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A TRIP TO THE GEYSERS OF NEVADA.

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THERE is probably not one person in ten, or even a hundred, who can tell to what Continent Nevada belongs, whether it is a Town, Province or Territory, or whether its inhabitants are black or white, barbarous or civilized. The reason is obvious. It is only twelve years since it had a name; for previous to that time it was passed over as blank space on the map of the world. To be sure, since 1849, parties had been passing through it by the Carson Valley and Truckee routes; but if any account was given of it, it was vague and unsatisfactory. Even Fremont, who explored it in 1846, does not throw much light on the country, for his locations are so loose and his descriptions so unexact, that if we know anything previously of the country, we rise from a perusal of his travels utterly bewildered. Captain Bonneville, of the United States army, who explored a great portion of the country west of the Missouri River between the years 1832 and 1840, is even more vague. Viewed by the light which the geography of the present day has thrown on it, we are amazed at the free and easy way in which he talks of journeys of a thousand miles or more. He fairly annihilates space with the celerity of his movements. From Green River to the Immahah (a branch of the Columbia), or from Powder River to the Big Horn (a branch of the Yellowstone), in each case covering from eight hundred to a thousand miles, he travels as easy, and seemingly as quickly, as we would journey to the nearest market town.

Let us now see where Nevada is, and particularly that part which we intend to notice at some length. We will turn to the Map of the Western United States, and noticing where the 38th parallel of north latitude and 120th west longitude intersect, we have before our mind's eye the location of the Geysers of Nevada. We see that we are only a short distance off the eastern boundary of California, and not far from the southern line of Oregon. We see that this State is completely shut in, having no water communication with any other part. We note a total absence of all large rivers, and that such as there are, are seemingly lost in the interior. In other places the water flows from the country; but the interior of the State of Nevada is a huge basin to which the water gravitates from the edges. On every side it is surrounded by lofty and rugged mountains rising to the east, north and south from an elevated table land, and to the west we have the mighty Sierra Nevadas rising from a base nearly sea level, and attaining an elevation of from fourteen thousand to sixteen thousand feet. These latter are the chief source of water, and as they range north and south we can easily comprehend that the greater number of rivers must flow eastward. In other parts of the State we have water wherever the mountains are sufficiently high to retain the snow and rain, and acting as a careful steward, dole it out in the necessary quantities and extend the operation over the required number of months. This latter source of supply, as may well be believed, is a precarious one; but the snows of the Sierras never fail. The next enquiry will naturally be, what becomes of all this water? None of these rivers are available as a means of communication, though there is abundance of water during the short rainy season. During this time the quantity which finds its level in the interior is immense, and we may well be pardoned if we are puzzled to account for its disappearance. It forms great lakes, which gradually disappear, partly by evaporation; but the greater part must sink through the sand, leaving in the centre a large quagmire or morass as a proof of its existence. Long before the annual fall, many of the lakes have totally disappeared, and we find large quantities of salt—in many instances pure—on their site. We may instance the cases of the Humboldt and Carson. The former rises in the Rocky Mountains, and after a course of between three and four hundred miles sinks in the heart of Nevada. In many places it is from two to three hundred yards wide, and not

fordable; but the hungry desert and burning sun gradually reduces it till a "footy" pond, bordered by an impassable morass, contains it. About forty miles of arid desert lies between it and the sink of the Carson, which flows from an opposite direction. This river has its source in the snows of the Sierras, enters the valley bearing its name at its head, and after a course of one hundred and fifty miles, loses itself in like manner. All these streams are turbulent and rapid till they leave the main mountain ranges, and we may remark that the only good land is to be found on their banks. It has to be constantly irrigated to produce even a blade of grass.

Not even a hundredth part of the surface is arable. The greater part of it consists of broken and detached mountain ranges, attaining an elevation of from one to three or four thousand feet. It must be understood that they spring from a base at least six thousand feet above the sea level. These broken mountains are alternated with sandy wastes, covered with a scrubby furze called sage brush, or whitened with alkali; in the latter case impregnating the water with ingredients deleterious to man and deadly to all varieties of the brute creation. Cattle that are "alkalied" suffer extreme pain, and both before and after death swell to an enormous size. We find many expanses from ten to thirty miles in width and length, as level and hard as any floor, coated and whitened with this abominable compound. During the rainy season these flat expanses become perfect quagmires; but in summer the heat of the sun bakes them hard again. No rain falls during the entire summer; at least, if there is a shower, it is the exception and not the rule. Meat can be kept for an unlimited time without salt, by cutting it in strips, and then exposing it to the sun. All the moisture is evaporated: it becomes hard, and is then termed "jerked" meat. It is soaked in tepid water, and afterwards cooked in the usual manner; and I can testify that it is both good and wholesome.

This strange land is not more strange than the people who occupy it. Every nation has its representative, and each willing worker finds plenty to do, though in many cases the man and the employment are not altogether suited. We often find the lawyer, the finished scholar, the ex-gentleman, and the hardy son of toil occupying the same camp, and engaged at the same employment. The Chinaman, the Japanese, the Sandwich Islander, or "Kanaka," as he is called, and representatives of every nation of Europe have

each brought their national customs and language, and the jargon formed by a combination of these is something wonderful. The number of slang phrases in use, and these used without application or relevancy, makes the means of communication intricate and bewildering.

Let us now turn our attention to the cause of the gathering of this motley crew in this far-off land. The rugged, barren, and lava-strewn mountains and spurs which jut out and force themselves into such strange shapes and places, are the depositories of untold wealth. Nearly all the known minerals are to be found within their limits; but the principal attraction is the precious metals. This is essentially the land of silver, as it is found over nearly the entire State in a profusion unknown in Mexico or Peru. Less or more gold is also found in combination, and it is also procured pure and in large quantities in some lodes. These metals are only found in this State associated with quartz rock, and machinery in every case is used in its extraction. A salt mine of unknown extent has lately been found near the sink of the Carson, and is a fortune to the owners, as it is pure. Iron in solid mountains is to be found near the Humboldt River, and a mine of soap, or something which answers the same purpose, has been found north of the Carson River, and not far from Virginia City. Warm and boiling springs are to be found at intervals over the entire State, and deposits of lava and pumice stone show the unmistakable action of fire at no very remote date. When we come to add that this is the home of the scorpion, the rattlesnake, and the tarantula, —the latter like a huge spider, and the most deadly of American reptiles,—we think we have said enough about this delectable region, and so will conclude our brief sketch of the State of Nevada.

We will now suppose ourselves to be in Virginia City—the mining and commercial capital of Nevada; and that our object is to visit the Geysers of this State, known as Steamboat Springs, which we are informed lie some ten miles north of the city. A stage-coach starts every morning especially for the accommodation of such as are of an enquiring turn of mind, or are curious in the matter of developed or latent heat. We cannot, however, leave this unique city without a glance at its history and situation. The site takes in the Comstock lode, the prolific parent of many mines, and the reputed father of many more. No man would

attempt to hold a mine, or shares in one, which did not, in some undefined way, connect with it; and if the matter was doubted, any amount of proof was forthcoming in the shape of oaths and undefinable mining slang. It was as well to believe as to go to look for proof. I soon found that a good pedigree was as necessary for a mine as a horse that was being trained for the turf, with a view to his sale. We may mention such names as the Gould and Curry, Ophir, Chollar, Potosi and Savage, to show that the reputation of this mining region was almost world wide. These, and many more which are not mentioned, were at one time known under the general cognomen of the Washoe mines.

The situation of Virginia, if not agreeable, is at least romantic. It may be said with truth, to nestle amongst the mountains. The elevation is something like ten thousand feet above the sea level, and though warm in the day time, is decidedly cool each and every night in the year. The wind, whirling and circling amongst the mountain peaks, is sometimes very violent, and partakes of the character of the whirlwind frequently, and the absence of rain makes the dust often beyond endurance. The character of the water is also decidedly bad, owing to the admixture of divers minerals. The ground on which it is built slopes at an angle of sixteen or eighteen degrees, and the chief business streets run across the slope. The sidewalk of one street is on a level with the third story of the houses of the street below. The slope on which it is built ends a half a mile below in a steep and rocky canyon, which, lined by grim and precipitous mountains on both sides, finally ends at Carson Valley. To the north, in our immediate vicinity, we have Cedar Hill—lofty and steep, but not very rugged. The level ground to the south ends at Gold canyon, a mile distant, famous for its rich lode. Down this canyon three miles is the "Devil's Gate," where the mountain seems to have been separated by some tremendous force, leaving a perpendicular wall of more than a hundred feet on both sides of a passage about twelve feet in width. Truly, a wonderful gate. To the west we have as our immediate neighbour Mount Davidson, whose summit is three to four thousand feet above the city. Some sarcastic individual has said that the Virginians are very much given to visiting this elevation, as it is the point nearest heaven which they ever hope to attain. After a residence of four years here, and pronouncing calmly and dispassionately on the case, I

can only say that there are many grounds for fearing that our jocular friend had not made his assertion without a reasonable foundation. Whether we are affected by these remarks or not we leave to others to judge; but one thing is certain, we determine to visit the summit, the reason given being that thereby we will gain an extended view of the country. It takes us something like an hour and a half to reach the highest elevation, and by that time we are prepared to thoroughly enjoy a good rest. We naturally turn our face to the west, the part previously shut from our vision by father Davidson. The sight fairly takes our breath away; for we are totally unprepared for it. Directly before us, and almost at our feet, lie the mighty Sierras, clothed from the base to within three thousand feet of the summit with the densest and greenest of timber. This latter is a positive relief to the eye, for we confess we are getting tired of the brown sage brush and barren deserts, and, like the prodigal son, would fain dwell once more by the paternal green fields. We are eight miles from the mountains, but can hardly realize the fact. Have our eyes, on which we used to pride ourselves, become unreliable? The lake which lies at the mountain's base is three miles by eight, and it does not appear to be diminished by the distance. It is one of the loveliest sheets of water I have ever seen, surrounded on three sides by the main range, snow-capped and hoary with frost of ages, and on the third side, the mountain range on which we are standing slopes and breaks into detached ranges, spurs and groups, till finally it approaches the water at an elevation of three or four hundred feet. Some land of fair quality borders this lake, and it is turned to good account in the raising of vegetables, which are of excellent quality. Its name is Washoe Lake, called after a tribe of Indians who used to make it their headquarters, but who are now fast becoming a thing of the past. At the north-east a small stream debouches from the lake, and this is the only break in the mountain cordon. The Sierras are visible for nearly a hundred miles, presenting, from where we stand, a variety of scenery, unequalled, according to my humble opinion, by that of any portion of the globe of the same area. Bald peaks, rugged and grim in their outlines, seem to penetrate the clouds as far as the eye can pierce. While we are favoured with the finest sunshine and clear, bracing air, we notice that the presiding genius of these peaks is enveloped in storm. Drifts and small bodies of

snow are flying and whirling around with indescribable wildness, so we feel thankful that our aspirations have not led us to greater elevations. To the south our vision extends over and beyond Carson Valley, the Walker River range being our limit; and east, the Deserts of Carson and Humboldt, distant one hundred miles, are visible, with mountain ranges at least twice as far away. Owing to the absence of moisture, the air is perfectly clear, and we are thereby enabled to see an almost incredible distance. From the time our eye wanders from the main range, we do not see a green patch with the exception of a small strip on each side of the Carson, Washoe and Truckee Rivers, the latter being north of us, and the most extensive. We are forced by the limits which we assigned to this article to be brief, and will return to the city.

