resist every measure introduced by the Governor and Council, and to vote as they were told by Papineau, Bedard, Viger or any other demagogue bearing a French name and anxious to turn to his own profit the ignorance and prejudices of his fellow-countrymen. One result, and one only, could be looked for. After nearly fifty years of constant quarrelling, riot and tumult, a rebellion broke out which had to be put down by the soldier's bayonet and the hangman's rope; and then the wisdom of remedying the evils of the Act of 1791 forced itself upon the British Parliament, and once more reunited, Canada, more judiciously guided by a British majority, under the Union Act, enjoyed a quarter of a century of peace and prosperity.



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

BY FESTINALENTE, AUTHOR OF "THE HOLY GRAIL," ETC.

"Six o'clock, Totty dear!"

I opened my eyes, first upon the quaint skylight window which my primitive lodgings for the night were furnished with, next upon four merry-faced children, eagerly waiting for the first words I should speak.

A rumble outside, half scramble, much laborious breathing, then pitter, patter of little feet.

"Open the door," said I; "there's Tommy."

And in marched Tommy, rosy-cheeked, plump and healthy-looking; breathless with haste, and ecstatic with delight at having circumvented two nurses, and climbed a dangerous staircase all alone.

Of course, I hate children in general; but what can you do, however bitter may be your hatred, when they follow you as if you were the most delightful person in the world, and shew you a devotion worthy of a better cause? Hate a baby as much as you will, but behold one like Tommy, sturdy, brown, plump, and full of clever little actions; once have him clamber up, and put his fat arms tightly round your neck, and you find toleration of his society quite possible.

Still six o'clock is an early hour to begin the day's labors, and I expressed my opinion on the subject.

"But," pleaded the children, "Willie says you promised to go and help him catch his crab before breakfast this morning."

I sent away the children—all but Tommy, who refused to absent himself, and while I dressed they sat on the stairs, laughing and talking; laughing in ripples of glee, as I believe, none but

Irish children, born to a keen sense of humor, *can* do. I was ready at last. We landed the ubiquitous Tommy in the nursery and went out on the rocks, Willie carrying his fishing rod and speculating as to the chances of his finding his crab: for, be it here observed, he had caught a crab some little time before, but finding it too small to be eaten, he had solemnly deposited it in a rock pool of large dimensions to grow.

But the night before, a spring tide swept up, and filled the rock pools to overflowing, and—the crab escaped. I believe I was as much disappointed as Willie, and felt for a moment that life was bleak, and had lost its charm; but the morning air was so invigorating, and the sea danced and sparkled so—and far away the headlands reminded us of the delightful day in prospect, for we were to pic-nic at "The Giant's Causeway."

Fresh amusement awaited our every step, a paradise of rock pools, in which grew exquisite sea weeds, and sea anemones. I had but to look into one, and four heads immediately, covered as they were with broad-brimmed hats, shut out all the sunlight. Two hours passed with rapidity, and we were loath to go in to breakfast.

Yet a city friend had said to me of Port Rush: "There is nothing to do there, no sea-weeds, no shells, and one cannot look at views forever."

Yet we found shells, fossils and sea-weeds in such quantities that the difficulty was to find any part of the house to put them in. Nurse called them all "clutter," and threw them into the back yard; the housemaids would not

permit them in *their* territory, and, finally, my bedroom was found to be the only secure spot in the house. A more heterogeneous collection was never seen than that which was the pride and delight of our hearts. I am well aware that interest in those childish things was very unfashionable in a woman as old as I. Yet I make a further confession,—I owned a wooden bucket which I loved.

Ten o'clock in the morning. A large Irish car at the door, made to hold sixteen people; and as many people standing ready to be packed in. Just across the road a beautiful little yacht, in which all the stores are being packed, and as many people as preferred sailing to the Causeway to going round the road. Ice is being taken on board from the Salmon House, and I see that a large salmon follows, carried lovingly by one of the fishermen. Of course, Willie, Sarah and Annie prefer yachting, Lillie and I are not nautical characters, and we avoid travelling by water. One by one, we are packed safely on the car, Lillie and I in the most comfortable place that can be chosen—I suppose because we are both so small that there is a little fear expressed by some of the gentlemen that we shall be jerked out of the car when once we are on the rough roads. We start and leave Port Rush open-mouthed at our turnout. Never was there a more merry party; repartee quick and clever passes from lip to lip, and peals of laughter ring out in the clear air. We ascend a hill. The ocean rolling its waves in long sweeps on the sand beach, and lashing its foam over the Skerries, is the view on one side; on the other lie the undulating sand hills, covered with rose bushes, now in full bloom, so that the air is perfumed with their fragrance. At the top of the hill the driver stops his horses, and the gentlemen get out and go to a well of spring water; of course, it is a wishing well, and everyone has to drink and wish. We pass

the white rocks, and a little farther on come to a rock which, of itself, has helped to make the many weird stories with which the Irish folk on this coast are acquainted. What is it? See a giant head of Nature's carving, modelled in the white chalk cliffs; the massive brow has a calm, majestic look—the ocean may break; its angry waters may impotently splash and break against it, but it remains in profound peace and rest. Sunrise and moonlight, cloud and rain, yet this brow with calm sublimity changes not from its repose. To-day the blue water had risen high, and was babbling its story in perpetual monotone right into the Giant's lips; one could fancy that the beard moved, and that the lips were parted in a smile.

We pass the castle of Dunluce. It is built straight up from the rock, of grim, grey stones. The walls are much ruined, and it wears a more desolate appearance than any ruin I have ever seen. It must have been nearly impregnable, built as it is upon the edge of the rock, and with a slight bridge, the only approach on the land side. There's a churchyard on the other side of the road, and I much longed to stroll into it and examine the inscriptions on the tomb-stones, but I never found an opportunity of so doing. I heard my friends talk about an old man who dwells in the castle, and who tells legends of the wonderful deeds once done by the old lords of the Castle. They seemed to think that it was hardly worth the trouble of revisiting, so I did not see the interior.

We passed through the small town of Bally—, and after a delightful drive by the ocean, we arrived at the hotel at the Causeway. We were immediately surrounded by guides and by ragged men and boys who wanted to sell us specimens of fossils and stones found at the Causeway. These were all instantly scattered in all directions by the head guide, who spoke to them in forcible Irish language. The gentle-

men knew the Causeway well enough to do without one, but they always made a point of engaging the head guide, on the principle of "setting a thief to catch a thief," and for protection against the imperative demands of the other guides and specimen sellers. Our party was large, and everyone was hungry; but a wind from shore kept the yacht from landing, and most of the provisions were on board, besides some of our party.

The gentlemen were occupied with a telescope, and the ladies all sat down sunning themselves on the rocks. Such a state of things was intolerable to me. I longed for my little companions, who would have been charmed to climb with me, and at last felt I would stir up some of the ladies to energy. The magnificent cliffs around gave us some idea of what the view must be from the heights, and a sheep track led up to the top. After a good deal of demur the most active of the ladies consented to come. One amongst them was able to ascend a height, but dared not descend again, and her chief friend promised to go round with her to the hotel, and so down to the shore again. The path required a steady head and sure foot, and as I had both of these I was soon at the top, the chief difficulty I found being in a remarkable stile on the cliff, which required a very long stride and great agility in climbing. Once on the top I rested from my labors and found much amusement in peeping over at the climbers, and listening to their plunging and little screams, as the pebbles rolled under their feet.

When they were all safely landed on the headlands, we went for a walk. It was an exquisite day; the air was pure and clear, the sea bright green and blue, and rolling in long waves to the foot of the cliffs. Sometimes a momentary shadow was cast upon, or chased across the waters by some fleeting white cloud. I was very glad when we sat down to rest upon the cliffs. I

leaned over, and from that great height saw distinctly the shells and sea weeds in the rock pools beneath. The water on the north coast of Ireland is so beautifully clear, that the bottom is seen quite easily. Many times I have plunged into water, imagining it shallow, and finding it far enough above my head.

"That is the Giant's organ," said a girl, leaning over the cliff, and pointing to the columnar basalt, which represented well the tubes of a vast organ. "The wild Irish tell stories of how the Giant plays upon it," continued she.

That indeed is no marvel. Imagine the grand storms of spring and autumn, piling the waves into mountain heights and breaking them on the shore with the reverberation of cannon. Imagine the wild wails and moans of the wind, passing its furious course from the waves, up the cliffs, echoing the roaring of the Atlantic waves, and one cannot wonder that the romantic nature of the Celt fills the voice of the storm with poetic imaginings. It is natural also that many such stories suffer from translation and transplantation; hear them with the surroundings of the Causeway, the ocean, the cliffs, the distant Scottish Isles and try to discover how it was the poetic thought arose in the mind of the native of the soil. One cannot *then* dismiss them as silly stories; something wild and strange and beautiful and powerful, too, in its imagery compels attention, and in my mind a certain degree of reverence. The Causeway from the cliffs looks small and insignificant, but that is because the distance is so great that the formation is not clearly seen.

We walked back to the stile again, and heard the gentlemen calling to us. On looking down, we saw that the yacht was ashore, and that the dinner was laid, and everyone was waiting for us. Then arose a discussion which almost amounted to a quarrel and threatened to end in tears. The girl who

had a dizzy head declared she could not go down that dreadful cliff, and reminded her bosom friend of her promise to go back round by the hotel, which was a mile altogether. The friend demurred, being very hungry, and could not see why Mary could not make an effort and descend by the cliff path. The interference of the other girls only made matters worse, and the gentlemen impatiently called to us.

"Trust me," I said, "and I will take you down. Shut your eyes, and give me your hand." The girl was taken by surprise, and very hungry, and at least did as she was bidden. We went down together, as steadily as we could, and were greeted by a cheer from the gentlemen at the foot of the cliff, who had been dreadfully afraid the salmon would be overboiled.

We sat upon the ground, and the dinner was delicious. The appetite to be gained by free indulgence in walking and breathing the air at the Giant's Causeway is worth the trouble to gain.

Everything was perfect, sunshiny and bright. After dinner the guide undertook to show us the Causeway. I shall never forget the pompous air which he assumed, nor the effect of a string of geological names uttered in broad Irish accent. "These rocks, ladies," I remember his saying, with outstretched arm, "was once in a state of fusion."

At this juncture he fixed his eye on me, as if to challenge a reply, and I was obliged to make a sudden dart behind some rocks and indulge in irrepressible laughter. When I returned I found him pointing to the columnar basalt in the cliffs, some of which lies horizontally and some perpendicularly; and after showing us the greater and lesser Causeway, the fan and the wishing well, the gentlemen sent him to get his dinner, and we all strolled over the rocks. My little friends and I soon got ahead; we had an insatiable appetite for climbing about, and we at length stood as

far out on the Causeway as the tide would allow.

Nothing I have ever seen in Nature can equal the perfect finish of the Causeway. It is difficult to believe that the hand of man has not fashioned it. Pillar on pillar, smooth, perfect hexagons, climb up and down where you will upon it, and the same perfection of shape meets your eyes. One group of pillars has been called the Fan, since it has assumed that shape. The columns as a rule are about four feet in length, and rise one above another so regularly that the tops on some form seats, and those above form backs to them, and so on from the lowest to the highest. It is almost impossible to describe the beauty of the place; you have to stand first where we stood to believe it.

Stand on the hexagons with the great waves surging up to your feet, billows of blue-green water roll up and retreat, gurgling as they go from submarine hollows, under your feet, and then as you approach to peep over the rocks, rush forward again, fizzing all round you, and splashing you with foam and bits of seaweed. Turn aside and rocks of grand and weird shape meet your view. Amongst others, appears to be a monk who, with bent head, kneels in everlasting attitude of prayer. Contemplate those rocks for a few minutes and they will appear full of faces and figures, fantastic perhaps and quaint, but all in keeping with the kneeling figure. Turn your back upon the sea, and what a grand scene you have!—what cliffs, what rocks, what wonderful formation! It seemed to me, wherever I looked, my eyes wanted to remain fixed.

"Totty, dear, they are calling us."

The children, who had been as usual possessed of the nine lives of the traditional cat, in their escape from the dangerous positions they always got into, and from which I never attempted to deliver them, dragged me back with them over the Causeway. On the lesser Causeway there was a lit-

tle shade, and we found the ladies sitting alone there. Part of them were dozing; none of them cared to walk about the Causeway, but those who had possessed enough energy had called to us—positively, for nothing else than to beg the children to supply them with dulse. This lies on the rocks in quantities, and the children leaned over into shallow water, washing the seaweed, and breaking into babbles of laughter as Willie's velvet clothes caused him to slip from the weed-covered rock into a shallow pool. When the ladies were at length satisfied with their dulse, and while they lay back sleepily eating it, we scrambled further round the rocks, and hunted for geological specimens. We found some little bits of crystals and some very poor ammonites by the shore, but the "specimen hunters" leave one a poor chance.

There is a wonderful cave at the Causeway, but the tide did not serve at the time we were ready to go into it. It is, I believe, only to be seen to perfection at high tide, when you are rowed into it in a boat. One of the stories we heard at the Causeway ran as follows:

When the Giant was making the Causeway between Staffa and Ireland, his mother went to help him carry stones. They had to bring them from a great distance, and the mother filled her apron with them. When opposite the place where Port Rush now stands, her apron strings broke, and all the stones fell down into the sea, forming the islands which bear the name of "The Skerries." Of course this story has its foundation in the fact that those islands are also of columnar basaltic formation. Whether this untoward accident was sufficient to discourage the Giant, we are not told, but certain it is that the Causeway is unfinished, though it is said that rocks of the same formation lie under the ocean all the way to Staffa.

Another feat performed by this Giant

was the creation of Lough Neagh. The story runs that he took up a handful of earth and threw it into the Irish Sea, thereby forming the Isle of Man, and then taking up a handful of water filled up the hollow he had made and thus formed Lough Neagh.

We had scrambled about the rocks, and managed amongst us to get rather wet in the rock pools, and had sunned ourselves dry again, when the rocks rang with the sound of voices calling to us. So we had to hasten back to the hotel, bringing with us all kinds of treasures, seaweeds, crabs, fossils, and Sarah had found a sea-urchin. That sea-urchin proved to be a bone of contention in the house. It was alive, and as we wanted the shell, it had to be boiled in order to kill it. The nurses and housemaids proved inexorable, and cook held out for two days and vowed she would not have the *baste* in one of her saucepans. But cook got badly bruised on the rocks while bathing, and kind-hearted little Sarah forgot all about her conduct in reference to the urchin, and was so kind in waiting upon her, that one day cook said:

"Bring me that 'baste.'"

The urchin was boiled, and after that the shell was filled with sand, and put up in the garret; there to remain until it was bearable in my room. But an unpleasant odor always clove to that urchin.

The car was very much crowded on the return journey, as the children were tired of yachting, and indeed felt they dared not trust their treasures to so wayward a mode of conveyance; but we enjoyed the drive all the more for their company, as they had a laughing fit, and kept us merry all the way home. It was always bed-time at Port Rush soon after sundown, for the children, so that my evening walk round the headlands was a very quiet one. This evening the beauty of the sunset had been transcendent, and it seemed as if only darkness could eclipse the banks

of golden clouds. Yet the waters in the fissure we called the Churn, gurgled as fiercely as ever, and while all the world around was golden, that one spot chilled me with its darkness and gloom. But that was a small shadow, and it was the only one which was cast upon our day at the Causeway.

NANCY CARTER'S THEFT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY E. H. N.

CHAPTER IV.

In the gray dawn of the following morning, as Harry Clifford was on his way to secure a seat in the waggon going north, he noticed the little parcel which Mrs. Nancy Carter had so carefully made up, and almost without knowing what he did, for his mind was pre-occupied, stooped and picked it up. He turned it over and over, but could see no address by which to trace the owner, and had more than half a mind to return and place it where he had found it, as in his hurry he had no time to examine its contents. He determined, however, to hand it to the landlord of the inn where he had been stopping, with a request that he would interest himself to discover its owner, and with this intention he thrust it carelessly into the breast-pocket of his overcoat, and continued his walk with a quickened step.

Robinson, the stranger Watson and some others, were at the table on his return, and the conversation ran mostly on the "West," and the wonderful openings there for young men of moderate means. Even Harry became interested, and almost wished he had time and opportunity to see the "far-famed" country. All at once Watson ceased speaking, and rose suddenly from his seat. His eyes glanced on Harry Clif-

ford for an instant, and then he sprang toward him, with white lips and eyes glaring with rage.

"You scoundrel! you thief!" he hissed, as his hand eagerly grasped the corner of the parcel which protruded from Harry's breast-pocket. "You'll pay dearly for this, young man, or my name's not Watson!"

To say that Harry Clifford was astonished, would but poorly convey any idea of his state of mind. He was paralyzed—struck dumb, for the moment, and could only gaze on the frantic Watson as he would have done on a maniac. In a few seconds he roused himself, and his fine blue eyes kindled as he tried to tell his story, and state the exact manner in which he had become possessed of the parcel. But as he proceeded, he felt a strange choking in his throat, and his tongue almost refused utterance as he noted the doubting look on the landlord's countenance, the sneer on Robinson's, and the unappeased fury on Watson's. The latter still grasped his recovered property, and when Harry ceased, he roared out:

"Bear witness all, I solemnly swear that this parcel contains a thousand dollars in banknotes and some important papers besides, if the scoundrel has not stolen them; nine hundred and twenty dollars of my money, and eighty dollars of Squire Colby's of C—."

'The papers belong to the Colbys and are worth more than the money,' the old Squire said, as he handed them to me and told me to give them to his son, the surveyor, out West. And now here, before you all, I'm going to open it, and if anything is missing, he goes to jail, or my word's good for nothing."

There was a murmur of approval from those standing by, for all had risen from table and were crowding around where Harry stood. The landlord was disposed to be just, though he thought the case looked dark enough, and he quietly asked Watson where his parcel, containing money and such important papers, had been left.

"I took it with me when I went out with Mr. Robinson yesterday afternoon," Watson replied, quickly. "I took it for safer keeping, and was sitting late, as you know, after we came in—not drinking much, but talking and smoking; and I expect the scoundrel took it from my pocket then, for I saw him go through the room twice while we sat there."

When he had finished speaking, Watson untied the tape and unrolled the papers.

"Every dollar of my money gone!" he screamed, "Nothing but the papers and old Squire Colby's marked notes left. He marked 'em with the same queer writing that's on the papers, so I know that is all his. Every dollar of mine gone!" again he screamed, springing towards Harry.

The landlord held him back, and Harry, though he felt it would be useless, with such a mass of evidence against him, spoke in a clear, but sad tone:

"I solemnly declare before you all, and before Almighty God, that, however circumstances may seem to be against me, I am innocent of the crime laid to my charge; I have told the truth, and the whole truth, as I hope for mercy at the last day."

"I'll have him arrested," Watson

said, angrily, "the lying, thieving hypocrite! I'll have him arrested at once."

And Harry Clifford *was* arrested, then and there, for Mrs. Nancy Carter's previous night's work; his mind in a whirl, and half wild with the strangeness of what had come upon him. Harry, as we said, was well-formed and tall, but his frame seemed actually to grow suddenly smaller, as he felt the hand of an officer on his shoulder, and fully realized all the horrors of his situation.

Robinson's cold, bitter gaze was on him from first to last, and he wondered at the un pitying stare of the smuggler. But he knew nothing of the workings of the other's mind, nor his joyous triumph in his own misfortune.

Harry soon found himself in close confinement, awaiting his trial with scarcely a gleam of hope that his innocence would be proved. He was permitted to write to Mr. Hyde and clearly stated the plain facts of the case to that gentleman. He was very thankful that no money belonging to his employers was in his keeping at the time of his arrest. He had barely enough remaining to defray his expenses back to Montreal. Mr. Hyde at least would not doubt his honesty; Mr. Hyde surely would never turn against him.

But Robinson, the subtle, untiring, revengeful Job Robinson, hastened at once to Montreal, directly he had seen Harry Clifford arrested, and communicated the facts with many embellishments to Eli Gordon, who lost no time in making them known to Mr. Hyde. This gentleman's astonishment was so great that at first he utterly refused to credit the story that Harry Clifford had done a mean or dishonest action. He could not, would not believe it.

During the first few days of Harry's imprisonment his state of mind was wretched beyond all description. He could neither reason, think nor pray. It would be hard to say how many times during those days of agony and suspense he endeavored to lift his heart to

God, and to find his accustomed rest in the "Rock of Ages." The blow had come so suddenly, and its effects had been so stunning, that it was long before he could even pray for resignation under the terrible trial. His greatest grief was for his mother, his sister and Alice. His own sufferings he could bear, but his heart was wrung for them.

Gordon and Robinson rejoiced separately, and together in Harry's disgrace, and neither lost an opportunity to injure him in order to further his own ends. Robinson determined, if false swearing would send him to the State Prison, that he should not escape, and Gordon soon found means of recalling to Mr. Hyde's mind the loss of several small sums of money, which from time to time had been missed from the cash-drawer; while his own half-doubtful, "It cannot be possible Clifford was the thief, that he was pursuing a course of deception all the years he was here!" did more to poison Mr. Hyde's mind against Harry than the boldest accusations could have done.

Eli Gordon was clever enough, and when he did his best—which from sheer laziness he seldom did—his work in the counting-house fell very little short of what Harry Clifford would have performed. But now he put forth his best energies and worked with a will. Harry's place was yet vacant, and he was very anxious to be the one chosen to fill it.

Gordon was rather a small, dark young man, of lazy principles, and thoroughly dishonest at heart; though always fair when his deeds were expected to come under the observation of his employers. And now, when he did his utmost, we need scarcely be surprised that Mr. Hyde, overtaken as he was, and much needing the faithful service of some man younger than himself, should begin to place confidence in him and trust him as he had never trusted a clerk, except Harry Clifford. Indeed, after a time, he almost believed

he must have been deceived in the latter.

After Mr. Hyde's first surprise was over he wrote to Mrs. Clifford, tendering his sympathy and expressing a hope that all would be well with her son eventually. A few weeks later he would scarcely have done this, so rapidly, had Gordon's evil-sowing sprung up in his mind.

There had been one troubled heart in Mrs. Leland's boarding and lodging-house the night the news of Harry's imprisonment first reached it. Teddy Walters had come in from the country and was resting a day or two before starting again on his peddling round with a new-filled pack; and Robinson took care that the worst view the case would bear should be the one presented to the young Irishman's mind. Teddy was thunderstruck. His faithful heart could scarcely bear the slighting remarks which were made that evening, both by Robinson and Gordon, of his best friend, and more than once he muttered between his teeth, "Bad cess to Mr. Robinson! I know he's a hand in it all, somehow."

CHAPTER V.

Is it true that there is a little bird which carries news good and bad from place to place? Certainly it was not long after Harry Clifford's disgrace that news of it reached the Greely settlement. Dr. Wheeler while making a professional visit to an inn about three miles from the widow's cottage heard of it, the information having been brought there by a gentleman travelling in haste from Plattsburg to Montreal. The doctor placed little confidence in it himself, yet mentioned it to his wife and daughter on his return home, and in the evening mentioned it to Squire Greely. These two worthy men agreed in thinking that as long as there was a

probability of the rumor being untrue it would be best not to alarm the inmates of the cottage.

But Anna Wheeler, the doctor's daughter, could not but tell her cousin Seth on the first opportunity, and with tears in her pretty mild eyes, expressed her pity for Harry's friends, especially for Alice Borford, whose engagement with him was generally suspected by those who knew them both. No one looking at Seth would have supposed him to have been other than a clumsy, good-natured farmer's son; but there was burning in his heart the fire of hatred and jealousy. He heard his cousin quietly, and merely remarked at the conclusion of her story, "That's bad for the Cliffords;" but no sooner had Anna left him than an expression indicating his real feelings passed over his face and he said to himself, "The old saying is that 'it is an ill-wind which blows nobody any good;' I'll have the pretty English girl yet or I'm much mistaken."

Before bed-time all the members of the two families were acquainted with all the particulars of the disgrace and imprisonment of Harry Clifford, and the general feeling was that the sad story should by no means be allowed to reach Mrs. Clifford. But, a little after day-break next morning Alice was seen running for Dr. Wheeler. Mrs. Clifford was in spasms and Susie almost wild with grief hanging over her, when Alice returned, accompanied by the doctor and Mrs. Greely.

Old Neef Hall had seen Alice running towards Doctor Wheeler's, and he had hurried Mrs. Greely off, fearing that somehow "the poor creturs *had* heard about it."

In a short time the few scattering neighbors had gathered in, each seemingly anxious to do something for the poor sufferer. Alas! there was nothing to do! The sudden shock had been too much for her enfeebled frame, and she was fast sinking away. The doctor

said she would never be conscious again, though she might live for some hours. Little Susie's grief spent itself in passionate weeping and sobs. Alice was more collected, though her face almost rivalled the snow which was piling around the dwelling, in whiteness, and occasionally a burning tear might be seen stealing down her blanched cheek. The good doctor, anxious to throw blame on somebody, asked how the news had reached the widow. Everybody looked eager, but were none the wiser when Alice said,

"A stranger rapped at the door just before daybreak and left the word." She did not know the voice, and had not seen the face.

The convulsions never left Mrs. Clifford, and before evening she had breathed her last. When the moonbeams crept through the parted folds of the window screen, they fell upon the face of a corpse.

A few of the kind neighbors still lingered; Susie had worn herself out with grief, and was sleeping with her head resting on Alice's bosom. Alice stooped occasionally to kiss the swollen face of the poor child, and heaved many a sigh, though her words were few. She was even then thinking what could be done for Harry.

The next day was clear and bitterly cold. The few necessary preparations for a funeral were always made quietly, in that very quiet place; and now there had fallen a kind of awe upon the people around, owing to the painful circumstances which had attended the widow's decease. A clergyman from the next town was engaged for the funeral services and the solemn "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes," was impressively spoken over the plain coffin when it was lowered into the grave; while the "sure and certain hope of a better resurrection" cheered the Christian mourners, and bade them look from the dark present to the glorious future.

When all was over, Alice and Susie

sat down in the little block cottage. The child clung to her friend, her almost sister, as the only being left her to confide in, and Alice was glad to be alone for an hour with her sorrow and her little charge. She now considered Susie Clifford her especial charge, and determined to act a sister's part by her, even though Harry should be lost to them both. Alice was an energetic, healthy girl, and set herself to the task of protecting the child, and of being of some use to Harry if possible.

The twilight was coming on, and she was roused from her thoughts by a sudden question from the little girl. "Dear Alice," she said, "how could the good God let such a dreadful thing happen to dear Harry, and take mamma from us?"

Alice started. What could she tell the child? Had not the same thought floated through her own mind, though unformed into a question?

But Susie's outspoken words did her good. In trying to show another the way out of the dangerous gloom that questions our Father's dealings with His children, the light broke in upon her own soul, and with a chastened, submissive spirit she rose up from the conversation.

Just before the evening fairly closed in they heard Squire Greely's bells and saw his sleigh driven up to the cottage. The Squire came in, closely followed by Mrs. Greely and Jack Hunter.

"Come, Alice," he said kindly, "put on your things. You are both our girls till better times come. Wife will get the little one ready; you must not stay here by yourselves."

Mrs. Greely had already lighted a candle and was busying herself about the child. The Squire's kindness was so unexpected, and his generous offer so much more than she had thought of, that Alice turned away her face and sobbed out her thanks.

Susie was only too glad to leave the scene of her late sorrow, and in the

course of an hour they were sitting by Grandma Greely's bright fireplace, listening to the good old lady's words of kindness and condolence.

Grandma, as she was usually called by all the young people, was the Squire's mother, and might truly be said to make more sunshine in the family than any other one of its members. She was universally cheerful, and if she did occasionally cast a regretful look over the past, which had had its share of care to her, it was quickly turned forward and upward to where her true riches were. This good woman was likely to prove an excellent friend to the afflicted ones, and even on that first dreadful night they both felt themselves cheered by her conversation.

In a few days Alice resumed her work of teaching, and with redoubled energy. Now she had a new interest in all her work. In the days of partial inactivity which immediately succeeded Mrs. Clifford's death, she had determined to save all her earnings in the hope of some day being able to aid her lover with them. As yet, she had no clearly defined plans. She could not believe he would really be sentenced to State-prison; and in this belief she was upheld by the Squire, whose heart was full of the "charity" that "hopeth all things."

Harry's trial would not take place for some little time, but whenever it should be, the Squire was resolved to be present, and give his testimony as to young Clifford's irreproachable character and well-known honesty. In the meantime Alice toiled on, by no means broken-hearted, though often downcast and perplexed.

Susie attended school regularly, now that the care of her invalid mother was removed. She and Jack Hunter soon became firmer friends than ever, and Jack's great brown eyes watched tenderly over her lest some accident should befall the fragile little creature on her way to or from the school.

Alice's school was made up of the children of some six or eight families settled in the "Greely neighborhood," as it was called. It was a farming district and nearly all the settlers were small landowners and worked their own farms.

As the winter wore on Mr. Seth Wheeler ventured to offer Alice Barford several slight attentions, enough to excite remarks from some of the neighbors, but which were usually so contrived that she could not avoid accepting them. One evening when she had felt herself obliged to treat him with a little more than ordinary civility, she noticed his cousin Anna's eyes fixed on her with a melancholy softness, and had also seen her turn away wiping them. This little circumstance gave her comfort; she said to herself,

"Anna loves her awkward cousin, and this will be my safety. Surely Seth cannot resist such a winning, gentle little girl as she is; he will be sure to turn his attention to her soon, consequently I need not be uneasy."

About the first of February word was sent to Alice that a friend with whom she had been associated in the early days of her orphanage was very ill and particularly wished to see her. Her friend, Marion Gray, was about her own age, but was a delicate girl with a hacking cough and very bright eyes, instead of having as Alice had, a strong frame and robust health. Mr. Gray had formerly shown her much kindness, and her father—also a teacher—had had no little reason to thank the Gray family for favors conferred on him in his last illness.

Alice felt that she must go to her friend. As she was hastening home from her place of teaching, in order to make some arrangements with the Squire to allow Neef to drive her over, a distance of ten miles, she was met by Dr. Wheeler, who at once volunteered to take her, saying he had business a few miles beyond, and would take her

up on his return, promising withal, to land her safely at the Squire's by eight o'clock on the following evening. This suited Alice exactly, and making what few preparations were necessary, she walked over to the Doctor's to be ready early on the following morning. The day on which she was to go was clear and bright, cold, but with a freshness in the air that puts color into the palest face, and Alice was anticipating the full enjoyment of the drive, made more pleasant by the Doctor's agreeable conversation, when lo! the Doctor's driving horse turns up too lame for use, and there is no alternative but to go with Seth, as he only can manage the half-broken colts.

When Seth brought his uncle's horse to the door, that his ability for the trip might be pronounced upon by his master, he took care that the offer of the colts should not come from himself, but waited quietly for the Doctor's word.

"Too bad," too bad," he said, looking at Alice with real concern. "What can I do to make up for this? I'll see the Squire at once;—No, no," he added, as if a bright thought had struck him. "Seth can take you, and drive the colts,—that is, if you aren't afraid to trust his driving; and I think you scarcely need be."

"No indeed," said Aunt Rhoda, "they are steady enough, never fear."

"Alice ventured to whisper a word to Mrs. Wheeler about Anna taking the drive with them; but that good lady, in a low tone, requested her not to speak of such a thing, as she would be very unwilling to allow Anna to be out with the bad cold she was suffering from.