We are told by the natives (persons who have resided for one year in the city are so considered) over our cigars in the evening, about the rise and progress of this wonderful city. Previous to the "Washoe fever" of '59 there was not so much as a canvas roof on the site of the present city. Men rushed over from California, without money or provisions and everything eatable rose to a dollar a pound. Many returned broken down in body and thoroughly disheartened, but the wonderful richness of the mines soon attracted new adventurers, and these began to build, when the Indian war broke out and retarded operations. The Indians were beaten in a pitched battle on the Truckee, one half killed when the other half sued for peace. This was yielded reluctantly for they had been guilty of the most unheard of atrocities. We are told of things which fairly make our blood run cold and set us dreaming of scalped and burning victims, and of being served likewise in our turn, till we wake with a start and a scream, much relieved to find it is "only a dream." After the ending of this war, it grew as if by magic. A merchant would begin a two story brick house on the first of the month and by the fifteenth would be retailing his goods over the counter; and many large wooden buildings—of course mere shells—were erected in a single day. We are told how, in these days, fortunes were made and lost in a single week; how real estate—if anything could be called real here—rose and fell; how mining companies sold worthless shares—after declaring large dividends from imaginary funds—at a handsome figure; and lastly, how poor stockholders were "frozen out" of a good mine by their rich, but avaricious and

unprincipled brothers. This latter is rather an ingenious operation, and I purpose detailing it. Suppose I own a number of shares in the "Real Jink" mine. By judicious explorations this mine is found to contain large bodies of rich ore, and further developments show that the supply is almost inexhaustible. The proper way would then be, either to borrow from some capitalist, any of the building or loan societies who let money on easy terms, or the Banks, and erect a mill for reducing the ore; or send it to a custom mill, who reduce the ore for a stated sum per ton and take their pay out of the returns, and thus accumulate funds for the same purpose out of the proceeds of the mine itself. This, however, would not suit. The poor men would then be able to retain the shares, which would place themselves and families in affluence; but the others, having set their minds on possessing them, would be just that amount poorer. This, of course, would never do. Tons upon tons of good paying ore are hoisted to the surface and there left. A large and costly mill is erected, and heavy monthly assessments levied. By the time it is completed the greater part, or all of the shares of the small fry, are sold for the payment of these monthly levies. Should any of the doomed men be able to produce the funds required on the first of each month, up to the completion of the mill, it is only so much the worse for them. They are sending good money after the bad. Unheard-of inventions for the reduction of quartz are added by the dozen, until at last their "bottom" dollar is reached, when, to use an expressive phrase, especially when applied to mining operations, they are obliged to "cave in." The system is a most nefarious one, and, I am sorry to say, in too general use by the wealthy mining companies. If, in selling, they could only get the value, or nearly so, of their shares, the case would not be so bad; but this is far from being the case. When the "freeze out" game is completed, crushing is commenced, large dividends declared, and, in many cases, the value of the shares are quadrupled in as many months. I have known many such cases.

We can hardly pass by Old Comstock, the discoverer of this famous silver vein, without a slight notice. He was one of these restless adventurers—something like the bye-gone trapper in disposition, who must be somewhere far in advance of civilization, or life would be miserable. The whole surface of the site of Virginia will show much more than the "colour" of gold to the

pan, and in following this up he came to the lode and found the dirt to be much richer in its vicinity. He was greatly annoyed by some "blue stuff," which clogged his quicksilver and seriously retarded his operations. An examination of this by competent persons showed it to be silver, and on digging a few feet further, the now famous lode was laid bare, and the Washoe *furore* arose. As soon as the rush began, Comstock got uneasy and sold out—for an old horse and a bottle of whiskey—a claim which was worth millions, and started for the wilds of Idaho. Such a man was Comstock—good-hearted, courageous, and possessed of many fine and sterling qualities; but utterly indifferent to the possession of money and the socialties and amenities of civilized life. We may safely predict that he dies of hardship and exposure in some lonely mountain canyon; or still worse, by the scalping-knife of the pitiless Indian. Truly, a hard life and a hard death, not eased, in our estimation, by its being a voluntary one.

All through, and below the city we notice high dumps of whitish grey rock, and on enquiring learn that it is the refuse quartz, and such rock as has to be removed in driving inclines and tunnels to meet the quartz veins. This leads to further enquiry, and we learn with surprise that the ground under the street on which we stand; in fact, under the entire city is literally honeycombed. Tunnels, slopes and drifts ramify the ground in every possible direction, and, even while we are speaking, we hear the dull thud of a heavy blast in some gloomy recess not any further than we would wish from the place where we are standing. We feel positively insecure, and are not satisfied till we go and see the matter for ourselves but on this, our opinion will have to be deferred till some future time, or at least the making public thereof. The streets of this place are literally paved with gold. The refuse quartz before mentioned contains from ten to twenty-five dollars worth of the precious metals to the ton, but owing to the high price of the machinery, the cost of labour, and wood for raising the motive power—steam, this will not pay for reducing; it is consequently used for macadamizing the streets, and the wealth thus lying around, would, if it could be utilized, be something enormous. We visited the "institutions" of the city, such as the gambling saloons, here as open as dry goods stores, the Melodeon, a low species of theatre; dance houses, and theatres, but as a notice of them would bring this article far beyond the contemplated limits, we must, reluctantly we confess, pass them over.

Promptly at nine o'clock, a. m., the Steamboat Springs' stage hauls up before the International Hotel, B. street, and we, in company with two more of the male persuasion, take our seats. The stage is open on the sides, with an awning on the top, and this latter proves peculiarly useful as the day is hot. We take what is known as the Geiger grade; in fact, we have Hobson's choice, as there is no other. The road winds around Cedar Hill from six to eight hundred feet above Cedan Canyon, as the level at its base is called. This hill would pay for washing if there was only a sufficiency of water, and as there are several solid miles of earth composing it, there must be a vast quantity of wealth hid in its clayey folds. It is curious that no continuation of the Comstock has been found in this hill. By all the rules of geology and mining experience it ought to be. It has been traced almost to the ravine which separates the hill from the slope in which it is found. Does it dip, or are the parties right who say it has slid to its present position, that it will ultimately be worked out, and that the ledge proper lies at some unknown depth in the bosom of Mount Davidson? This latter theory, whatever bearing it may have on the future prosperity of the city, has many advocates, and many reasons can be and are adduced in support of it. Confound the lode, it has led me from my subject.

About a mile from the city we have described at least a third of a circle, and in many places we have only a couple of feet of leeway between us and one hundred and fifty feet of an involuntary descent. The prospects thus opened are anything but assuring to an old gentleman, who is on his way from Iowa to join his son in some farming valley. The driver is a wag, and takes in the situation at a glance. He piles on the agony. He kindly points out where a lager beer man and his mate, who incautiously or inadvertently tested Newton's theory of gravitation in an improper place, and with very imperfect light, had found the extreme of gravitation two hundred feet below the road bed. By way of soothing the visible agitation of the old gentleman, he kindly adds, "they could'nt have suffered much for the wolves and coyotes had one picked clean by morning." He points out the remains of many wagons far beneath us, and shows where men were robbed in the middle of the day on the highway. The latter is an undoubted fact. Every man involuntarily feels for his pistol, and then looks around with a reassured air.

The grade is an up-hill one for four miles; but the road may be characterized as decidedly good. At the toll-house, seventy-five cents is demanded and paid for the use of nine miles of road. We pass by several "dead-falls" (taverns) on the road. This time-honoured, highly lucrative, and very honourable employment has as many representatives here as in any other part of the world, and seems to be united with every branch of trade and labour. From a deep and constant study of human nature, the representatives of the "bar" here acquire an air of self-abnegation unknown elsewhere. The dexterity and grace with which the bottle is passed is truly fascinating, and the benevolent appearance, which fairly illuminates every feature, naturally leads one to suppose they are a vendors of some grand and infallible panacea for the ills of humanity. This amply—partly I mean—compensates for the diabolical compound which they administer, and is familiarly known amongst the miners as "rot-gut," "dead-shot," "forty-rod-lightning," "strychnine," etc.

On reaching the summit, a sublime panorama is spread before us. The magnificent range of mountains, known as the Sierra Nevada, clothed with splendid trees of the ever-green species, and tipped with the snows of centuries, lies full before us. At a certain elevation the trees cease, and the huge peaks rise bare and glittering, seeming to penetrate the clouds. What a contrast between them and the mountains we are now traversing! Here we have nothing green, except now and then a stunted nut-pine; everything, even the rocks, having a scorched look. Our eye turns with a feeling of relief to the long and broad belt of timbered mountain so liberally spread before us, and we sigh as we consider that it is as impossible to combine the useful and the magnificent in Nature as in many other things. We have Washoe Valley before us, making no great pretensions to beauty or utility. This finally merges to the north into the Truckee Valley, noted, in a region as sterile as this, for its broad meadows and fertile fields, though from this distance we cannot determine anything in a satisfactory manner. Our vision is finally shut out by interminable ranges of mountains. I should say that the Sierra Nevadas range north and south, and that all the minor ranges run with more or less directness at right angles thereto. We are soon to get a sight of the famed Springs, so the driver says; in the meantime, we will see and note what is in our vicinity.

We soon come to the head of the Gould and Curry Canyon—a huge gorge which makes up from Steamboat Valley. To our left the driver points out a grave, some thirty yards from the road. We ask for the history, and he is disposed to gratify us. It appears that a man, known by the name of Dutch Harry, was employed by the Gould and Curry Company cutting wood. He boarded at a hotel at the foot of the grade, and each day carried his dinner with him. He was a steady, industrious and saving man, and was reputed to have considerable money, which he was supposed to keep on his person. Well, one evening he did not return; next evening, the same; when finally, on the third day, search was made, and he was found where he had been working, *killed with his own axe.* It was never ascertained by whom the crime was committed; but it was evidently done by some acquaintance who had chatted pleasantly for a while, admired his axe and the setting or "hang" thereof, asked to examine it, and had then deliberately killed the poor man. Whatever money he might have carried was, as a matter of course, gone. His disposition was taciturn; he made no friends or confidants; and when he died, none knew from whence he came or anything in regard to his past life. There he lies in a nameless grave, with, may be, a fond mother or wife hoping against hope, that the loved one may return. We have since known many cases analagous to the one just narrated.

We now begin to descend the canyon—the mountains towering to our right, and the gorge on our left. We enter on one side, and have to travel around the head of it. At the end of a mile and a half, we are on the opposite side of the gorge, and about six hundred yards from where we entered. In many places the road is cut out of the solid rock, presenting a perpendicular face of twenty to thirty feet on the upper side. The grade is descending, say four hundred feet to the mile, and we fairly fly over the road, greatly to the discomposure of the old rural gentleman. He begs and entreats the driver to slacken his pace, holds on by everything that comes within his reach, and ever and anon casts a look of utter bewilderment and horror at the deep recesses of the insatiable canyon. We pity the old man, and ask as a particular favour that the pace be moderated; but the driver declares that just now it is impossible, and we soon see that such is the case. At the end of two miles the declivity becomes much less, and we bring the wagon

to a stand, greatly to the satisfaction of the aforesaid gentleman, and we may even include your humble servant. On emerging from the grade we come to a large hotel; but do not alight, as we are within two miles of the Springs. We notice on the shingle, "J. P. West, choice wines and liquors, 25 cents." Between the foot of the grade and the Springs we traverse a barren sage-brush flat, and ever and anon we see large lizards, called "swifts," and horned toads darting with amazing swiftness across our track. At some future time we may have something to say in regard to the latter reptile, which is a curiosity in its way. When within a short distance of our goal, we pass by a range of hills of no great elevation, and of a shelly, slaty formation, and soon after are favoured with a strong odour from the Springs. We haul up before the large hotel of Mr. Stowe, where we propose to refresh for a short time.

After a wash and a glass of "lager," we are ready for our explorations. On crossing the river we are on a stone platform of hard, smooth granite rock, which not only forms the bank, but also the bed of the stream. On this level, and close at hand, is the Hospital of Dr. Ellis, and a short distance further the bath-house where he sweats out all diseases incident to humanity. We proceed in a northerly direction, and soon pass the bath-house erected over one of the Springs, of which we may have something to say by and bye. The fumes of sulphur are strong, and we almost involuntarily draw back, but recollecting that we came to see these Springs, we determine, beginning as we do, to feel our "lager," that *we will*. The end of a huge rent or crack, which is presented to us from the sloping mound, at once claims our attention. From this lateral fissure comes, hissing, seething and foaming with a fierceness and wildness of motion perfectly indescribable, a body of water having the highest or greatest intensity of heat which water can attain. We look on with feelings of intense awe at the angry fluid. Ever and anon it comes with gushing and resistless force, boiling and foaming from the cavernous cauldron, and, like human passion which has exhausted itself, falling back with helpless and impotent wrath on the exhausted forces which had given it birth. We can feel at our feet the struggles of the angry giant, who is partially confined beneath, for his liberty. We can feel the beat of his huge heart as it strikes with a heavy thud against his gigantic frame, and his fiery breath comes quick and

hot; again, a mighty effort which makes the solid rock quiver, when, with a heavy and prolonged sigh, he falls back to gather energy for another struggle. It is useless. He has already accomplished all he can ever hope for. He has opened an aperture through the solid rock by his own unaided and mighty efforts. Through this he can breathe and give vent to his wrath ; can make known to the world his power, his vexations and his troubles, and with this he will have to be contented. His deep and stentorian breathing, accompanied by the moving of large volumes of water so like the impression conveyed to the mind by the moving of a steamboat, has given him the name which he bears, and we can only add, that we think the name highly appropriate. From this place water is conveyed in spouts to tanks on the roof of the bath-house, where it is allowed to cool and is then used as a shower-bath. We follow along the crack, and notice that it occupies a long mound, or more properly a plateau, elevated some fifteen feet above the level of the creek. On approaching from the creek we first pass over a level meadow varying in width from fifty to two hundred yards, and notice that the greater part of the grass is frosted with the poisonous alkali. A rank odour fills the air, which we can compare to nothing except that on the sea-shore, when large quantities of seaweed and kelp are decaying, only it is more pungent. We see the long, grey mound extending from the bath-house northward for a mile, and can at once tell that the Springs occupy the entire length, not only by the uniform appearance of the embankment, for the numerous jets of steam leave us no doubt in the matter. The meadow gives place to white, scaly soft rock, which at once impressed us as being formed by deposits and incrustations from the Springs. The rise is gradual, and on nearing the edge of the mound we see various cauldron-shaped basins rising from eighteen to thirty inches above the common level. Some of these are filled with water, which boils fiercely, while more emit hot gusts of steam at short intervals. While taking a prolonged breath, we look down and see unoccupied space for at least thirty feet, and can hear the water hissing, roaring and surging under the mound. These cauldrons vary in diameter from thirty inches to seven feet, and it is evident that all were formed by deposits and incrustations from the water. It is certain that in those which we now find empty, the water, within a very recent date, has been as restless and noisy as in any cauldron on the

mound. We also find some large shallow springs with a steady run from them, and in no way differing in appearance from many ordinary springs we have seen except the steam. To be sure they boil fiercely, but do not many cold springs do the same? We venture the assertion that the water is not so hot as some of the others and John, who accompanies us, agrees with us and invites us to try. We do, and the raising of our epidermis which speedily follows, proves to us beyond a doubt that it lacks nothing of 212° Fahrenheit.

Within six feet of the latter, the Cold Spring is pointed out to us. We are, from our late experience, somewhat doubtful as to the existence of cold springs in this vicinity, and have no desire to be the means of proving the assertion. We ask the knight of the ribbons to try. He appears loth, and we are confirmed in our doubts, and to end the matter he walks coolly away. We can't afford to pass by without being certain in regard to the question, and he knows it. We approach cautiously, hold our already painful hand long and lovingly near the surface, and finding no great accession of heat, end by immersing a portion of the hand, but withdraw suddenly at an alarming yell from our companion, and feel that we are badly scalded. No such thing; it is all imagination, for the water is scarcely blood warm. We are jubilant, and feel amply compensated for any shaking which our nerves may have sustained.

We utterly fail to account for this strange phenomenon; in fact, we fail to account for anything in this strange region except our hotel bill. We follow the crevice for half a mile without seeing any water, though we can plainly hear its agitation beneath, and the steam is, every few yards, vented in dense bodies, or, we should say, masses; but we are not deserted by the small springs—all beneath seems to be a land of fire and fiery water. A sandy flat extends back from the springs; but the sand seems to be only a covering for a rocky bed, and this bed, cracked in many places, and sending forth steam at each crack, shows that the subterranean fire covers a much greater area than might at first be supposed. From this flat a low body of sandy and barren hills stretch to the base of the Sierra Nevadas, six or seven miles distant.

We are now joined by two Germans, and a single glance serves to tell us that they do not feel by any means secure. We can hardly venture the assertion that such was not perfectly natural.

We cannot be far from fire. We are in uncomfortable proximity to a quantity of boiling water, sufficient to scald every man in the army of Xerxes. The place on which we stand sounds hollow, and, worse than all, we know it to be such. Are we safe? May not water by the thousand hogsheads, scalding hot at that, at any moment be ejected on our devoted heads? Would not such be the just reward of our temerity, seeing we have tempted Providence by exposing ourselves to needless dangers? The Dutchmen think so. After stamping around for awhile, and listening to the hollow reverberations of their own footsteps, one of them quietly remarked, "Come away, Hans, come away; hell is not more than a mile from dis place." They then withdrew, and we could not positively say they were not right, and we could see that they looked on us with an eye of pity, intensified a hundred times by considering the awful fate which awaited us should we become the subjects of wrath to the deity of these regions. They did not "remember Lot's wife;" but looked often behind them, when they realized they had put a safe distance between them and the fire.

We have not seen all yet. The great Geyser is yet ahead of us. Ah, here it is! A cauldron of seven feet or thereabouts lies before us. It is raised about two feet above the surrounding parts, and slopes on the inside gradually to the throat which is about fifteen inches in diameter. As we approach one of his wrathy fits is coming on. The water rises gradually from the neck till the cauldron is about half filled, when it begins to boil fiercely, gradually increasing in intensity till it forces eight or ten hogsheads over the summit, when, decreasing in like manner, it subsides within the neck. It may be supposed we are deeply interested, and this supposition will be correct. The water rises and falls with clock-like regularity about every five minutes, and this continued as long as we chose to remain. We are, however, provided with something which will set him raving mad, so we are told. A pound of soap was, by advice tendered, brought for this maniac's especial benefit. The soap is sliced up and duly thrown in, when it sinks to the bottom, producing no visible effect. The monster rises and falls as before. We are about walking away, thoroughly disappointed, when a sudden agitation of the water shows us that the old programme is going to be varied. It is certainly rising before the usual time and with increased force. It boils over with a wildness perfectly indescribable, and shows no desire to retire

in the usual manner. A sudden shower of the boiling fluid, rather too close to be pleasant, warns us to give him more room. We do so, and none too soon. The medicine which we gave him has disagreed with his stomach, and we can see that he is imbued with the worst trait of humanity, we mean vindictiveness. We are no sooner removed than his wrath bursts forth in torrents, falling, seething and blistered with the impress of his fiery temper, in a perfect deluge, on the spot where we stood. We are inspired with awe, not unmixed with thankfulness, and resolve to give him abundance of room. No pen can paint the scene before us. Words utterly fail to give the remotest idea of the wild confusion of this mighty mass of water, at one time thrown wildly to the height of twenty-five or more feet, and the next moment sinking far within the recesses of its capacious throat and bosom. At times almost the entire mass is thrown far without the sides of the caldron, and at others the greater part falls back hissing, seething and roaring, to re-appear the next moment and enact the same scene over again. The steam thrown off is almost inconceivable, and the noise such as can be heard at least a mile. We notice that like an ill-tempered boy, the violence of its own passion is exhausting it. At each eruption it is getting more feeble, and each disappearance of the water is more frequent and prolonged. Sometimes it makes a mighty rush from far within the mound, and many feet beneath the level on which we are now standing. We can hear it as it first starts; we can feel the tremor as it dashes and surges upward and onward, and we feel that the eruption will be one of unusual magnificence. We are sadly disappointed, for its force is exhausted before it fills the basin, and it falls back with a hiss and roar of impotent wrath. This is our last view of the water. Vast volumes of steam are still sent forth, and the boiling fluid still makes vain attempts to rise, each one becoming more feeble. The steam ceases (or nearly so) to come forth. We peer down, but cannot discern much, for a time. After our eyes become accustomed to the gloom, we can see empty space for thirty or forty feet, but no water. We can, however, hear it surging and boiling with undiminished energy, fifty or sixty feet under the mound. We can see no more, and therefore leave for further explorations. We forgot to mention that this spring or geyser, is on the lower level adjoining the

meadows, and some ten or twelve feet below the level of the mound.

At a distance of a half a mile or more from where we started, we come to another large opening in the crack, where we see a large body of boiling water, of unknown depth. Although it extends the whole distance, the water is only visible here, and at the starting point already mentioned. The steady escape of steam over its entire length, shows us, however, that the water is there; and if there is yet any doubts on our mind, we have only to listen, and we will find that an immense body of it is boiling fiercely only a short distance below us. The last water noted boils in an easy manner, which we consider to be owing to its not being confined closely. A steady run escapes from it. The crack terminates here, and we come to different holes, springs and pools, of cold, tepid, and hot water. Some of these are from two to three feet in diameter, having no raised sides, and seem to be of great depth. We went into a pond of tepid water, and had a splendid bath. It is sunk about eight feet below the surface of the mound, I mean that the water stands at that level. On one side we get in by a kind of flight of natural stairs, and find the temperature just such as we would desire. It is about sixty feet long, and twenty broad, giving plenty of room for a good swim. In about half of it I could not get bottom, and in the other end got my foot slightly scalded, by setting it down where a small jet of boiling water was coming up. There is alkali and soda, as well as sulphur in the water, which give it extraordinary cleansing properties.

A few yards further down, we come to a pond of cold water of half an acre or so in extent. It is surrounded by the solid rock, and the water lies nearly level with the surface. There is no run from it, and it descends sheer down from the very edge. I dived down fifteen to twenty feet, but found no bottom.

We now begin to retrace our steps, and notice that on the sides of every spring and along the crack, the rock is coated with sulphur or brimstone, pure and unmixed, and the steam has a strong smell of it. We are not sure that the Dutchman's hypothesis is far from being correct.