There was no help for it. Her friend was very ill, she had taken the holiday, and was dressed ready for the ride, and Seth Wheeler must be her escort. Poor Alice! she shrank from this man, and would have given much to see her way out of this dilemma. Somehow she felt as if the whole had been of his

planning, though how, she could not determine. And then, that dear, good, stupid old Doctor, he seemed to have no idea she would rather not go with his nephew, or to understand any of his little attentions to herself. Not much wonder either, as he was certain of his pretty little daughter's affection for her cousin, and had little doubt that Seth returned it. Indeed, he might have been heard speaking to himself after the sleigh had driven off:

"Aye, aye, Seth is a good fellow enough, but not the one to have won my darling so easily if I could have prevented it; I suppose I must give her up to him some day. God grant his dark temper may never fall on her."

In spite of her companion, Alice enjoyed the drive on that clear, calm February morning. Her thoughts were with Harry in his lonely prison, and though she heard Seth's remarks and answered them, her spirit was far enough away. Even the sleigh-bells seemed to make a kind of far-away music in her ears, to which the creaking of the sleigh on the crisp snow was a pleasing accompaniment.

Her annoyance had gradually worn away, and by the time they arrived at Mr. Gray's she had resumed her usual spirits. She was warmly welcomed by Mrs. Gray and all the family, but more especially by Marion. While Mr. Gray was assisting Seth to put up his horses, Mrs. Gray put her arm around Alice, and in a tender, motherly way, said,

"I see young Mr. Wheeler is with you, my dear; I hope you have not forsaken poor Harry Clifford in his trouble."

"No, no, Oh no," Alice replied in a broken voice; "I can never do that, and it is only an accident that brings me here to-day in Mr. Wheeler's company," saying which she leaned her head on Mrs. Gray's shoulder and fairly sobbed.

"Well, well, my dear," Mrs. Gray said, after allowing her a moment to

compose herself, "never mind it now; things are likely to come right for Harry I suppose before very long, are they not?"

"Oh, I cannot tell," Alice answered; "Of course I hope for the best; for I am young and hope is strong in youth, but I have many an hour of almost utter hopelessness."

"Well, cheer up now, my dear; I am sorry I said a word about it. I'm sure I never intended to distress you," said Mrs. Gray. "Come, let us try to interest Marion. The doctor says, of all things, to keep her cheerful."

"Is the physician hopeful about her recovery?" Alice asked, as Mrs. Gray led the way to her daughter's room.

"He did not say that he thought her *dangerously* ill," she replied, evidently rather startled by the abrupt question.

Alice was truly shocked by the appearance of her friend. Any person of ordinary shrewdness would have read at a glance that consumption, that insidious disease, was rapidly sapping her life.

Marion was sitting in an easy chair, propped by pillows, and to Alice had every look of one whose days were numbered. The joy of the poor girl on seeing Alice Barford was very great. The friends had not met since the previous October, about a month before Harry's last visit to his mother, and they had much to say to each other. Marion begged Alice to remain at least a day or two with her; and with her gaze fixed on the wan and wasted face and the large, lustrous eyes, she felt that she ought not to refuse what might be a dying request.

Mrs. Gray, who during the first interview of the girls, had managed to see her husband and give him a hint how matters stood between Alice and Mr. Wheeler, warmly seconded Marion's invitation, adding quietly,

"My husband will see you safely home."

"Thank you, my dear Mrs. Gray,"

said Alice warmly; "this is indeed a relief."

At dinner she announced her intention of remaining, much to Seth's annoyance, who, nevertheless, offered to drive over for her whatever day she might wish to return. But to this Mrs. Gray objected, saying it would be hardly fair to put him to that trouble.

There was a surly, half-vexed expression on Seth's coarse, ugly features, and a baffled look in his grey eyes when he said good-bye to Alice, that made her tremble and almost dread the future.

There was much rejoicing at the

Squire's when Seth was seen to return alone. Neef Hall and Susie had been in a state of great excitement when Alice had been seen to drive away with him. Neef's dismay had expended itself in, "Who'd a thought it of the gal? Not I! I wouldn't a believed it." But the little girl had been restless and uneasy all the morning, and had more than once called upon Grandma for stories of her early life in the "Bay State," to keep up her spirits; for apart from Alice's belonging to Harry, the child had a strong dislike to Seth Wheeler.

(To be continued.)

TO ONTARIO.

BY J. O. MADISON.

So serenely thou dost rest
 With the sunbeams on thy breast,
 And so softly thou dost sigh
 To the mirror'd cloud flecked sky,
 That it almost seems as though,
 Thou could'st work nor death nor woe,
 Nor be a vast, insatiate, dread
 Sepulchre of countless dead;
 Yet what tales thou could'st unfold,—
 Tales of horror never told—
 Tales of anguish and of woe
 That the world will never know.

When clouds tumultuous throng the sky,
 When thy waves run mountain high,
 When the lightnings fiercely fly,
 Ghastly flashing
 O'er thy furious, storm lashed waves,
 Mid the crashing
 Of the thunder as it raves,
 Like an angered angel fell
 For a season freed from hell;
 Then what shrieks, heart-rending groans,
 Wails of anguish, dying moans,
 Mingle with the tempest's roar
 And are hushed forevermore!

Though now with touch as tender as a mother's hand,
 Thou dost caress thy beach of dazzling sand,
 Thy soft caress is like the tiger's play,
 Or kiss intended only to betray;
 Though now thy gentle waves break at my feet,
 In song whose strains are strangely sad and sweet,
 They are but tombs of those whom thou hast slain,
 Whose fearful fate is thy sad song's refrain.

THE CAXTON CELEBRATION.

THIS is the age of celebrations, and although perhaps as a nation we are not fortunate in our mode of honoring persons or events, we still continue to celebrate as if we were adepts in the matter. The fashion may be said to have commenced with the name of Shakespeare, and year after year people meet to do honor to the Bard of Avon. But lesser worthies are not neglected, and this year William Caxton is the hero. As 1477 is determined as the year in which he put forth his first book in England (although some slight ground exists for supposing that he was at work a few years earlier), the four hundredth anniversary of this important invention is now here. The idea of a celebration of the event originated in England, where under the patronage of the Queen and several noblemen and others of influence, they were able to make a brilliant show, exhibiting a copy of nearly every one of Caxton's books. The idea of the exhibition in Montreal sprang from the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of this city, who believed it would be a very good opportunity for discovering what literary treasures we had in our midst; and it seems that they were well justified in such a step, for, from the inception of the idea, offers of assistance and sympathy with their scheme poured in upon them from all parts of the Dominion, and our neighbors in the United States; and we have seen the result, in the most extraordinary assemblage of books, maps and engravings that has ever been gathered together in Montreal. At this day with our powerful printing presses pouring forth books



WILLIAM CAXTON.

and newspapers by thousands, and sowing them broadcast over the land, it is difficult for us to realize the labor of the production in the days before the invention of printing, when books were copied by hand and carefully illuminated with initial letters and tail pieces. This we have been able to examine, for in this exhibition we have had side by side with the most beautiful specimens of the printer's and bookbinder's art of more recent date, books on vellum, entirely in manuscript, finished in the early days of the fifteenth century. We have had at least one volume printed before Caxton's first English book was put forth, the "*Decretum Gratiani*" the work of Eggestein, an apprentice of Gutenberg, finished at Strasbourg in 1472. This book is still in excellent preservation and is a wonderful monument

to the fame of the earliest printers. A copy of the *Decretum* is in the British Museum, bearing date one year earlier—1471. There too, “bound in boards,” was a veritable fact. We had specimens of Caxton’s own works, “*The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*” reproduced in *fac-simile*,

(now the Cathedral in Chester), who died in 1360. Trevisa’s translation closes in the year 1357, to which Caxton added the eighth book, thereby extending the history to the year 1460, so that “the booke is general, touching many notable matters.” Near at hand were to be seen specimens of “*Wynkyn de*

Exe endeth the booke named the dictes or sayengis
of the philosophres emprynted, by me William
Caxton at Westmestce the yere of our lord + m+
CCCC + Lxxvij + Whiche booke is late translat

SPECIMENS OF THE TYPES USED BY CAXTON IN *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*.
PRINTED IN 1477.

bearing the date MCCCCLXXVIJ. (1477), and it has been clearly established that “*The Dictes*” was the first book finished by Caxton at Westminster. Through the kindness of a gentleman in New York we had the opportunity of seeing the “*Polychronicon*” finished by Caxton in 1482, “Conteynyng the Berynges and Dedes of many Tymes, in eight Bookes, &c. Imprinted by William Caxton, after having somewhat changed the rude and old Englysshe, that is to wete, certain wordes which in these Dayes be neither voyd ne understanden. Ended the second day of Juyll, the xxij. yere of the Regne of Kynge Edward the Fourth, and of the Incarnacion of oure Lord a thousand four Hondred four Score and tweyne 1482, Fol.”

It must be borne in mind that Caxton was a scholar as well as a printer, and that he translated several of the books which he printed out of the Latin. The “*Polychronicon*” more than many of his other productions is a very interesting record of the man. The translation was made at the request of Thomas, Lord Berkeley, by John de Trevisa, vicar of Berkeley (who ranks among the earliest of our English poets) from the Latin of Ranulph Higden, one of the monks of St. Werberg’s Monastery

“*Worde*” and “*Richard Pynson*,” who both worked with Caxton and continued to carry on the business established by him, after his death. Further on we had a specimen of the work of John Day, another famous English printer, to whom a patent was granted June 2nd, 1568, giving him the power of printing the *Psalmes of David in Metre*. Day greatly improved the type, and appears to have been the first to put aside the old black letter; he cast a new set of Italian letters which cost him forty marks, for the black English letter was not proper for the printing of a Latin book. He was the first to print in the Saxon letter, and brought that of the Greek to very great perfection, as well as other characters, of which he had great variety.

So the good work went on. It was very interesting to trace through the centuries the progress of the art, as we looked on fine specimens of the old printers through the long line, from Paris, Lyons, Basle, Frankfort, Hamburg, Venice, Leyden, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Nuremberg; and the famous presses in England were all represented. So rapidly did the art spread through the world, that we read of a book from Lima in Peru printed by Jos. de Arriago bearing date 1621, whilst it is asserted that a press was established in

Mexico in 1571 and probably in 1569. As the first perfect printed book was the Bible, finished by Gutenberg in 1455, it was fitting that "*Bibles, Prayer-Books and Psalters* should form a very valuable portion of the exhibition. We saw a Bible in Latin, printed at Lyons as

sympathy, as the exhibit included the "Number I., Volume I." of all of the foremost of our Lower Canada papers, and amongst other curiosities a *fac-simile* of the first copy of the London *Times*, a Paris paper during the reign of the Commune in 1871, and a Protestant paper (in English) published at Rome. In short, every one appeared to have been so much in accord with the proposition, that the Committee had to refuse many specimens simply for the reason of so much having been spontaneously offered to them. The Committee are anxious to proclaim their thanks to the legion of friends who rallied round them. For themselves it was a labor of love, and whatever the result of the celebration in a financial point of view, the Committee

will at least have the satisfaction of having been the channel through which such an exhibition of art treasures was brought together as never before had been on view in Montreal. But we propose to say a few words about Caxton himself, whom we regard in some sort as the founder of this rich feast; and the first thing that strikes us on the threshold of an enquiry is that so



1405. EARLY PRINTERS' MARK. WYNKYN DE WORDE.

early as 1511, and a "*Psalterium Sextuplex*" also from Lyons, the work of the famous printer Sebastian Gryphius in 1530. We lingered over this mine of literary wealth, and cannot part with it without a reference to the extremely rich show of "Shakespeare and Shakespeariana," and the books and maps relating to Nouvelle France and Canada—many of them published in Champlain's time, and in some cases not only the reprints of a later date of the rarest works, but also the original editions as early as 1618. Nor may we pass without notice the display of engravings commencing with the great master of the art, Albert Durer, and down through his brethren, Callot, etc., etc., to those of our own time; and we had almost forgotten to note among the books such valuable gems as *Bewick's Birds*, as *Audubon's Birds of America*, and *Hakluyt's Voyages*, the first book printed on this continent (in *fac-simile*), *The Bay Psalm Book*, also the first productions from the printing press in Montreal and Quebec. Nor were our newspaper proprietors behind-hand in their

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1403. EARLY PRINTERS' MARK. RICHARD PYNSON.

little is known of his life, for the date of either his birth or death is not quite certainly ascertained. He was born in Kent (he tells us himself) about 1410-12 and died in the midst of his labors at Westminster 1491-2. He was apprenticed to a mercer in London, and before the expiry of his apprenticeship his master died, and he then visited the

Notre Dame, with its elevated spire and peal of bells, of which Longfellow sings in his "Belfry of Bruges."

Caxton held some appointment under the inexplicable title of "Governor of the English," and in 1464 concluded a treaty between the English king and the Duke of Burgundy. During the whole period of his residence abroad

he appears to have been industriously employed. History knows little of him but what he tells us himself. He speaks of his being hard at work in Bruges at his translation of the "Recuyell of the Historie of Troy," then he continued it at Ghent, and ultimately completed it at Cologne. But it is curious that the title page gives no information of where the work was printed. It does, indeed, speak of the translation having been *completed* at Cologne, and gives the date

as September, 1471. But we believe beyond question the glory of publication rests with Bruges. His "Dictes and Sayings" must in all probability have been completed when he returned to England in 1476, and it was certainly printed there, as we have already said, in 1477.

We cannot help being lost in amazement at the rapidity with which the art progressed. Gutenberg finished his *magnum opus* the Mazarin Bible only in 1455, and we have our famous Englishman with his first book only 16 years later. Three years thereafter (1474) he put forth his "Game of Chesse" and in 1475 and in 1476 his "Boke of the hoole Lyf of Jason." All these were published before he returned to England, and perhaps one or two more books which do not bear any date on their title page. Here too, probably, Caxton became acquainted with Colard Mansion, a famous printer of that date. Never did England receive a greater treasure upon her shore than when Caxton landed with the first of his



1406. EARLY PRINTERS' MARKS. JOHN DAY.

continent, travelling in Germany and the Netherlands, not entering France, as we find in one of his books he says, "in France was I never." Caxton appears to have settled at Bruges, and here the first English book saw light. It is a noteworthy fact in that British literature, of which we may well be so proud, that it had its rise in that quaint old city. Bruges has many claims upon our memory—Mary of Burgundy and her father Charles the Bold lie buried there; Mary's brother, Edward IV. of England (Caxton's patron), then an exile from his country, visited there in 1470, so poor that he was forced to give the master of the ship for his passage a gown lined with martens. Here he lived five months, and here he met with Caxton, who probably aided the king, as he was then reputed wealthy. Van Eyck, the painter, died here, and Charles II. lived here some time during the exile, but the first English book having been printed there is the crown of all the glories of the old city. It is famous too for its beautiful Gothic church of

labors, and he was justly patronized and encouraged by the great during the remainder of his life, which was industriously spent in promoting and improving the art; and from this time forward the record of his labors may be clearly traced. It is certain as to where he lived, the house stood as late as 1845, and it is recorded in the parish books.

"St. Ann's, an old chapel, over against which the Lady Margaret, mother to King Henry VII., erected an almshouse for poor women, which is now turned into lodgings for singing men of the college. The place where-in this chapel and almshouse stood, was called the Eelemosinary or Almonry, for thus the alms of the Abbey were there distributed to the poor, in which the Abbot of Westminster erected the first press for book-printing, that ever was in England, about the year 1471,* and where William Caxton, citizen and mercer, who first brought it into England practised it."

With regard to the word chapel, it is still applied to the internal regulations of a printing-office, and McCreery, in his poem of "The Press," says:—

"Each printer hence, how'er unblest his walls,
E'en to this day, his house a *Chapel* calls."

So the first English printer labored on until the end of his life, producing no less than sixty-four books. Caxton was an industrious translator as well as a printer, for he gave himself the trouble of translating into English many of the books which he afterwards printed, and this was in many cases a difficult matter; for as all the books before that time were in manuscript, the process of copying with the pen was very likely to

lead to variations arising out of the ignorance of the transcribers.

A number of other printers soon followed Caxton's example, and printed books began to multiply very rapidly. Each printer having a sort of pride in



ARMED KNIGHT—Specimen of Early Engraving.

the excellence of his own workmanship, adopted a mark or symbol, which generally comprised a small but rude wood cut, together with certain initials or inscriptions. Thus some of them are in relation to Caxton himself:—

In the middle is a portrait of Caxton; above, the Weald of Kent where he was born: below it, the hall of the Mercer's Company, of which he was a member; on the left is Westminster Abbey, whilst on the right we have the Almonry, two initial letters employed by him in printing, and certain paper marks which he adopted.

The marks of six early printers are preserved. Wynkyn de Worde was a friend and assistant of Caxton's, and from his press from 1493 to 1535 appeared no fewer than four hundred books. He was proud of his connection

* Probably a clerical error for 1477.

with his old master, and always included Caxton's initials with his own mark. Richard Pynson was another of Caxton's assistants. He was a native of Normandy, but carried on the business of a printer in England during a period about as long as De Worde's career. He obtained a small salary as "King's printer," being the first person who occupied that station. All the other printers whose marks are given in the cuts alluded to, lived in England about or soon after the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, since which time the art of printing has advanced with a rapidity which it is unnecessary to follow.

In those early times before the division of employment it was well understood the printer had to make his own types and his own ink, and the labor of

Stanham, wishing to establish a printing office at Augsburg, engaged a skilful workman and proceeded to make the necessary arrangements and purchases, which occupied him a whole year. He bought five old wine presses and made them into printing presses; but the expenses were so great that he ruined himself and died broken-hearted. Not unfrequently a printer had to be his own pressmaker, type founder, ink-maker and bookbinder, and hence it may easily be supposed that a printer was in those days regarded as a very important personage.

Even in the days before printing, there was a small book trade, and schemes began to be devised for making books of some general use. In Paris, before the close of the fourteenth century, the booksellers were com-

manded to keep books for hire, and in the register of the University of Paris, Chevillier found a list of books so circulated, and the price of reading each. But from the hour when a first large expense of transferring the letters, syllables, words and sentences of a manuscript to movable type was ascertained to be the means of multiplying copies to the extent of any demand, then the greater the demand, the greater the cheapness.

The laboring classes, who were scarcely yet fully established in their freedom from bondage to one lord, were probably wholly unable to use books at all. Shakespeare did not much exaggerate the feelings of ignorant men, when he put these words in the mouth of Jack Cade when addressing Lord Say:

"Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the King, his



ANCIENT PRESS.

a printing office was more heterogeneous than it is now.

It is stated that about the time when Caxton commenced operations in England, a printer named Melchior de

crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper mill."

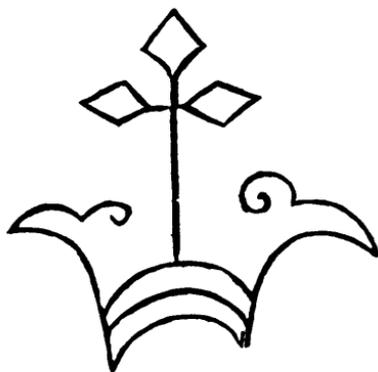
Caxton's books are notable for their prefaces or prologues from the master's own hand. Would that all the productions of the present day bore as pure an imprint. One cannot read his words without being warmed with admiration in favor of the mind that gave birth to sentiments such as they contain. Every sentence breathes the language of a good Christian and a truly moral man. They are, unquestionably, the production of a heart filled with adoration of the Divine Being—of one who was anxious to the utmost of his power to inculcate similar notions of piety and good living throughout mankind in general,—and who, though "well stricken in years," ceased not to labor for the improvement and extension of the infant art up to the last days of his life.

His hands laid the foundation stone of that great fountain, the Press, the inexhaustible streams of which have swept away the dark clouds of ignor-

ance and superstition which covered the land. May that fountain continue to flow unsullied, without interruption, till Time has run his course!

Our illustrations comprise a portrait of Caxton, which has some claim for authenticity, its record having been enquired into by Sir Hans Sloane. We give the old printer's paper-mark, and his press; also a fac-simile of a portion of his first book. We have added the trade-marks of his two immediate successors, Richard Pynson and Wynkyn de Worde, and a third of John Day, who (as we have said) was the first to print the Psalms of David in metre. It is noteworthy that all these pioneers in the art of printing appear to have had some foreknowledge of the wonderful revolution they were inaugurating, and the last named worthy adopted for his motto, words which were not only a pun upon his own name, but a foreshadowing of the victory that types were achieving for the world, "Arise, for it is Day!" Below is an illustration of Caxton's paper-mark.

H. MOTT.



THE GIRLS' VOYAGE.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

(Continued.)

AMY'S STORY.

STEAMER "SUWANEE," CHINA SEA,
Aug. 30th.

Do you wonder, Gussie, that you do not see the familiar name of Hong Kong Harbor at the head of this letter? Are you saying to yourself, "What has befallen those girls now?" Something remarkable, be assured, for we have visited Singapore, and are now steaming back to our harbor-home after nearly a month's absence.

Marion's last effusion was a kind of wail, was it not? and if I had written in July according to my feelings, you would have received one of yet more doleful cadence; but no gilded vane on church steeple ever veered more suddenly than did those same feelings on the 2nd day of August when, hot and miserable, I was fanning myself on the sofa in the captain's office, and was electrified by these words as Arthur entered,

"Amy! Marion! Hurry and pack your trunk, for the 'Suwanee' sails at three this afternoon, and you are going to Singapore in her by invitation of Mr. Dowling."

Cinderella was not more pleased when her fairy godmother turned a pumpkin into a coach to take her to the ball than we were with this welcome invitation. It seems that Arthur met the dear old gentleman in Queen's Road, and he stopped him to say, "I was just on my way to the 'Lyra,' for the notion of going to Singapore with Fay has just seized me, but I don't care about it unless you will let those girls of yours go with me. I'll take wonderful care

of them." Captain Roslyn could have no doubt of that, so he did not demur at the prospect of a month's loneliness for himself, but came to give the announcement that startled us both into an excited packing of one small trunk, and before the sun went down the Peak was far out of sight, and we were out on the wide ocean once more; standing on the "Suwanee's" bow with a cool salt wind blowing even the remembrance of heat away from us, and every prospect of a good time ahead. In a steamer that one might suppose to have been built expressly to afford pleasure trips to a few passengers, conveniently arranged and handsomely fitted up; her captain an unusually agreeable person when "so disposed;" with a kind fatherly friend, who made us feel that we were conferring instead of receiving a favor by the acceptance of his invitation; sailing down the China Sea, serenely blue all day, and silvered after twilight, toward the land of palms, and revelling in anticipations of tropical beauty to be enjoyed there,—could we have dreamed of any better way than this of passing the month of August?

There were only three or four passengers beside our party, and we did not see much of any of them except a Mr. Leroy, who by reason of his excessively lively character, and information gathered from almost every clime, is well fitted for a steamer companion. His powers of entertainment, added to those with which Captain Fay is endowed; a large collection of stereoscopic views belonging to the latter; his photograph albums, from whose pages

many a Boston face looked up at us with a pleasant surprise, and Cameron's book on Singapore were the charms that made three days slip away too quickly.

On the third day land was visible,—a long range of hills in the distance, which the captain said was the coast of Cochin China. We entered the Saigon River the next forenoon, passing Cape St. James, a thickly wooded promontory at its mouth, and for several hours were tracing its serpentine curves among shores covered with a low jungle growth. At five p.m. the "Suwanee" ran aground, and there was nothing to do but to wait patiently for two hours until the tide turned, and then we steamed up to the city. Not much of Saigon was to be seen in the hazy moonlight, and we retired to suffer the disturbance of swarms of mosquitoes in our stateroom and of heathen outside the window; so there was little rest for us that night. Daylight revealed a view of vessels at anchor all around us; junks and sampans of patterns diverse from those with which we had become familiar in Hong Kong, huts of Chinese or Malays along the river banks, and some respectable buildings, the most imposing of them being the Messagerie Imperiale, the headquarters of French authority. Marion's attempt at sketching a thatched shanty under some palm trees was interrupted by a call from Captain Fay to join me in making the acquaintance of the mangosteen, "the queen of East Indian fruits," he called it, "and one that you will never know when to stop eating after you once taste it." She came reluctantly, asking if mangosteens were at all like mangoes, for she has never conquered her aversion for that fruit, and persists in saying it has a turpentine flavor.

"No more like them than peaches are like watermelons," Mr. Leroy assured her, showing us a box of them, and producing plates and knives.

The first time one tastes a mangosteen is an epoch in the history of a life. It is about the size and shape of an apple, and has a hard, dark shell which is crimson on the inside and contains a pure white fruit, divided into lobes, and very juicy. The flavor is unlike any other in the world, I believe, therefore I cannot describe it; but Marion's face, as she swallowed one lobe and rolled up her eyes, then closed them with a sigh that told of rapture too deep for utterance, would have convinced any one of the mangosteen's virtue.

"You won't look so serene when I give you a dourian to eat," said Capt. Fay, who had observed her quizzically.

"When you drive around Singapore and judge by a certain odor greeting your olfactories that deceased cats and dogs are somewhere in the neighborhood, or that a breeze is wafted to you from the jungle where decaying elephants and tigers"—

"Stop these odorous comparisons, I beg," exclaimed Mr. Leroy.

"You needn't listen," responded the captain; "I will proceed to inform Miss Gilmer that under such circumstances she may know herself to be near a pile of dourians exposed for sale outside of some shop."

"Can people eat such things? What do they look like?"

"They are larger than a cocoanut, and have a green husk or shell; the interior is like a rich custard, and much appreciated by people who can overcome their disgust at the smell. The natives are very fond of them."

Mr. Leroy declared that he should send for a dourian before he had been in Singapore half an hour, and no perfume should deter him from eating one.

"We shall see," was the captain's skeptical reply.

Late in the afternoon we went ashore to see the wonders of Saigon, and in a queer little carriage rattled off to the Public Gardens—a place upon which the French people do not expend much

labor in cultivation, and I liked it none the less for that. The straggling paths, winding among thickets of bamboo and palm, were rural enough, and pleased me better than if they had borne the marks of weeding and rolling. There were animals in cages there; some large tigers, one of whom flew at his iron bars when he saw us with such a roar of fury that Mr. Dowling drew me back involuntarily, as if he thought it could scarcely require more force to give the creature his freedom. Then we got into our carriage again and were driven over very good roads, edged with the greenest grass; past pretty, airy French houses and the miserable hovels of the Chinese. Altogether Saigon is a queer place; the French and Chinese elements do not seem to mingle well, and respectable buildings have a homesick look,—“as if they wished they were anywhere else on earth,” Marion observed. There is a large Catholic nunnery there, but I did not see anything very attractive after we left the seclusion of the gardens, and we had no desire to go ashore again during the “Suwanee’s” stay in the river. On the third day she steamed out to sea again, and our pleasant intercourse went on as before.

The captain grew more sociable every day, and seemed to find great delight in teasing Marion and drawing her into discussions upon a variety of subjects. Another favorite pastime of this young man, whose dignified manners had once caused us to regard him with a degree of awe, was to address remarks and commands in Pidgin English to his steward, a very solemn Chinaman, at the dinner-table, for the purpose I believe of setting Marion into fits of laughter. Captain Fay’s fluency in this tongue is so astonishing that the gravest person could not fail to be amused at listening to him, and Marion’s strong sense of the ridiculous quite overcomes her. Sometimes we sit at the table from seven till nearly ten, so interested in conversation—not always nonsensical

by any means—that we forget the attractions of the deck. One night Marion’s declaration of the unbelief in mankind which residence in China has fostered in her heart, drew down upon her the captain’s wrath, and when she enforced some of her statements by the avowal that our young adopted brother Dick was about the only person there in whom she had any real confidence, he was nearly dumb with a comical kind of indignation, and proposed an adjournment to the moonlight outside. There he renewed the strife, and feeling the need of some stimulant to support him in his argument, he called for tea to be brought up on deck, and we all quaffed “the cup that cheers” with great enjoyment.

The fact is undeniable that none of us were in any hurry to get to Singapore; but early in the morning of Aug. 13th we passed among the outlying islands into a calm, wide bay, and drew up to one of the wharves at breakfast time. The captain took malicious pains to have a dourian brought to the table and placed before his friend, Leroy, who had boastfully declared the strength of his purpose to eat one, despite its reputed odor. One whiff of it, which verified all Captain Fay had told us, caused Mr. Leroy to lean back in his chair and recommend with rather a sickly smile that it should be exhibited to us through the cabin window, if the young ladies cared to make further inspection of it.

“Here steward,” cried the captain, brimful of fun, but with a very grave exterior; “you takee him; (the dourian) we no wantchee here—we makee look see him outside window,” and the offensive dourian was conveyed to a distance.

In a “gharry,” the Singapore hack, we rattled through the streets of the Clarendon Hotel, which stands in a lovely garden fronting the bay. It seemed deserted by all its boarders, and we wondered, when summoned to tiffin in a great hall, that no one beside

our three selves sat down at the table.

The reason was that there were no ladies staying there, and all the gentlemen were down town at their offices. At the seven o'clock dinner there was a formidable array of them, and when Marion and I left the table each one pushed his chair back with a loud scrape on the uncarpeted floor and stood up, while we marched down the long room in much surprise and embarrassment, for we were not acquainted with English dinner company etiquette, and had not been prepared for such a proceeding on the part of ten strangers.

One charm of these East Indian houses is a kind of verandah room furnished with cane lounging chairs, the floor covered with matting, and three sides of it open to the perfumed breezes. The parlor of the Clarendon Hotel leads into a retreat of this description, and there we spent the evening, looking through the white columns upon a tropical garden below us, and beyond its foliage to the quiet waters of the bay. We could hear the dash of a slow wave breaking at intervals on the sand, and behind one tall cocoanut palm a full moon shone gloriously. The effect was heightened by a sweet-toned music box in the parlor, and through the half-closed door stole out to us the chimes of "Monastery Bells."

There was a boudoir connected with our room at the hotel, of which one whole side opened to the garden, and was shaded at will by Venetian blinds; and at seven o'clock every morning we partook of "chow-chow," brought there on a tray by a stately Kling, whose jet-black beauty was well set off by his snowy clothes and turban of striped scarlet and white cloth. Chow-chow in this case means a meal, not a preserve, and the term is generally applied to slight refreshment taken before the late breakfast. Crispy toast, fragrant tea, butter moulded into the semblance of a creamy rose, and thick slices of pine-apple that melt in the mouth, were

the viands brought us by our Kling waiter; and who could resist such temptations, even when knowing they would take off the edge of our appetite for the substantial breakfast? We never attempted to resist, and the result was that afterwards curried chicken, and rice and fried cakes were treated with indifference, and Mr. Dowling worried at our lack of appetite.

On Sunday morning we started to walk to the Scotch Kirk, persuading ourselves that we should not suffer with the heat; but we did, and were wishing for a gharry, when wheels sounded behind us, and from a carriage a young lady alighted, advancing with a frank, cordial manner to greet us, and introduced herself as the daughter of an elder in the Kirk.

"Are you going there?" she asked; "I thought it was probable, and also believed you must be the American strangers whom I heard had come down with Captain Fay and were staying at the Clarendon. I wish to save you the hot walk, if you will allow me that pleasure."

This good Samaritan, Miss Elsie Moore, not only conveyed us to the Kirk, but gave us a seat in her pew, and offered many thoughtful attentions, and after the services kindly responded to our request that she would call on us.