These springs, like every other place in this State, have their tale of blood. A Frenchman was foolish enough to "jump" a portion of the Springs, the doctor and his partner claiming the

whole. He (the Frenchman) and some hired hands or associates, began to erect a "shanty" at the place now pointed out to us, and was, of course ordered to decamp. This he refused to do, when the partner aforesaid, went and raised a crew of drunken men, and one of the unfortunate Frenchmen was shot dead on the spot, and the balance ran for their lives, and have since given no further trouble. The partner, an ill-looking pock-marked scoundrel, found it convenient to absent himself for a while, and there was no action taken in the matter. This simple manner of settling the rights of property, is too often resorted to in these regions. Though we are not greatly prepossessed in favour of litigation, we confess we would sooner have our pocket bled by the lawyers, than our body by a gang of murderers. Nature now begins forcibly to remind us that we have not yet had dinner, and we accordingly hasten our footsteps, for it is long past the usual hour. We pass our first mentioned active friend and find him to be as busy as ever, but his mightest efforts now look puny in comparison with those of our friend below. This is the way of the world. The hero of to-day is not always that of to-morrow.

After dinner, though by no means in need of it, we are determined to have one of the doctor's famous baths. We may mention that parties come from San Francisco, three hundred and fifty miles distant, to try them. They are said to excel, in an especial manner, in the cure of rheumatism, scrofula, mercurial disease and syphiltic affections, and we do not doubt it. We enter the bath-house, which is built over one of the most considerable springs. On being divested of our clothing, we are introduced into a small apartment, about four feet by six, floored with a kind of lattice-work, and have a comfortable seat if we wish to use it. We are instructed to stay in as long as we can possibly stand it, and this we feel will not be very long. The door is tightly closed, and the steam, regulated by some means unknown to us, comes up by the floor. We begin to sweat in a moment, at the end of a minute are melting, and at the end of three minutes, we feel the skin beginning to peel off us. We roar to be let out. No such thing; the doctor knows better than us, and we have to stand it. Finally, when we consider we are about cooked, we are released from the stew-pan, and are at once given a liberal shower-bath of warm and cold water, and rubbed and scrubbed with coarse towels, till we are flayed alive, and the damage being done,

we cease to protest. We have the satisfaction of knowing that we are clean; that if every pore in our skin was six inches in depth, it is thoroughly emptied, and for any outside impurities—well, we have ocular demonstration in regard to that, and are a good deal more than satisfied.

We are surprised and pleased, on putting on our clothes, to find that we do not experience the least soreness of the skin, and feel so buoyant that we have a notion to try a spring over the bath-house, but are dissuaded by our companion, who reminds us that it may be attributed by the ignorant to the "lager" which we have imbibed. We may say from experience that there are more cures in these springs, judiciously used, than in a wholesale drug store.

In conclusion, we may say that we have seen many of the notable sights of western America. We travelled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, before there was a mile of Railroad west of the Missouri river. We have viewed the Rocky Mountains from the plains; we have surmounted many of their most rugged and elevated ridges, and traversed many of their gloomy gorges and canyons, savage in their wildness, but having some regularity of stratification, which partially redeems them from the charge of chaos. We have looked with wonder and awe, on the frowning and precipitous grandeur of Echo Canyon, (the locality of Brigham's fortifications for the purpose of repelling the invaders of Mormondom in 1859,) with the culminating point in regard to rocky and pointed cones in our immediate vicinity. The wonders of Utah, from side to side, have been spread before us, and the extreme of wildness in precipice, mountain and waterfall, as exhibited in the Yosemite Valley. The big trees of Calaveras, have reared their giant trunks before us, stately in their altitude, their diameter of twelve to thirty odd feet giving us an idea of ponderousness which we found it exceedingly hard to realize, when applied to things which receive only yearly accessions to their bulk. We have seen many springs, warm, hot and boiling before to-day, but by nothing have we been impressed as by these Geysers. We are conscious of the fact that we are not everybody. The thing which might make a lasting impression on us, may be viewed by another with almost contempt. We have only described what we saw. We have exaggerated nothing, nor set aught down in malice, although we have some reason for the latter, considering the treacherous onslaught which the great Geyser made on our

life. Our readers are left from our necessarily imperfect sketch, to form their own opinion in regard to them, and we can only say, that we believe it will fall far short of the reality. Many of you who little expect such a thing, may see them yet, and if so, we wish you may have our description by you, for the sake of comparison. We can only hope you may have the same amount of enjoyment that we had. Reader, we trust you have been interested, and if so, we may at some future time, furnish a sketch of some other portion of the great West, which we consider notable. The driver shouts "all aboard," and we are forced to bid you good-bye.

S. S. 1873.

Ere long, ere long the flowers will blow,
Upon the turf that o'er thee lies,
And birds will sing as if of woe
There were no dwelling 'neath the skies;
Again to bloom the hills will wake,
The meadow and the shadowy leas—
The lilies dream on yon still lake,
And murmur soft the summer Seas;
But sweetest songs and brightest dyes,
And days that come and days that go,
And tides that ebb and tides that flow,
To those that rest the turf below
Bring naught of pleasure or surprise.

Thou hast escaped the din and care
That vex the souls of pilgrims here;
The fruitless struggle—the despair—
The longing vague—the haunting fear;
And yet we mourn since thou art not,
Though, questionless, 'tis well with thee,
And water with our tears the spot
Where thou dost sleep so tranquilly:
But anguished sighs and bitter tears,
And days that come and days that go,
And tides that ebb and tides that flow,
Bring naught to thee of joy or woe,
Beyond the clash of hastening Years.

H. L. S.

JOSIAH GARTH.

BY DR. D. CLARK, PRINCETON, ONT.

CHAPTER I.

LET any one say as seemeth to him best, to the contrary, I feel there is a diffusible stimulation and *braciness*, about our Canadian Indian Summer, not felt in any other clime. There is also a unique gorgeousness in our bosky dells which strikes a stranger with admiration and surprise. The profusion of gaudy colours in the leaves of the maple tree—the rich brown of the oaks—and the variegated foliage of all our woods seems to be nature's final efforts to do its prettiest, with the skill of a master, before old Boreas, with snell breath could have his revenge on those frail fabrics of expiring nature. Somebody sings, somewhere, of the glories of the season :—

> "Grandly the autumn forests shine ;
> Rich as the gold in an Indian Mine ;
> A dreamy mist—a vapoury smoke
> Hang over the arches of evergreen oak."

Such bracing weather stirs the sleepy, sluggish summer's blood to a healthier flow. It is worth all the doctors to be fanned with the pleasantly sharp breezes of October. The *wiltiness* induced by the heat of an almost tropical clime, needs a recuperative season, and were it not for this interjacent "spell" of kindly weather, our thews could never endure the *zeroitic* desperation of an intense, savage, and relentless winter. But I do not intend to go into ecstasy, or savagery, over the weather. "Now is the day, and now is the hour," when a poetic frenzy might take possession of me, could my prosaic soul change the tenor of my routine, into a flux of warbling *nothingnesses*, which would startle Tennyson into admiration. In spite of the incentive of glowing landscapes, and all the *et ceteras* of the picturesque, I forbear to rhyme in the namby pamby style of the etherial Pegasian riders of to-day. I'll let that pass ; now, to prose.

I am leaning over a garden gate, which has rickets in its hinges, and rheumatics in its joints. Both arms hang pendant,—because they could not hang otherwise—on the outside, with six feet of body "on end," and semi-circular, inside.

My straw hat of illustrious memory, and suggestive of hot and sweaty associations, has become attractive to a frolicsome kitten crouching in the grass, which finds the huge concavity of my *sombrero* a delightful receptacle for its furry *corpus*, and a good landing-place for acrobative performances. The wood pile is in the lane, rotund and chippy, with the accumulations of half a century returning to their mould, and axes, logging-chains, wedges, notched logs, and two bob-sleighs in the foreground of the picture, as adjuncts to the domestic scenes of—never mind how many years ago. Behind me is a log-house, with slab roof, mud-bedaubed walls, both vertebrated and ventilated. Projecting logs support the roof of a primitive verandah. A cross-bar and buck-skin string do for a latch, and a stick chimney of capacious dimensions is vomiting out volumes of sparks and smoke, whose definite outlines are being formed into all sorts of fantastic shapes. The wooden and sooty pot-hook, which has suffered a sort of *Smithfieldian* martyrdom for many long years, supports a dignified kettle, with rotund abdomen of goodly pretensions, in whose crater is bubbling up savory mush, as yellow as gold. Two oxen are in the foreground, contemplative and ruminative. A huge wooden yoke is upon their necks, and rough bows are about their throats. Their noses impinge upon a rail fence, so crooked that Meander might envy it, in its erratic course, if rivers are capable of feeling emotions, as living things. But I am not a Hogarth nor a Wilkie drawing street scenes, or rural caricatures; I am only a rustic, in an attitude like that of the leaning tower of Pisa, "waiting for the waggon."

I may as well tell the reader who I am, before that lumbering vehicle comes in sight. I'll conceal nothing, lest you might find out afterwards that I've kept back what was important, and hypocritically pretended to make a clean breast of it, when the fluid extract of my biography had been in the mean time locked up in the closet of my breast, where all secrets are supposed to be stowed away in some nook or cranny, and like first-class burglar and fire-proof safes, each chest depository has a key of its own, numbered, bored and indented to suit each patent lock, and no other. (That is a sentence of fearful elongation, but I can't boil it down satisfactorily.)

I suppose I was born somewhere, although were I called upon to give evidence in the matter, and syllogistically prove my identity

therefrom, the process of reasoning would leave me in a maze of perplexities and doubts, as to whether I exist at all or not; and the starting point of Descartes (who seemed to be puzzled, as well as myself, about his being in existence,) "*Cogito, ergo sum*" (I think, therefore I am,) is wrong-end foremost, and is as true in *conversity* as in diversity, if I may be allowed a little pedantry; "I am, therefore, I think." This leaves me in the same perplexity, that drunken Davie found himself, when he came to consciousness after a revel bout; "Am I, or am I not, and if it ain't I, who am I?" Well, we will not split hairs of metaphysical attenuation about such a small part of creation. Let us take for granted, I was born—cut teeth—salivalized—and was supremely conscious of having, in undisputed possession, colic, soothing syrup, measles, scarlatina, hooping-cough, castor oil, and paregoric. Mind, I am not sure of this, by mediate or immediate perception, as I have to trust to evidence, and it is too often deceptive, and what deceives us once we should never trust again. At any rate I can do no better in the way of proof as to my *here-a-bout*, but in regard to the reason why, that is a conundrum, whose solution I give up in despair. I remember trying to count my fingers in a primitive way, when I lay in a cradle with a semicircular head to it, and turned pillars at the corners, shining with the polish of the wear of many years. The rockers may have been round in primitive times, but I am prepared to solemnly asseverate on Ayer's Almanac, or any other equally truthful pamphlet, that the curvature, by friction, had assumed a parabolic,—or, with the aching reminiscences of a juvenile, let me have the satisfaction of writing—diabolical outline. Its irregular oscillations fairly churned into butter the lacteal fluid in my commissary department. Especially was this the case if a primitive lullaby of an extemporaneous character did not happen to put me to sleep within a reasonable time. The maternal "dander" arose quicker than the tide which irritated Mrs. Partington, and beat her in spite of a vigorous use of mop and slop-pail: then the gentle rock was succeeded by an intermittent series of jerks and shocks, exasperating to a naturally perverse infant mind. These were so violent at times, that a Kanaka, if not a "Kanuck," would have concluded, instinctively, that he was reclining on a Sandwich Island mountain subject to irruptions, and whose vulcan temper had got the better of its discretion. About this time, by some mental process, I became aware of having

a body. This was among the first pot-hooks, on the *Lockian* white paper account book of the mind, single entry. Philosophers tell us that our earthly tabernacle is part of the *not me*—the external world. I will not dispute it, because quarrelling with dissentients is their business; but, in humility, let me say, it is a part in which I take a deep interest, and on which I hold a registered chattel mortgage. It is needless to add that when poked in the ribs, flattened on the nose, "bunged" in the eyes, or its toes trodden upon, it takes a savage interest in me. Take me altogether, I am *something*.