Mr. Dowling met an old friend of his in the porch, a Mr. Vane, who insisted that we should drive out of town to take tiffin with him, and we did so. One of the many smooth, shady roads that lead out to the suburban residences brought us to an elevated mansion with wide verandahs commanding a view of a distant hill-range, and there we had a light repast, and with conversation and sacred music passed away the hot hours of the day, driving into town in time for the service at the Episcopal church, just before dark. It is an elegant building, and the congregation was a very fashionable one, but a more

formally conducted service I never attended, and I felt when it was over as if I had asked for bread and had been given a stone. The fault may have been partly in myself, for I might have worshipped in God's house with a heart rising above a coldly-read set of prayers, and a neat little moral essay of a sermon; yet after we passed out from those gothic arches, we went where my soul's craving was satisfied—and where was that, do you suppose? In the "Bethesda," an humble chapel where congregate that class of believers who call themselves "Brethren." They were not fashionable, and had neither minister nor choir. We all united fervently in singing such simple hymns as "Come to Jesus, just now"; and a lay brother at the desk gave us an affectionate, plain exhortation, that bore out the spirit of those words. It seemed to me like the gatherings of the apostles in that "large, upper room," where, "with one accord, they continued in prayer and supplication;" and we drove back to the hotel feeling satisfied that we had made the most of our Sunday in Singapore.

The first thing that happened on Monday, was a call from a gentleman whose brother (now on a visit to Scotland) owns a fine cocoanut grove six miles out of town, to which he promised to drive us that afternoon; and he came for us in a comfortable barouche, greatly to our relief, after some forebodings of a ride in one of those noisy gharries. We drove about the town for a little while; down the Esplanade—a wide road that skirts the bay—seeing there several handsome buildings; then wound through the somewhat narrow and ill-paved, or paveless, business streets, where there seems to be nothing of nature's loveliness, or of man's device, to attract the eye; and round the corners come whiffs of the strongest douirian odor, until we were glad when the horses' heads were turned toward the country.

In one street the Chinese were holding a feast in honor of their departed ancestors. A long table was set out there, gaudily ornamented, and laden with their own peculiar delicacies, for the benefit of those restless souls who, according to the popular belief, are continually demanding some attention on the part of their living relatives.

Our barouche rolled easily over a level road, bordered on either hand by crowds of tall cocoa palms, with little huts scattered about in the shade of their feathery leaves. After miles of this scarcely varied scenery, we turned into an avenue that led to the factories, where they make ropes out of the fibrous cocoanut shell, and oil from the nut. There were a good many long, low sheds, where the work was going on, and we alighted to inspect it, and strolled through the grove, eating pieces of the hard, white nut, slightly apprehensive that a whole one might at any time descend upon our heads from the tree-tops.

Our escort then said it must be nearly dinner-time, and we would drive to the house. I had expected to see an elegant mansion, where at least *one* lady would receive us; therefore, judge of my amazement when we alighted before a picturesque, though rather rough bungalow, where it appeared that our companion and a young man who has charge of the factories kept bachelors' hall, and the only invited guest beside Mr. Dowling and his girl *protégés* was the minister of the Kirk!

Dinner was served in a stone-paved room on the ground floor. A truly English round of beef, and oat cake as truly Scotch, were set before us, with other things that especially appertain to the tropics, and it was a very enjoyable repast, even if it did seem odd to have no hostess at the board. From an upper balcony afterwards we could see that for miles around were cocoanut trees—their plummy heads waving in the night breeze, and beyond them in one

direction we could have had by daylight a far-off glimpse of the sea. Our drive back to the hotel was a dark one, for the trees that hemmed in the road were only far enough apart to show a narrow strip of the starry firmament above us, and in passing the thick jungle we wondered if tigers did not sometimes spring out of it upon late travellers like ourselves; but, leaning back on the carriage cushions, we were too drowsily comfortable to be much alarmed by any such surmises, and just before midnight we drove through the Clarendon gateway.

A few miles out of Singapore is the residence of a wealthy Chinaman by the name of Whampoa, and the garden around it is visited as a matter of course by all sightseers; so we were informed by Captain Fay, who made his appearance at our hotel the next afternoon with a friend of his, a Mr. Temple, saying briefly that he had a carriage at the door, and would take us to "Whampoa's Garden," unless we had something better to do. We had not, and ran with alacrity to put on our hats. On coming back to the verandah where the gentlemen were waiting, the captain handed us a letter from our Sunday acquaintance, Miss Elsie Moore, inviting us, in her mother's name, to dinner that evening.

"I am going," he informed us as I read it to Marion and Mr. Dowling, "and so are Temple and Leroy. You must accept, for the Moores are charming people, and we shall be sure of a pleasant time."

"Of course," we replied, "but we can't go to a dinner-party dressed as we are now for a drive. You will have to wait fifteen minutes longer," and we wasted no time in arraying ourselves in evening costumes, then drove out to Whampoa's beautiful grounds.

It is a stiff beauty that reigns there, or it would not be truly Chinese. Straight, narrow alleys intersect the flower beds; box bushes trimmed into

shapes of baskets, pagodas and animals stand at every turn; long canals about three feet in width, are filled with lotus, whose rosy heads tremble on their slender stalks as if too heavy to hold up, and in a miniature lake we saw the Victoria Regia's great petals unfolded. It was not our expectation to enter the house, and we were the more pleased at receiving an invitation to do so from the proprietor, whom we met in an arbor, where he was exhibiting one of his pets, a huge six-legged turtle, to three gentlemen. Captain Fay knew these strangers, and presented us to Admiral Rodgers and two captains from the United States frigate "Colorado;" we were also introduced to old Mr. Whampoa, a most courteous gentleman who speaks English well, and pressed us to walk into his house and take some refreshment. I was glad we had that opportunity, for the house is more remarkable than the garden, according to my judgment, and presents a singular combination of Chinese and English styles. One parlor opens into another by a great circular hole surrounded with openwork carving; costly rugs are spread upon the polished floors; marvels of ivory and sandal wood are scattered in profusion, and among furniture of unmistakably Chinese origin the appearance of a few of such tables and chairs as you might see in any fine house in an American city causes one to feel some surprise. Tea, cake, and wine were served, and we bade our host adieu with many thanks for his politeness. The stately, white-headed Admiral gave us an invitation to visit the "Colorado" on our return to Hong Kong, and told Mr. Dowling that she would soon follow the "Suwanee" there.

It was too dark when we reached the Moores' house to get much idea of its outer appearance, and it mattered little, for the inside was bright and homelike, and Miss Elsie's welcome dispelled all formality. Her father and younger

sister greeted us kindly, and Mrs. Moore took our hearts captive at once. Her presence would make anyone feel happier and better, and she is one, I think, to whom motherless girls especially must be drawn by some influence too sweet to be explained. Marion says, "It is just as if she spread out a great pair of wings and folded us under them." Our being thrown almost exclusively of late into the society of gentlemen made us appreciate in an unwonted degree what it was to sit down beside this dear motherly Scotch lady, and answer her questions of affectionate interest about our ship, our brother, the long sea-voyage and our distant home. I cannot say that a feast of reason prevailed at dinner, for we were all too jolly to be very sensible. Captain Fay and Mr. Temple, who were old friends of the Moores, and very much at home, kept us in a state of merriment, and another guest, Mr. Fields from Massachusetts, contributed to the general festivity. When dessert had received sufficient attention, Mrs. Moore arose, and we young females followed her out of the room like a brood of ducklings going after the parent bird, in accordance with the unprofitable custom of the ladies leaving the gentlemen to drink and smoke by themselves. These gentlemen did not appear to be winebibbers, however, for we were soon interrupted in a cosy chat over our coffee by their entering the parlor and proposing music. Everyone sang or played, and I fear that Marion and I reflected no credit upon our instructors by our part of the performances; for, attempting to sing one of our duets, we made a grievous failure of it. Finally we Americans waxed patriotic and indulged in "The Star Spangled Banner," which merged into "The Bonnets of Blue" out of compliment to our entertainers, and a general uproar ended the evening.

On the day of our departure from Singapore Mr. Dowling noticed in one

of the offices down town two large boxes of shells and coral—a great variety, and he told a clerk that he should like to find a collection similar to this one for the young ladies who were travelling with him.

"These boxes are to go on board the 'Suwanee' to-day, sir," was the reply. "Mr. Fields intends them for Miss Roslyn and Miss Gilmer." Was not that a fine present?

Another reminiscence of Singapore was given me by the gentleman who took us out to the cocoanut grove—an alligator made of cork, frightfully natural, and ready to squirm his long tail at the slightest movement. It is the work of a Buddhist priest, I was told. After a few more drives and dinners, we took leave of that lovely land, and of those friends who had so greatly contributed to our enjoyment while there, and the "Suwanee" began her return trip on a bright August afternoon, receiving a salute from the noble "Colorado" as we passed her in the Bay. We were already on board the steamer when the "Catharine Apar" from Hong Kong came up to the dock, and letters from Arthur and Dick Payne were handed to us just as the warning whistle sounded and the last farewells were spoken. Naturally, we were gratified to learn how much they had missed us in our harbor-home, and were aided in realizing it by a pen and ink sketch entitled "Evenings on the 'Lyra' during the month of August, 1870." Four young men therein were represented as sitting in a row on deck, their feet up on the railing, expressions of extreme dejection on their faces, and cigars in the mouths of two who appeared to be Dick and Mr. Fordyce. From Arthur's mouth issued these words: "Well! if I ever let my girls go away again without me—!" and from Mr. Duncan's—"I daresay they will marry some one down there, and never come back." The artist of this touching group was not revealed in the

letter, but we had cause to suspect the second mate. Marion executed a companion sketch to this, representing herself and me, with Mr. Dowling and Captain Fay on the deck of the steamer; each one of us comfortably extended in a bamboo reclining chair, and holding a tea cup—each face wearing a grin of unspeakable content, and Captain Harold exclaiming, as he stirred his smoking beverage, "Now this is domestic bliss—this is fine!" Underneath was written "Evenings on the 'Suwanee' in the month of August, 1870," and we sent it to our lonely friends from Saigon, at which port we stopped again for a few days.

An English gentleman, with his wife, are the only cabin passengers beside ourselves on this return trip. They are pleasant people, but quite reserved, and inclined to keep to themselves. The Captain and Mr. Dowling read aloud to us their favorite scraps of literature, and we spend our days on deck; our nights too, I might almost say, for midnight frequently finds us there—deep in conversation (and tea). Early to-morrow morning, if nothing happens to the "Suwanee's" machinery, she will come to her anchorage under the shadow of the Peak that we were so glad to leave a month ago, and shall be still more glad to see again, and be welcomed once more on the "Lyra."

P.S. from Marion, September 5th. I wouldn't let Amy send off her Singapore effusion without giving me a chance to tell you about some funny things that have happened since we got home. Oh! we had such a glorious time, and such a welcome back! I don't write this postscript to tell you that, however, but to mention two adventures of ours in relation to the "Colorado." That grand flag-ship sailed into the harbor a few days ago, and Arthur made a prompt call on some of the young officers, inviting them to return civilities by a visit to the "Lyra,"

and little did he dream that they would one afternoon when he had gone to the city and left his lambs without fraternal protection. Mr. Duncan, who was indulging in his favorite pastime of reconnoitring the harbor with a spy-glass startled us all of a sudden by this announcement:

"I see one of the 'Colorado's' boats bearing down on us. It is full of officers—what will you do?" (this in a horrified tone for he surely thought that ravening wolves were descending upon the fold in the absence of its guardian.)

"Tell them the captain has gone ashore, and perhaps they won't come on board," said Amy, as we hurried down to the cabin so that they shouldn't be allured by white draperies, and waited there, quaking for fear of these unknown monsters. Mr. Duncan virtuously did as he was told in answer to their enquiries, and they were about to order their oarsmen to push off from the ship, when the irrepressible Fordyce added in a distinct tone, "The young ladies are aboard, sir."

"Oh, are they?" said the chief spokesman, "that's all right. Come along, fellows, the girls are aboard," and up the gangway they clattered with as much noise as ten feet could make. Mr. Fordyce preceded them and handed us five visiting cards, a useless observance, for we didn't know who the names fitted, of course, and they all marched in before we had time to read them. In some remarkable manner the introductions were accomplished, and I barely kept myself from an explosion of laughter—the whole affair was so ludicrous. There were not chairs enough in the cabin for such an army of men, so we took them up on the house, and each of us had two and a half to entertain. No exertion on our part was needed, though; they entertained themselves and us in the wildest style, flinging jokes and compliments around at random, and acting

as if they had taken leave of their senses for a time, or at least had left them at a distance. It is probable that ardent spirits were influencing them, for if they had made several other calls that afternoon and had accepted an invitation to partake of wine or brandy at every vessel, according to the doubtful habits of this place, it could not be wondered at that they should be a little beside themselves. No one expects Captain Roslyn to treat them to anything alcoholic when they visit him, or if they do the first time they must be sadly disappointed, and never flatter themselves with that hope again. In the course of their conversational fireworks they threw out an invitation for us to come to the next Sunday morning's service on their flag-ship, and promised us a "sermon of the first chop," adding as still farther inducement that they would sing "Shoo-fly" after it if we desired. As you may suppose, we did not respond to this with especial cordiality, and they soon departed after a noisy leave-taking. Just picture to yourself Arthur's face when we told him all about it!

The real spice of the matter lies in the way we actually did visit the "Colorado,"—not upon the invitation of these fast youths, but as guests of the captains of that vessel, whom we had met in Whampoa's Garden. Last evening (moonlight of course, for all our best fun seems to occur when the moon is about full) we heard the clank of twenty-four oars in the rowlocks of some boat, and straightway Captain Fay appeared with one of the "Colorado" captains, to ask us to establish ourselves in the cushioned stern of a large boat rowed by twelve oarsmen, dressed in navy suits of white and blue. Arthur had a severe headache, and it seemed too bad for both of us to leave him, yet if one had stayed the other would have had to, and he ordered us to go and have a good time.

"To the 'Plantagnet'" was the

command given the rowers. "We will call for Miss Jennie Bryant," added Captain Fay to us. This young lady arrived in the harbor only a few weeks before we went to Singapore, in the course of a long voyage with her mother on the vessel which her father commands. Her intelligence and pleasing face and manners make her a general favorite—with sea-captains especially, on account of her nautical knowledge. I heard one of them say he would trust her to navigate a ship far sooner than many young officers.

With this addition to our company we drew near the "Colorado," and under her bulwarks listened to the familiar strains of "Swanee Ribber" which floated down from the quarter deck where the band was playing; then we went on board. Two of our former acquaintances met us at the gangway steps, and gravely handed us to the deck; but the strict etiquette of the navy puts a barrier between the invited guests of a captain or an admiral and inferior officers like those flyaway sons of Mars; therefore after decorously escorting us to the elegant quarters of their chiefs, they drew back, and we saw them no more. In such high company as that of the venerable Admiral did we spend the evening, and by him were we entertained. He showed us the pictures of his wife and daughters, he saturated our handkerchiefs with the choicest cologne, and ordered refreshments to be served on the quarter deck, where we sat so near the band that conversation was at a discount except in the pauses of the resounding brass. Such honors as these I have described must cause us forever to look down upon lieutenants and ensigns, except those who are *entitled* to respect by their solidity of character; and where shall such be found?

This, my dear, is a postscript worthy of the name, and I trust it will find an appreciative reader.

(To be continued.)

MODERN MYSTICS : NOSTRADAMUS.

BY C. W. A. DEDRICKSON.

An ineradicable characteristic of humanity, apparent in the savage, the half-civilized and the cultivated, is the yearning after a glimpse into the future, a desire to lift the solemn veil that ever hangs across our pathway. This yearning is found in all hearts, sometimes only extending to the immediate future, to a desired knowledge of to-morrow or next week, or next year; to events affecting our temporal well-being, and sometimes extending to that mysterious future beyond this world, where the mortal puts on immortality, and where even the highest reason staggers at the illimitable prospect!

To meet this universal yearning, all religions, true and false, have supplied their votaries with prophets, seers, augurs and oracles, beings invested, or supposed to be invested, with the gift of prophecy,—the power to tear aside the veil and reveal events hidden from general humanity. That true prophets, whose utterances frequently have not been verified for hundreds of years, and false prophets, who to one hit made a thousand misses, should have been so largely believed in, shows the deep-rooted and universal faith that exists in the gift of vaticination.

Passing over the prophets and seers, the augurs and oracles of antiquity, and coming down to modern times, perhaps one of the most wonderful adumbrators of whom we have an authentic account, is Nostradamus. Michael Nostradamus, whose proper name was Michel Notre-Dame, was born at St. Remy, a town in France, on the 14th of December, 1503, and by profession was a medical man. He studied first at the College d'Avignon, where he exhibited remarkable scientific powers, and subsequently at

the celebrated school of Medicine at Montpellier, and while at this school an epidemic broke out in the South of France, and Nostradamus, repairing to the scene of desolation, acquired great distinction by his humanity and knowledge. After taking his degree, he held a professorship in the medical school for some time; but on the advice of his friend J. C. Scaliger, the celebrated scholar, he settled in Agens as a medical practitioner. After a short stay in this town, he travelled for some time, and finally settled in Salon, situated in the environs of Aix. Nostradamus married twice, and had a large family, and about the year 1544, when we find him domesticated at Salon, he must have been reckoned as a man of note; for when an epidemic raged in Lyons in 1545, he was solemnly invited by the civic authorities to visit that city, and his efforts in mitigating suffering and saving life are highly spoken of. As was not uncommon during the period, Nostradamus undertook the study of Astrology for the purpose of increasing his medical knowledge, and it was while engaged in this study, about the year 1547, that his fancied gift of prophecy was developed. His first prophetic venture was a very humble one, and took the form of an almanac. These almanacs became immensely popular, and a surprising number of editions, for those times, were issued. In the year 1555 he published some of his *Prophecies*, which attracted so much attention that Henry II. sent for him to Paris, and consulted him about his children; and we find that in the year 1618, over fifty years after his death, the books containing the prophecies of Nostradamus, were the

primers used in the schools of France.

It is a little singular that two of the seers of modern history, Nostradamus and Swedenborg, possess several characteristics in common. They both led hard, studious lives; they were both fond of mathematics, and it was only in their declining years that they believed themselves possessed of the gift of prophecy. They were both undoubtedly sincere. Throughout the ponderous tomes of Swedenborg, there is an air of self-belief that precludes the idea of conscious imposture, and we find the same faith in Nostradamus. "I am," he says, "but a mortal man, and the greatest sinner in the world; but, being seized occasionally by a prophetic humor, and by a long calculation, pleasing myself in my study, I have made books of prophecies, each containing a hundred stanzas." He lived, like Swedenborg, much in solitude, spending whole nights in his study, in intense meditation, and became impressed with the belief that he participated in a supernatural knowledge flowing direct from God, and that coming events cast their shadow on his mind. How are we to account for this strange belief? Is it a sign of the breaking up and decay of the mental functions, strained and injured by a life of hard study, and the domination of the reason by the fancy, or shall we believe that at the decline of life, as the earthly life waxes dimmer, the heavenly light that is within us, and by which we live, burns clearer as we approach the mystic source of all light?

The predictions of Nostradamus were first translated into English by a refugee French physician, Theophitus de Garencieres, who, a doctor of Oxford, and a member of the Royal College of Physicians of London, was a devout believer in the mystic utterances of the Salon astrologer. In the life of Nostradamus prefixed to the prophecies, Dr. Garencieres relates a circumstance that brings the French mystic into close

relationship with the seer of the Scottish Highlands. One day being at the castle of Faim, in Lorraine, attending on the sick mother of its proprietor, the Lord of Florinville, he chanced to walk through the yard, where there were two little pigs, one white and the other black. "The Lord enquired," relates the biographer, "what should become of those two pigs. He answered presently: 'We shall eat the black, and the wolf shall eat the white.' The Lord Florinville, intending to make him a liar, did secretly command the cook to dress the white for supper. The cook then killed the white, dressed it and spitted it, ready to be roasted when it should be time. In the meantime having some business out of the kitchen, a young tame wolf came in and ate up the buttocks of the white pig. The cook coming in and fearing lest his master should be angry, took the black one, killed and dressed it, and offered it at supper. The Lord, thinking he had got the victory, not knowing what had befallen, said to Nostradamus: 'Well, sir, we are now eating the white pig, and the wolf shall not touch it.' 'I do not believe it,' said Nostradamus; 'it is the black one that is on the table.' Presently the cook was sent for, who confessed the accident, the relation of which was as pleasing to them as any meal."

If this be genuine, it must be classed with the foresight of Swedenborg, as displayed in his description of the burning of Stockholm in the year 1759, and raises the question whether there is not some psychological law governing the cases of such mystics at present unknown. It is his quatrains, however, more than his prevision, that have given Nostradamus his fame, and one of the predictions which most conduced to raise his reputation was the following:

"Le Lion jeune le vieux surmontera,
En champ bellique par singulier duelle,
Dans cage d'or l'œil il crevera,
Deux playes une puis mourir cruelle."

This may be translated :

"The young Lion shall overcome the old one,
In a warlike field by a single duel,
In a golden cage he shall put out his life,
Two wounds from one ; then shall die a cruel
death."

This prophecy was uttered in 1555, and it was supposed to have been fulfilled when, four years afterwards, Henry II., in tilting with a captain of his guard at a tournament, received a wound from the splinter of a lance in the right eye which caused his death, after great pain, in ten days. In order to square the prophecy with the fulfilment we must regard the two combatants as properly designated lions ; we must take the King's gilt helmet for the golden cage and the imposthume which the wound created as a second wound, which is stretching the matter further than in fairness we should be called upon to do.

Another of the predictions thought to be clearly fulfilled is the following :

"Le sang de just a Londres sera faute,
Brulez par feu, de vingt et trois, les Six
La dame antique cherra de place haute,
De meme secte plusieurs seront occis."

This may be translated :

"The blood of the just shall be wanting in London,
Burnt by fire at three and twenty, the Six ;
The ancient dame shall fall from her high place,
Of the same sect many shall be killed."

This is supposed to refer to the death of Charles I., the fire of London and the persecution of Papists ; but the correspondence between the facts and the language is very shadowy and with a little ingenuity the prophecy may be made to cover another set of events.

Another line of these quatrains, "Le Senat de Londres mettront a mort le Roy," is a nearer hit at the

bloody scene enacted in front of Whitehall. Again the line, "Oliver se plantera en terre ferme," is read, "Oliver will get a footing on the Continent," and is supposed to point to Oliver Cromwell's success in Flanders ; but it will be seen that this is an ingenious adopting of an ambiguous line to an after event rather than the prefiguring of a definite event in the line.

Still, on the Baconian theory, that we note all the coincidences and never reckon the misses, the prophecies of Nostradamus enjoyed a wonderful fame, and down into the eighteenth century we find a lingering belief in the curious astrologer's utterances, and see poor Charles Edward Stuart, in his latter days, eagerly scanning the volume in the hope of finding some hint of the restoration of the royal line to its ancient throne ! It is wonderful how ready the great majority is to be deceived and how prone the most exact minds are to believe what they desire to believe, and thus exert an influence by an unconscious deception that no impostor could ever wield by his most unscrupulous conduct and wisest endeavors. Nostradamus was undoubtedly sincere in his utterances, and his sincerity made him the greater deceiver. No one is influenced by a modern almanac that mixes up advertisements of quack medicines and exact information regarding the weather for every day in the year ; but, with all our intelligence and our boasted love of science and mathematics and demonstrable fact, how prone we are to accept the gibberish of the spiritualists and stand with hat in hand waiting for the communications rapped out by the tiltings of a three-legged table !

Young Folks.

CURIOUS CRABS.



THE DANCING SCALLOPS

Wonderful are the opportunities which in the present day are afforded to the students of science! It is not very long since the time those who wished to study the character and habits of marine animals, had to do so each for himself, under circumstances of the greatest difficulty. Now, in a number of places, these animals are collected in huge aquariums, where their appearance and habits may be studied at leisure. The pictures in this article represent some of the curious creatures which are to be found in the New York Aquarium, which travellers passing through that city should not neglect to visit. This aquarium occupies a large hall, round which are ranged the tanks for fresh and salt water fish. A whale tank fills the centre of the room; nearer the entrance is the pool with a high platform above it, where the seals disport themselves, and at the far end is the grotto occupied by the sea lion, who barks noisily at the visitors, and splashes them with water as he jumps in an ungainly manner into his miniature lake. But the animals to which we wish specially to draw attention at present, are the crabs, of which there a great variety in the different tanks. Among the most curious of these is the spider crab, of

which a writer in the *Aquarium Journal* says:—



THE DECORATOR.



HORSE SHOE CRAB IN TROUBLE.

"A fancy of the quaint spider crab is to decorate himself with algæ and sponges, and none but the most brilliant in color seem to fascinate him. He moves about 'slowly and solemn,' and is deliberate in decision and

determined in purpose; his hard, spiny shell, of sombre color, adds to the dignity of his appearance, and the methodical way in which he uses his claws and carries himself about really impresses one with the idea that he is quite an important personage in the Aquarium. When wishing to array himself he finds a brilliant alga or sponge, and pinches off piece after piece with his long, slender claw; these when broken are dipped in the glutinous fluid which the mouth contains and carried to the back and fastened securely. Sometimes, after he has attached a particular fragment, he reaches back his claw the second time, making careful examination, apparently to satisfy himself that it is secure.

"This fancy is indulged in only when the crabs are young, and is done in the fall, when ready for the winter, to obscure them from hungry skates and sturgeon. Sometimes, in a tank of many animals, the crabs seem to imagine themselves among enemies, and often cover their shells. Fully grown crabs are too large and too hard to be swallowed and are seldom seen fastening sea-weeds to their shells. Their joints are very stiff and claws slow of motion at the best, and when they are old the carrying of the sprays to their backs and fastening them seems a laborious task.

"There is an old mill-race on Long Island where many of these crabs have been carried among sponge-covered rocks whence they cannot return. Dainty bits of red and yellow sponge have been attached to their shells which have grown so as to nearly cover them; when in motion the crabs look like moving sponges.

"Although much preferring the brilliant algæ and sponges, the spider crab will sometimes make use of other material. Not long ago a tank was cleaned at the Aquarium and a spider-crab was confined in one corner by a barricade of stones. A gentleman threw in

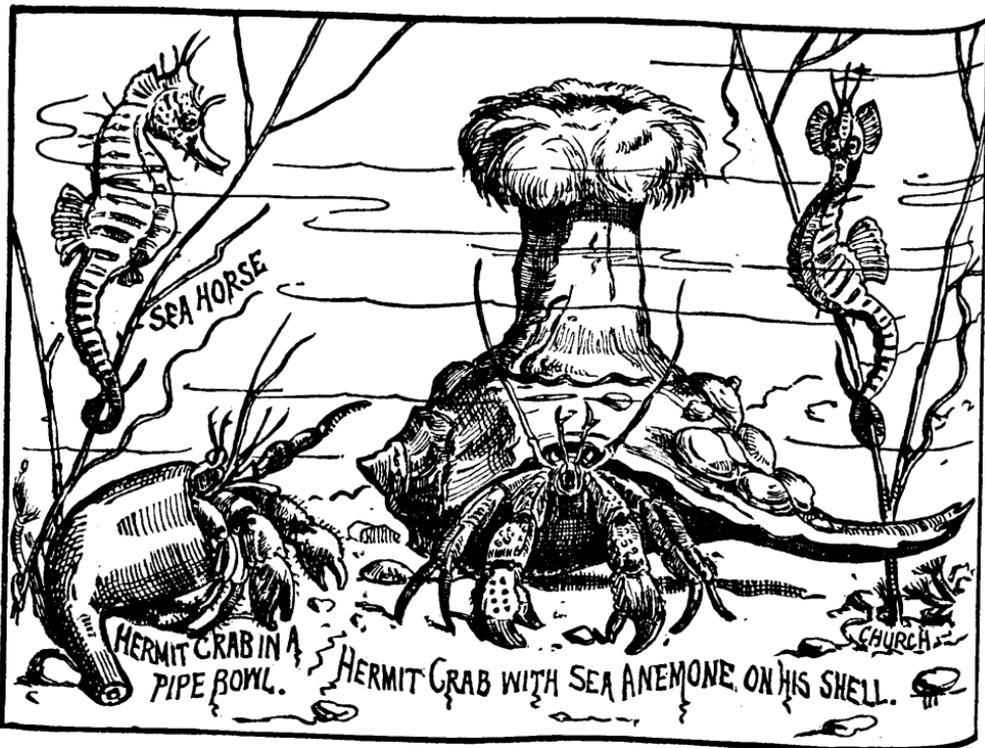
sprays of *Sertularia* and bits of the bases of anemones from which the parents had torn themselves, and these were seized by the crab and attached to his shell.

"The spiders cast their shells like the rest of crab-dom, but unlike other varieties have no attendant to protect them while their shell is soft. Two that were nearly ready to 'shed' in the Aquarium suddenly broke from their shells when the tank received a sudden jar. They are less pugnacious than the hermit and other crabs, appearing to quarrel only over their food. They have keen appetites and good noses for scenting food. A gentleman states that he often made a commotion among them at the Aquarium by holding a dead minnow in his partly closed hand in the water. They will scramble up and down his arm, and when reaching the hand often have a contest for the dainty morsel. More curious than this, I think, is the story of one of them who deliberately took a seat on one of the beautiful anemones and with his claw pulled out a shrimp that the anemone had taken into its stomach.

"Another freak of one of these at the Aquarium was to attack a scallop in open shell. The scallop closed suddenly together and held the crab captive for several hours. He at last gained release by snapping off his own leg. We can scarcely call this a catastrophe, however, as nature kindly reproduces their members. Some varieties of the spider crab grow to great dimensions. There is a specimen of the long-armed spider-crab of Japan in the cabinet of Rutgers College, New Jersey, which measures with limbs extended, eleven feet six inches. It is the largest specimen known.

"Every little creature in the sea is dependent on some of the others for life and health, and the spider-crab, in eating all decaying matter, purifies the water for the rest."

The Hermit Crab is at first a great



puzzle to the observer, as it is to be found occupying shells of many different kinds and styles. The explanation of this is to be found in the fact that these creatures are in the habit of occupying the deserted shells of other animals in order to protect themselves from their enemies. When one shell is outgrown they seek another of larger size. When young the Hermit Crab is most frequently found inhabiting the cast-off shell of the Dog-winkle; when it has grown larger it prefers the shell of the common Whelk. The Hermit Crab is so pugnacious and irritable that he is frequently called the soldier crab. In the small aquariums kept in private houses, it is considered desirable to have a small crab to act as scavenger to eat up all the decaying bits of food—but here a warning is necessary. "Do not trust to a hermit crab; he is too fussy and restless for an aquarium, and tears up the plants

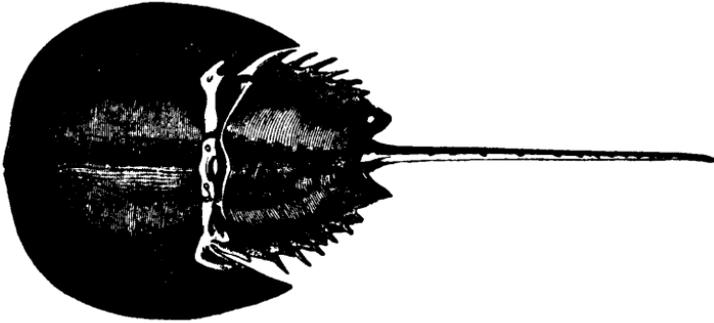
and scuffles about to the discomfort of the other inhabitants. He is very amusing, indeed, when not expected to submit to the rules of civilized aquarium-life. Put him into a basin of water with another of his kind, having gently taken both out of their appropriated shells, and leave one shell in the water for them to quarrel for. It is the funniest sight in the world to watch their manœuvres and stratagems to secure the shell—the way in which first one and then the other will insert his naked tail into the coveted shell, as if ashamed



of being discovered in undress, is not to be forgotten. But this amusement cannot be carried on in a respectable aquarium. You must introduce only a decent little shore crab with a dingy russet coat, very flat, and able to fold himself up into a compact little object at any moment, and lie still and unobserved in any crack or cranny of the colony." There is a kind of anemone which forms with the Hermit Crab a curious companionship. Concerning this anemone an observer says:

"Of the peculiar ways of this creature pages have been and might still be written. It is the regular habit of members of this special group to attach themselves to the shell of a Hermit Crab; by this means they not only are assured of a frequent change of location, but are enabled to render some service in return. In his work on 'Animal Parasites and Messmates,' Van Beneden states that an understanding appears to exist between the crab and its living burden, so that the

anemone lives off from the food captured by the crab; and it has actually been observed that in certain instances when the crab is about to change into a new shell, as is its custom, he manœuvres with all delicacy to make the anemone change also. Again, referring to the evidence of Lloyd, to whom the public are indebted for the successful establishment of grand aquaria, we learn that the *Adamsia palliata* lives on the shell occupied by the Hermit Crab,—not mounted on the dome of the shell, but fastened to the edge of the mouth, with its base overlapping. The Hermit thus carries it with the tentacles downward, which thus act as a broom, sweeping up the food before it. Another strikingly interesting fact is that this anemone always accompanies the same species of Hermit Crab, and the two are never found separated. When the hermit changes its shell it carefully peels off the anemone from the discarded one and transfers it to the new abode."