The first ogre of my life was the dominie. What an epoch when the schoolmaster first came and "boarded round!" To us "greenies," he was a disagreeable prodigy. "He came, he saw, he conquered," as somebody says; from the elegance of the saying, and beauty of diction, I would asservate a Yankee was the author. He was ugly as sin, speaking metaphysically. A nose slightly deficient, and a face disfigured with scars; one eye gone, and the other looking every way at once, for its lost brother. The hair erect as bristles on an irate hog's back, and the chin and cheeks were adorned with what appeared to be a transplanted portion of the cuticle from the *dorsum* of a male porcupine. One arm was gone, from the elbow downwards—of course—and the stump seemed to be endowed with perpetual motion, when the "angry passions rose." This was a terrible fall to my *beau ideal* of what a schoolmaster should be. I had supposed that such an important personage should always be endowed with great personal beauty, and towering intellect, yet, in utter defiance of my fond imaginings, as regards the former, here was a lamentable specimen of utter mutilation. He walked straight as an arrow into the school-house on the first morning of his arrival, and at once became "monarch of all he surveyed." He was severe but just. He was passionate, but repentant. The normal instrument of monitorial torture was a cat o' four caudals, which lay carefully coiled up, like a boa constrictor, waiting and watching for its prey. It was ofttimes hurled with considerable *vim* at the head of an offending juvenile, who had to pick up the instrument of torture and carry it to the master, to receive the reward of his deeds. Did the "tawse" not happen to be near, and the temper red-hot, the end of the stump of an arm came down on the head of the culprit with a thud, the sound of which made all the school quake with terror.

Ofttimes as he passed me, I have shut my eyes, and clinched my teeth, and waited in horrible suspense for the expected blow. The Damocles' sword, which the gossips said hung by a single hair over the head of the ancient at meals, in order to save the victuals, was the only precedent known before this epoch. I could now solemnly assert, from my recollection of these past experiences, that the computation of that potent arm must have been bad; for the bone, with its incisive power, could be felt on many a scalp. In spite of all eccentricities and passions, and comparative ignorance, the school got to liking him, simply because of his genuineness. It leaked out that he had been a soldier, and had been disabled and disfigured, in the Highland regiment which so bravely assisted to keep out of the Chateau de Hougoument, and orchard at Waterloo, the Corps of Jerome Bonaparte. No wonder his eyes glistened as our mimic snowball battles went on, and icy fortresses were carried by assault, or the storming party repulsed. The ebbing and flowing fortunes of the day were keenly watched through frosty window panes, and I can imagine how recollection would bring up to memory dear "the fell havoc of the day," at the "pounding match," on Morat Jean, and La Belle Alliance, and how the shouts without and cheers within, would remind him of the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of the terrible discords and symphonies of the Belgian conflict. Some of the more inquisitive had seen a pencil sketch of him, in uniform, and the youthful face and manly form were in sad contrast to this remnant of a man. There were no County Boards, nor Council of Public Instruction in those days, and although grammar, geography, and geometry were scarcely thought of in the log school-house, and to go through the rule of three was a Herculean feat for both teachers and scholars, yet, such schoolmasters in those days of rural simplicity, did much to lay foundations of learning, not broad and widé, and deep, but circumscribed and *thorough*, in which is more excellency and less useless latitude. He seemed to take a particular interest in me, and often helped me in my studies, after school hours. One evening as I was puzzling myself with an arithmetical problem, he was gazing at the setting sun. Old Sol was departing behind a glorious canopy of clouds, which were tinged with all the colours of the rainbow, and seemed to be the portals of the celestial city. Yonder were towers, minarets, battlements, glowing domes, iridescent ramparts,

and pearly gates. His face burned in the gorgeousness of the last rays of departing day; and his soul seemed to revel with delight at a scene so wondrous, and yet so common. On every human face are written hieroglyphics, which, when deciphered, read as a part of the history of every individual. "The heart of man changeth his countenance." Here was a face all aglow, with enthusiastic love of the beautiful, burning in every lineament. His blue eyes sparkled for a moment, and then filled with tears. The mysterious past had sprung up in panoramic vision, like a phantom, through some law of association, and the fountains overflowed adown the sallow cheeks. His eyes and mine met. "Well, pupil mine," he said in reverential tones, "she is beyond yon burning sky, and is waiting for me." We sat down on a bench and the flood-gates of his memory were opened. Let me relate his story in my own way, as if he spake it; for emotion made it broken and disjointed. It ran thus.

My youth was far from pleasant. My mother died in giving me birth. A step-mother followed in due time, and a second family. I became the Pariah of the family. Was any whipping to be done? I was the object of it. Did anything go wrong? I was the cause of it. My half-brothers and sisters were believed, in their tales of grievances. My word was never taken. This persistent course of treatment soured my temper. Young as I was, I practically hugged the fallacy, "from one, learn all," and turned into a misanthropist perforce and gradually. The young are always believers in humanity and its goodness, until undeceived by falsehood and deceit. So intolerant became my life, that ofttimes I prayed for death, when life should have been most sweet; but when alone in the woods my natural desires and hopes came uppermost, and longings for the good and beautiful became strong; then would I sing in fulness of joy. The sight of home roused to sullenness my untrained nature, and caused my heart to shut up, with triple locks, its doors of affection and love. My father was kind, but if he showed one favour openly, he was accused of partiality by the she-dragon of the household. The only susceptible part of my nature was in my desire to please him. I felt, however, that a crisis was inevitable. I was the Jonah in the domestic ship, and must be thrown overboard, to bring quiet, if not happiness, into the circle. The world was before me, but I knew little of its ways.

Money was an apocryphal thing—to be desired, but of doubtful usefulness—and if acquired was more ornamental than useful. I felt an innate ambition to excel in some indefinite way, and at the same time relieve my poor father from the scorchings of two fires, between which he stood. I knew not what a poor waif I would become, buffeted about on the resistless waves of a world full of unrest. Repeated acts of cruelty made me desperate. One night I determined to leave the scenes of my childhood, forever. At midnight, unheard and unseen, I rolled up my few pieces of clothing in a tattered handkerchief. Descending from the garret where I slept, I stood upon the threshold, and shed bitter tears. I thought of my aged father, and my only sister, whom I knew it was impossible to take with me. I could see in the moonlight the old red school-house, embowered among a clump of trees, where young associations had been formed. Carlo stood whining by my side as if instinct taught him something was wrong, and no head-pattings would allay his disquietude. My love of locality took hold of my better nature for a time, but the lashings, the heart-burnings and quarrels of past days crushed out all intentions of remaining, and with a scold, which had kindness implied in every word, at the faithful and following dog, I plunged into the unknown world beyond. Morning came, and hunger with it. A savory smell was carried on the morning air from a farmer's kitchen. Tired, footsore and abashed I crept up to the door and asked for food, which was kindly furnished. The good-hearted housewife at the same time directed me to St. John, N. B. There I shipped on board of a London vessel as cabin-boy. Strange as it may appear, what with sea-sickness, rough usage from the captain, and not by any means dainty fare, I was home-sick. O for a foot on solid ground! O for a "square" meal of fresh food! But as the weary days went past and the dreary fogs and weary watches on The Banks were succeeded by clear weather and an open sea, I not only become reconciled to my lot, but took a delight in crawling up to the crosstrees, and gazing in a sort of daze on the tumbling, "white-capped," restless sea. The world seemed so large to me. Morning, noon and night were nothing but sky and water, in seemingly eternal contact. The illimitable waste was in sympathy with myself, in restless, purposeless wanderings. At one time giving, in its lengthened swells, long suspirations and moanings, as if in pain; at other

times "lifting its crystal forehead, unwrinkled of any wind." This poetic frenzy and dreamy moods and morbid reveries got a rude awakening as we neared the British coast. The bald rocks and cloud-covered mountains of Albion were welcome sights; but in the Channel a fearful storm arose. Land-locked as we were, even our veteran sailors became panic-stricken. My fears grew as the wind increased, for I had never before seen such a boiling, foaming, raging sea. Fugitive pieces of Scripture texts, which I had picked up from stray leaves of the Bible, smoke-covered, yellow and isolated, now came fresh and clear as ever they did to my mind. It is wonderful how memory is quickened by approaching danger, and how the *phantasmata* of the past spring into existence, as if by magic. Many a night since, on the storm-tossed deck, or in the whirlwind of battle, have I felt conscious of a supporting presence, be it God, or be it one of the beatified—dare I say my saintly mother? These sudden and startling panorama in portentous hours, show something more than human mind can fathom. Let speculation pass. Everything about us, on the foam-flecked deck, and in the black wall of night, presented terrible forebodings. When the lurid lightnings flashed, I dared not look on the white crested waves, nor on the pale faces of my comrades. The rattling of ropes, the clanking of chains, the dripping yards, the splintered bulwarks, the hoarse hollow sounds of the working pumps, and the whisperings that the vessel had sprung a leak, brought me to my knees. With uplifted hands, I uttered a prayer of terror. At this time the ship became unmanageable; the rudder was smashed to pieces, and wrenched from its postern; the sails were flying in shreds through the air; and the spars were crashing through the rigging, fore and aft. The captain and crew now crouched around me on the deck, on the lee side of the binnacle, as if there were hope and safety near such a youthful suppliant. Some groaned in intense anguish; some in accents of bitter repentance bewailed the short comings of the past, and promised (if saved,) sincere devotion to their Maker for the future; others with clenched hands, and grinding teeth, and savage scowl, cursed in maniacal terror, the day they were born, and impugned, in this darkest hour, the mysterious ways of Providence. A thud against the vessel's side,—a blinding shower of spray, and a rushing wave over the deck, were ominously followed by a death-like silence of human voices.

One half of our little group was gone. A momentary shriek of agony mingled with the cry of the wild sea-mew, and the faint sobbings of the remnant came to my ears, like the spirit wail of a nether world. We dared not lift our heads, for a time. Every creak of our frail craft went in chilliness to our hearts, for it told in its reiteration, our approaching doom, and seemed to wail our requiem, over the seething, briny waters. A shock, which made the vessel shiver like a living thing, told us we had struck. A moment afterwards, my head reeled; stars danced before my eyes, and a coldness ran over my whole frame. I knew no more, until I awoke from my unconsciousness, on the rude bed of a fisherman, who had rescued me from a watery grave. I was the sole survivor of that stormy night. The kind-hearted host was a widower, and had two children. One of them was a sailor, away at sea. The other was my nurse—a maiden of twenty summers. She was not beautiful, so you need not expect me to go in raptures over her. She was not ugly, so it will not pain you to hear her described in a few words, in my own rough way. In stature she was small; the flesh covered the bones well, and left no angularities, like a bag filled with augers, as the outline of some is. The blue eyes were deep as the sky to gaze into, and as unfathomable. They spoke in every twinkle, and danced, instinct with life, passion and *funniness*, in sudden flashes, like "the merry dancers" of the northern sky. And what a laugh! It rippled, and echoed, and rolled to my ears like a well-beloved lyric of sweet melody. Every movement had decision, firmness and grace, which courtly dames might envy. Her truthfulness in word—genuineness in conduct—and unadulterated candour mesmerized. Any one who approached her felt that the casket contained a gem of unsullied honour and integrity. Yet, at first sight, her round face, and general *chubbiness* were not fascinating. It took time to show the worth and mettle of Helen Howe. A Grace Darling never faced perils by sea and land with more courage, and many human lives on that bleak coast were saved by herself and father, without ostentation or parade. Poor they were, as the surroundings could bear witness, and yet pride repulsed all pecuniary advances from many wealthy and grateful survivors. Did I fall in love with her? What a silly question. And silly, senseless moth that I was, I danced round the flame until my wings got thoroughly singed. Her kindliness I took for

more than a tender regard. Her sympathy I vainly dreamed was kindling affection; and her pitying looks, my self-conceit took for love. What a rude shock my pride and feelings got, when, with queenly firmness, dignity and gentleness, Helen refused my offers, and restrained my advances. I was asked never to hope for a reversal of this verdict, for her heart was in the keeping of another. I did not rush to some solitary cave, or mountain glen, and rave out my despair to the winds of heaven. I did not assume theatricals, and threaten a tragedy to her and myself. I did not, like a goose, hiss defiance at her and her lover, and threaten to annihilate him if he ever crossed my path. I felt no revenge stir me, but I knew that an image had taken possession of my soul, and enshrined itself there, where there could be no usurper. I entered the army shortly afterwards. Our regiment was ordered to the Niagara frontier, under General Brock. The Americans were threatening several points for the invasion of Canada, between Lakes Erie and Ontairo. Our videttes lay watching the roaring whirlpool, boiling like a mighty witch's caldron, within its rocky walls. The thundering Niagara was sending up on the evening breeze its hoarse roarings, and thunderings—nature's grand oratorios, anthems and hymnal choruses to heaven, as it had done throughout the cycles and myriad years, before even the days of pre-historic man. I was leaning over the bank of the river, with my musket by my side, in a sort of reverie, dreamily listening to the commingled sounds, and occasionally starting in a fancy race half round the globe, when the crackling brush arrested my attention. The sound came from a cedar thicket growing down on the face of the bank overlooking the river. I brought my gun to the present, and listened. "Hist!" came at last from underneath the ledge I was resting on.

"Advance and give the countersign!" I utter *sotto voce*, for I instinctively felt that the speaker was no enemy.

"I know the watchword of a week ago, but not that of to-night, for I am a scout," said the unseen.

"Advance," I said, covering the spot with my rifle. I was surprised to see, by the moonlight, a boy advance dressed in coarse grey clothes of home manufacture. I ordered him to sit on a rock a few feet away, and interrogated him as to his name, his regiment, and the enemy, but got for my pains laconic replies. When the guard came he was taken to head quarters, and in half an hour

the roll of the drums and bugle-calls, far in the woods, where the main body of our troops lay, told of unusual activity and of marshalling forces. I knew afterwards that the scout I had received into the lines had shown himself possessed of great courage, energy and sagacity. He had penetrated the enemy's camp; had won the confidence of the general officers; learned their plans; and escaped through woods, swamps and ravines to the river opposite Queenston. A canoe accidentally was found by him in the shelter of a rock, with which he made his way to the Canadian side. His information was invaluable, for the foe was at his heels, and preparing to cross when he reached General Brock's head-quarters. Our forces lay like a crouching lion, watching the enemy, eager for the dawn, and burning for the battle. The avenging hour came. The Americans had gained a footing on our soil. Their skirmishers were clambering, thick as flies, up the face of the plateau upon which we stood. The rest of the events of the day seemed like a dream. The pattering shots of the advanced pickets, like the first big drops of a coming storm; the yells of infuriated Indians on our flanks; the maddening shouts of an over-confident enemy; the wail of the dying; mingled with the shouts of our victorious forces. The powder-begrimed faces, contorted with the passions of furies; the roll of musketry, mingled with the boom of cannon; the noble stand of the raw militia, many of whom never heard a hostile shot before, nor saw, until that day, the mutilations, wounds and tragedies of a battle-field. Night came with its horrors, and with it the news of the death of Brock. The enemy, in wild dismay, had retreated, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands. Dozens of them had jumped over the cliffs, into the tops of trees and other inaccessible places. Patches of clothing, and the whitened bones of many of them, I saw a number of years afterwards, exposed to the wind, the rain, and sun of heaven. I was one of a fatigue party to bury the dead, and carry in the wounded. As far as I can remember now, it was about ten o'clock, and a cloudy night. As I was searching among the bushes, on the brow of the hill, a moan arrested my attention. I drew near and found—my God! how can I tell it? A wounded lad—the scout,—a torn breast—a woman—and Helen Howe. Near her lay the body of a volunteer, who was found afterwards to have been her lover. I do not know how, when, or why they came to Canada, nor do I know how the night passed; for in spite

of her undying attachment to the dead lover, in life and death, she was all the same to me. No love like that could ever again be kindled in my bosom for womankind. To be near the object of her affection she donned male attire and enlisted as a drummer. Her activity, honesty and sagacity won her friends, and on that day of her country's peril, when it was all important to know the enemy's designs, she penetrated their lines, learned the plans of the invaders, and doubtless saved much blood, not to speak of victory. Their common grave lies northwest of Brock's monument, a few yards outside of the enclosure, and on the brow of the hill which overlooks the village of Queenston. After this I led a sort of aimless life. Indifferent as to my fate, I drifted along the stream of life in a passive, mechanical way. My duties I performed as regularly as clock-work, to the satisfaction of my superiors, but the pith of existence was gone. I was sent with my regiment to assist the Iron Duke in Flanders and on the plains of Waterloo. I was in the orchard of Hougoument, behind a red-brick wall, firing through temporary loop-holes made in the wall, when my arm was carried away by a round shot. The artillery fire of the French made our position on the right a perfect volcano. We knew this heavy cannonade was the prelude to an assault, to carry this strong position. I saw the shattered arm by my side, the torn sleeve and mutilated stump, but only felt a sensation of numbness. My blood was up, and I savagely replied to the entreaties of my comrades to retire, that I must have my revenge out of the French. It was not long in coming, for through the sulphurous smoke I saw, only a few yards away, solid phalanxes of cuirassiers, with levelled bayonets, charging on our defences. A tier of scaffolding had been erected near the top of the wall, which was about eight feet in height, and a number of our men were firing *en barbette* on the advancing host. I felt the sting of a sabre-thrust in my face as I looked up to ascertain about the struggle going on above me, and was atonished to find that the French were climbing the wall, agile as cats. They were shot and stabbed and clubbed in hundreds, but still the swarms came on. An officer had complimented me with the sabre-cut, and I reciprocated by knocking him down with the only remaining fist I possessed. I seized him by the neck and choked him until the death-rattle was in his throat. I was shot in the face by a grenadier through the loop-hole, and my rage and misery were succeeding by temporary

oblivion. I awoke in Brussels. Victory was being shouted in the streets; the bells were ringing merry peals. Recollection took up the broken ends of its thread, and I knew that "Old Ironsides" had won a famous battle. With the Waterloo Medal and a pension I returned to my native land, and, boy, here you see me, in a humble way fulfilling my mission until the change comes, and I see that face again which I looked upon at the seaside, and which peered at me from under the Queenston cliffs, yet I didn't know her.

He rose from his seat suddenly, for the moon shone brightly in at a four-paned window, making silvery gossamer webs, festooned from the ceiling, and leaving a pathway of glory along the floor. As we reached the door his face was pale as ashes. The whip-poor-will was making the woods echo with his persistent notes. The fireflies were intermittently flashing phosphorescent lights from the swamp, flitting about as if in the mazy intricacies of a dance. Listening and looking, he exclaimed "Happy fellows!" and strode away without a "good-bye."

CHAPTER II.

I HAD almost forgotten that there is a good deal in a name, and that mine is Josiah Garth. It would have been more aristocratic to have had a prefix *De* or *Mont* or *Fitz* sandwiched in somewhere, and to have a sort of pre-emption right to a crest, motto, or arms, which came in with the Normans. Such was not to be, and it is satisfactory to know my parents were not to blame. I had often heard of "blue" blood in connection with the fine *fibred* folks, and was cruelly disappointed, when I pricked my arm to find vulgar red blood flow out. This I could not help, but I often had a sort of mania for "tapping" some of our neighbours, who boasted of high connections in the "Old Country," to see if the blood of such highly favoured mortals were a good standing colour of sky or indigo blue. At any rate, I trace my descent back to Noah, and his not very respectable family. I suppose it would not be presumption for me to call Adam and Eve my progenitors, but they also had a *bar sinister* on their escutcheon—that is, not a superfine respectability—and one of the sons went to the bad altogether. Unfortunately, I am not alone in being somewhat ashamed of the historic acts of some of my ancestors. There's where the bad blood comes into the circulation of the *ignobile*

vulgus, such as I am. The day of revenge for us country bumpkins came, when blue, *versus* red, came up for trial in the sharp competitions of our colleges and universities. The boys in homespun grey, cow-hide boots, woollen mitts, racoon-skin caps, and home-made flannels, carried off a majority of medals and diplomas. I then hurrahed in the back-yard for the common, vulgar, red blood. When I attained my majority, I felt full of the buoyancy of spirits natural to a full fledged chicken. I had lived on a farm all my lifetime, and knew by experience what hard work was—in chopping, logging and cultivating land in a new section of Ontairo. The log-house had not yet been supplanted by brick or stone edifices of pretentious exterior. The capacious fire-place, with a gigantic back-log, and a younger log for a forestick, had not abdicated in favour of the stove abominations. The battened door was a model of compact architecture, fit to resist the kick of a horse or an Indian intruder, with native catapults, and on the hunt for scalps; but panels, polished steel and iron and silver mountings are its legitimate successors. Basswood logs, split with the convexities downwards, and legs of rustic outline and beauty, with protruding obtrusiveness on the upper side, had no prospective *Darwinian* developments, into "canoe" couches and damask chairs. The buggy and "the one-horse shay" were ten days' wonders, the turned bedstead a luxury, and a musical instrument more expensive than a jewsharp, an accordeon or a fiddle, was not to be thought of. If Carlyle's "gigmanity" meant the possession of a gig, and consequently, respectability; to own a melodeon or a piano was judged to be extravagance, or the possession of unbounded wealth and lavish expenditure. Oysters, sardines, prunella, broadcloth, two-story hats, silk handkerchiefs, and all such imported rarities, involved a sort of ostracism, from us "to the manor born," if a burlesque can be imagined on that *rare* quotation.