THE HORSE-SHOE-CRAB.

The Horse Shoe Crab is a curious creature in which all the divisions of the skeleton are quite obliterated. It has no jaws, the thighs answering the purpose. It presents a singular appear-

ance when doubled up and apparently trying to regain its natural position, though in reality it seems to be equally comfortable in one position as in another.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL PIC-NIC.

It was Sunday afternoon. The August sun poured its burning rays on a close, narrow street, where low, shabby terraces or "rows" of brick dwellings gave anything but a sensation of coolness. Doors and windows were opened wide, that the slightest breeze might be felt; heated children lay on the door-steps, fretting and whining from crossness, as tired mothers vainly tried to soothe them; men lounged about smoking and talking, glad to escape from the stifling air within, and idle gossip prevailed for the most part, though here and there an open Bible, or a Sunday-school book or paper, gave evidence that the day was not forgotten by all.

Two little girls, Grace and Esther Mason, entered one of the neatest houses in the street. The children were poorly dressed, but the little white aprons and shining boots, and smoothly braided hair, showed that a mother's care and loving hand had not been wanting.

"Mother," said Essie, "our Sunday-school is to have a pic-nic next Friday, only think, and we are to go down the river in the 'Queen' and stay all day."

"They want you and Madgie to come too, mother; do say yes," said Gracie.

"Oh, I hope Madgie will be well enough," said Mrs. Mason; "it would be so delightful for us all, and I long for her to have fresh air."

"And, mother," interrupted Essie, "they are going to give prizes for races, and they will have games and all sorts of things."

"I think we had better talk about that to-morrow," said Mrs. Mason, gently. "Tell me about your verses; could you say them, Gracie? The chapter on charity?"

"Yes, teacher said mine were perfect."

"And yours, Essie?" Essie looked down without replying.

"Essie will learn them over again, mother, and we have such lovely books to-day; see this one full of pictures, one of A. L. O. E's,—I must show it to Madgie," and Grace went to the small bedroom off the front room, and was welcomed by a bright smile from a little pale face.

Madgie was a year older than Grace, but an accident had shrunk and enfeebled the little frame, and suffering had pinched the little features, making her look smaller but a great deal older than the blooming sister who was her devoted attendant.

Gracie was one of those lovely unselfish characters; even at eleven years old she had "a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize;" everyone else came before self with Gracie, so everyone loved her. Madgie adored her. It was Gracie's gentle hand that knew how to shake up pillows in the right way, on the weary days of pain, and that knew how to brush out the brown hair, till the tired, restless feeling gave place to a soothing drowsiness, and then to sleep. Essie was full of fun, and Madgie liked to have her with her on well days; but she liked best to hear Gracie's gentle voice, reading the books she was so fond of, or when they had been read for the third or fourth time, inventing "something new" for the little invalid. There was so much to talk of to-day; but Gracie simply told Madgie of the coming festival in a few words, and then said: "I will read to you now, dear; it is Sunday, you know, and I think mother would rather we talked about the picnic to-morrow."

The next few days were busy ones to the mother. Freshness in the children's dress was all she aspired to, but that was attainable and attained. So snowy muslin "puggarees" were twined round the coarse straw hats, and the spotless print frocks were only rivalled by the small white aprons with their dainty frilling. Madgie and Grace had better clothing once, a long time ago; and Gracie could remember a silk dress of mother's,—there was a bit of it in the piece-bag now, which she meant to make up for Essie's doll some day. And there was a drawer whose contents she had seen but once. In it were laid baby garments of finest texture, little dresses ornamented with delicate embroidery, sash ribbons and shoulder knots, and in one corner a pair of baby boots of French kid; they had belonged to a little sister who died before Essie's birth.

Yes, those were better days in one way; better as far as house, and table and dress went, for George Mason was a contractor then, doing a good business in a growing town. He had married a wife superior in education, perhaps, but who loved and respected him for his honest worth. For the first two or three years their worldly prospects were good; then came competitors on the field, whose "tenders" were offered at greatly reduced rates. Then followed a year of financial depression on all sides, and things grew worse, till Mason was glad to accept the work of a master builder for the summer months, at a country place some distance from the town where they resided. There were old debts to be paid, and it would cost too much to move the family, though he longed to give them country air again, so they had to remain through all the summer heat in the narrow street where we found them at the beginning of my story.

But loss of earthly things had wrought other changes than those in their outward circumstances. Sanctified by God's

grace, poverty had led them to His feet, where they had found true riches, and henceforth, through many a straiten month and year, they could think of the treasure laid up for them in heaven, the purchase of a Saviour's love.

Essie was Mrs. Mason's greatest anxiety; she was not like Grace,—there was a love of self, and a spirit of acquisitiveness about her, that made her mother fear more for this child's future, far more, than for the suffering little Madgie, whose young heart had been given to God.

Friday, the long-wished-for day, came at last, just cloudy enough to excite some fears whether it *could* rain, till the bright sunshine burst forth, alike dispelling clouds and fears. Then they set out very early, that Madgie might be pushed gently in the wheeled chair the doctor's wife had lent them for the occasion. Going by boat was everything to Madgie, for the train would have fatigued her greatly; indeed she could not have gone at all in that way. And then the water, the cool, sparkling river, how delightful it would be! Her pale cheek was glowing already with the anticipated pleasure. So very slowly they wend their way to the "Queen's" wharf. They could not join the children at the church, who began their day with a short prayer for God's blessing on it, for it would have tired Madgie, and Grace and Essie were needed to help in wheeling her; so they were on board before any of the classes, and could watch from the deck, the procession as it came near, each class with its teacher, and the banners of the "Band of Hope" fluttering in the summer air. "The 'Queen' will not leave for fifteen minutes," some one said, and then Madgie exclaimed, "Oh! mother, my cushion, we forgot it, what shall I do without it?"

The tone was fretful, but poor Madgie's enjoyment depended greatly on the downy pillow they had left behind.

"I cannot leave Madgie," said her mother; "decide quickly, dear, who will go, for she must have it."

Grace looked at Essie. It was a long distance to their home and back to the wharf again, and the wheeling had devolved chiefly upon her, as Essie had always found some reason for not taking her turn.

"I have hurt my foot, mother, and I can't walk fast; you might, Gracie,"—but Gracie was gone. She saw at a glance Essie did not mean to go, and there was no time for expostulation.

Up through the crowd of teachers and children on the wharf, scarcely hearing the astonished exclamations, "Where *are* you going, Gracie?" forgetting even to bow to the clergyman and Mrs. Beverley as was her wont, on through the dusty street, panting from the heat of the burning sun, scorching even at this early hour, she has reached their "row" at last; only a moment now, and she will unlock the door, seize the cushion, and away again. But a little child has fallen on their door-step and cut its face, and is crying piteously; the little one is badly hurt, and Gracie's tender heart and conscience compel her to take it to its home a few doors off, and leave it in charge of some one. At last she has found the cushion, and is once more on her way to the boat.

Meanwhile Essie, very cool and comfortable, is sitting by Madgie, caring little for Gracie's hot walk, and smilingly surveying the happy scene. Mr. Beverley and a lady were talking near her. The lady was a stranger, but Essie remembered having seen her at the school on Sunday.

"It is so much better not to give prizes for the lessons," she said; "they ought to learn God's Word from a better motive, and competition of this sort is of very doubtful benefit; but if you do not object, I have brought 'Little Folks' and one or two other books for those whose recitations on Sunday were

uncommonly good. I want them to be as little remembrances of my visit and of to-day."

The clergyman thanked her, and asked the names of the children.

"Mason is one," said the lady, "and,—but Essie heard no more for the boat was moving, and there was a great deal of calling and shouting; only as Mr. Beverley passed, he patted her on the head and said, "This is the little girl then; your name is Mason, I think?"

"Yes, sir," said Essie, and then as the wharf seemed to recede, she cried, "Off at last!" oh! Madgie, isn't it nice?"

But Madgie's tone was one of deep distress.

"Oh! look, Essie, look on the wharf!"

Essie looked. There was Gracie; at first she had thrown up her arms with a sort of imploring gesture; she was turning away now, and they could not see her face, for the little white apron covered it, but they knew she was crying bitterly. Gracie had been left behind.

Madgie was in great trouble; Essie very uncomfortable. Mrs. Mason had gone to look after their basket, and had not noticed what had happened till she came back to find Madgie in tears, her wee Gracie's pleasure gone, and theirs too. Her selfish Gracie! and the mother's heart ached as she thought of her child's disappointment and lonely day at home.

So Gracie went back through the dusty streets, but the smiling face and springing step were gone, the little feet dragged wearily, and to keep the tears from welling forth again was all she could do till home was reached.

There it was, the straight row of houses, and the heat and closeness growing more unbearable every moment as the morning advanced.

Again she unlocked the door, and going up to her little bedroom, gave way to a torrent of tears.

It was a child's trial, but children's

griefs are not so light as some people think.

Gracie's, however, lacked one thing that would have greatly increased its weight: there was no burden of wrong-doing.

She felt very lonely, though, and wanted a comforter. What was it her teacher told them a Sunday or two ago? "Nothing is too trivial to be taken to God." She would take this, then, and she did take it, kneeling by her bed, and was comforted. Quiet, peaceful thoughts came then. God had helped her not to "seek her own," as she had asked of Him, after learning that chapter. And mother, and Madgie, and Essie were enjoying it. How dreadful if they had been left!

Then, wise little woman that she was, she resolved on going to see how Mrs. Benson's baby was.

"Why Gracie! is that you? I thought you were down the river by this time," said Mrs. Benson with baby in her arms, who was having *his* consolation in a very sticky stick of candy.

"I was too late," said Gracie, and the tears came again.

"Well, I am *real* sorry," said the good-natured woman, "and you was so good to my baby too, and I do believe it was he who made you late. But my! how frightened I was when I saw his face cut like that and him screaming so. I am real sorry; I wish now I could just do something to help you," she said, with a puzzled look on her round face. Then in a tone as though she had discovered something very satisfactory she exclaimed, "Well now I wonder!"

"May I have baby for a little while, Mrs. Benson?" said Gracie; "I think he will be good with me."

"There, that's just like you, Gracie: always helping some one. I would be greatly obliged if you'll keep him for a while, for John is coming home early to-day and wants his dinner half an hour sooner; he has to take—Well now I wonder!" said the good woman

again, and proceeded to her frying-pan.

"You'll stay and take a bit of dinner with us, Gracie?"

Gracie thanked her and complied.

The cloth was laid, and the simple fare spread. Fried bacon with fresh eggs, home-made bread, and a plain pudding. Then John Benson came in; he was a cab-driver, gaining an honest livelihood; a sober, God-fearing man, and a kind friend and neighbor many had reason to say.

As he entered Mrs. Benson again exclaimed, "Well I wonder!" and then followed a whispered conference between husband and wife in the summer kitchen, while baby laughed and screamed with delight at Gracie's successful efforts to amuse him, quite drowning anything she might have heard had she felt inclined to listen, which of course she did not, though truth to tell she was beginning to "wonder" too.

"So you missed the boat to-day, Gracie?" said John Benson as they ate their dinner.

"Yes, Mr. Benson," said Gracie, wishing he wouldn't talk about it.

"Do you think it would be too late to go now?"

"*Now?* Too late?" said Gracie, "Why how could I? The boat went ever so long ago, and she's not coming back till seven this evening."

"There's a road," said the cab-driver, "and I expect if there's a road there's a way, ain't there?"

"Well now, John!" said Mrs. Benson.

"What can you mean? a way to go *now?*" and Gracie's heart bounded with delight.

"It's just this," said Benson, "the ladies who are staying at the Rectory are going to leave town by the eight o'clock train this evening, and Mr. Beverley bid me be out at the picnic grounds by two o'clock to bring them in; they couldn't stay at the picnic all day you see, for it would make them too late if they waited for the boat.

I don't see why you couldn't drive out with me now; the fun won't be all over by two o'clock, maybe, seeing they don't leave the grounds till six, and I'd like you to come in for some of it, Gracie."

"How kind you are, Mr. Benson! It will be just splendid!"

"Then give baby to me," said the mother, "and get ready as quick as you can," for Gracie had laid aside her "best things" before going to Mrs. Benson's. She was a careful little body, and knew how hard it was for her mother to keep their clothes looking nice. But the pretty pink print was quickly donned, a fresh white apron found, her bright hair smoothed, and the little hat carefully put on, and then Gracie was ready, ready for the pleasure awaiting her, ready with the sweet sense of well-doing to enhance each innocent joy.

Let us go back to the boat and its freight of happy children.

A pillow had been found for Madgie, and her mother kept her on deck that she might have the cool fresh air from the water. But the little girl longed for "a quiet place to cry in." It was so dreadful not having Gracie. What was she doing at home now? They had but few pleasures, and this had promised so much.

Essie sat quietly for a short time; she too was thinking,—not much about Gracie, but of herself, and of what that lady had said. "Little Folks." The last time she had gone to buy a copy-book, she had seen the bound volume lying on the counter; had opened it for a moment and peeped at its beautiful pictures, and stories, and puzzles. It would be so nice to have it for her own, and as Gracie wasn't there it might be given to some one else. *She* had said those verses on "Charity," too, and Mr. Beverley had spoken to *her*.

"But you said the verses very imperfectly," something whispered; "it

is Gracie who deserves it and not you."

"It doesn't make any difference," said self, "he asked if my name was Mason, and it is; as long as one of us gets it it's all the same."

"Then why not tell the reason for Gracie not being here?" said the voice within.

"I can't make a fuss before all those people," Essie argued.

But they were getting among lovely scenery now, and would soon be at the picnic grounds, and some of the girls who belonged to her class were coming up to chat with Madgie, so Essie's thoughts were diverted for the time. Then after they landed Mrs. Mason took the entire charge of Madgie, telling Essie to go off and enjoy herself; so all was nearly forgotten until one or two of her little friends said, "They are not going to give prizes except for the races and skipping, but I think there are some presents besides." Then it all came back with the selfish strength of desire to have "Little Folks" for her own. The "grace" was sung and the feast partaken of. Then before the "running" began, Mr. Beverley rang the well-known bell, and the children gathered round him.

"Before your games commence," he said, "Miss Morton, who visited our school last Sunday, wishes to give some books to two or three of the children who pleased her very much by the way they recited passages of Scripture; not with mere verbal correctness, but as if the words were felt and understood."

Then the first name was called: "Jessie Ford," and a tiny child went up and received a Bible picture book for repeating the twenty-third Psalm without a mistake.

The next: "Frank Harrison." His was a neatly bound prayer book for the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah.

Then, "Mason." Essie went forward. "Strange," thought Mrs. Mason, "Grace generally learns hers the best." Miss Morton said something in a low

tone to Mr. Beverley. "That is not the same child."

"She is a Mason," said the clergyman; "but stay I will ask her."

"Your name is Mason, my child?"

"Yes, sir," said Essie, getting very red.

"And what verses did you repeat to your teacher last Sunday?"

"On 'Charity,' sir."

"I am almost sure it is not the same child," whispered the lady again. "Ask her to say them now."

The clergyman did so, and Essie proceeded as far as "Charity envieth not;" she was making no mistakes, so she looked up reassured. But what has caused the holy words to die upon her lips, and what has brought that deadly paleness to her features and occasioned that sudden burst of tears?

It is the sight of her sister Gracie, who, unknown to her, has been standing there for some little time, radiant with happiness and watching the distribution of the gifts. A moment, and she is by Essie's side, ready to lead her away to some quiet place of comfort.

But someone else has seen Gracie—it is Miss Morton. "I remember now! that is the one!" she exclaimed. "I must speak to her."

Mr. Beverley called Grace back.

"What is your name, dear?" enquired Miss Morton.

"Grace Mason," answered the child.

"And is that your sister?"

"Yes, my sister Essie."

"Poor little girl," said the lady in an undertone. "Was your lesson last Sunday from the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Can you repeat it now? But you must let the others hear, dear child." And Grace was made to come forward and recite the chapter, which she did

very simply, but reverently, and as if she felt each word of it.

"I think I understand now," said Miss Morton. "You are the little girl for whom I bought this book," and "Little Folks," with its pictured cover and pages of delight, was placed in the hands of our Gracie. Then the sisters went away together.

It was time now for Miss Morton and her sister to leave the grounds. Of course John Benson's cab was ready. He had witnessed the scene, and was glad for his little friend, and after he had driven to the Rectory, he respectfully asked permission to tell the story of Gracie's morning, and why she had been so late in coming to the pic-nic.

His account was listened to with much interest, and the circumstances of the Masons enquired into. Miss Morton was only leaving the town that evening for a short visit to other friends, and on her return to the Rectory a few weeks after she went with Mr. Beverley to Gracie's home. She was much pleased with the family, and before another summer had come, George Mason received employment through her kind interest, which enabled him to remove his family to a healthier part of the town, and brought many comforts to Madgie. Essie never forgot the Sunday-school picnic, for it was there she had the first glimpse into her selfish little heart. The sight had filled her with shame and sorrow, and had led to the prayer, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Mrs. Mason found the verse one day, marked in her little Bible, and as months passed by, and thoughtfulness for others took the place of the old regard for self, and generous little sacrifices were made for Madgie, she knew that the petition had been answered, and that Essie was truly influenced by the charity which "seeketh not her own."

ROBIN HOOD AND ANOTHER HOOD.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

Ray found the book one rainy Saturday when he could not be out of doors, and so, of course, ranged through the whole house, from apple-bin in the cellar to the old chests and boxes stowed away in the attic. Among the treasures of these last he discovered a little worn volume "Robin Hood and his Merrie Men," and, curled up there under the eaves, with the rain pattering unnoticed above his head, Ray was still for the rest of the afternoon, his fancy revelling in the marvellous exploits of a far away green-wood.

The bold outlaw and his gay, daring band, quite captivated the boy. His head was full of them long after the story was finished, and, very naturally, several other boys, Dick, Bob, Neal and Charlie—were soon in the same condition. The book was read again when the whole party were together—begun on the hay-loft in the barn, and completed by the light of a bonfire on the common. Soon there came a great demand for stout twine; there was an immense amount of whittling in the back yard; bows and arrows increased, and the pumpkins Hiram had stored in the shed suffered as targets.

The very first holiday took the entire quintette, armed with their new weapons, off to their own greenwood, a pleasant forest about a mile from the small town where they lived. Ray, the founder, was also the leader of the band, and they dubbed him "Robin Hood" at once; while the others made free with the names of Little John, Friar Tuck, and the rest of the "merrie men," according to their fancy. It was a bright autumn day. The wood was brilliant with golden leaves and scarlet vines, and the boys enjoyed their free roaming—now sending a shower of arrows into some

thicket, now running wild races in pursuit of imaginary deer.

"But I wish we could have some of the real adventures they did, you know, hunting, and stopping people, and all that," said Dick, leaning back against a tree. "Should think they'd just as lief been outlawed as not. Such a jolly life!"

"I know what we can do," announced Bob, with sudden animation. "Will Carey went out to his grandfather's this morning, and he'll be coming back by and by. He nearly always comes through the woods, and we can spring out and surprise him, and make him join the band. He's a real good fellow, anyhow."

"Great surprise!" laughed Ray, "when he knows every one of us as well as he knows himself."

"Oh, we'll cover up our faces some way, and change our voices so he can't tell us just at first, until we lead him off to our cave by the old rock," persisted Bob.

"That might do," began Ray, doubtfully; but his voice was drowned by the hearty acceptance of the others, and the whole party went busily to work to make masks from the leaves about them. It was not an easy task to fasten them securely together, and there were many failures and much laughing and planning before they finally succeeded. Then they made their way out where a beaten path led through the wood, and concealed themselves behind trees and bushes.

"Must be nearly time for him to come," said Bob.

"Hush!" whispered Dick.

There was a noise of rustling leaves, a sound of footsteps drawing nearer, until they were opposite the ambush. Then the boys started up with gruff shouts:

"Halt!"

"Stand and deliver!"

"Your money or your life!"

A wild scream answered them, and, as they sprang out upon the path, a valise was dropped at their feet, and two figures went flying down the road with a speed almost like that of the wind.

The boys stared at each other in astonishment; there had evidently been a mistake. Ray regained his senses first, and called after the runaways:

"Hello! stop! come back!"

But he was only answered by another scream, and the twinkling bare feet of a small boy, and a girl's fluttering dress disappeared at a turn in the path. Neal started in pursuit, but presently returned, breathless and unsuccessful.

"Such a run! couldn't get anywhere near them," he panted, throwing himself upon the ground. "Frightened nearly out of their wits!"

"We might have known it wasn't Will Carey, if we had stopped long enough to have known anything," said Ray, in dismay. "What shall we do with this?" lifting the valise.

"We'll send it to them, of course," answered Charlie, glibly.

"Well, who are they?"

"Why—oh—" Charlie paused; and that was all the reply that was offered, for nobody knew who they were.

"Must have been simple to think we were robbers in real earnest," muttered Bob, breaking the silence. "What's in the old trap, anyway, Ray?"

"Don't know. It's heavy, but it's locked," Ray answered.

"I expect we might find out," observed Neal, drawing a nail from his pocket, and beginning to examine the lock. But Dick interposed.

"Better let it alone. You see, fellows, if those two run into town and tell some great story about being robbed in the woods, it'll be kind of queer for us, you know, if it's found out who did it. We really did tell them to 'stand and deliver,' and all that."

"Pshaw! just in fun!" exclaimed Charlie, stoutly.

"But there's the law, you know," pursued Dick, doubtfully. "Why, they might call it real highway robbery. I don't know much about the law, but kind of think, if a thing is done, they don't pay much attention to whether it's done in fun or not."

The boys began to look troubled.

"I wish they had the old thing," said Neal, casting an anxious glance over his shoulder to see that no one was near them.

"We might take it over to our cave, and think what to do with it afterward," said Ray, sharing the same anxiety. "Better not let Will Carey or anybody know about it, I guess."

The party hurried away, as desirous now of avoiding their school-mate as they had before been of surprising him. There was no more hunting or shooting that day; the band spent the remainder of the afternoon in solemn council over their booty, which seemed to grow more and more troublesome the longer they thought of it. They dared not tell anybody about it for fear of falling into the hands of that powerful law which they dreaded so much, and of which they knew so little except that it forbade highway robbery. They dared not carry it home for the same reason. They disliked to hide it, for that seemed to make their case look blacker; but it was heavy, it might contain an immense sum of gold, and what if it should be stolen from them before they could restore it to its owners!

Then an equal number of difficulties were in the way of discovering those owners. They dared not break open the valise for any clue, and they were afraid to make any open enquiries lest they should betray themselves.

"What would be done about it if—" hesitated Neal.

"Penitentiary," answered Dick, briefly, in a low tone. "It would just kill my mother," murmured Charlie, with an expression settling about his lips which seemed to say that his part of the search would be conducted very cautiously indeed.

"We'll have to watch and be care

ful, and when we find out, get it back to them the best way we can," said Ray. "We don't know anything about them, only that the boy was barefoot and the girl wore a blue hood."

"Or sunbonnet, or something," added Bob.

"Hood," repeated Ray, decidedly. "I guess I've got a sister, and I know that wasn't a sunbonnet."

They could settle upon no more definite plan, so their unwelcome treasure was pushed into a little rocky nook, and carefully covered with leaves; and the boys took their way homeward—a winding, circuitous way, lest there might be some one watching for them at the usual entrance to the wood. Emerging at last into a lonely meadow, they parted silently, appearing very unlike the boisterous little party that had gone out a few hours before.

Ray had miserable dreams that night, and the next day found himself very shy of any stranger that seemed to bestow upon him an attentive glance. The Sunday was drearily long, and all his books had grown suddenly flat and uninteresting. He was glad when Monday came, bringing its school duties, and he could be with the others again—though indeed they had not much comfort to give him, and seemed ill at ease themselves. They looked interrogation points at each other, and were answered by a despondent shake of the head.

Once, during the morning, there was a heavy rap at the school-room door, and five of the pupils started and turned a shade paler at the sound. They scanned the teacher's face closely on his return, but could read nothing unusual in its expression.

"I tell you it's very nice to talk about 'bold outlaws' and 'merry men,' and all that, but if Robin Hood and his band felt anything the way we do, there wasn't much fun in such a life, that's all," said Charlie, when they were alone together for a few minutes.

At recess Ray searched the long line of hooks where the girls hung their wrappings, and was so thorough in his

examination that a school-mate called out curiously:

"Hello, Ray! Don't think your cap is among the girls' things, do you? Why, you've got it on your head, old fellow! What are you looking for?"

Ray laughed uneasily in answer, but he had assured himself that the blue hood did not come to their school. That evening he fairly trembled when his father looked up and announced:

"They have found a clue to those robbers!"

But it proved to be only a mail robbery that was spoken of, and not that dreadful affair in the wood, and he breathed freely again. Day after day he kept an anxious look-out for that blue hood, and was thereby led into so many chases and experiments that his sister Nell petulantly declared "Ray acted as if he were possessed, and stared at all the girls he met until they must think him the rudest boy in the world."

In fact, it was a week of tribulation, and when Saturday came again the little party were no wiser than they had been at first, and the heavy burden was still upon their hands and hearts.

"We must get rid of the thing somehow. Let's put an advertisement in the paper or something," said Dick, desperately. "Maybe they'd see that, and would give us a chance to get it to them."

That suggestion promised a hope of relief, and was eagerly adopted, but carrying it into effect was a matter of no little difficulty, and five heads—black, auburn, brown, flaxen and gold,—were huddled together over the important sheet of foolscap, in a combined effort to tell just enough without telling too much. There were a great many erasures, corrections and rewritings, but at last this was considered satisfactory:

"If the boy and girl who lost a valise in the woods, which was accidental, will give their address, and ask no questions, or tell where they want it sent, it will be returned."

Then as no one dared venture to carry it to the printing-office, the

notice was inclosed in an envelope, together with all the available funds of the band to pay for its insertion in the paper, and sent by mail.

It was duly published in the *Evening Star*, and, though the type-setter had made it read "wool" for "woods," the boys were quite sure that those for whom it was intended would understand, and they waited in hope. But the days went slowly by, and nothing came of it; and they were still burdened with their miserable secret, that seemed to have grown more weighty and guilty from its long concealment. At last Bob made a daring proposition.

"Fellows, let's go to a lawyer. They don't tell things that's told them, 'cause it's their business to get folks clear, anyhow. We could tell him about it sort of careful like, you know, and he'd tell us what to do."

The others held their breath for a moment, then began to consider the question, and ended by adopting it; because something must be done, and there really seemed nothing else to do.

Ray and Dick were appointed a committee to wait upon Squire Chester, and seek his advice as prudently as possible. With such an undertaking before them they could not endure delay, and they set out at once, while Bob, Neal and Charlie sought a retired fence-corner to await the issue.

Down the street, where swung a dirty sign that had once been blue and gold, the two boys halted for an instant, then, with beating hearts ascended the stairs to an office that held a good deal of dust, a great many books, and a general air of learning. Fortunately, the gentleman they wished to see was alone. He looked up from his papers and over his spectacles, and said briskly,—

"Well, boys,?"

"We've come—that is—it's a little law business, sir," said Ray, gravely.

"Indeed!" The lawyer looked at them through his spectacles this time. "Be seated then."

"We wanted to know," proceeded Ray, sitting uncomfortably on the edge of his chair, "whether if anybody

did anything that was against the law, but did it just in fun, and didn't mean to, really, if—if—it would be just the same?"

"That would depend upon what it was, and all the circumstances," answered the Squire.

"We mean if some fellows were playing outlaw in the woods, and thought they'd surprise another fellow they knew by putting leaves over their faces, and jumping out at him," explained Dick, "and when they did it wasn't him at all, but somebody that took 'em for real robbers, and just run and left their—something they were carrying."

"When did you do it, and how many were there of you?" asked Squire Chester, coolly.

The boys looked at each other in consternation, then Dick said gruffly, "Go ahead," and Ray told the whole story from first to last, and all their troubles and perplexities. The lawyer listened with due gravity and attention, except that he seemed troubled with a cold, and had to turn away his face two or three times to cough a little. He remarked that any communications from clients were, of course, safe with him; and, after a few minutes' consideration, informed them that he thought he could manage the case so as to save them from difficulty. In the meanwhile they had better leave the valise with him.

"I think if two of you bring it here, openly and in daylight, no one will suspect anything," he said, re-assuringly, "and I will try to discover the owners."

The two drew a long breath of relief, as they arose to go, but Ray paused with his hand upon the door, and said, hesitatingly, "We forgot to ask how much you will charge, sir. I don't know how we can pay unless you will wait for us to earn it some way, and maybe you wouldn't like to do that?"

"I must have my fee, certainly," said the squire. "But if you don't mind working for it, and are all willing to pile wood for me next Saturday afternoon, when you are out of school, we will call it settled."

Ray joyfully promised to bring his whole band; and the next holiday found five light-hearted boys at work in Squire Chester's back yard. They were rid of their troublesome secret, and felt that the matter was in safe hands; so they did not feel that they were having a dull time, even before sunny-haired Grace Chester danced out to them with an invitation:

"When you're through work come into the house, please; I'm going to have a party. Not a stiff party, with refreshments," said Grace, in disdain, "but a nice little old-fashioned one, such as papa and mamma used to have when they were little—to pop corn and boil candy; it'll be lots of fun! Papa said you were going to have a wood-piling bee, and I'd better have a little party afterward, like old times."

It surely was "lots of fun;" the boys were all agreed upon that long before they went home. But the best of all was the tidings the squire privately gave them that he had found the owner of the valise. It had only contained some apples that a boy and girl, belonging to a poor family in the

town, had gone out into the country to gather; only apples, but they were spoiled now, and they had not been a small loss to those who had gone so far for them.

"But we'll make that all right," said the boys, decidedly. And they did, filling the old valise with the choicest apples their plentiful homes afforded, and crowding into all the crevices a goodly quantity of nuts, for which they had searched the woods. Then, one evening, they bore the old portmanteau to the little house of which the squire had told them, placed it upon the steps, and rapping loudly, ran away.

The Robin Hood band flourished a long time after that, took in many new members, and the little worn volume was read again and again. But when some of the new-comers expressed a wish that instead of target-shooting and make-believe hunting, they could engage in some of the real exploits of the real Robin Hood band, there was surprising unanimity in the earnestness with which the original five said:

"No sir! none of that! Fun is fun and wrong is wrong!"—*Wide Awake.*

LITTLE BARE-TOES.

BY SARAH KEPPEL.

Amy was ten years old, Kitty was eight, and little Joe was six. Amy was the prettiest, Kitty told the best stories, and baby Joe was the plaything of the family.