The *Montreal Pilot* reached the settlement twice a month, and five weeks after it was published. One number did for the whole settlement. The question of priority was decided by rotation, and a reader was appointed, in the busy season, to mount a stump on Saturday evenings, before the "Black Horse," and read the news, advertisements and all, to those who did not know their letters. The postmaster of Hardscrabble carried Her Majesty's Mail in his hat, or in his breeches pocket, and often had to be

"hunted up" to ascertain what letters, and to whom, had arrived in the "clearing," from the outside barbarians. A "local" did the preaching. He was earnest, loving, and well-meaning. Grammar, correct pronunciation, elegance of style, beauty of diction and consistent orthodoxy were not to be expected; but unction, vociferation, *poundativeness*, homely illustrations, startling metaphors and mixed figures passed as current coin, from the heavenly mint, "without note or comment." He had been a pugilist in younger days, before he changed the prize-ring for the church militant. The former bias of mind would crop out, for he often spoke of "getting the devil's head in Chancery and pounding it till it had an eternal headache." "Friends, we must not throw up the sponge, until the sarpint, that pesky critter, is sent ridin' out on our hearts *horse do combat*." At one time he was describing in glowing colours, and burning words, the battle of Queenston Heights, and at last perorated with "we put them to an ig—ig—ig:—licked 'em like blazes." The word, "*ig*nominious" passed into oblivion. He was a good man, and died, fulfilling his mission. Those were the days of doughnuts saturated in fat; of striated pork and sputtering gravy; of porous buckwheat pancakes piled into stratified mounds, piping hot; of salt-yeast bread, light as our consciences, and moulded into the shape of a circular bake-kettle, or the short-handled frying-pan or "spider;" and of butter, as yellow as gold of Ophir, without villainous compounds or chemicals, to put on a cloak of saffron hypocrisy, viz: to appear what it is not, and hide what it is: and composed of the *omnium gatherum* which necessity and experience know how to use to advantage. Books were few, and, like precious ointment, preserved with miserly care. A Pilgrim's Progress, which in the simplicity of budding manhood, I supposed contained a *bona fide* account of Mr. Christian and family. A Shakspeare, with "The Merry Wives of Windsor" badly dilapidated, and *shredy*, and leaf begrimmed with the chimney smoke of several years. A "Boston's Fourfold State;" (to which a fifth might have been added,) a "Pollok's Course of Time," and a "Paradise Lost," all of which are far from complimentary to much abused humanity. My study was a garret, whose cobwebbed walls, rough rafters, and clattering slab-roof could bear witness to the late hours of—not a pale student—but a brown sunburned, swarthy youth in *dishabille*, sweltering in the heat of a

summer night, or up to the chin in bed-clothes, with the thermometer in temper hyperborean, and a tallow candle determinedly running to wick, instead of the "midnight oil" somebody is lugubrious about. In summer when musquitoes are in prime order, spirits, and high hopes, concentration of ideas was not to be thought of, when these cannibals were on a raid: although they might not, like crocodiles, weep tears of joy over their victims, yet they did what was far worse, tantalize to exasperation, by singing with great glee their triumphal choruses, and at the same time making first class efforts, according to ability, to bleed to death, plus torture, the objects of sanguinary attention. The frogs, jubilant and uproarious, with bass, tenor and falsetto, and the musquitoes humming a battle cry, will yet be obliged to advertise for an impartial biographer to write their history, and a sublime bard to immortalize their exploits in Runic rhyme, or heroics. Were I able, or disposed to poetize, and in sad accents quote Ossian or McPherson, when either of those gentlemen sang vicariously, through a bard or hero, in comparison to whose muscle Goliath was a child in pinafore, I might sing "The days which are past—they come before me with all their deeds."

It seems but yesterday since I waddled over the *Pons Asinorum* by the side of log-heap fires in the back-field at the gloaming, and cut mathematical figures on beech trees with a jack-knife. The scars of this early devotion to Euclid remain as a shrine for me, a weary, spavined pilgrim, to visit *semi-occasionally*, and thus renew my acquaintance with the Dryads of that locality. Those log-heap fires seemed like the camp-fires of a mighty army. They were the work of spoilers and forest-conquerors, whose thirst for the life-blood of these giants of mountain and valley has impelled to sweeping away umbrageous glories unsparingly, which a century or more can scarce replace. The axe of the white man has swept them away. Our highways, our fields, our gardens, were ruthlessly denuded of trees and shrubs. Bubbling springs, that were thought to be perennial, dry up when the foliage no longer shelters the fountains; and musical brooks, which beautified the landscape, exhale away in the glare of the summer's sun. Cosy retreats of nature, in the glen or on the hill, where bowers were rich in flowery and leafy glory; and to which I often hied with delight, and saw in animated nature and in inanimate creation the different parts of a grand epic poem, in harmony with the world beyond, and in

sweet accord with a mind tuned to join in the grand rythm and jubilee of those matchless existences,—

> "Forever singing, as they shine,
> The hand that made us is divine."

The mind, revelling in the richness of such scenes, and seeing design everywhere, revolts at the creed which sings:

> "Infinity within, infinity without belie creation.
> The inexterminable spirit it contains
> Is Nature's only God."

(To be ontinued.)

MOSKOVA.

Pierre Jambel, on the third of May,*
Sat on the bench and smoked, cross-kneed,
Red-breeched, one-armed, gaunt, wiry and grey,
Beside the Hotel des Invalides,
And told to his comrades old, and me,
Long tales of the fights and sights he saw,
When the "Little Corporal" and he
Made their retreat from Moskova.

"My comrades," said he, "you've heard me tell—
Some once or twice,—it was snow, snow, snow,
That heavily, night and day, down fell
Till the heavens above and the earth below,
Were one universal winding sheet,—
Pouf for the Cossacks! 'twas not their host,
(A pack of wolves!) that hurried our feet,
But the black and the bitter frost.

"The breath fumed like to a furnace smoke,
The skin was tanned of a tropic brown,
The feet and fingers festered and broke,
Men chilled and stiffened and settled down

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* Napoleon died at St. Helena, on the 3rd of May. His remains rest in the Invalides at Paris.

In their graves of snow and left no mark,
Or gazed at the passers with frozen eyes,
And dead men stood up stony and stark
'Neath the bleak and pitiless skies.

"One night, on the halt, I staggered in,
Bearing a sous-lieutenant of ours,—
A weakly lad, and his cloak was thin,
And frozen stiff with the sleety showers,
For many a man lay down at night,
That never would wake at early morn,
So I brought him in,—his weight was light,—
And he was both wounded and worn.

"I laid him by a bivouac fire,
Where a group of officers there stood
And coaxed with slivers the sickly pyre,
And crouched for heat round the frozen wood,
So weary was I, I scarce took note,
That one spoke to me, was sitting by,
Who wore a little grey riding coat,
And that was"——"the EMPEROR?" "Aye!"

"'Your name?' 'Jambel.' 'Corps?' 'Carabineers.'
'Pray spare me a draught from your canteen;'
I gave it, and scarce could stem my tears
To note he was so haggard and lean;
Avaunt such memories! grim, unthawn,
Ill fortune had come to cry us quits,
The morrow brought Beresina's dawn
And not the sun of Austerlitz.

"When once again, in the hundred days,
I stood on guard at the Tuileries,
Napoleon rode, in the brilliant blaze
Of France's chivalry, grand to see,—
Army on army in armed parade
By princes marshalled, went marching by,
But he reined his charger near and said,
'Jambel, *mon brave?*' 'Sire! it is I.'

"Then with his own imperial hand
This cross of honor he gave to me,
And on my lapel he looped the band,
Where, ever, it rests as you may see,
Sapr-r-rement, comrades! the eagle's flight
Was soon to cleave through the darkening air,
And the sword of France in her might and right,
Was to rouse the foe in his lair.

"All Europe mustered in wild alarm—
I brought off a sabre-slash or two,
(*Bah!* they were nought—) and left an arm
In front of the farm of Waterloo;—
Comrades! some of *your* blood hath dyed
St. Jean's red field, need I more to say,
Save the prisoned eagle heavenward hied
One sad third of the month of May.

"Once more, when returned from St. Helene,
His vieux moustaches the coffin bore,
And I, as one who had service seen,
His cross that he gave, on my bosom wore,
And walked as a mourner all the way.
He rests in France: *I* have nought to need,
But keep my watch with my comrades grey
On guard beside the Invalides.

"And when the adjutant up on high
Shall call my name on the muster-roll,
The little corp'ral will know 'tis I.
In glory as well as sorrow and dole
I followed his fate, I wept his fall,
I gave him my blood, I bore his bier,—
And ready am I when Death shall call,
'Sergeant Jambel!' to answer 'Here!'"

* * * * * * *

Lack-a-day! it is many a day,
More, i'faith, then I care to heed,
Since on that third of the month of May,
I sat on the bench of the Invalides,

And was told this tale by the Carabineer;
And I marvelled much at the curious chance
That the tomb of Napoleon I. was here,
And Napoleon III. on the throne of France.

HUNTER DUVAR.

THOUGHTS ON GREAT CITIES.

BY THE REV. M. HARVEY.

ONE of the most striking features of the age we live in is, that men are getting more and more massed in cities, and that these cities are rapidly enlarging, without any discoverable limits to their growth, and that, from these centres, mighty influences are going forth over the world. In these narrow bounds, where humanity is heaped together, vast social and moral forces are at work. Human nature, under outward influences, is here assuming a peculiar type and development; the physical and moral man are moulded in a certain way, and thus the whole social fabric is shaped and influenced. True, indeed, that, in all ages, there have been great cities; but it is only in modern times, with the advance of manufacturing industry, and the expansion of commerce, that their proportions have become gigantic. The application of steam-power to manufactures, and the consequent enormous increase of production, has given an immense impetus to the growth of cities and towns; has drawn together from hamlet and village, hill and vale, millions of workers, to earn their daily bread in the factory, the forge, or the workshop; and also attracted myriads to minister to the wants or pleasures of the toilers and traders.

What are we to think of these great sensoriums of our living humanity? What ends are they subserving? Are we to consider them curses or blessings? Are they elevating or depressing, in their influences on the human family? These smoke-covered spots, filled with a seething humanity from attic to cellar, resounding with the din of labour and traffic, where the battle of life is fought with such fierce intensity, where thought is so active and toil so terrible, and life, in all its forms, so swift and energetic, what a study they furnish to a thoughtful mind? Amid the

roar of the crowded street, the clatter of machinery, and the blows falling fast and heavy on the anvil of labour, even a poet might find inspiration and materials for song, no less than in the flower-clad vale, or on the heaven-kissing mountain. For these multitudes, rushing along the stony arteries of our great cities, with all their "sins and sorrows," their surging passions, hopes and fears, amid their silks and tatters, and all their extremes of weal and woe, are a part of our humanity on its march onward and upward; and if the poet's imagination could but "body forth" the meaning of all this turmoil, and interpret aright the passions, forces, joys and woes which are urging on the living mass, what a noble poem, inspiring lyric or thrilling tragedy would be woven from such materials! Each of these flitting figures hurrying along the street is a distinct item of our humanity, carrying a world of its own within, and working out a distinct destiny. That sea of human faces, on each of which care, anxiety, calculation, disappointment, hope or joy are written, how they impress the thoughtful or poetic mind!—

> "Let us move slowly through the street,
> Filled with an ever-shifting train,
> Amid the sound of steps that beat
> The murmuring walks like autumn rain.
>
> "How fast the flitting figures come,
> The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
> Some bright with thoughtless smiles and some
> Where secret tears have left their trace.
>
> "They pass—to toil, to strive, to rest;
> To halls in which the feast is spread;
> To chambers where the funeral guest
> In silence sits beside the dead.
>
> "Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
> They pass and heed each other not;
> There is who heeds, who holds them all
> In His large love and boundless thought.
>
> "These struggling tides of life that seem
> In wayward, aimless course to tend,
> Are eddies of the mighty stream
> That rolls to its appointed end."