Amy had just the dearest Sunday-school teacher in the world—at least, so she thought. She once even went so far as to say to Kitty, that "she would just as soon a white angel from heaven would see her do anything wrong as Miss Dodge." She knew, she said, "that the angel would look at her in the same grieved, wondering way that Miss Dodge did sometimes when she was naughty."

One bright Sunday in May, Amy, Kitty and Joe were trudging merrily off to Sunday-school. Amy was feeling unusually gay and well-satisfied with herself, for she had on all her pretty summer clothes, and had still a very pleasant remembrance of the blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl that smiled on her so bewitchingly from the parlor mirror a few moments before. "It is so early that I will be sure to get the seat next to Miss Dodge," she said softly to herself, as a pleased look passed over her face like a beam of sunshine. Alas for Amy! her hopes were not to be realized, as a glance on

entering the church sufficed to show her, for there sat Miss Dodge and beside her, not even Madge, Jennie, or Mamie,—she could have forgiven them, but a horrid little girl in a faded blue dress and torn straw hat. Tears of vexation and disappointment started to her eyes, but she controlled herself enough to answer Miss Dodge's "good afternoon," with a smile which she was far from feeling.

Everything went wrong that day. Her verses which she had learned so carefully went straight out of her head before she was half through reciting them, and when Miss Dodge was reviewing the class on an old lesson she told her that Abraham was Isaac's son, and Joseph was chief baker to Pharaoh.

The end of the hour found our Amy in no better temper; indeed she had determined that she would get the uncouth little Maggie out of the class by fair means or foul. This, I am sure, must seem very wicked to some of you, and it would have seemed terrible to Amy at any other time. Now, however, the bad spirit of anger was in her heart and had driven all the sweet, gentle spirits away; so she sidled up to Maggie and in a voice too low for the others to hear, whispered, "I should think your mother would be ashamed to send you to school looking as you do. Just see your shoes, Bare-toes."

It was a bad, cruel speech and Amy was sorry for it when she saw how bitterly Maggie felt it; first turning very red, then sobbing in a disheartened sort of way and answering nothing to Miss Dodge's gentle question of "What is the matter, dear?" but "Oh please, please, let me go home!" till at last Miss Dodge made room for her to pass out and watched her go from the room with a very sad, perplexed face indeed.

I need not tell you how this troubled Amy; she tried to drive Anger away from her heart and he went, and the sweet,

gentle spirits came back again—all but Peace, and she would not come.

At last Saturday came and Mother, as she was very busy, told the children they might take their dinner to the woods and spend the day. Of course they were delighted, and started off with high hopes of the fine time they would have before sundown.

The woods were glorious, and just crammed, as Kitty said, with fern leaves, mosses and wild flowers.

They shouted, they played hide-and-seek behind the trees, they built log huts with the stray sticks they found, and made so many raids upon the dinner basket that that useful article was soon quite empty. Then they filled the said basket with flowers for Mamma and were just looking round for some new amusement, when Kitty, the storyteller, said solemnly,

"These are the very woods where old Jake Holt hid his money."

"Let's go and find it," said practical Joe.

"Say we do," said Kitty, looking eagerly up at Amy for approval.

Amy did not approve, however. Mamma had said they were not to lose sight of the road. Her scruples vanished, however, when Kitty said, "You know all we could get for Mamma, if we find it: a big house, a piano, a silk dress, and oh! everything most. We may never have so good a chance to find it again," she added, as she saw a look of indecision on Amy's face. This argument was too much for Amy's sense of right, and off they started in search of old Jake's treasure. Every tree they came to was sounded to see if it was hollow; every stone that they could possibly move was turned to see if the money was not under it. On, on they went, thinking of nothing but their search, till a loud clap of thunder brought from Amy the cry of, "Oh Kitty! where are we?"

Where were they, indeed? No road was to be seen anywhere. All around

them were trees, trees, nothing but trees, while the glimpse of the sky that they caught through the trees, was as black as ink.

"God is going to strike us dead with lightning," said Kitty in a frightened voice, "and it's all my fault too; you would never have come here only for me."

"No, no Kitty dear," said Amy, drawing little Joe closer to her, "I am more to blame than you; I am older and knew better than to leave the road."

"Look Amy!" said Kitty, brightening up considerably, "don't it look lighter over that way?"

"I think it does," said Amy; "let us go over that way and see if we can't get out."

The lighter spot proved to be a little clearing, in the centre of which was a small log house, probably the first home of some old settler. Into this house the frightened children ran, glad to get shelter from the large drops that were beginning to fall.

During the violence of the storm the children cuddled together, scarcely daring to stir for fear of the vivid lightning. At last, however, the thunder grew fainter and fainter, the rain stopped falling, and Joey clapped his hands to see the sun struggling through the branches. "Let's go home," he said, joyfully, but Amy drawing him back, turned to Kitty and said gravely,

"I think we had better stay where we are. We can't be very far from the road, though we don't know where to find it;" and she added with a shudder, "if we go farther, they may never find us."

"Oh, Amy!" said Kitty, in sudden terror, "you don't think we will have to stay here all night, do you?"

"Hush," said Amy, pointing to Joe who was prowling around the house, "We mustn't frighten him, you know."

Then seeing Kitty's woeful look, she said, "Let us call Joe in and we'll shut the door and tell stories."

Now Kitty loved to tell stories; so looking around for something to begin on, she said, "Once upon a time, there lived in this very house a big giant. He was a robber too, but though he was both a robber and a giant, he was very good to the little boys and girls and the animals. Even the wolves and bears loved him," she was saying, when Joey wailed out,

"Oh, I *know* there are bears and wolves in these woods! There's one at the door now!" he shouted, as a slight noise was heard outside.

The thread of the story thus broken was not taken up again, for the two little girls sat staring at the door which was slowly opening, while Joey, like an ostrich, had buried his head in Amy's lap.

At last the hinges stopped creaking, and there stood neither a giant nor bear, but Maggie Brown, with a bundle of wet sticks in her arms.

"What on earth be you doin' here?" she asked, throwing down her bundle, and when Kitty with a great many "you knows" and "you sees" had told the story, she laughed right out and said goodnaturedly to Joey, who was crying mournfully,

"Don't you mind, chicken, you aint so far from home as you think." "Come," she said, giving Joey and Kitty each a hand, "Come along, I know a short cut to the village."

"But," said Amy, who before had been ashamed to speak to the girl she had treated so badly, "you are all wet."

"Never you mind that," said she, "I am used to it." On her way Maggie told the girls that her father was dead and her mother had to go out to wash the year round, while she had to stay home with the little boys and gather wood for firing, she said. The house that they had been in was a kind of woodhouse for her.

By the time Maggie had told them her story they were in sight of the village, so she left them,—not, however,

before Amy had very humbly asked her forgiveness for hurting her feelings the Sunday before. Maggie's forgiveness was not hard to obtain, and as they parted she said heartily to Amy, "Don't you worry another mite about that."

The next Sunday Amy and Maggie walked to Sunday-School side by side,

Maggie looking as bright as a new dollar in the pretty, inexpressive dress, hat and shoes, that Amy had bought for her out of her savings-bank money.

And when Miss Dodge saw how proud and happy Maggie was, and how loving Amy seemed, she was very glad—and I think the angels were glad too.

IN THE HOLIDAYS.

Sixteen years have passed since my cousin John, on his return from Victoria College to spend the holidays, persuaded me to accompany him to his home on the shore of beautiful Lake Couchiching. We crossed Lake Simcoe from Bell Ewart on the steamer "Morning," and before evening had landed in Orillia, where we found my aunt and cousin Dave waiting for us with their sail-boat. An hour's pleasant sail brought us to the Indian village of Rama, where my uncle lived. We had great times that summer fishing and hunting. I well remember my first attempt at spearing. Having rigged up a light in a bark canoe, John, Dave and myself started out on the lake as soon as it was dark, and all went off first-rate, until getting tired of sitting down in the canoe, watching, I asked them to let me have a trial; so changing places with John, I took my stand in the bow with the spear, ready for the first fish that came in sight. I had not long to wait, and taking good aim, struck at the fish, but mistaking the depth of the water, pitched head first into the lake, turning out at the same time both of the boys. Instantly we were in darkness. I was quite bewildered for a few seconds, not knowing which way to turn. However, I man-

aged to reach the shore, still holding on to the spear. John and Dave had no trouble getting the canoe ashore, as they were both good swimmers. Anyhow, it wound up our fishing for that night. I shall always believe that they had an idea of what would happen when I took the spear, but at the same time had no intention of accompanying me. That was the only time I was served so, as I soon learned to manage a canoe with the best of them.

About the first of June we planned a trip down the east branch of the Severn River, and getting everything needful, started very early in the morning. We were not long going down the lake to the entrance of the river, where we found several Indians fishing, who gave us the necessary directions.

About one mile down the river the current divides; one half branches off and goes over a fall of eight or ten feet, the other continues some distance down to another fall, below which both join again, thus forming an island. We went past the first fall, keeping well to the other side, until within one hundred feet from the second, so near that I was beginning to feel very uneasy, when John suddenly ran the canoe alongside the bank. Dave, watching his chance, sprang out and secured it. I

assure you that I felt considerably relieved when on solid footing again, and it was solid, as the whole country is one bed of rock.

We had grand sport, hauling out bass and pickerel to our heart's content. We also hooked several large muskalonge, but did not succeed in getting any out of the water, as our lines were not intended for anything larger than bass. The first muskalonge Dave hooked was a whopper. He hauled it up to the edge of the rock and called for me to get the spear, but before I could reach him the great fish made a dash down stream, pulling Dave down the slippery rock into the water, where he let go the line to save himself.

We also had quite an adventure with a rattlesnake. I was sitting on a broken ledge of rock, fishing, when John, who was further down, suddenly called for me to jump up quick. I thought he was fooling, and did not move. The next thing I knew I was lying on my back where John had dragged me. I felt rather indignant, and asked why he used me so roughly, but when he explained, I was very thankful indeed. It seems I was sitting on a thin ledge of rock, with my feet resting on another lower down, and John, being below me, saw that a large snake had crawled out from between the two ledges of rock, and was stretched out close to my feet, and if it had been disturbed would have struck me before I could get out of its reach. While we were searching for something with which to kill the snake, it crawled into a small hole, and Dave, to our horror, put his bare foot over the place to keep it from coming out. After pulling him away, we asked him how he could do such a foolish thing. He said there was no danger, as the snake had not room to strike. We took his word for it, not caring to try for ourselves. We managed to kill the snake, and you may be sure I felt very uneasy until we left, as a full grown rattlesnake is not the nicest company in the world.

We caught all the fish we had room for in our canoe, and started for home. We were just out of the river into the lake, when there came on a sudden thunder storm. Our canoe being so heavily laden we had to paddle for the shore in a hurry, and it being by this time very dark, we left our canoe and went up to a friend's house, where they kindly kept us over night. After breakfast next morning we launched our canoe and again started for home, which we reached all right.

On the rocky shore of Lake Couchiching there are several places where the Indians, in days gone by, have pictured on the smooth limestone rocks a history of some famous battle. The painting was, when I saw it, quite fresh. Years after, when on a trading expedition on some of the islands in Lake Huron, I sat until morning listening to the old traditions of the Indians. One of them gave an account of the capture and burning of the great Huron medicine man, and said that the rock painting I mentioned before was an account of that battle. The Indian who told me had never been there, and was much pleased when I told him that I had often seen it.

One afternoon we started for Orillia in a large bark canoe. We had a very rough time crossing, as it was blowing a regular gale right down the narrows from Lake Simcoe. Our canoe being so light on the water, we made more lee than headway, and were paddling very hard to get under the shelter of some smooth islands, when we saw the steamer "Morning" coming right down on us. I wanted John to wait until the boat had passed; but no, he said to paddle hard and we could cross her bows, and once under the shelter of the land beat her. So we kept right on, which was a most foolhardy thing to do. They rang the bell and motioned us back, but we never stopped until we were passed. It was a very close shave. We were so near that the people on her

deck lost sight of us for some seconds, and thought we were under ; but when we came in sight again, what a cheer came from the passengers ! We now had nearly a fair wind, and actually beat the old tub into Orillia.

My pleasant visit was soon over. The next year Uncle moved to his far Saskatchewan home, John going with

him, Dave staying with us to finish his education, after which he joined the rest in their distant home. My noble uncle is no more ; lost in such a mysterious way only a few miles from his camp, and found some days after with his hands folded across his breast, dead,—gone to his reward.

C. E. C.

PUZZLES.

CONUNDRUM.

- My first is in pepper, but not in salt,
- My second in grave, but not in vault,
- My third is in aster, but not in rose,
- My fourth is in check, but not in nose,
- My fifth is in robe, but not in dress,
- My sixth is in clothes, but not in press,
- My seventh is in kitchen, but not in parlor,
- My whole is a bird of most beautiful color.

BLANCHE.

DIAMOND.

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. A consonant. | 5. A range of mountains. |
| 2. To give. | 6. Exhibited. |
| 3. Belonging to branches. | 7. A bed. |
| 4. A tree. | 8. An assistant. |
| 9. A consonant. | |

DICK SHUNARY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

HIDDEN GARLAND.

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| 1. Bluebell. | 6. Dahlia. |
| 2. Harebell. | 7. Honesty. |
| 3. Lupine. | 8. Sweet Pea. |
| 4. Rose. | 9. Primrose. |
| 5. Pansy. | 10. Daisy. |

ENIGMA.

Drill.
River Dee.
Rill
Ill.

The Home.

TWO WIDOWS.

BY EROL GERVAISE, AUTHOR OF "THE TRACK OF HER FEET," "A NEW LOVE, A TRUE LOVE," &C., &C.

When Mr. Revel and Mr. Armatage died within a week of each other every one said how sad it was, and every one pitied the two widows and the six orphans deprived by the event of their natural protectors, and indeed in a great measure of their natural support; for neither of the two men who had passed away with startling suddenness had left behind him an adequate provision for the wants of his family.

Mr. Revel had been well off, but had lived up to his income, and had saved nothing. There was, it is true, a small insurance policy; but against this were numerous *bills*, which when settled would considerably reduce the principal and leave the interest—if that were to be Mrs. Revel's only support for the future—at a very low figure. Where dollars had barely sufficed before, cents must now be made do.

Mr. Armatage's life had not been insured. It was through no fault of his, for he had been prudent and far-sighted to the extent of his means. These latter were, however, small, and the matter of insurance, though kept steadily in view, was not destined to be realized; his early death having occurred before he could afford the high premium which, owing to an hereditary delicacy of constitution, the companies in his case demanded.

Each man had left behind him a widow and three children, girls in each case. What must be done for these little ones? was the question that

thrust itself ruthlessly into almost the first sanctity of the grief of the two widows.

For herself each woman felt in those first hours and days of terrible bereavement that it mattered little. The best of her life had gone from her, and whether impoverished or provided for she would be poor henceforth; but the children, his children and hers, how were they to be cared for, and fed and clothed and educated?

It is a problem which has presented itself for solution to many a stricken woman before now, and will present itself to the end of time. There is nothing singular in the case of those whom we are considering.

Mrs. Revel, when the opinion of her acquaintances was solicited, or, as more often happens, was given unsolicited, was advised to apply immediately to her "friends;" that is the relations of herself and her late husband; none of whom lived in the same place, and but few in the same country as herself.

This she was quite inclined to do, for some of these distant relatives were comfortably off, and could, if they would, assist her. The idea of doing something for herself never once entered her mind. As a girl in her father's house she had lived in tolerable comfort, and always without a thought of self-support and afterwards as Mr. Revel's wife, an abundant and even lavish expenditure had characterized from its outset the married life of herself and her husband.

Easily might a yearly sum have been saved from their income, and profitably invested, but never had the thoughtless pair set about the task of economizing. The only prudent thing that Mr. Revel had been known to do was to insure his life, and this, small as the policy was, had been effected rather at the solicitation of a pertinacious agent than from an individual sense of duty. The funeral was over, and in a state of deep depression, sharpened at times to keen anxiety and apprehension, Mrs. Revel waited for replies to the several letters which she had caused to be despatched.

Her husband's illness had been a malignant fever, and the interment had necessarily followed close upon the decease, so that there had not been time for any of those notified to reach their afflicted kinswoman until after the funeral, even had they so desired.

But apparently there was no haste to communicate with her by letter or by that swifter electric message which brings the tidings of our griefs and joys so swiftly back and forth over the leagues of sea and land.

Then began that series of disappointments, of heart-sickening alternations of hope and fear, and dread anxiety, such as those only who have themselves tasted thereof can fully realize, culminated at length in the bare, miserable, naked fact that none of them could or would do anything for her. There was not one of them who did not speak feelingly of her misfortunes, and most of them added, as I have observed is customary amongst worldly people, numerous texts from Scripture to prove that death and separation and poverty and trial were all very desirable things, and that although a subdued melancholy, or even occasional sharp outburst of grief, was quite permissible, and indeed to be expected, to *give way* would be not simply unchristian, but pusillanimous.

What wonder that the grand old words which uttered simply by some

faithful soul, or written falteringly for us by the hand of love, come fraught with comfort such as human words can never bring, fell with cruel mockery on Mrs. Revel's ears, unaccompanied as they were by any tangible proof that they who used them were themselves participants of their spirit.

This story is not all fiction; so, in justice to Mrs. Revel's "friends," I would here state that they one and all assigned what, doubtless, they considered valid reasons for their seeming illiberality.

Some had, they said, the greatest difficulty in supporting themselves; some had met with losses and were only just able to keep their heads above water; some had large families; some had a constant outlay and no returns to speak of; and one ancient childless pair, the rich ones of the late Mr. Revel's family, admitted they had a respectable income, far less, however, than was generally supposed, but there were so many claimants upon their bounty that in reality they were poor. If they could but do as they wished, but alas they could not!

Up to this time Mrs. Revel had not even begun to economize. There had been no reduction in her household expenses, and the cost of the funeral, and mourning for herself and her children was considerable; and there were also the doctor's bill and many outstanding bills, which though small when taken singly, made in the aggregate an alarming total.

The house in which she lived was not her own, but rented by the year. It was large and handsomely furnished, and the furniture was her own. With a mind almost distracted by the responsibilities thus suddenly thrust upon her in the midst of her first grief, she tried to bring herself to the point of reasoning calmly upon what she must do.

Business matters were altogether new to her, and the complications and embarrassments of managing and contriv-

ing on insufficient means, were at the very outset appalling. She was not intellectual; she was not accomplished; she had no marked and striking "turn" for some one particular study or pursuit, which in default of all others, useful or ornamental, can sometimes serve its owner in good stead, and float him or her triumphantly over the waves of financial difficulty. If she had been musical, pupils might have been found to utilize the rich-toned piano which half the time since its purchase had remained closed and silent, except for the children's strumming. If painting or languages had been her gift they might have helped her in this crisis. But none of these were hers. She was simply what hundreds of our women are to-day—imperfectly educated, with the manners of a lady; competent to take her place in society; to dress well with the aid of her dressmaker; to talk over the last new novel and the latest local gossip; to see that her children were sent to school and wanted for nothing in the way of food and clothing, to nurse them when they were ill, and to pass everywhere for an agreeable woman and a good wife and mother. Would these things win her bread now? Boarders! An indignant flush rose to her cheek and an indignant retort to her lips when the suggestion was made. No, whatever she did she would not turn her house into a hotel, her children into waiters.

Needlework? dressmaking? millinery? for which latter one of her young daughters had already displayed a decided talent—these were equally beneath her. So it seemed that to give up her present spacious residence, dispose of the superfluous portion of her furniture, books, &c., procure a small house and retire thither with her children "to starve," as she bitterly expressed it, on the "insurance money" was all that remained for her.

Let us leave her to put in practice these melancholy intentions while we

take a glance at her equally bereaved friend and neighbor, Mrs. Armatage.

When people spoke of the two widows in connection with each other, it was agreed on all sides that, if Mrs. Revel's case was a poor one as far as actual income went, Mrs. Armatage's was poorer. All she had in the world was the house she lived in, the furniture, and her cow and poultry. The house had been completed and the last instalment paid upon it precisely one year before Mr. Armatage's death. It was a comfortable, unostentatious dwelling, possessing more available space and more conveniences than many a mansion of very imposing exterior, and it would readily command a good rent in Vallery, where such houses were scarce and in demand. She might fairly set it down at \$160 per annum. But out of this she would have to pay the rent of a smaller lodging for herself and her children, say \$80. This would leave \$80 for fuel, clothing, education, charity, and the numerous expenses of a family. But the cow and the poultry would go far towards supplying the item of food. The cow was an excellent milker, and the especial pride of Lois Armatage, the eldest daughter. The larger portion of her furniture the widow resolved she would sell, as also many little superfluities, such as in the course of long housekeeping accumulate in every household. A few hundred dollars would be raised in this way, and then! What then? It was indeed a hard question to answer.

But Mrs. Armatage was not a woman to be daunted utterly by the difficulty of any matter which faced her as a duty. Doubtless, had she stood alone in this the first shock of her grief, her courage would have failed her for a season; for what woman's heart, desolate and sick, and sore for the love that has gone from her, can in its prime of sorrow take up heroically, even in contemplation, the struggle that must be for herself alone? But with the pathetic looks of her children about her she grew brave.

Mrs. Armatage's were good children, all of them. Not without their faults, but loving and kind, and susceptible of noble things if properly directed and controlled. Lois, the eldest, had ever been her mother's comforter and standby. The gentle seriousness of her character, her ready helpfulness and sympathy had inspired a degree of confidence that was a tower of strength, no less than consolation, to her mother now. With her Mrs. Armatage held long and intimate consultation, and viewed together the visionary seeming, intangible, sorrow-shrouded future assumed an aspect definite and sublime—the aspect of a life of faith and labor, crowned with success, acknowledged of the Lord.

The cottage consisted of two bedrooms, a tiny parlor and dining-room, also a kitchen still tinier and a miniature cellar, where coal and vegetables might be stored. There was no stable or outhouse for the cow, and at first this had threatened to prove an obstacle to Mrs. Armatage's engaging the dwelling; but her landlord, a kind-hearted man, himself occupying a similar domicile but with more out-door accommodation, offered to let "Brindle" share when necessary the shelter provided for his own "Cherry," and this offer Mrs. Armatage very gratefully accepted.

Her "things" had sold fairly well, and a tenant was already in possession of the house she had quitted. The expenses of her husband's funeral and the mourning she had provided for herself and her children, were her only debts; for the Armatages for many years had "paid their way." Not always, the lesson having been taught them after some sorrowful experience of a contrary system. There was no doctor's bill, for Mr. Armatage's death had been terribly sudden, the result of an attack of hemorrhage.

When one is willing to help himself, it is astonishing how help comes from unexpected quarters.

"Send your cow to my fields, Mrs. Armatage; I'll not charge you a penny," said a rich land owner, meeting her one day when the advance of Spring was bringing the question of Brindle's pasturage heavily before the widow's heart.

But this was not all. Opposite to Vallery, but separated from it by the broad, bright river that forms the mutual boundary line of the two places, rises the smaller hamlet of St. Celestin. Beautiful, exceedingly, with a quiet rural loveliness that rests the eye and heart but to look upon. In this hamlet, nestling under the gable of the old stone church, and passing invariably with strangers for its chancel, is a miniature school-house, built and endowed, as was also the church, by one who, being dead, thus speaketh in the blessings he has insured to posterity. The charges in this school are merely nominal, and the instruction given of a superior class, including usually French and the rudiments of drawing. The Scriptures are regularly taught, and the school is opened and closed with prayer. Mrs. Armatage had never given this school a thought. Lois and Lucy and Helen were pupils of Miss Fanshaw, the Vallery preceptress, and making satisfactory progress under her charge. But now there would be a stop to this; for how was Miss Fanshaw to be paid? Sadly Mrs. Armatage turned the matter over and over, looked at it in every light, but with one regretful result. For the present the children must stay at home. This was much to be regretted for all of them, but especially for Lois, who was now in her fourteenth year, and whose progress at this age would be more seriously retarded by any interruption of her studies than would that of her younger sisters. She might, they all might, and had promised that they would study at home; but there would in this case be the lack of stimulus and emulation, and the friendly rivalry of a large school, and certainly

they would suffer by the change. Still there seemed no help for it.

That very afternoon a neighbor called, a kind and sympathizing friend whose counsel and active help had been freely accorded to Mrs. Armatage throughout the whole of her recent troubles. This gentleman at once suggested the school of St. Celestin; and to this school shortly afterwards the three girls were sent. Meanwhile Mrs. Armatage was looking about her for some suitable employment for herself; for work, or rather the money that work would bring, was absolutely indispensable to supplement the tiny settled income upon which only she could count. Again another kind friend came to her assistance.

From relieving her husband, whose chest had always suffered if too closely confined to his desk, she had acquired the valuable accomplishment of a good business hand, and also some knowledge of book-keeping. This friend procured for her employment in both these lines; irregular it is true, but still helpful. Then she and Lois would do fancy work. They were both skilful at lace and embroidery, and Lucy could tat and crochet. They were all willing to work, and surely work would be found.

Despite their efforts, however, it was up-hill work for many a year. Nay, sometimes it was even a rolling down hill, or a standing still near the bottom, as it seemed to them. They were not exempt from the common lot, and had to serve their apprenticeship to success through trial and disappointment, and at times failure. They had to take their share of hard times and sickness, and the fluctuations of friendship and the falling away of some upon whom they had counted. All these things had come in their way, as they will come in yours and mine, oh fellow-worker. "But over all God's love had shone!"

So, though they had often felt dis-

couraged, and almost like giving up they had never actually succumbed, but had held fast by each other's hands, and had strengthened each other with the thought that One Hand was leading them always, and would lead them to the end.

I know their simple dwelling. If you pass it in the evening you will hear Lois practising vigorously at the old piano, for she has resumed her music lessons and hopes some day to become qualified to give instruction. Indeed, some youthful pupils are already looming large in the not very distant future. Helen's *forte* is arithmetic, and grave schemes of financial operations are revolving in that busy brain of hers, to be carried out, she hopes, when a few more years of study shall have perfected her in her favorite pursuit. Looking at her as she sits at the table, with her slate before her and pencil in hand, the breadth and compass of her brow and the comical scrutinizing wistfulness of the eye remind you oddly and forcibly of the portraits of the late Commodore Vanderbilt. Lucy excels now in delicate fancy and needle work, and earns many a dollar in that line with her small, deft fingers. And the mother still works for all at everything or anything. Thus they ears roll on, and in the one widow's home honest effort and courageous battling with difficulties are bringing their reward in an inward satisfaction and an honorable consciousness that each has "done what she could."

I wish the picture of Mrs. Revel, to which we must now return, were a counterpart of this, or differed rather in the attitude and grouping of its figures than so completely as it does in the disproportion of its lights and shades.

But here the sombre hues of a Rembrandt predominate over the tenderness of a Carlo Maratti or the harmony of a Correggio. "From bad to worse" had been the prevailing experience of this the second widow of our tale.

From false notions of respectability

she had suffered one after another honest, and hence honorable chance of making a living for herself and her children to slip from her.

No one likes to lose *caste*, or to descend instead of rise in the social scale. But,

“What do we live for?

Is labor so lowly,

Toil so ignoble we shrink from its stain?

Think it not—labor

Is God-like and holy;

He that is idle is living in vain.”

And believe it, there is no real descent in anything short of sin and indolence. Mrs. Revel could not see this. To her it seemed that any work not conventionally acknowledged as ladylike, was nothing short of degradation; and as the conventionally ladylike employments are very limited in their number and scope, and none of them were included in Mrs. Revel's qualifications, she told herself and told others that there was nothing she could do. Her intentions were honorable, and with a portion of her insurance policy and the sale of some books, furniture, &c., she had paid off all outstanding claims; but soon alas! other debts were contracted. Never as it seemed could she live within her means. Then other articles of furniture went, and trifles of jewellery, and at last, even wearing apparel, to afford temporary relief, till little by little her very last resources were exhausted. Then again and again recourse was had to the “friends” who had before refused their help.

Her father and mother had died before her husband, so she had not had to experience the wounding disappointment of indifference or reluctance from these nearest and dearest ones. But the help that the others did occasionally give came grudgingly, meagrely, and with long intervals between, and was only just sufficient with what she had herself, to keep the wolf from the door.

This is her present state. Her children are growing up ill-educated, being kept from school principally for want of clothes; for the St. Celestin school is open to them, if they would but avail themselves of its advantages. But they seldom go, and habits of idleness and aversion to regular study or employment are rapidly gaining upon them. Her own health and spirits have given way utterly. She looks and is a broken-down, dejected woman. Many a time has Mrs. Armatage, from her own slender store, ministered to her wants. Many a time have other kind friends and neighbors helped her, but to little ultimate good. I don't think she could do much for herself now, if she tried, her health is so shattered, her energy so impaired. It is a sad case, but common enough, and not one whit exaggerated.

The reduced gentlewoman, too proud at first, too helpless at the last to earn her bread, Adam-wise, in the sweat of her brow, is a character that figures prominently from beginning to end in the great drama of life. Reader, its moral is for you and for me.

MY LADY HELP, AND WHAT SHE TAUGHT ME.

BY MRS. WARREN, AUTHOR OF "HOW I MANAGED MY HOUSE ON £200 A YEAR," ETC.
(From the Ladies' Treasury.)

"Herbert, I can no longer go on with cook. The dinners are so uncertain—sometimes well, but oftener ill cooked—that I positively dread to ask any one here; and for the wages we give we ought not to be so served; besides, she corrupts the housemaid, who used to be very different."

"The girls seem to me to be very orderly and well-behaved for their class. They are regular at prayers, night and morning. I confess they do lie late in bed, and the cooking—well, one can't say much for that!—but I see no way out of it. What I marvel at is, how spruce both of them are in the evening. Depend upon it, little wife, you will not do better."

"Nonsense! I must devise some means of doing better, which certainly will not be by a change of servants, for that is but a change of evils. Each fresh one is worse than the old. I am tired of the whole thing."

"Servants are necessary evils, I grant; we should be at a loss without them, and there is nothing to be said for it but to do as I was told when a boy—that is, when I tired of anything, to begin again."

"Herbert, you are most exasperating! You expect everything to be perfection in the house because you pay high wages. Why, this cook can do no better than when the wages were but £8 a year; and clothing is certainly not so dear as when that sum was considered a high wage. What the girls do with their money is a mystery. Their underclothing is shabby, and their outer dress not much otherwise. If I cannot succeed in finding better servants, I shall certainly try for a lady-help, and—"

"Stop! I forbid that; no lady-help shall wait upon me. My dear, you outrage all manly feelings in proposing such a scheme! Am I to have a lady, a gentlewoman, to wait upon me at the dinner-table, to bring me this, that, and the other? No! the gods forbid! I daresay you would set her to black my boots! And how would she associate with another servant? But

I should just ask, in what capacity you would engage her?"

"You are unfeeling and ironical, in putting the matter in this light, particularly as you offer no feasible and practical suggestion."

"Nonsense! If you engage a lady as cook and another as housemaid—that is, supposing you could find them—cook would have to clean the steps and do all the drudgery of the house. How could a lady undertake these duties? Then with the housemaid—are both these ladies to sit with us in the evening? Are they to make up a party at whist? Shall we call upon them for a song when we would be lively? I tell you, my dear, the whole thing is entirely incompatible and uncomfortable. Why, I should be jumping up and offering either of them a chair when she entered the room, or be assisting her to put on her shawl, or whatever her wrap may be called."

"Now, little wife, no more of this; I will have no lady-help. Heavens! what's the world coming to? It's upside down enough as it is."

This conversation took place after evening prayers in a house where the husband's income was sufficient for the needs of a small family of respectability, but who could keep not more than two servants, in consequence of the high wages they both had, and of the waste made in the kitchen, and of the ignorance of domestic matters, of cooking, and of household management generally, a knowledge of which neither mistress nor maid possessed.

Two hours after this, just before midnight, the husband and wife were awakened by a ring at the door-bell. The gentleman put his head out of the window, and saw a policeman, who said scarcely above his breath, "Are your servants in the house, sir?"

"Certainly they are, and sound asleep, I hope. Why do you ask?"

"If you will be so good as to see, sir, you will find they are not."

"Nonsense, man; they came to prayers at nine o'clock, and have been in bed for two hours."

"But will you see if they are in the house?"

Hearing this Mrs. Newton slipped on her dressing-gown, and went up stairs to the servants' room. To her surprise she found the girls absent, and the beds had not been entered.

By the time she returned Mr. Newton was prepared to accompany the policeman in search of the lost sheep of his household.

Some few streets off there was a low-class assembly-room, licensed for dancing, well conducted apparently, but much frequented by people not desirable as acquaintances. Here Mr. Newton found his servants dancing, and highly enjoying the fun. At the same time he saw men there of the bull-dog physiognomy, that he would not have liked as midnight visitors. He returned home unrecognized by the damsels, and with the policeman went over the house to find their mode of exit, as the keys of both back and front doors were in his possession, and he had seen the fastenings of the windows secure that night before going to rest. The dining-room windows were found unfastened, and the shutters pulled together; and from there it was only a deep step into the front garden, and then, by the unlocked outer gates, which being only of four bars offered no resistance, even if locked, they had gone out.

The girls did not return till past two o'clock, though the place of entertainment was closed at twelve. Two men brought them to within two doors of the house, and then left them. Their astonishment may be imagined when, as they entered the garden gate, the master opened the front door to them, and by the light of the hall lamp they saw a policeman standing behind him. They both implored for mercy. Mr. Newton said, "I do not give you into custody, because I know nothing of your honesty; but you leave my house at six o'clock in the morning. I shall pay you your wages due to last night, and if you think you are entitled to more you can summon me."

The girls—not exactly girls, but young women of five-and-twenty—went to their room without a word.

The policeman, on going out, said, "This is the way houses are robbed, sir."

"But how to prevent them from being so? I see that it is easy enough for burglars to have noiselessly entered with the girls, and we should

have been at their mercy. But what's to be done?"

"There's nine out of ten burglaries do happen through servants, though perhaps unknowingly to them. Young women of five or six-and-twenty are worse than young girls. Every year takes away a chance of the old ones getting married, and they know it, and when they find no chance at all, they take to dress and to drink, and all manner of evil comes of it. The worst men—well known to be housebreakers—always pretend to make love to the women, and promise 'em marriage, and are let into the house to have a bit o' supper and drink, and then get to know the ways of the house, and where the plate and jewels are kept; so there's not much difficulty about the matter afterwards. Servants soon know if there's money kept in the house, and that's a great temptation to outsiders."

"But surely there must be good servants somewhere, and, if not, I hope this education scheme will make them better."

"I don't believe it, sir. I think it'll do a great deal of harm; and I think there's a great deal too many holidays given to servants, because they don't know how to use their time properly; and instead of learning to make good wives and mothers, they are learning to play the piano, and go to dancing places, and to write letters, when they should be at work; but they know nothing of washing or baking, or how to cook a bit of vittles for their husbands; and as for their children, they're just bundles of dirt and rags. I'm sure I don't wonder that men go to the gin-palaces, for there they do find warmth, and some comfort, and society. Why, if you were to look into some of their houses, you'd never forget it."

"Well, but if men will drink, it follows that their homes must be wretched."

"That's true, sir; but young women know very well whether the men are given to drink before they marry 'em, and if a tidy young woman will marry a drunkard, what can she expect? Nothing but what she gets—blows, hard words, and starvation, and is made to go out to work to buy bread for the children. Why, there's hardly a drinking man that's ever sober when he goes before the parson. Now, it seems to me that education should be something to make a young woman respect herself, and not go and throw herself away upon a drunkard, and then come whining and pining about it

afterwards ; but then, you see, the girls don't know how to cook, or to make or mend, and sober men will not marry 'em. Them girls as go flaunting about in left-off clothes, or clothes made like 'em, and think they're ladies, and hope to catch a husband by such trumpery, are greatly mistaken. A good, sober man with a trade can see with half an eye what a girl is made of, and though he may give back the time of day to her, it goes no further. But where there's an industrious, clean, comely, and properly-dressed servant in any neighborhood, all the sober men know it without the town-crier, and she's soon snapped up, and the missus has to look out again. There's plenty of good servants, but they're hard to be met with ; because you see, they keep their places, or they quickly get married.

"Not one of these good servants can play the piano, or do anything like a lady should ; but she can make a working man's home comfortable, and be a fitting companion for him, if she knows no more of education than to read, and spell, and write. My mother always read to my father after he came home at night, so that he never went to the public house, and she taught nine of us to read and write before we were sent to school. But, more than all, she taught us to speak the truth, to scorn a lie ; for she told us liars were always thieves if they had the opportunity, and I believe it's true."

"Thank you for coming to me, policeman. If you will be here at six o'clock, just in front of the house, before you go off 'beat,' I shall be obliged."

"I'll be sure to be here, or one of us will, sir. I go off, and another comes on duty. I must report myself at the station at six."

Mrs. Newton had, with her husband, heard all the conversation, but she said nothing. Six o'clock soon came, but no servants were down. Mrs. Newton rang the bell in vain ; when she went to their rooms they were fast asleep, and did not make their appearance before nine o'clock, and, finally, after their breakfast, did not leave till they were threatened with being placed in custody. However, nothing was done in the house till they were out of it. They refused to take their wages up to the day, and Mr. Newton, placing the money back, said, "You can summon me. Good-morning."

The girls looked bewildered. They did not expect this decision, and at last consented to receive payment to the day of their midnight

dance. Mr. Newton explained to them the danger of going to such places, and the risk they ran of being implicated with the doings of burglars.

The breakfast and the other meals of that day were not the most comfortable. No char-woman was to be found at such a short notice, and poor Mrs. Newton knew not how to make a fire or cook a chop. Her husband went to his chambers, and returned at the usual time, to find muddle over muddle. His tea was made, and his chop was cooked ; it had been broiled, but seemed more like a coal than meat, and poor Mrs. Newton looked as if she must burst into tears ; she was hot, flurried and tired.

"This won't do, Lottie ; we must find some one. I will go presently to the tradesman."

"I have been there to-day, Herbert, but they cannot tell me of any one. If it was only a girl, I might do with her till some servants are got. Oh, that I had been taught to do something useful ! Why is it that a girl spends half her youth in being made to learn things that are utterly useless to her in after life ? I am provoked to be such an imbecile. Now look at that chop. Why, a child out of the streets would perhaps have cooked it better ! I had a clear fire, for I burned a lot of wood to get it clear, and I did not turn the chop over, because I knew it should be kept well in the blaze, yet I have not succeeded, and a pretty mess I have made in the kitchen. You recollect those pieces of the fireworks you and the boys picked up after their bonfire on the 5th of November ?"

"Yes ; well what of it ?"

"I gathered all the wood I could find, but some unexploded fireworks must have been among them, for I just put on the frying-pan half-full of fat to fry the chop ; in a few minutes the pan was tossed on the floor, and I fear some of the fat went over the cat, for she flew through the window, and has not been back since."

The tears stood in Mrs. Newton's eyes at the melancholy recital, but her husband burst into an uproarious laugh.

"Bless me, Lottie, you might have blown up the house ; and poor Tibby, I hope she is not injured."

"I don't know ; she gave a dreadful yell as she darted through the window. I fear she is cut with the glass."

Poor Tibby, a beautiful Persian cat, was a long time away ; indeed, it was many days before she returned, and then she bore evident

marks of the accident. When at last she made her appearance, the altered style of things made her doubtful about its being her home; she was scarcely reassured by her mistress's voice.

The kitchen was no longer bright, the fire being smothered in ashes; the floor was certainly not the floor she had been accustomed to. Saucepans lay here, dishes there, all in a sad condition. If the dainty animal had been a cleanly Christian she could not have shown more distaste to her surroundings. In vain she sought her creature comforts. Her milk-basin, once so spotless, was filled with flue; her plate was missing—in fact there was every appearance of dire poverty. Now Tibby hated even people who were badly dressed, and, of course, poverty; but starve she could not, and her mistress, once so gentle and kind, now never appeared to notice her. Pussy had never before hungered in vain, never thirsted, and she kept her coat spotlessly white. Now disreputable thoughts came into her mind. Christian or no Christian, she could not starve. She had been an orderly, handsome and well-behaved cat superlatively honest. Things were changed, and with the change came temptation. She was hungry and thirsty, her honesty was useless, she could not live upon the credit of her former good character, and so she stole. The moment the larder door was left open a fit of kelpomania came over her, and pussy became a thief—a thief without the slightest tinge of conscience; and being so lost to virtue, she abstracted a tempting steak, one especially sent for her master's refection. It was not long before the meat was missed, and “no one could have taken it but the tiresome charwoman”—old and slow, and with no order or method, but honest to the backbone. The poor old soul was speedily dismissed by the mistress, without a thought of the injury she was doing to the spirit-stricken woman, “who,” as she said by way of protest, “had been counted honest as the day, from the time she first went to service.” However, she was discharged, and Mrs. Newton was left to manage as she best might. No other help could be found, servants were not to be got, and charwomen generally had, as the Americans say, “a good time.”

So long did this uncomfortable state of things go on that Mr. Newton, like Tibby, began to have disreputable thoughts. At first these were fleeting as a breath, but they left their mark and too often returned. A friendly call upon a

friend was often prolonged, and the wife left alone. His club began to have an inviting aspect. Business matters detained him. He wined at this subterfuge at first, but repetition dulled his conscience, and he who had rarely spent an evening from home, and never on business matters, now found, or said he had found, that “he should be detained at his office till late, and should get some tea there.”

Mr. Newton had certainly exerted himself to help his wife to procure servants, or even to get one only; and he had gone to various registry offices, where he had been told housemaids and cooks were to be found. How confidently he passed through numbers of girls waiting to be hired! How certain he was of the success of his mission as he seated himself in the waiting-room, and looked curiously at the ladies sitting there, who were employed on some fancy work, utterly regardless of the attending damsels. What can be the matter, he thought; if they want girls, why don't they hire them? His mental enquiries were suddenly cut short by the approach of a sturdy-looking woman, quite capable of “holding her own,” but smelling so intolerably of beer that he at once shook his head as a dismissal. This dormant virago gave place to others, including the imbecile, the useless, the dirty, the pert; in fact, to every degree of raw, untrained and undisciplined material. All gave an excuse for their short-timed characters that the master or the mistress drank, or there was too much work, or the place was too dull; not one alleged incompetency. Elated as Mr. Newton was when he entered, he was thoroughly depressed on leaving.

“Surely all places are not alike; there must be servants obtainable somewhere,” he said to one lady near him. “These are not servants; they appear the very scum of the earth.”

“Yet we have to choose our servants from such as these,” she replied.

“But what do you do with them when you get them to your home?”

“They are just better than nothing, and that is all that can be said.”

“But who is to cook and clean if they do not?” he asked.

The lady shrugged her shoulders, but made no reply.

Ultimately, Mr. Newton made the tour of all the offices professing to supply servants, but with no better success. It was after this that, when temptation came—as it did to pussy—Mr.

Newton felt business matters detained him more than ever, and he could quietly say this to his wife with unflinching bravery when he knew this statement to be false.

His wife, who had been for two years so perfect in his eyes—so perfect while a cousin, now dead, had lived with them, and under whose quiet but vigilant rule home had been a paradise—now seemed to his distorted vision weak-minded and frivolous. What were to him her musical talents, her perfection of taste in attire, her graceful movements and caressing tone and ways? Why, she could not cook him a chop or a potato, to say nothing of a sole or a joint; why she was utterly useless! The mother of his two boys certainly, and fine chicks they were; but not like the hen, able to scratch for them. Such was his soliloquy over the office-fire as he sat smoking furiously and occasionally adding some drops of whiskey to his toddy, till at last he fell asleep, and did not awake till daylight.

Horror upon horrors! What would his wife think? "And I have kept her waiting in suspense and misery! Herbert Newton, you are a coward! Well, I'll telegraph to her; it's useless going home now."

"Unavoidable business detained me at the office till the last train had gone; will be home early." This was the telegram sent to the "little wife," who, all alone, had cried herself to sleep, with Tibby on her lap. Hours wear away whether they be joyous or sad, and the day brings its duties, its miseries, or its pleasures, but hunger is dominant over all; and on going to the larder Mrs. Newton found the cold meat missing. In a moment it flashed on her mind that as no charwoman had entered the house for days, Tibby must be the thief. Oh, how hard she had been to the poor old woman!—how wicked it was of her not to have suspected Tibby, who, at the end of the garden as her mistress saw, was enjoying her plentiful breakfast. To all her discomfort, Mrs. Newton had to contend with a sore conscience; and, worse than all, she could not leave the house to find the charwoman, and retract the charge against her.

So the day passed comfortless and chill. Mrs. Newton translated her husband's telegram, "I prefer to stay out, rather than come home." Weary, and sad and spiritless, she cleaned the sitting-room as well as she could, but the dust she swept from one place went to another; the rug was soiled in lighting the fire; the wrappers

for covering the furniture were too much trouble to get, so the dust that was swept from the floor settled on chairs and tables, and after the labor of removing this the whole room looked like a plant gone to seed—"seedy." Visitors called, but the bell remained unanswered; and Mrs. Newton, with her heart beating at high pressure point, was in a few moments near fainting, but a crash downstairs arrested this calamity. A beautiful china jug, the favorite jug of her husband, lay in pieces on the ground. The milk had been put into it in the morning, which Tibby, in a wicked moment, impelled by thirst, had soon discovered; and, putting her head into the too small neck, it had tightened on her face, and she, for self-preservation, knocked it on the table, from whence it fell to the ground.

"Tibby," said her mistress, "you are an utterly destructive cat, and a thief. What makes you so provoking just now, when all things are out of sorts?" Tibby knew the tone of voice well, and with the utter depravity of animate and inanimate things, went upstairs to the drawing-room, which had now been unused for three weeks, and for consolation deposited herself in a velvet chair that had been newly sent home when the house was orderly; and her hair had covered the seat with a white film, not discovered till a week or two afterwards, and where, since the breakage of the milk-jug, she had daily taken her siesta, for the latch of the door did not catch, and Tibby knew it.

At last two maidens appeared who wished to live together. Their *written* characters were tolerably good, but the words were ill-spelt. In very despair, without much enquiry, they were installed at good wages, and additional money given to them to "clean up." Three days passed, and there were no signs of scrubbing or general cleaning. Fires were kindled and ashes removed; the beds were made after a fashion of their own, but the provisions that vanished would have fed two families. Mrs. Newton had scorned "to lock up"—"so mean to suspect people!" Her husband suggested that caution was not suspicion. "Am I to dine at home to-day, Lottie? It is time we had a dinner of some kind. I should like a sole and a tender steak."

"Oh, yes, certainly. Do come home Herbert; it is so miserable. If you come it will be like a return of past times; don't let business detain you to-night."

"Very well, little wife, we won't speak of

that. I'll be at home at six." The parting kiss was given, and husband and wife both felt light-hearted.

The dinner was ordered. There was not much trouble in doing that. The table was laid. Mrs. Newton had been out, and brought in some flowers to make it look bright. She had herself chosen the sole,—a handsome-looking fish, thick and juicy. The steak also looked like a picture as it was laid by the fish.

"I hope you will send up the dinner well dressed, cook; some pastry is coming from the confectioner's; be punctual."

"Yes, ma'am: oh, certainly," and she winked at the housemaid. Tibby was the only one besides who saw the wink.

Six o'clock came, no dinner was served; half-past six, still the same; when nearly seven it was announced as on the table, but there was no brightness on the silver or the dish-cover. Mrs. Newton had not cared to interfere with her new servants. "It did not look well," she said.

When the cover was lifted, what a sight there was! The fish was broken in pieces in an un-

sightly mass; it was the color of putty and nearly cold; dishes and plates quite cold, and the butter-sauce resembled dirty looking paste. Mr. Newton made a grimace, but said only, "Remove this and bring the steak."

Some quarter of an hour elapsed, and then a large dish, with a very small piece of steak in it, about half of what the butcher had brought, was placed coverless on the table. Mr. Newton stuck the fork into the tough, dried-up meat, looked at his wife, and said:—

"This is uneatable; is anything else coming? are there any vegetables?"

"Certainly there are; bring them."

"If you please, 'em, cook forgot the vegetables, and the man brought only such a few that she said they were not worth cooking; the fish was stale, ma'am, and so fell to pieces in cooking it."

"Bring the tart," said Mrs. Newton.

"The man did not bring it, ma'am."

"Clear the table, and leave the room," said Mr. Newton. After this was done tea was ordered, which appeared after a long time; some eggs were cooked by Mr. Newton in the dining-room, and so a meal was made.

(To be continued).



PASTRY.

BY MRS. MARY F. HENDERSON.

Professional cooks use butter for pastry. Puff paste should never be attempted with lard or a half mixture of it. If lard or clarified beef suet is used, the pastry of an indifferent cook will be improved by adding a little baking-powder to the flour, and rolling the paste very thin.

It is not difficult to make puff paste. In winter, when it is freezing out-doors, or in summer, when a refrigerator with ice in it is at hand, it is very little more trouble to make puff paste than any other kind. The simple rolling of the dough to form layers requires very little practice. The only secret left, after using cold water and butter cold enough not to penetrate the dough, is to have it almost at freezing-point, or at least thoroughly chilled, as it is put into a hot oven.

As hundreds of different dishes can be made with pastry, and as Carême has devoted a good-sized volume to the subject, I will copy his receipt for puff paste. It is not modest, perhaps, to put my own first; but it is for the benefit of more ordinary cooks, who will never take extra trouble to be perfect.

PUFF PASTE.

Ingredients: One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, yolks of two eggs, a little salt, a sprinkle of sugar, a little very cold (or, better, ice-cold) water. (All the professional cooks use a pound of butter to a pound of flour. I think it makes the pastry too rich, and prefer three-quarters of a pound of butter to a pound of flour.)

Sift and weigh the flour, and put it on the board or marble slab; sprinkle a little salt and a very little sugar over it. Beat the yolks of the eggs, and then stir into them a few spoonfuls of ice-cold water; pour this slowly into the centre of the flour with the left hand, working it at the same time well into the mass with the tips of the fingers of the right hand. Continue to work it, turning the fingers round and round on the board, until you have a well-worked, smooth and firm paste. Now roll it out into a

rectangular form, being particular to have the edges quite straight. Much of success depends upon the even folding of the paste. Work the butter (which should be kept some minutes in very cold water if it is at all soft) until the moisture and salt are wiped out, and it is quite supple; care must be taken, however, to keep the butter from getting too soft, as in this condition it would ruin the paste. Divide it into three equal parts; spread one part as flatly and evenly as possible over half of the crust, turn the other half over it, folding it a second time from right to left. Roll this out to the same rectangular form as before; spread the second portion of the butter on half of the crust; fold and roll it out again as before, repeating the same process with the third portion of butter. The paste has now been given what they call three turns; it should be given six turns, turning and rolling the paste after the butter is in. However, after the first three turns, or after the butter is all in, the paste should be placed on the ice, or in a cold place, to remain about ten or fifteen minutes between each of the last three turns: this will prevent the butter getting soft enough to penetrate the dough. Each time before the dough is folded, it should be turned half round, so as to roll it in a different direction each time; this makes the layers more even. In order to turn the paste, the end may be held to the rolling-pin; then, rolling the pin, the dough will fold loosely around it; the board may be sprinkled with flour; then the dough can be unrolled in the side direction. This is better than to turn it with the hands, as it should be handled as little as possible. When folded the last time, put the paste on a platter, cover, and place it on the ice for half an hour, or where it may become thoroughly chilled; then roll it out for immediate use; or, so long as it is kept in a half-frozen state, it may be kept for one or two days. Firm, solid butter should be selected for puff paste; a light, crumbling butter would be very unsuitable. After the pies, patties, or other articles are made (as in receipts), the scraps may be

used for making *rissoles*. Always select the coolest place possible for making puff paste. In winter it is well to make it by an open window.

CARÊME'S RECEIPT FOR PUFF PASTE.

Ingredients: Twelve ounces of fine sifted flour, twelve ounces of butter, two drams of fine salt, and the yolks of two eggs beaten.

Manner of working: Having placed twelve ounces of flour on the board, make a small hole in the middle, into which put two drams of fine salt, the yolks of two eggs, and nearly a glass of water. With the ends of the fingers gradually mix the flour with the ingredients, adding a little water when necessary, till the paste is of a proper consistence—rather firm than otherwise. Then lean your hand on the board, and work it for some minutes, when the paste will become soft to the touch and glossy in appearance.

Care must be taken, in mixing flour with the liquid ingredients, that they do not escape, and that the paste be very lightly gathered together, to prevent it from forming into lumps, which render it stiff, and very difficult to be worked, thereby in some degree causing a failure, which is easily ascertained by the paste, when drawn out, immediately receding, which arises from its having been clumsily and irregularly mixed. To remedy this, let it be carefully rolled out, placing here and there five or six pieces of butter, each the size of a nutmeg, when, after working it as before, it will acquire the degree of softness necessary. It is of importance to observe that this paste should be neither too soft nor too hard, but of a proper medium; yet it is better to be a little too soft than too stiff. One should not choose a hot place in which to make paste: for this reason, summer renders the operation quite difficult. If one can not find a cool place, the paste might be slightly stiffer in summer than in winter.

When the paste has been made as above, take three-quarters of a pound of butter in pieces, which has been twenty minutes in ice-water, well washed and pounded. Squeeze and work it well in a napkin, in order to separate the water from it, and at the same time to render it soft, and, above all, of an equal consistence; then, as quickly as possible, roll the paste into a square on a marble slab (the ends must be perfectly even, as much success depends upon folding); place the butter in the middle; spread it over half the paste, immediately turning over the other half of the paste to cover it. Then

roll the paste out about three feet in length; fold it into three parts by doubling one part over the other; after which roll it out again, and fold it once more into three equal parts; now roll it to a greater length, fold it, and put it quickly on a plate sprinkled with flour. Place this upon ten pounds of pounded ice; then, covering it with a second plate, put upon that one pound of broken ice. This plate serves to keep the surface of the paste cool, and also to prevent its becoming soft by the action of the air. After two or three minutes, remove the plate, and turn the paste upside down, instantly covering it as before. After about fifteen minutes, roll it out, and use it as expeditiously as possible.

Thus, in less than half an hour, it is possible to make very fine puff paste, having previously everything ready—the ice pounded, the butter frozen, and the oven quite hot; for otherwise it cannot be done. This is all-important, as it is sometimes an hour before the oven can be made hot. When the oven is half-heated, begin to make the paste.

The great variety of elegant and delicate forms this paste is made to assume justifies one for giving such explicit instructions, and repays one for all necessary pains to make it.

PIE PASTE OF LARD AND BUTTER.

Rub a half pound of fresh lard into a pound of flour; use just enough of very cold water to bind it together; roll it out rather thin, and spread butter over the surface; now fold the paste, turning it twice; roll it out again, dredging the board (a marble slab is preferable) with flour; spread on more butter as before, and fold it again. The same process is continued a third time, using in all a quarter of a pound of butter, which should at first be divided into three equal parts.

A COMMON PASTE FOR MEAT PIES AND PUDDINGS.

Ingredients: One pound of flour, half a pound of lard, two tea-spoonfuls of yeast-powder, and a little cold water.

First mix well the yeast-powder into the sifted flour; then rub in very carelessly and lightly the lard, distributing it in rather coarse pieces. Now pour in enough cold water to bind it together loosely, using the separated fingers of the right hand to turn the flour lightly, while the water is being poured in with the left hand; roll it out in its rough state; prepare the dish, and bake or boil immediately.

AN APPLE-PIE (*Carême.*)

Select fine apples; pare them, and take out the cores without breaking them. Boil several whole in a stew-pan with a little lemon-juice, a very little of the *yellow* part of the peel, some sugar, and enough water to cover them, until nearly done. Quarter other apples; put them also on the fire with a little water, lemon-peel, lemon-juice, and sugar; boil these to a kind of marmalade; add some butter and peach marmalade, and rub it through a colander. Have some pie-plates covered with puff paste; fill the bottom with the marmalade, and put in four small apples (whole) to each pie, filling the cavities between with peach marmalade. Put two strips of crust (half an inch wide) across the pie, which will divide the apples. Bake in a quick oven. This is especially good served with cream.

A PLAIN APPLE-PIE.

Slice pippin apples, and put them between two layers of pie-paste, with enough water to keep them moist. When they are baked, lift the crust carefully off with a knife, and put it aside; now mash the apples with a spoon, season them with plenty of sugar, butter, and grated nutmeg; replace the top crust and sprinkle sugar over it. These pies are especially nice when freshly made, then allowed to cool, and served with cream poured over each piece as it is cut, ready to be eaten.

I think the flavor of the apple is better preserved in this manner than if the seasoning were cooked in it. However, many stew the apples first, before baking them in the pie.

LEMON PIE.

Ingredients: One heaping table-spoonful of corn starch, one cupful of boiling water, one cupful of sugar, one egg, one table-spoonful of butter, and one small lemon.

Moisten a heaping table-spoonful of corn starch with a little cold water, then add a cupful of boiling water; stir this over the fire for two or three minutes, allowing it to boil, and cook the starch; add a teaspoonful of butter and a cupful of sugar; remove the mixture from the fire, and when slightly cooled, add an egg, well-beaten, and the juice and grated rind of a fresh lemon. This makes one pie, and should be baked with the crust.

LEMON-PIE.

Ingredients: Four eggs, four table-spoonfuls

of sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of flour, nearly a quart of milk, two small lemons, a little salt.

Bake two under-crusts. Mix the egg-yolks and sugar well together. Bring the milk to the boiling-point, then add the flour mixed with some of the milk, to prevent lumping. Stir it until it has thickened and cooked, when remove it from the fire to stir in the yolks and sugar; return it for a minute to set the eggs; again remove it, and flavor with lemon-juice and grated rind; when the crusts are done, spread over cream, and over this spread the beaten whites of the eggs sweetened and flavored. Put it into the oven a few minutes to color.

ORANGE-PIE.

Ingredients: Half a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, two oranges, six eggs.

Grate the rinds of the oranges, and squeeze the juice. Cream the butter, and by degrees add the sugar. Beat in the yolks of the eggs (already well beaten), then the rind and juice of the oranges. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and mix them lightly in the other ingredients. Bake in paste-lined tin pie-plates.

CHESS-PIE.

A gentleman friend spoke to me so often about a wonderfully delicious pie that a lady friend in the country made, that it is not surprising that a person of my culinary tastes should have been very curious. "I will send for the receipt," said I. "But that will not benefit you," he replied, "for I have given the receipt to several of my friends, and they never succeed. Instead of the light production three or four inches high of my country friend, the others are heavy, waxy affairs, very different." I actually took a little journey to see the lady, to get any side explanations from her own lips. I was repaid, as you will see by trying the pie.

Ingredients: For two pies, five eggs, three quarters of a cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, and necessary flavoring.

Beat the yolks and sugar together until they are a perfect froth. Beat the butter until it is a creamy froth also. Now quickly add them together, flavoring with a little extract of vanilla. Bake it in a crust; it will rise very light. As soon as done, have ready the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, sweetened with a little sugar, and flavored with a few drops of the extract. Spread this over the tops of the pies, which return to the oven, to receive a delicate coloring.

The lady says the secret of the pies not becoming heavy is in cutting them, and distributing them on the plates, as soon as they are cooked, and still hot ; that if they are allowed to cool without cutting them, they will fall. This is rather strange ; nevertheless, it seems to be true.

SMALL. VOLS-AU-VENT, OR PATTY-CASES.

Make puff paste as before described ; give it six or seven turns, wetting the top of the paste, before turning it the last time, with water or a little lemon-juice ; roll it out evenly about a third of an inch thick. Cut out as many cakes as are required with a circular tin cutter (a scoloped one is prettier) about two inches in diameter. Now take a second cutter about half an inch smaller in diameter than the first, and press it into the tops of the patties, allowing it to sink

half-way through the crust ; or cut the patties with a sharp penknife, tracing it around a little paste-board model.

When all are cut, brush over the tops with beaten egg, being careful not to moisten the edges ; if they are to be filled with sweetmeats, sprinkle sugar over the tops. When baked, take off the marked-out covers, and cut out the centres without defacing the outsides. Keep them in a warm place until just before serving, when they should be filled, and covered with the little crust tops.

In entertaining, it will be found very convenient to purchase patty-cases at the confectioner's. They can be reheated the last five minutes, and filled with anything preferred made at home. They are also quite cheap.—*From Practical Cooking and Dinner Giving.*



Literary Notices.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. By George Macdonald. Author of "Malcolm," &c. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We cannot help considering this one of the ablest of Mr. Macdonald's works. It is the sequel of "Malcolm," and the plot consists in the following circumstances: The former Marquis of Lossie discovered, just before his death, that his lawful son and heir—of whose death, in infancy, he had been falsely informed—was living, and in his employ as groom; having been brought up as the son of a fisherman in the neighborhood. Accordingly, on his deathbed, he made the necessary acknowledgments, and the papers were left in the lawyer's hands; Malcolm, the son, being informed of the fact. Florimel, the daughter of the marquis and Malcolm's half-sister, had been brought up to consider herself her father's heiress, and after his death took the title of marchioness of Lossie in her own right, and went to live in London with worldly people, among whom her somewhat shallow, though well-meaning, character was rapidly deteriorating. Malcolm, knowing himself to be the rightful Marquis, was yet unwilling to take to himself a position which must deprive his young sister of her rank in society, and therefore continued in her service for some months as groom, in order that he might watch over her while her character was developing, and see that she took no false step, and also, if possible, influence her for good. This representation of a higher nature taking a humble position to serve a lower one affords scope for teaching of the highest kind, while the dealings of

God with men are represented, as in a parable, by the dealings of Malcolm with his horse Kelpie, and with the various specimens of debased humanity with whom he came in contact. This, we take it, is the author's plan in the work, and our extracts will give an idea of how it is carried out.

MALCOLM'S PROBLEM.

To appear as Marquis of Lossie was not merely to take from his sister the title she supposed her own, but to declare her illegitimate, seeing that, unknown to the marquis, the youth's mother, his first wife, was still alive when Florimel was born. How to act so that as little evil as possible might befall the favorite of his father, and one whom he had himself loved with the devotion almost of a dog before he knew she was his sister, was the main problem.

For himself, he had had a rough education, and had enjoyed it; his thoughts were not troubled about his own prospects. Mysteriously committed to the care of a poor blind Highland piper, a stranger from inland regions settled amongst a fishing people, he had, as he grew up, naturally fallen into their ways of life and labor, and but lately abandoned the calling of a fisherman to take charge of the marquis's yacht, whence by degrees he had, in his helpfulness, become indispensable to him and his daughter, and had come to live in the house of Lossie as a privileged servant. His book-education, which he owed mainly to the friendship of the parish school-master, although nothing marvellous, or in Scotland very peculiar, had opened for him in all directions doors of thought and enquiry. But the outlook after knowledge was in his case, again through the influences of Mr. Graham, subservient to an almost restless yearning after the truth of things—a passion so rare that the ordinary mind can hardly grasp even the fact of its existence. The marchioness of Lossie, as she was now called—for the family was one of the two or three in Scotland in which the title descends to an heiress—had left Lossie House almost immediately upon her father's death, under the guardianship of a certain dowager countess. Lady Bellair had taken her first to Edinburgh, and then to London. Tidings of her Malcolm occasionally received through Mr. Soutar of Duff Harbor, the lawyer the marquis had employed to draw up the papers substantiating the youth's claim. The last amounted to this—that, as rapidly as the proprieties of mourn-

ing would permit, she was circling the vortex of the London season. As to her brother, he feared himself, and Malcolm was now almost in despair of ever being of the least service to her as a brother to whom as a servant he had seemed at one time of daily necessity. If he might but once more be her skipper, her groom, her attendant, he might then at least learn how to discover to her the bond between them without breaking it in the very act, and so ruining the hope of service to follow.

MALCOLM IN LONDON.

Scarcely had the ladies gone to the drawing-room when Florimel's maid who knew Malcolm, came in quest of him. Lady Lossie desired to see him.

"What is the meaning of this, MacPhail?" she said, when he entered the room where she sat alone. "I did not send for you. Indeed, I thought you had been dismissed with the rest of the servants."

How differently she spoke! And she used to call him *Malcolm!* The girl Florimel was gone, and there sat—the marchioness was it, or some phase of riper womanhood only? it mattered little to Malcolm. He was no curious student of man or woman. He loved his kind too well to study it. But one thing seemed plain: she had forgotten the half friendship and whole service that had had place betwixt them, and it made him feel as if the soul of man no less than his life were but as a vapor that appeareth for a little and then vanisheth away.

But Florimel had not so entirely forgotten the past as Malcolm thought—not so entirely, at least, but that his appearance, and certain difficulties in which she had begun to find herself, brought something of it again to her mind.

"I thought," said Malcolm, assuming his best English, "your ladyship might not choose to part with an old servant at the will of a factor, and so took upon me to appeal to your ladyship to decide the question."

"But how is that? Did you not return to your fishing when the household was broken up?"

"No, my lady. Mr. Crathie kept me to help Stoat and do odd jobs about the place."

"And now he wants to discharge you?"

Then Malcolm told her the whole story, in which he gave such a description of Kelpie that her owner, as she imagined herself, expressed a strong wish to see her, for Florimel was almost passionately fond of horses.

"You may soon do that, my lady," said Malcolm. "Mr. Soutar, not being of the same mind as Mr. Crathie, is going to send her up. It will be but the cost of the passage from Aberdeen, and she will fetch a better price here if your ladyship should resolve to part with her. She won't fetch the third of her value anywhere, though, on account of her bad temper and ugly tricks."

"But as to yourself, MacPhail—what are you going to do?" said Florimel. "I don't like to part with you, but if I keep you I don't know what to do with you. No doubt you could serve

in the house, but that is not at all suitable to your education and previous life."

"A body wad tak ye for a granny grown," said Malcolm to himself. But to Florimel he replied, "If your ladyship should wish to keep Kelpie, you will have to keep me too, for not a creature else will she let near her."

"And, pray, tell me what use, then, can I make of such an animal?" said Florimel.

"Your ladyship, I should imagine, will want a groom to attend you when you are out on horseback, and the groom will want a horse; and here am I and Kelpie," answered Malcolm.

Florimel laughed. "I see," she said. "You contrive I shall have a horse nobody can manage but yourself." She rather liked the idea of a groom so mounted, and had too much well-justified faith in Malcolm to anticipate dangerous results.

"My lady," said Malcolm, appealing to her knowledge of his character to secure credit, for he was about to use his last means of persuasion—and as he spoke in his eagerness he relapsed into his mother-tongue—"My lady, did I ever tell ye a lee?"

"Certainly not, Malcolm, so far as I know. Indeed I am certain you never did," answered Florimel, looking up at him in a dominant yet kindly way.

"Then," continued Malcolm, "I'll tell your ladyship something that you may find hard to believe, and yet is as true as that I loved your ladyship's father. Your ladyship knows he had a kindness for me?"

"I do know it," answered Florimel gently, moved by the tone of Malcolm's voice and the expression of his countenance.

"Then I make bold to tell your ladyship that on his deathbed your father desired me to do my best for you—took my word that I would be your ladyship's true servant."

"Is it so, indeed, Malcolm?" returned Florimel with a serious wonder in her tone, and looked him in the face with an earnest gaze. She had loved her father, and it sounded in her ears almost like a message from the tomb.

"It's as true as I stan' here, my leddy," said Malcolm.

Florimel was silent for a moment. Then she said, "How is it that only now you come to tell me?"

"Your father never desired me to tell you, my lady; only he never imagined you would want to part with me, I suppose. But when you did not care to keep me, and never said a word to me when you went away, I could not tell how to do as I had promised him. It wasn't that for one hour I forgot his wish, but that I feared to presume; for if I should displease your ladyship my chance was gone. So I kept about Lossie House as long as I could, hoping to see my way to some plan or other. But when at length Mr. Crathie turned me away, what was I to do but come to your ladyship? And if your ladyship will let things be as before—in the way of service I mean—I canna doobt, my leddy, but it'll be plesant i' the sicht o' yer father whanever he may come to ken o' t, my lady."

Florimel gave him a strange half-startled look. Hardly more than once since her father's funeral has she heard him alluded to, and now this fisher-lad spoke of him as if he were still at Lossie House.

Malcolm understood the look. "Ye mean, my leddy—I ken what ye mean," he said. "I canna help it. For to lo'e onything is to ken 't immortal. He's livin' to me, my lady."

Florimel continued staring, and still said nothing.

I sometimes think that the present belief in mortality is nothing but the almost universal although unsuspected unbelief in immortality grown vocal and articulate.

But Malcolm gathered courage and went on. "An' what for no, my leddy?" he said floundering no more in English, but soaring on the clumsy wings of his mother-dialect. "Didna he turn his face to the licht afore he dee'd? an' Him 'at rase frae the deid said 'at whaever believed in Him sud never dee. Sae we maun believe 'at he's livin', for gien we dinna believe what *He* says, what *are* we to believe, my leddy?"

Florimel continued yet a moment looking him fixedly in the face. The thought did arise that perhaps he had lost his reason, but she could not look at him thus and even imagine it. She remembered how strange he had always been, and for a moment had a glimmering idea that in this young man's friendship she possessed an incorruptible treasure. The calm, truthful, believing, almost for the moment enthusiastic expression of the young fisherman's face, wrought upon her with a strangely quieting influence. It was as if one spoke to her out of a region of existence of which she had never ever heard, but in whose reality she was compelled to believe because of the sound of the voice that came from it.

Malcolm seldom made the mistake of stamping into the earth any seeds of truth he might cast on it: he knew when to say no more, and for a time neither spoke. But now, for all the coolness of her upper crust, Lady Florimel's heart glowed—not indeed, with the power of the shining truth Malcolm had uttered, but with the light of gladness in the possession of such a strong, devoted, disinterested squire. "I wish you to understand," she said at length, "that I am not at present mistress of this house, although it belongs to me. I am but the guest of Lady Bellair, who has rented it of my guardians. I cannot therefore arrange for you to be here. But you can find accommodation in the neighborhood, and come to me at one o'clock every day for orders. Let me know when your mare arrives: I shall not want you till then. You will find room for her in the stables. You had better consult the butler about your groom's livery." Malcolm was astonished at the womanly sufficiency with which she gave her orders. He left her with the gladness of one who has had his righteous desire, held consultation with the butler on the matter of the livery, and went home to his lodging. There he sat down and meditated.

A strange, new, yearning pity rose in his heart as he thought about his sister and the sad facts

of her lonely condition. He feared much that her stately composure was built mainly on her imagined position in society, and was not the outcome of her character. Would it be cruelty to destroy that false foundation, hardly the more false as a foundation for composure that beneath it lay a mistake?—or was it not rather a justice which her deeper and truer self had a right to demand of him? At present, however, he need not attempt to answer the question. Communication even such as a trusted groom might have with her, and familiarity with her surroundings, would probably reveal much. Meantime, it was enough that he would now be so near her that no important change of which others might be aware could well approach her without his knowledge, or anything take place without his being able to interfere if necessary.

KELPIE IN THE PARK.

Florimel set off at a canter, turned on to the grass and rode to meet Liffore, whom she saw in the distance returning, followed by the two grooms. "Come on, Kaoul!" she cried, looking back; "I must account for you. He sees I have not been alone."

Lenorme joined her, and they rode along side by side.

"The earl and the painter knew each other; as they drew near the painter lifted his hat and the earl nodded.

"You owe Mr. Lenorme some acknowledgment, my lord, for taking charge of me after your sudden desertion," said Florimel. "Why did you gallop off in such a mad fashion?"

"I am sorry," began Liffore, a little embarrassed.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself to apologize," said Florimel. "I have always understood that great horsemen find a horse more interesting than a lady. It is a mark of their breed, I am told."

She knew that Liffore would not be ready to confess he could not hold his hack.

"If it hadn't been for Mr. Lenorme," she added, "I should have been left without a squire, subject to any whim of my four-footed servant here."

As she spoke she patted the neck of her horse. The earl, on his side, had been looking the painter's horse up and down with a would-be humorous expression of criticism. "I beg your pardon, marchioness," he replied; "but you pulled up so quickly that we shot past you. I thought you were close behind, and preferred following.—Seen his best days, eh, Lenorme?" he concluded, willing to change the subject.

"I fancy he doesn't think so," returned the painter. "I bought him out of a buttermilk cart three months ago. He's been coming to himself ever since. Look at his eye, my lord."

"Are you knowing in horses, then?"

"I can't say I am, beyond knowing how to treat them something like human beings."

"That's no ill," said Malcolm to himself. He was just near enough, on the pawing and foaming Kelpie, to catch what was passing.

"The fallow 'll du. He's worth a score o' sic yerls as you."

"Ha! ha!" said his lordship: "I don't know about that. He's not the best of tempers, I can see. But look at that demon of Lady Lossie's—that black mare there! I wish you could teach her some of your humanity. By the way, Florimel, I think now we *are* upon the grass"—he said it loftily, as if submitting to injustice—"I will presume to mount the reprobate."

The gallop had communicated itself to Lif-tore's blood, and, besides, he thought after such a run Kelpie would be less extravagant in her behavior.

"She is at your service," said Florimel.

He dismounted, his groom rode up, he threw him the reins and called Malcolm. "Bring your mare here, my man," he said.

Malcolm rode her up halfway, and dismounted. "If your lordship is going to ride her," he said, "will you please get on her here. I would rather not take her nearer the other horses."

"Well, you know her better than I do. You and I must ride about the same length, I think."

So saying, his lordship carelessly measured the stirrup-leather against his arm and took the reins.

"Stand well forward, my lord. Don't mind turning your back to her head. I'll look after her teeth; you mind her hind hoof," said Malcolm, with her head in one hand and the stirrup in the other.

Kelpie stood rigid as a rock, and the earl swung himself up cleverly enough. But hardly was he in the saddle, and Malcolm had just let her go, when she plunged and lashed out; then, having failed to unseat her rider, stood straight up on her hind legs.

"Give her her head, my lord," cried Malcolm.

She stood swaying in the air, Lif-tore's now frightened face half hid in her mane and his spurs stuck in her flanks.

"Come off her, my lord, for God's sake! Off with you!" cried Malcolm as he leaped at her head. "She'll be on her back in a moment."

Lif-tore only clung the harder. Malcolm caught her head just in time; she was already falling backward.

"Let all go, my lord. Throw yourself off."

He swung her toward him with all his strength, and just as his lordship fell off behind her she fell sideways to Malcolm and clear of Lif-tore.

As Malcolm was on the side away from the little group, and their own horses were excited, those who had looked breathless on at the struggle could not tell how he had managed it, but when they expected to see the groom writhing under the weight of the demoness, there he was with his knee upon her head, while Lif-tore was gathering himself up from the ground, only just beyond the reach of her iron-shod hoofs.

"Thank God," said Florimel, "there is no harm done!—Well, have you had enough of her yet, Lif-tore?"

"Pretty nearly, I think," said his lordship, with an attempt at a laugh as he walked rather feebly and foolishly toward his horse. He mounted with some difficulty and looked very pale.

"I hope you're not much hurt," said Florimel, kindly, as she moved alongside of him.

"Not in the least—only disgraced," he answered, almost angrily. "The brute's a perfect Satan. You *must* part with her. With such a horse and such a groom you'll get yourself talked of all over London. I believe the fellow himself was at the bottom of it. You really *must* sell her."

"I would, my lord, if *you* were my groom," answered Florimel, whom his accusation of Malcolm had filled with angry contempt; and she moved away toward the still prostrate mare.

Malcolm was quietly seated on her head. She had ceased sprawling, and lay nearly motionless, but for the heaving of her sides with her huge inhalations. She knew from experience that struggling was useless.

"I beg your pardon, my lady," said Malcolm, "but I daren't get up."

"How long do you mean to sit there, then?" she asked.

"If your ladyship wouldn't mind riding home without me, I would give her a good half hour of it. I always do when she throws herself over like that. I have got my Epictetus?" he asked himself, feeling in his coat pocket.

"Do as you please," answered his mistress. "Let me see you when you get home. I should like to know you are safe."

"Thank you, my lady; there's little fear of that," said Malcolm.

Florimel returned to the gentlemen, and they rode homeward. On the way she said suddenly to the earl, "Can you tell me, Lif-tore, who Epictetus was?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered his lordship. "One of the old fellows."

She turned to Lenorm. Happily, the Christian heathen was not altogether unknown to the painter.

"May I enquire why your ladyship asks?" he said, when he had told all he could at the moment recollect.

"Because," she answered, "I left my groom sitting on his horse's head reading Epictetus."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Lif-tore. "Ha! ha! ha! In the original, I suppose!"

"I don't doubt it," said Florimel.

In about two hours Malcolm reported himself. Lord Lif-tore had gone home, they told him. The painter-fellow, as Wallis called him, had stayed to lunch, but was now gone also, and Lady Lossie was alone in the drawing-room.

She sent for him. "I am glad to see you safe, MacPhail," she said. "It is clear your Kelpie—don't be alarmed; I am not going to make you part with her—but it is clear she won't always do for you to attend me upon. Suppose now I wanted to dismount and make a call or go into a shop?"

"There is a sort of friendship between your Abbot and her, my lady; she would stand all the better if I had him to hold."

"Well, but how would you put me up again?"

"I never thought of that, my lady. Of course I daren't let you come near Kelpie."

"Could you trust yourself to buy another horse to ride after me about town?"

"No, my lady, not without a ten days' trial. If lies stuck like London mud, there's many a horse would never be seen again. But there's Mr. Lenorme. If he would go with me, I fancy between us we could do pretty well."

"Ah! a good idea!" returned his mistress. "But what makes you think of him?" she added, willing enough to talk about him.

"The look of the gentleman and his horse together, and what I heard him say," answered Malcolm.

"What did you hear him say?"

"That he knew he had to treat horses something like human beings. I've often fancied, within the last few months, that God does with some people something like as I do with Kelpie."

"I know nothing about theology."

"I don't fancy you do, my lady, but this concerns biography rather than theology. No one could tell what I meant except he had watched his own history and that of people he knew."

"And horses too?"

"It's hard to get at their insides, my lady, but I suspect it must be so."

CLEMENTINA.

The next morning Malcolm took Kelpie into the park and gave her a good breathing. He had thought to jump the rails and let her have her head, but he found there were too many park-keepers and police about; he saw he could do little for her that way. He was turning home with her again when one of her evil fits came upon her, this time taking its first form in a sudden stiffening of every muscle; she stood stock-still with flaming eyes. I suspect we human beings know but little of the fierceness with which the vortices of passion rage in the more purely animal natures. This beginning he well knew would end in a wild paroxysm of rearing and plunging. He had more than once tried the exorcism of patience, sitting sedate upon her back until she chose to move; but on these occasions the tempest that followed had been of the very worst description; so that he had concluded it better to bring on the crisis, thereby sure at least to save time; and after he had adopted this mode with her, attacks of the sort, if no less violent, had certainly become fewer. The moment, therefore, that symptoms of an approaching fit showed themselves he used his spiked heels with vigor. Upon this occasion he had a stiff tussle with her, but as usual gained the victory, and was riding slowly along the Row, Kelpie tossing up now her head, now her heels, in indignant protest against obedience in general, and enforced obedience in particular, when a lady on horseback, who had come galloping from the opposite direction with her groom behind her, pulled up and lifted her hand with imperative grace; she had seen something of what had been going on. Malcolm reined in.

But Kelpie, after her nature, was now as unwilling to stop as she had been before to proceed, and the fight began again, with some difference of movement and aspect, but the spurs once more playing a free part.

"Man! man!" cried the lady, in most musical reproof, "do you know what you are about?"

"It would be a bad job for her and me too if I did not, my lady," said Malcolm, whom her appearance and manner impressed with a conviction of rank; and as he spoke he smiled in the midst of the struggle; he seldom got angry with Kelpie.

But the smile, instead of taking from the apparent roughness of his speech, only made his conduct appear in the lady's eyes more cruel. "How is it possible you can treat the poor animal so unkindly—and in cold blood too?" she said, and an indescribable tone of pleading ran through the rebuke. "Why, her poor sides are actually—" A shudder and look of personal distress completed the sentence.

"You don't know what she is, my lady, or you would not think it necessary to intercede for her."

"But if she is naughty, is that any reason why you should be cruel?"

"No, my lady; but it is the best reason why I should try to make her good."

"You will never make her good that way."

"Improvement gives ground for hope," said Malcolm.

"But you must not treat a poor dumb animal as you would a responsible human being."

"She's not so very poor, my lady. She has all she wants, and does nothing to earn it—nothing to speak of, and nothing at all with good-will. For her dumbness, that's a mercy. If she could speak she wouldn't be fit to live amongst decent people. But for that matter, if some one hadn't taken her in hand, dumb as she is, she would have been shot long ago."

"Better that than live with such usage."

"I don't think she would agree with you, my lady. My fear is that, cruel as it looks to your ladyship, take it altogether, she enjoys the fight. In any case, I am certain she has more regard for me than any other being in the universe."

"Who can have any regard for you," said the lady, very gently, in utter mistake of his meaning, "if you have no command of your temper? You must learn to rule yourself first."

"That's true, my lady; and so long as my mare is not able to be a law to herself, I must be a law to her too."

"But have you never heard of the law of kindness? You could do so much more without the severity."

"With some natures I grant you, my lady, but not with such as she. Horse or man—they never know kindness till they have learned fear. Kelpie would have torn me to pieces before now if I had taken your way with her. But except I can do a good deal more with her yet, she will be nothing better than a natural brute beast made to be taken and destroyed."

"The Bible again!" murmured the lady to

herself. "Of how much cruelty has not that book to bear the blame!"

All this time Kelpie was trying hard to get at the lady's horse to bite him. But she did not see that. She was too much distressed, and was growing more and more so. "I wish you would let my groom try her," she said after a pitiful pause. "He's an older and more experienced man than you. He has children. He would show you what can be done by gentleness."

From Malcolm's words she had scarcely gathered even a false meaning—not a glimmer of his nature—not even a suspicion that he meant something. To her he was but a handsome, brutal young groom. From the world of thought and reasoning that lay behind his words not an echo reached her.

"It would be a great satisfaction to my old Adam to let him try her," said Malcolm.

"The Bible again!" said the lady to herself. "But it would be murder," he added, "not knowing myself what experience he has had."

"I see," said the lady to herself, but loud enough for Malcolm to hear, for her tender-heartedness had made her both angry and unjust, "his self-conceit is equal to his cruelty—just what I might have expected!"

With the words she turned her horse's head and rode away, leaving a lump in Malcolm's throat.

"I wuss fowk!"—he still spoke Scotch in his own chamber—"wad du as they're tellt an' no jeedge ane anither. I'm sure it's Kelpie's best chance o' salvation 'at I gang on wi' her. Stablemen wad hae had her brocken doon a' together by this time, an' life wad hae had little relish left."

It added hugely to the bitterness of being thus rebuked that he had never in his life seen such a radiance of beauty's softest light as shone from the face and form of the reproving angel. "Only she canna be an angel," he said to himself, "or she wad hae ken't better."

He gazed after her long and earnestly. "It's an awfu' thing to hae a wuman like that angert at ye," he said to himself when at length she had disappeared—"as bonny as she is angry. God be praised 'at he kens a' thing, an' no angert wi' ye for the luik o' a thing! But the wheel may come roon' again—wha kens? Ony gait I s' make the best o' Kelpie I can,—I won'er gien she kens Leddy Florimel? She's a heap mair bootifull-like in her beauty nor her. The man might haud's ain wi' an archangel 'at had a wuman like that to the wife o' m. Hoots! I'll be wussin' I had had anither upbringing' 'at I might ha' won a step nearer to the hem o' her garment; an' that wad be to deny Him 'at made an' ordeent me. I will not du that. But I maun hae a crack wi' Maister Graham anent things twa or three, jist to haud me straucht, for I'm jist girmin' at bein' sae regairdit by sic a revelation. Gien she had been an auld wife, I wad hae only lauchen; what for's that? I doobt I'm no muckle mair rizzonable nor hersel'. The thing was this, I fancy; it was sae clear she spak frae no ill-

natur', only frae pure humanity. She's a gran' ane yon, only some saft, I doobt."

For the lady, she rode away sadly strengthened in her doubts whether there could be a God in the world—not because there were in it such men as she took Malcolm for, but because such a lovely animal had fallen into his hands.

"It's a sair thing to be misjeedged," said Malcolm to himself as he put the demoness in her stall; "but it's no more than the Macker o' 's pits up wi' ilka hoor o' the day, an' says na a word. Eh, but God's unco quaiet! Sae lang as ee kens till himsel' 'at He's a' richt, He lats fowk think 'at they like—till he has time to lat them ken better. Lord, make clean my hert within me, an' syne I'll care little for ony jeedgment but Thine!"

KELPIE AT THE SEASIDE.

Florimel turned again toward the sea. Presently she caught sight of Clementina glimpsing through the pines, now in glimmer and now in gloom, as she sped swiftly to the shore, and after a few short minutes of disappearance saw her emerge upon the space of sand where sat Malcolm on the head of the demoness. But, alas! she could only see: she could hardly even hear the sound of the tide.

"MacPhail, are you a man?" cried Clementina, startling him so that in another instant the floundering mare would have been on her feet. With a right noble anger in her face and her hair flying like a wind-torn cloud, she rushed out of the wood upon him, where he sat quietly tracing a proposition of Euclid on the sand with his whip.

"Ay, and a bold one," was on Malcolm's lips for reply, but he bethought himself in time. "I am sorry what I am compelled to do should annoy your ladyship," he said.

What with indignation and breathlessness—she had run so fast—Clementina had exhausted herself in that one exclamation, and stood panting and staring. The black bulk of Kelpie lay outstretched on the yellow sand, giving now and then a sprawling kick or a wamble like a lumpy snake, and her soul commiserated each movement as if it had been the last throes of dissolution, while the gray fire of the mare's one visible fierce eye, turned up from the shadow of Malcolm's superimposed bulk, seemed to her tender heart a mute appeal for woman's help.

As Malcolm spoke he cautiously shifted his position, and, half rising, knelt with one knee where he had sat before, looking observant at Lady Clementina.

The champion of oppressed animality soon recovered speech. "Get off the poor creature's head instantly," she said with dignified command. "I will permit no such usage of living thing on my ground."

"I am very sorry to seem rude, my lady," answered Malcolm, "but to obey you might be to ruin my mistress's property. If the mare were to break away, she would dash herself to pieces in the wood."

"You have goaded her to madness."

"I am the more bound to take care of her, then," said Malcolm. "But indeed it is only temper—such temper, however, that I almost believe she is at times possessed of a demon."

"The demon is in yourself. There is none in her but what your cruelty has put there. Let her up, I command you."

"I dare not, my lady. If she were to get loose, she would tear your ladyship to pieces."

"I will take my chance."

"But I will not, my lady. I know the danger, and have to take care of you who do not. There is no occasion to be uneasy about the mare. She is tolerably comfortable. I am not hurting her—not much. Your ladyship does not reflect how strong a horse's skull is. And you see what great powerful breaths she draws."

"She is in agony," cried Clementina.

"Not in the least, my lady. She is only balked of her own way, and does not like it."

"And what right have you to balk her of her own way? Has she no right to a mind of her own?"

"She may of course have her mind, but she can't have her way. She has got a master."

"And what right have you to be her master?"

"That my master, my Lord Lossie, gave me the charge of her."

"I don't mean that sort of right: that goes for nothing. What right in the nature of things can you have to tyrannize over any creature?"

"None, my lady. But the higher nature has the right to rule the lower in righteousness. Even you can't have your own way always, my lady."

"I certainly cannot now, so long as you keep in that position. Pray, is it in virtue of your being the higher nature that you keep *my* way from *me*?"

"No, my lady. But it is in virtue of right. If I wanted to take your ladyship's property, your dogs would be justified in refusing me my way. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that if my mare here had *her* way, there would not be a living creature about your house by this day week."

Lady Clementina had never yet felt upon her the power of a stronger nature than her own. She had had to yield to authority, but never to superiority. Hence her self-will had been abnormally developed. Her very compassion was self-willed. Now for the first time, she continuing altogether unaware of it, the presence of such a nature began to operate upon her. The calmness of Malcolm's speech and the immovable decision of his behavior told.

"But" she said, more calmly, "your mare has had four long journeys, and she should have rested to-day."

"Rest is just the one thing beyond her, my lady. There is a volcano of life and strength in her you have no conception of. I could not have dreamed of horse like her. She has never in her life had enough to do. I believe that is the chief trouble with her. What we all want my lady, is a master—a real right master. I've got one myself, and—"

"You mean you want one yourself," said

Lady Clementina. "You've only got a mistress, and she spoils you."

"That is not what I meant, my lady," returned Malcolm. "But one thing I know is, that Kelpie would soon come to grief without me. I shall keep her here till her half hour is out, and then let her take another gallop."

Lady Clementina turned away. She was defeated. Malcolm knelt there on one knee, with a hand on the mare's shoulder, so calm, so imperturbable, so ridiculously full of argument, that there was nothing more for her to do or say. Indignation, expostulation, were powerless upon him as mist upon a rock. He was the oddest, most incomprehensible of grooms.

Going back to the house, she met Florimel, and turned again with her to the scene of discipline. Ere they reached it Florimel's delight with all around her had done something to restore Clementina's composure; the place was precious to her, for there she had passed nearly the whole of her childhood. But to any one with a heart open to the expressions of Nature's countenance the place could not but have a strange as well as peculiar charm.

When they reached the spot, there was the groom again seated on his animal's head, with a new proposition in the sand before him.

"Malcolm," said his mistress, "let the mare get up. You must let her off the rest of her punishment this time."

Malcolm rose again to his knee. "Yes, my lady," he said. "But perhaps your ladyship wouldn't mind helping me to unbuckle her girths before she gets to her feet. I want to give her a bath. Come to this side," he went on as Florimel advanced to do his request—"round here by her head. If your ladyship would kneel upon it, that would be best. But you musn't move till I tell you."

"I will do anything you bid me—exactly as you say, Malcolm," responded Florimel.

"There's the Cobonsay blood! I can trust that!" cried Malcolm, with a pardonable outbreak of pride in his family. Whether most of his ancestors could so well have appreciated the courage of obedience is not very doubtful.

Clementina was shocked at the insolent familiarity of her poor little friend's groom, but Florimel saw none, and knelt, as if she had been in church, on the head of the mare, with the fierce crater of her fiery brain blazing at her knee. Then Malcolm lifted the flap of the saddle, undid the buckles of the girths, and, drawing them a little from under her, laid the saddle on the sand, talking all the time to Florimel, lest a sudden word might seem a direction, and she should rise before the right moment had come.

"Please, my Lady Clementina, will you go to the edge of the wood? I can't tell what she may do when she gets up. And please, my Lady Florimel, will you run there too the moment you get off her head?"

When he had got rid of the saddle he gathered the reins together in his bridle-hand, took his whip in the other, and softly and carefully straddled across her huge barrel without touching her.

"Now, my lady," he said, "run for the wood."

Florimel rose and fled, heard a great scrambling behind her, and, turning at the first tree, which was only a few yards off, saw Kelpie on her hind legs, and Malcolm, whom she had lifted with her, sticking by his knees on her bare back. The moment her fore feet touched the ground he gave her the spur severely, and after one plunging kick, off they went westward over the sands, away from the sun, nor did they turn before they had dwindled to such a speck that the ladies could not have told by their eyes whether it was moving or not. At length they saw it swerve a little; by and by it began to grow larger; and after another moment or two they could distinguish what it was, tearing along toward them like a whirlwind, the lumps of wet sand flying behind like an upward storm of clods.

As he came in front of them, Malcolm suddenly wheeled Kelpie—so suddenly and in so sharp a curve that he made her "turne close to the ground, like a cat, when scratching she wheels about after a mouse," as Sir Philip Sidney says, and dashed her straight into the sea. The two ladies gave a cry—Florimel of delight, Clementina of dismay, for she knew the coast, and that there it shelved suddenly into deep water. But that was only the better to Malcolm: it was the deep water he sought, though he got it with a little pitch sooner than he expected. He had often ridden Kelpie into the sea at Portlossie, even in the cold autumn weather when first she came into his charge, and nothing pleased her better or quieted her more. He was a heavy weight to swim with, but she displaced much water. She carried her head bravely, he balanced sideways, and they swam splendidly. To the eyes of Clementina the mare seemed to be laboring for her life.

When Malcolm thought she had had enough of it he turned her head to the shore. But then came the difficulty. So steeply did the shore shelve that Kelpie could not get a hold with her hind hoofs to scramble up into the shallow water. The ladies saw the struggle, and Clementina, understanding it, was running in an agony right into the water, with the vain idea of helping them, when Malcolm threw himself off, drawing the reins over Kelpie's head as he fell, and, swimming but the length of them shoreward, felt the ground with his feet, and stood. Kelpie relieved of his weight, floated a little farther on to the shelf, got a better hold with her fore feet, some hold with her hind ones, and was beside him in a moment. The same moment Malcolm was on her back again, and they were tearing off eastward at full stretch. So far did the lessening point recede in the narrowing distance that the two ladies sat down on the sand, and fell a-talking about Florimel's most unecategorical groom, as Clementina, herself the most unecategorical of women, to use her own scarcely justifiable epithet, called him. She asked if such persons abounded in Scotland. Florimel could but answer that this was the only one she had met with. Then she told her about Richmond Park and Lord Lifflore and Epictetus.

"Ah, that accounts for him!" said Clementina. "Epictetus was a cynic, a very cruel man: he broke his slave's leg once, I remember."

"Mr. Lenorme told me that he was the slave, and that his master broke his leg," said Florimel. "Ah! yes! I daresay that was it. But it is of little consequence: his principles were severe, and your groom has been his too-ready pupil. It is a pity he is such a savage: he might be quite an interesting character."

"I don't think him cruel at all. But then I haven't such a soft heart for animals as you. We should think it silly in Scotland. You wouldn't teach a dog manners at the expense of a howl. You would let him be a nuisance rather than give him a cut with a whip. What a nice mother of children you will make, Clementina! That's how the children of good people are so often a disgrace to them."

"You are like all the rest of the Scotch I ever knew," said Lady Clementina: "the Scotch are always preaching. I believe it is in their blood. You are a nation of parsons. Thank goodness! my morals go no further than doing as I would be done by! I want to see creatures happy about me. For my own sake even I would never cause pang to person—it gives me such a pang myself."

"That's the way you are made, I suppose, Clementina," returned Florimel. "For me, my clay must be coarser. I don't mind a little pain myself, and I can't break my heart for it when I see it, except it be very bad—such as I should care about myself. But here comes the tyrant."

Malcolm was pulling up his mare some hundred yards off. Even now she was unwilling to stop, but it was at last only from pure original objection to whatever was wanted of her. When she did stand she stood stock-still, breathing hard. "I have actually succeeded in taking a little out of her at last, my lady," said Malcolm as he dismounted. "Have you got a bit of sugar in your pocket, my lady? She would take it quite gently now."

Florimel had none, but Clementina had, for she always carried sugar for her horse. Malcolm held the demones very watchfully, but she took the sugar from Florimel's palm as neatly as an elephant, and let her stroke her nose over her wide red nostrils without showing the least of her usual inclination to punish a liberty with death. Then Malcolm rode her home, and she was at peace till the evening, when he took her out again.

SAVING THE SWIFT.

Florimel succeeded so far in reassuring her friend as to the safety if not sanity of her groom that she made no objection to yet another reading from *St. Ronan's Well*; upon which occasion an incident occurred that did far more to reassure her than all the attestations of his mistress.

Clementina, in consenting, had proposed, it being a warm, sunny afternoon, that they should that time go down to the lake, and sit with their work on the bank while Malcolm read.

Clementina was describing to Florimel the peculiarities of the place—how there was no outlet to the lake, how the water went filtering through the sand into the sea, how in some parts it was very deep, and what large pike there were in it. Malcolm sat a little aside, as usual, with his face toward the ladies and the book open in his hand, waiting a sign to begin, but looking at the lake, which here was some fifty yards broad, reedy at the edge, dark and deep in the centre. All at once he sprang to his feet, dropping the book, ran down to the brink of the water, undoing his buckled belt and pulling off his coat as he ran, threw himself over the bordering reeds into the pool, and disappeared with a great splash. Clementina gave a scream and started up with distraction in her face: she made no doubt that in the sudden ripeness of his insanity he had committed suicide. But Florimel, though startled by her friend's cry, laughed and crowded out assurances that Malcolm knew well enough what he was about. It was longer, however, than even she found pleasant before a black head appeared—yards away, for he had risen at a great slope, swimming toward the other side. What *could* he be after? Near the middle he swam more softly, and almost stopped. Then first they spied a small dark object on the surface. Almost at the same moment it rose into the air. They thought Malcolm had flung it up. Instantly they perceived that it was a bird, a swift. Somehow, it had dropped into the water, but a lift from Malcolm's hand had restored it to the air of its bliss.

But instead of turning and swimming back, Malcolm held on, and getting out on the farther side, rans down the beach and rushed into the sea, rousing once more the apprehensions of Clementina. The shore sloped rapidly, and in a moment he was in deep water. He swam a few yards out, swam ashore again, ran round the end of the lake, found his coat, and got from it his pocket-handkerchief. Having therewith

dried his hands and face, he wrung out the sleeves of his shirt a little, put on his coat, returned to his place, and said, as he took up the book and sat down, "I beg your pardon, my ladies; but just as I heard my Lady Clementina say *fikes*, I saw the little swift in the water. There was no time to lose: Swiftie had but a poor chance." As he spoke he proceeded to find the place in the book.

"You don't imagine we are going to have you read in such a plight as that?" cried Clementina.

"I will take good care, my lady. I have books of my own, and I handle them like babies."

"You foolish man! It is of you in your wet clothes, not of the book, I am thinking," said Clementina indignantly.

"I'm much obliged to you, my lady, but there's no fear of me. You saw me wash the fresh water out. Salt water never hurts."

"You must go and change, nevertheless," said Clementina.

Malcolm looked to his mistress. She gave him a sign to obey, and he rose. He had taken three steps towards the house when Clementina recalled him. "One word, if you please," she said. "How is it that a man who risks his life for that of a little bird can be so heartless to a great noble creature like that horse of yours? I cannot understand it."

"My lady," returned Malcolm with a smile, "I was no more risking my life than you would be in taking a fly out of the milk-jug. And for your question, if your ladyship will only think you cannot fail to see the difference. Indeed, I explained my treatment of Kelpie to your ladyship that first morning in the park, when you so kindly rebuked me for it, but I don't think your ladyship listened to a word I said."

Clementina's face flushed, and she turned to her friend with a "Well!" in her eyes. But Florimel kept her head bent over her embroidery, and Malcolm, no further notice being taken of him, walked away.



LITERARY NOTES.

MR. DARWIN has nearly ready a work on the different forms of flowers or plants of the same species.

MR. JOHN KENRICK, well known by various works upon Egypt and Phœnicia, has just died at the advanced age of ninety years.

CAPT. BARNABY'S new book, "A Ride through Asia Minor," including a visit to Kars and Erzeroum, will shortly be published in London.

FORTY THOUSAND copies of Littre's great French Dictionary have been sold. Seeing that the book is in four volumes quarto, such a sale is unprecedented.

A THIRD SUPPLEMENT to Watt's great "Dictionary of Chemistry" is preparing for publication, bringing the record of chemical discovery down to the end of the year 1876.

PROFESSOR THOLUCK died at Halle at the age of 77. He was well known for his evangelical views, which were combined with thorough scholarship.

PROF. MICHAELIS, of Strasbourg, who is an authority on Greek sculpture, has discovered what he conceives to be a genuine portrait-bust of Thucydides. He found in it the collection of the Earl of Leicester, at Holkam.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE has written a book on the Land Question. It is published by Cassell, of London. The Duke is a good authority on the tenure of land, for he has got all the land which belonged formerly to his clan.

DR. STERRY HUNT, of Montreal, is a very large contributor to the admirable "Annual of Science" for 1876, just issued by the Harper's, under the editorial supervision of Dr. Spencer F. Baird.

DR. JOSEPH COOK'S Monday Lectures are to be published by Osgood, of Boston, in book form. The two volumes are to be called respectively "Biology," and "Transcendentalism." The great attention which these lectures excited in Boston indicates a large prospective sale.

JUDGING FROM the number of books appearing upon the subject, the authors are commencing

to find out that Columbus was not the first to discover America. The public knew that long ago—it is scarcely worth while writing books to prove the prior claims of the Norsemen.

THE FASHIONABLES at Bath have been roused from aristocratic apathy by an offer made by a Mr. McKillop to give £2,700 towards a free library. The offer has been rejected, after a most excited public meeting. The thing was vulgar, and not to be endured.

MR. TENNYSON is at work upon another historical drama. It is a pity; for the unpopularity of that style of composition limits the influence of the author over the English public, and there is no living writer whose influence has been so thoroughly for good.

"CHRISTIAN POLITICS" is the suggestive title of a new book just published by the Rev. Julius Lloyd, of Cambridge. Politics according to the New Testament! Singularly paradoxical combination! An utterly useless book in Canada we should say; for who, after a careful study of the *Globe* and *Mail*, could fail to suppose that all politicians in Canada are fit only for the Penitentiary.

THE BOOKS FROM the Althorpe collection alone exhibited at the Caxton celebration at London have been insured for £50,000 stg. The celebration which took place at Montreal was exceedingly interesting, and was highly creditable to the managers. The public did not manifest much interest in it, however. It was in fact "caviare to the general."

DR. PHILIP SCHAFF'S work upon the "Creeds of Christendom" is ready. It is a most important book. The first volume contains a history of the development of doctrine, and the two last are a compilation of all the symbols or creeds and confessions of faith in Christendom. No one pretending to have any interest in theology will be able to do without this work.

THE NEW CODE of Education for England appears to transcend the comprehension of the School Boards, so an enterprising Trustee has reduced it into popular and easy rhyme, level to the abilities of the ordinary school commissioner. This is a step in the right direction; for really

the quality most exercised in a School Trustee is the capacity of receiving no end of advice from all and sundry; and inasmuch as the advice received is contradictory, the brains of Trustees require every assistance to keep them from being hopelessly mixed.

THE TRANSACTIONS of the Cremation Society of England have been published. It appears that more than one hundred books and pamphlets on that subject have appeared in Europe during the past few years. The first English book was Sir Thomas Browne's "Hydrolaphia or Urn-Burial," published in 1658.

MR. DAVID URQUHART died at Nice in May last, aged 72. He was a diligent writer on the Eastern question; and suffered much from Russo-phobia during the whole of his life. His chief end was to watch the Russian bear, and his death at this particular juncture is therefore especially to be regretted.

DR. D'AUBIGNE's great work on the Reformation is at last completed by the publication of the eighth volume. The author has passed away, and his work will soon follow him. Like Scott's "Life of Napoleon," Alison's "Europe," and Bancroft's "United States," it will yield to more impartial and philosophical works, and fall into the class of historical novels to which it properly belongs.

ANYONE WHO would like to verify the "mildness" of the "Holy" Inquisition in dealing with the Jews of Spain and Portugal, would do well to procure Mr. Mocatta's recently published work on that subject. The author of this essay being a Jew of Spanish descent, writes with the knowledge derived from patient study of a subject specially interesting to him. The fearful horrors of this hypocritical invention of the Evil One still haunt the pages of history like the memory of some frightful nightmare.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH has been in Rome looking up some historical questions. He has returned to England, and no doubt the Pope will hear from him in due time. He is to return to Canada next year. We hope he will then be satisfied to let this country alone. With all its drawbacks it is good enough for Canadians, and if any outsider does not like it, why then does he not live in some place which suits him better.

SQUIER'S "PERU" promises to become the exclusive authority upon the ancient Inca civili-

zation. The subject has been a life study of the author, and his position as U. S. Consul gave him great facilities for antiquarian researches. Clements R. Markham, himself a Quichadel scholar of note, has reviewed the work in the Academy with high approval. It seems that both these learned authors concur in thinking that the Peruvian civilization was indigenous.

J. L. MOTLEY, the historian of the Dutch Republic, is dead. He was a writer of rare vigour and power, who has produced books which the world will not readily forget. The "Rise of the Dutch Republic," the "United Netherlands," and the "Life of John Barneveldt," form a trilogy of noble works. The great character of William the Silent deserved such a historian, and Motley was worthy of his task.

DR. PANCOAST, of Philadelphia, while generously according to General Pleasanton the merits of his discovery of the curative properties of blue glass, has brought new and startling evidence as to the value of red light as a remedial agent in some diseases. We are sure Dr. Pancoast is right, but he does not go far enough. We would add in the yellow, green, and violet rays. Better to do so at once and save other discoverers the trouble of writing books.

IF MR. ARTHUR CRUMP, whose "Manual of Banking" has just reached a second edition, would write some few infallible rules for making banks pay fat dividends, his book would be more valuable. He, like every other specialist, has fallen into the cant of calling his trade a "science." Everything is a science now-a-days. Soon we shall have the name of professor displacing that of cashier. The fact really is, that good banking is the art of eschewing bad bills, which is an instinct cultivated by experience.

THE LONDON *Athenæum* speaks very highly of Col. Brunel's report as Commissioner of Inland Revenue for Canada. It appears that this report contains much scientific information on Weights and Measures and the Analysis of Food. We are glad the *Athenæum* got a copy. In Canada, valuable blue books are scarce. Members have each a few copies, which are sent to influential tavern-keepers or other important electoral individuals. Their ultimate destiny is to light fires or for shaving paper.

THE FOURTH and concluding volume of Au-

guste Comte's "System of Positive Philosophy" has been published by the Longman's. It treats of the future of man, and embraces Comte's teaching upon religion, education and morality. The translation has been made by Dr. Congreve, formerly Fellow of Wadham, and Henry Hutton, of Lincoln's Inn. Dr. Congreve is the English pontiff of this religion, so this must be considered to be the canonical version.

COL. JAMES BAKER'S book upon Turkey-in-Europe is out, and fully comes up to the expectations formed of it. Speaking of Bulgaria, through which he travelled in 1874, he describes the Bulgarians as "prosperous, peaceful and contented, and with their whole thoughts concentrated upon education and progress." The massacre he attributed more to panic than to anything else on the part of the Turks. This sort of panic has always been chronic among them.

THE SIXTH VOLUME of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" is out. Some great names are among the contributors. Prof. Clark Maxwell writes on the "Constitution of Bodies"; Sir Travers Twiss on "Convocation"; Principal Tulloch on "Creeds"; Rev. G. W. Cox on "Crusades"; and Prof. Robertson Smith, "undeterred by his narrow escape, discourses on David." The Professor is not wanting in courage, but we hope he will not speak lightly of the metrical version of David's Psalms.

LADY STIRLING-MAXWELL is dead, better known as the Honourable Mrs. Norton, poetess and novelist. She was distinguished for her beauty and genius, and for the troubles of her early married life. The Honourable Mr. Norton, in his life time Police Magistrate of London, might lay claim to being the most thorough impersonation of toadyism, baseness, sensualism and general good-for-nothingism, which the younger branches of aristocracy have turned out in recent times. He must have been vexed that by his predecease his lady could enjoy some few years of happiness in this world.

COL. DENISON'S HISTORY OF CAVALRY has been published by MacMillan. It was written for the prize offered in 1874 by the Grand Duke Nicholas for the best work on that subject. Col. Denison has been largely influenced in his views by the experience of the American war. He thinks the day of the sabre is passed, and would have cavalry to charge with revolver in hand. Mounted riflemen, he supposes, will

supersede cavalry proper. He is probably right, but the old soldiers won't thank him nevertheless.

IF ANY ONE THING more than another stamps the present age as a half educated one, it is the smattering of pseudo-science which drivels about blue glass. If the blue glass could coax more blue light out of a sunbeam than there is originally in it, there might be some method in all this madness, but the proposition really is that five-sixths of the solar light is injurious to life, and should be cut off. Books on the Blue Glass question are being issued in every shape and form to suit the gullibility of the myriads who love to be quacked.

THE LADY-NOVELISTS have appropriated the subject of adultery, and so the gentlemen, utterly beaten, have been driven afield. Prof. Ebers has given us an agreeable change in "Uarda," a romance of ancient Egypt. It is a really beautiful story, and is interwoven with strictly correct historical and antiquarian details. An Egyptian lady looks dull as a mummy, but warm, loving hearts beat once under those now leathery exteriors, and the loves and sorrows of the Princess Bent-anat will be a more healthy subject for girls than the elegant sensuality of Chandos or Granville de Vigne.

CAPTAIN BURTON has written an interesting book, "Sind Revisited." He accounts for the superior astuteness of the Easterns as compared with the English by the fact that their brains are not dulled with reading and writing, arithmetic, logic, algebra, &c., consequently they can concentrate their energies better on the main points of practical life. Capt. Burton commenced his career as a writer by publishing a book on Sind, and he has had great experience with Eastern people. As a matter of fact, however, the Hindoos are better metaphysicians than we are.

IT IS DANGEROUS to dogmatise about anything in Mr. Gladstone's presence. Mrs. Schliemann read a paper on June 8th before the Archæological Institute, and Dr. Schliemann made some remarks upon it. The subject was the high culture of the ancient Greeks. Dr. Schliemann asserted that the English pronunciation of Greek was conventional, and that the Homeric Greeks pronounced after the manner now current in Greece. This brought up Mr. Gladstone, who avowed his disbelief in the theory, and protested especially against the sub-

stitution of accent for quantity. One would not suppose that clever people like the Greeks would retain two sets of vowels if their phonetic value was the same.

"BACON AND ESSEX" is the title of Dr. Abbott's new volume, published in reply to Mr. Spedding's strictures on Dr. Abbott's essay on Bacon. Dr. Abbott had taken a similar view of Lord Bacon to that of the poet who described him as

"The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind."

Whereupon Mr. Spedding, the learned editor of Bacon's works, became enraged, for he regards Bacon much as Cardinal Manning regards Pope Pius IX., and forthwith proceeded to attack Dr. Abbott in the *Contemporary*. Hence this reply. There is always some amiable enthusiast hammering at Bacon. Now that Bacon is demonstrated to have been Shakspeare, he will no doubt soon be proved to have been Queen Elizabeth.

MR. DAVID DOUGLAS HOME has published "Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism," and has exposed nearly all the tricks of spiritualism but his own. He traces Spiritualism through antiquity in the oracles at Dodona and Delphi, and through the mediæval miracles to the present time. He ventilates some very heterodox notions about the agency of the Scripture mir-

acles, and founds new arguments for the truth of Christianity thereon. Finally he throws a torpedo among the large class of average mediums, and explains the way in which they delude the unscientific. Not, of course, that Spiritualism is untrue in itself, but that the immense majority of its professors are humbugs. Mr. Home's testimony is valuable, but one feels disposed to extend its scope.

MR. GLADSTONE, on the occasion of the recent Royal Academy dinner, answered for Literature in a speech marked throughout with his usual insight. He dwelt upon the great literary successes of the earlier part of the present century, down to the year 1865, and showed its productiveness in original literary work. Since that time, he thought, we have entered upon a period of book making—a period of compilation, not of original authorship. Scott, Dickens and Thackeray have passed away. The public demand, and the writers supply, novels which shall not overstrain the intellectual faculties, and in which attention is kept alive by highly wrought descriptions of the personal charms of wilful and beautiful heroines. The fact is that authorship is a trade, and every one who takes to it must produce his annual or semi-annual pot-boiler.



Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

NOTE.—The Editor has to offer his apologies to the readers of this column for the errata that occurred in the June number, which were owing to his absence from the City.

GAME 8.

Hard-fought battle in recent tourney between Mr. Jas. Mason and John E. Clarke.

BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

WHITE. <i>Mr. Mason.</i>	BLACK. <i>Mr. Clarke.</i>
1 P to K 4	1 P to K 4
2 P to K B 4	2 K P takes P
3 K B to B 4	3 Q to R 5 (ch.) (a)
4 K to his B sq	4 P to K Kt 4
5 Q Kt to B 3	5 K B to Kt 2
6 P to Q 4	6 P to Q 3
7 K Kt to B 3	7 Q to K R 4
8 P to K R 4	8 P to K R 3
9 P to K 5	9 Q B to Kt 5
10 Q Kt to Q 5	10 K to Q sq
11 K P takes P	11 B P takes P
12 P to Q B 3	12 K Kt to B 3
13 Q Kt takes Kt	13 K B takes Kt
14 K to his B 2	14 Q B takes Kt
15 Q takes Q B	15 Q takes Q (ch)
16 K takes Q	16 K R to B sq (b)
17 R P takes P	17 R P takes P
18 K R to his 7	18 Q Kt to Q 2
19 Q B to Q 2	19 K to Q B 2
20 K B takes P	20 K R to home
21 Q R to R sq	21 K R takes R
22 Q R takes R	22 Q R to R sq
23 Q R takes R	23 K B takes R
24 P to K Kt 3	24 B P takes P
25 Q B takes P	25 B to his 3
26 Q B to K 3	26 Kt to his 3
27 K takes P	27 Q Kt to R 5
28 Q B to home	28 P to Q R 3
29 K to his B 3	29 K B to R 5
30 K to his 4	30 B to K Kt 6
31 K B to K 8	31 Kt to his 3
32 P to Q Kt 3	32 K to Q sq
33 K B to R 5	33 Q Kt to Q 2
34 Q B to Kt 5 (ch.)	34 K to Q B 2
35 P to Q R 4	35 K B to K 8
36 P to Q B 4	36 B to Q Kt 5
37 K to his B 5	37 K B to R 6
38 K B to his 3	38 B to Q Kt 5
39 Q B to B 4	39 P to Q Kt 3
40 K to his 6	40 Kt to K B sq (ch)
41 K to Q 5 (c)	41 Kt to Kt 3
42 Q B to Kt 5	42 K B to K 8

WHITE.	BLACK.
43 K B to K 4	43 B to K R 5
44 Q B to Q 2 (d)	44 Kt to K 2 (ch.)
45 K to his 6	45 Kt to Q B sq.
46 Q B to K 3	46 K B to K 8
47 K B to Q 3	47 P to Q R 4
48 K B to Kt 6	48 K B to Kt 6
49 K B to K 8	49 K to Q sq
50 K B to Q 7	50 Kt to K 2 (e)
51 Q B to Kt 5, and Mr. Clarke resigns.	

NOTES BY MR. CLARKE.

(a) In our estimation, this, with the subsequent moves, is the only good defense in this form of the Bishop's Gambit, and several experimental games we have recently contested with Mr. Bird confirm us in that opinion.

(b) K to his 2 would, we believe, have maintained the extra Pawn.

(c) At this point Mr. Mason could have won by force, e.g.:

41 K to B 7	41 Kt to Q 2
42 K to his 7	42 Kt to Kt sq best
43 P to Q B 5	43 Kt P takes P
44 B takes P (ch.)	44 K to B sq
45 P takes P, and wins.	

(d) If B takes B, Kt to B 5 mate.

(e) This foolish move loses a game which at this point ought to have been drawn.

GAME 9

Recently played at the rooms of the Montreal Chess Club, Mr. Ascher giving the odds of a Rook to a well known amateur.

CENTRE GAMBIT.

WHITE. <i>Ascher.</i>	BLACK. <i>M. S.</i>
Remove White Queen's Rook.	
1 P to K 4	1 P to K 4
2 P to Q 4	2 P takes P
3 K Kt to B 3	3 Q Qt to B 3
4 P to Q B 3	4 P takes P
5 K B to Q B 4	5 P takes Kt P
6 Q B takes P	6 P to Q 3
7 Castles	7 Q B to K Kt 5
8 Q Kt to B 3	8 Q Kt to K 4 (a)
9 K Kt takes Q Kt (b)	9 B takes Q (c)
10 B takes B P (ch)	10 K to K 2
11 Q Kt to Q 5 checkmate.	

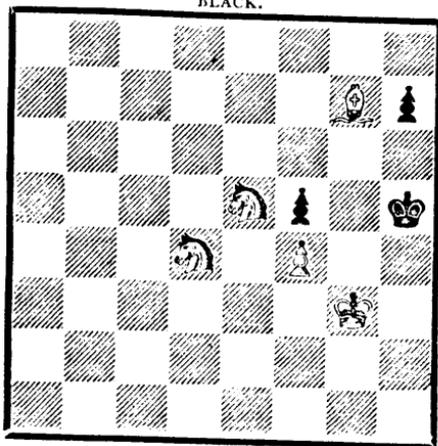
NOTES.

- (a) Promising in appearance, but instantly fatal.
 (b) Evidently quite unexpected.
 (c) A very expensive catch.

PROBLEM NO. 8.

By H. P. Smith.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

CHESS WAIFS.

An interesting and important match is now in progress between Blackburne and Zukertort. The winner of the first seven games is to be declared conqueror, and entitled to the stakes, £60 sterling. The first game is concluded. Zukertort won the toss for the first move, but Blackburne gave the checkmate. Both the result of the match and the score of play are eagerly looked for by the entire chess community of the Old and New World.

Bird is in New York, editing a new chess work shortly to be issued, entitled "The Chess Openings Critically and Practically Considered, by H. E. Bird." We trust our Canadian Chess

Clubs will support the publication by liberal subscription for copies.

The prospectus of the Canadian Chess Association, to be held in Quebec, is *not* yet issued. Who is to blame for the delay?

Prof. Hicks has made a good move—gone on his usual summer rural expedition.

It is quite a mistake—Morphy is not mad. He still considers himself one of the strongest players living, though out of practice; but he has relinquished the game as a profession.

They have established a chess journal in the City of Mexico.

Thorold was defeated in his match with Miss Mary Rudge, at the odds of a Knight.

There are a number of ladies who intend entering the new International Tourney in England.

Owing to the holidays, the rooms of the Montreal Chess Club are very scantily filled on club nights.

There is a movement on foot for a grand postal chess match between America and England.

At the Anderson Jubilee, at Leipsic, chess in various phases will be kept up from July 15 to 20, inclusive.

A match is now being played between Henderson and Ascher. The winner of the first eleven games is entitled to the prize, a sett of chess men. State of the match at the present time:—Henderson, 6 games won, including the 3 given as odds; Ascher, 4 games.

The second book printed by Caxton was, strange to say, entitled "A History of Chess," &c., and bore reference to the duties of men and officials in power.



Notice.

DR. SCHLIEMANN.

Poets, it is said, are born, not made. The same expression is often, with equal justice, applied to musicians; and Doctor Heinrich Schliemann, who has revealed the sites of the almost mythical cities of ancient Troy and Mycenæ, was a discoverer from his earliest days. He was born in 1822, at Kalkhior, in Mecklenberg-Schwerin. His father was a Lutheran clergyman, who took a great interest in Homer's works, and often related to his son the story of the Trojan war and the wondrous adventures of Ulysses and Agamemnon. Shortly after Heinrich's birth the family removed to Ankershagen. There was an old castle here, and young Schliemann showed his excavating proclivities by digging for a certain golden cradle which Dame Rumor said was buried in it, and repeatedly desired his father to empty a pond on his property so that the treasures at the bottom might be secured.

Such a mind as his would be easily influenced by the recital of the incidents of the siege of Troy, and his attention was directed to the possibility of the city yet existing by his father's expressed opinion that its remains had irretrievably perished. In 1829 he received as a Christmas present a universal history, in which there was an imaginary view of Troy. The thought struck him that although such solid walls as those represented in the picture might be buried underground, they could not be destroyed, and henceforth he was haunted by the desire to bring them to light again.

When about eight years old he was, on his mother's death, transferred to

the care of an uncle living near Lubeck. For about four years he attended school, and made rapid progress, but at the conclusion of that time unfavorable circumstances occasioned his removal to a retail grocer's shop in Furstenburg.

At a recent grand banquet given by the Grocer's Company in London, England, at which he was an honored guest, Dr. Schliemann replied to the toast of his health, and in doing so gave the following brief sketch of his life as a grocer. He said:—

“ In returning my warmest thanks for the signal honor you have conferred upon me by your kind invitation to this hospitable banquet, I feel an infinite pleasure in thinking that I am myself a grocer, and that in praising here the grocer's business, I praise a trade which I have followed up with unremitting zeal for a period of twenty-eight years. I was hardly twelve years of age when I became a grocer's apprentice in a small country shop in Mecklenburg, where, during five years and a half, I was engaged in selling herrings, butter, salt, whiskey, sugar and coffee by half-penny worths, and my master thought it a very lucky chance if we sold ten dollars worth of groceries in one day.

“ By a great misfortune, which afterwards turned out to be the most lucky event in my life, I was raised from that honorable situation and became porter to the wholesale grocer, Mr. F. C. Quien, of Amsterdam. In that new capacity I succeeded in two years in making up for my neglected education, and became correspondent and book-keeper with the wholesale grocers, B.

H. Scroder & Co., of Amsterdam, who, after an interval of two years, sent me out to St. Petersburg as their agent to sell groceries on commission. A year later I established myself in the same city as a wholesale grocer on my own account, and have conducted there an extensive trade for eighteen and a half years. But my business has never prevented me from continuing my studies, and when, in April, 1864, I thought I had money enough to retire from commercial business, I found myself also in possession of sufficient theoretical knowledge to devote the remainder of my life to Homeric archæology. The habit I had acquired in my long career as a grocer not to do anything superficially, but to proceed in everything with tact, system and perseverance, has been of immense advantage to me in my archæological explorations; and I feel bold to say that had I not been a grocer, I could never have succeeded in discovering Troy or the five royal sepulchres of Mycenæ. I deem it superfluous to say anything to the praise of commerce, because, without commerce, there could be no ambition, and, without ambition there could be no science. Thus, without commerce, men would be brutes. Gentlemen, I have pleasure in doing honor to your glorious corporation. May it live as long as our globe is inhabited by men."

One day, when in the situation he first refers to, an old schoolmate staggered into the shop, drunk, and began spouting some lines from Homer. The sonorous words of the language pleased the youth's ear, and from that time he was determined to learn Greek. But that was not to be thought of under his unfavorable circumstances, and it seemed hardly possible that they would ever be changed for the better. But that "great misfortune" which afterwards turned out to be such a "lucky event" was not long in coming. In moving a cask he injured his chest so severely that he was considered unfit for

work. He determined to go to sea, and shipped at New Hamburg, as cabin boy, in a ship bound for Venezuela. The vessel was wrecked before it had gone far, and thus it was that Schliemann found himself at Amsterdam, and engaged himself as a porter. Although in the very poorest circumstances, he obtained a fair knowledge of the Italian, Spanish and Russian languages, and it was to this knowledge that he was indebted for his future promotions in life.

In 1851 he went to California, where he started business as a banker, and met with such success that he was in a few years enabled to begin the accomplishment of what had been his life-dream, the discovery of ancient Troy. Strange to say, it was not till he came to America that he began the study of Greek, learning first the modern Greek in 1850, and then beginning the study of the ancient Greek. His favorite author was Homer, whose Iliad and Odyssey he knows by heart. In 1863 he gave up his business and devoted himself entirely to travels and the study of archæology. He was twice married; first to a Roman lady, from whom he was divorced. They had three children. The incidents of his second marriage have a spice of romance about them. When in Greece he told a Greek priest, now a bishop, to look out for a lady who loved Homer and wished to marry Schliemann. Such a lady was found after some research, and the Doctor went to Athens, where she lived, and fifteen days after was married to her (in 1869). Their daughter, who is little more than an infant, already can repeat Homer. Mrs. Schliemann's tastes exactly agree with those of her husband, and she is of the greatest assistance to him in prosecuting his researches. She not only knows Homer by heart, originally her chief attraction in the eyes of her enthusiastic husband; but to please him has learned German, Italian, English and French.

It is now almost too late in the day

to do more than refer to the work Dr. Schliemann has already accomplished. His re-discovery of Troy took the world by storm. In it he found a large number of tablets and vases of terra-cotta, painted pottery seals, ornaments, stone implements, and what he believes to be the treasure of Priam, jewels of gold, earrings and bracelets. Those are locked up in the National Bank and his own house at Athens.

First the information of the discovery was received with incredulity, which turned to wonder that one rich man, almost unassisted, should by his own industry discover and demonstrate by plain facts what had been fought over by the weapons of argument and surmise for many years.

It is but a few months ago since he began to dig amongst the mines of Mycenæ, a city which was famous in the annals of poetry and beauty as the capital of Agamemnon, whom it is thought led the Greeks to the attack on Troy. Mycenæ itself was in turn destroyed by the people of Argos B.C. 458. It is situated in the Peloponesus, a few miles south of Corinth, and since its destruction to the present time, a period of about two thousand three hundred and thirty-five years, has been regarded as little more than a mass of ruins and rubbish. But out of it Dr. Schliemann has turned up from the guardianship of two huge beardless lions what he believes to be the tombs of Agamemnon and the other victims assassinated at the feast. In the tombs he found the remains of three gigan-

tic men, whose faces were covered by great golden masks, beautifully carved to represent a face, which the discoverer believes to be the real portrait of the dead. Besides these there were found, and are now being shown at Athens, heavy gold rings on which are inscribed mythological figures, golden and blackened silver cups, swords, shells, buttons, copper vessels, articles of precious stones, two pairs of scales, Egyptian porcelain, alabaster cups, and numerous other articles. The ages of these articles have not yet been determined on. Mr. Newton, the superintendent of the British museum, who made the journey to Athens for the express purpose of investigating these antiquities, traces them to a period antecedent 800 B. C., about which date the Greeks were brought into more immediate contact with Assyrian and Phœnician art through the medium of seafaring Phœnicians. But as there are on the articles no inscription of any kind, it is probable that their exact date will never be fixed, although the facts that every object is beaten out of a single plate of metal or riveted by nails, and that solder is at no time used, indicates that their age must be a very early one. Perhaps at some future time the past history of these relics may be read. At present the theories concerning them are little more than speculation. All must, however, do honor to the name of the man whose private exertions and private fortune has accomplished what no scientific society or government has thought of doing.





YOUNG MAN.—“Aw, my dear Saw, don't feel the least uneasy—the dog is not mad—I assure you he is not mad.”

OLD MAN.—“Mad! mad!! what has the *dog* got to be mad about? *I'm* the one to be mad, and I am mad.”—*Harper's Bazar.*