When we turn to consider the tendency of the great cities of the old world, with all their drawbacks, it must be admitted that their influence was largely productive of good. The best thinking of

the times was concentrated in these cities, where the most cultured minds were drawn together, where education was most advanced, and whence quickening influences went forth. They urged on the car of human progress, and gradually prepared the world for the dawning of a brighter day. More especially by their commercial relations did the great cities of the ancient world aid the progress of ideas and promote human intercourse. Phœnicia, the oldest of all trading communities, of whom we know anything, was long a bright spot amid the general gloom; and from its two queenly cities, Tyre and Sidon, civilizing influences went forth over the world. The commerce of Tyre reached almost every corner of the world, as then known. Her keels furrowed the blue waters of the Mediterranean in all directions, leaving no part of its coasts unexplored, no portion of its natural riches neglected, and rendering a sea, so feared and dreaded by others, a safe and useful watery way. Eastward the arms of her commerce reached the interior of Asia, and the dwellers on the Euphrates, the Tigris and the Indus sent their rich contributions to the stores of Tyrian merchants. From the African desert, the banks of the Nile, the south coast of Britain, the shores of the Baltic, the warehouses of this queen of the Mediterranean were filled with merchandize; and there was scarce a nation on the globe to whom the Phœnicians were not benefactors, and by whom the ships of Tyre and Sidon were not hailed as messengers of peace and good will. Afterwards Grecian power arose, and Athens and Corinth became rivals of Tyre and Sidon, but still benefiting the world by their rivalry and advancing the interests of civilization. But as these cities advanced in population, they found it necessary to plant colonies along the Mediterranean shores. In this way Carthage, an off-shoot of Tyre, rose to be the western queen of the Mediterranean, the great rival of Rome, and Syracuse became the greatest port in Sicily. Carthage, Corinth and Athens all fell beneath the powerful arm of Rome; but with all her tyranny and grim cruelty, old Rome did a mighty stroke of work in the world's progress. Roman armies were the pioneers of civilization, all over western Europe, piercing the forests and swamps of Germany, France and Britain, and laying down those gigantic roads which spread, as a great network, over the known world. Roman commerce, too, was world-wide. In the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean, merchant-ships of Rome covered the waters, and by the

ties thus established, Europe, Asia and Africa were linked together in mutual dependence. When the "star of empire" passed from Rome, other great cities arose and found a wider field than ever for their beneficial exercise. The Italian Republics of the middle ages appeared; and Florence, Genoa and Venice seemed to eclipse the old glories of Tyre, Corinth and Carthage. Civilization was travelling westward, and a young Europe was advancing with giant strides; and soon, on the very shores where once Tyrian merchants had purchased amber from barbarous tribes, the Free Cities of Germany arose, and far outshone old Tyre and Sidon in the skill of their manufactures and the vastness of their commercial speculations. But with the circumnavigation of Africa and the discovery of America, a new era was ushered in. The glory and importance of the Mediterranean were eclipsed, when once a watery highway to India was discovered. It had played its part in the world's history, but now the great human march took another direction. The Old World poured its teeming populations upon the shores of the New; and history opened a new page in her mystic volume.

Thus then the cities of the old world were most important agents in advancing the cause of civilization. They were mainly dependent on commerce for their prosperity; and by linking together continent and island, and distributing over the earth the productions of nature, art and industry, they at once promoted human brotherhood and aided powerfully in the circlution of new ideas. When we turn to the cities of the modern world, we find a marked contrast, in one respect, to those of former ages—we see that their origin may be traced mainly to the genius of labour. Take England as an illustration of this; and it is evident that Anglo-Saxon industry has built her great cities and given her the supremacy which she wields. Manufacturing skill and energy have covered the land with those vast structures which everywhere meet the eye. The Norman Conquest introduced the Feudal System into England, by which the vassals and retainers were grouped around the baron's castle for protection and employment. But very early, industry erected her pavilion and exchange here. The swarthy mechanic who was employed in constructing the proud baron's chain-mail, his casque, his banner and plume, and the trader who was bringing the rich argosies of the east to minister to the idleness and luxury of prince and noble, gradually

grew up into a powerful and wealthy class—the burghers, the traders, mechanics, manufacturers and merchant-princes of England. These have been largely the founders of England's greatness, and the architects of her liberties. These "captains of industry," with their subjects, founded the manufacturing and commercial cities which have now grown into such huge dimensions. Gradually the vassals gathered to these seats of liberty, where labour met with its reward, and grew into independence. Union was found to be strength; and these industrial masses became powerful and wealthy, and able to wring charters, guilds, and protection from kings, and to cope with haughty barons, who despised their birth but were unable to curb their power. Thus freedom grew up on English soil. Every reign gave to its citizens a more commanding position. The power of king and nobles declined, until the town superseded the village, and trade gave the death-blow to feudalism, as the cities enlarged and improved, and were filled with wealthy traders, independent manufacturers, and sturdy workers and artizans.

The great cities of England, created in this way, were the birth places of freedom—the parents of those mighty liberties and institutions which have placed Britain in the van of the nations; and they were all the creations of industry. Where once stood the quiet village or the lonely hamlet, now a vast hive of industry has taken possession, and the whole scene resounds with the forges, the hammers and the looms of industrial prowess. The tall chimney of the factory, pours out its heavy volumes of smoke; the once limpid stream is dark with the impurities of a hundred mills, and the din of a busy swarm of toilers breaks upon the ear. Here is the great manufacturing city, one of the vertebrae of the nation—the stronghold of freedom, in whose condensed population a wondrous might is slumbering. Here thought becomes fearless and independent, and verdicts are given which determine the policy of the Empire. Wordsworth has drawn a fine picture of these social growths of the new era:—

"Meanwhile, at social industry's command,
How quick, how vast an increase—from the germ
Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced,
Here a huge town, continuous and compact
Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and there,
Where not a habitation stood before,
Abodes of men irregularly massed,

> Like trees in forests, spread through spacious tracts
> O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires
> Hangs permanent and plentiful as wreaths
> Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.
> Hence is the wide sea peopled—hence the shores
> Of Britain are resorted to by ships,
> Freighted from every climate of the world,
> With the world's choicest produce. Hence that sum
> Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,
> Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;
> Finally,
> Hence a dread arm of floating power, a voice
> Of thunder, daunting those who would approach
> With hostile purposes, the blessed isle,
> Truth's consecrated residence,—the seat
> Impregnable of liberty and peace."

In truth that social industry, as exhibited in her great manufacturing and commercial cities, is the basis of England's greatness and power, and affords the best of all pledges for the permanency of her civilization. It is the genius of industry that has achieved her mightiest triumphs, breathed into the heart of her sons a spirit of lofty independence, and made them strong both in doing and endurance. It is the same spirit that has made the power of England so dominant that forty millions of British stock rule, at this moment, more than two hundred millions of souls, or a sixth of the world's population. To the same indomitable industry it is owing that in Britain, at this moment, the power of machinery in mills is equal to six hundred millions of men—one man being able, by the aid of steam, to do the work which required two hundred and fifty men to accomplish fifty years ago. This has given to Britain fifty thousand ships, more than a thousand millions of pounds sterling as the floating capital of her commerce, and enabled her to expend, in four years, three hundred millions in railways alone. Had England's supremacy been gained by conquest alone—by a nation of warriors—her civilization would decline and vanish like that of all conquering races, because fighting must come to a close, and can never be a permanent source of greatness. But England's greatness has been achieved by honest toil, in conformity with the great law of Providence, and to this there is no natural limit, and in this civilization there is a pledge of future action. The conquests of labour in subduing the earth, and ministering to human wants, and advancing human happiness, have no bounds, for there never can be a want of more worlds to conquer.

Thus in the world's great economy, in the progress of humanity, great cities have played an indispensable and beneficial part. Wanting them, it is difficult to conceive how the world could have reached its present stage of advance, or how the future is to surpass the present. Without these social ganglia how could thought be concentrated, and opinions be made to show their consequences, and ideas be transmitted with due rapidity? For good or ill, the city is as a mighty electric battery, from which come those shocks that determine the line of action. Here men can promptly meet together and discharge their thoughts. The preacher has not to travel far for his audience, nor have the people to wander weary miles in search of their teacher. All intellectual and moral appliances are here collected and stored, ready for use, and are, by combination, cheapened and brought within the reach of the masses. For good and noble ends the city is a mighty agency; and from it go forth much that tends to elevate and purify our race.

The good, however, is far from being unmixed with evil. The city presents the most glaring contrasts of grandeur and debasement, of glory and gloom, of extreme majesty and extreme misery. What contrasts and conflicts,—what heroisms and failures! The rustle of silk, the flashing of jewels, the pomp and pride of wealth, and close by these, the fluttering of rags, the pallid cheek of famine, the saddened home, the blight and curse of drunkenness, crime and vice. Into the great city all the glory and ghastliness of the nation seem to have poured their tributary streams. You walk through its parks, its galleries, its museums, its saloons, thronged by fashion and respectability, and you are gladdened by the sights of what refined taste and wealth have done to beautify human existence, and diffuse the means of enjoyment. But you have only to step a few yards from the fashionable thoroughfare, and sights will meet your eye which make the heart ache, and raise terrible problems over which philanthropy and religion are almost rendered despondent. In the back lane, in the foul court are savages worse than any in the far-off islands of the sea—dark souls whose objects of idolatry are the bottle or the dice-box, sunk in vice and animality. Humanity, in its most debased and hideous types, is here. The moan of wretchedness, the cry of distress, the stunted form, the pinched features,—what a contrast they present to the glitter and pride which are rushing by so

carelessly! What is a walk through the excavated chambers of Pompeii or Nineveh, compared with an exploration of a great city filled with the stern and awful life of the present! Gaunt and famished poverty side by side with the magnificence of wealth; innocence and purity robed in their loveliest form, and, at hand, shame and depravity in their most hideous shapes; the princely mansion flanked by the filthy den in the noisome court—all meet here in sharp contrast. True, there are churches, colleges, lyceums, schools, asylums for the helpless, hospitals for the diseased, refuges for the destitute, ragged schools and reformatories, but also lanes and streets which are lazar-houses, temptations that are death, dens of riot and infamy where all the foulness of the human heart finds vent, in full-blown luxuriance. In fact all forms of human corruption are, in this centre of human activity, encircled by splendours and contrasted with purities and kindly charities, and sweet domestic affections. The great city is an epitome of man in his greatness and vileness, in his nobleness and depravity, in his fierce passions and tender sympathies —in the strangely mingled good and evil, of this "beast-god." In this great wilderness of brick and mortar, you may meet with the most frightful embodiments of depravity, but also with the noblest and tenderest heroism,—the most beautiful family affections, and amid all the guilt of the city, proofs of beautiful immortal love. Here womanhood toils on patiently, face to face with death, yet preserves its purity; and there poverty shares its crust ungrudgingly with wretchedness still more extreme. Here is youth cheerfully struggling under heavy burdens, that an aged father and mother may be kept from poverty's last resource. The true greatness of our nature shines out here. If the great city has furnished the sad materials for "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Work House Clock," it produced, too, a Hood, with his gentle heart and tender pity, to plead for the unfortunate in their misery. If these hard, selfish streets, where Mammon grinds and toils, year by year, witness some of the greatest miseries and degradations of humanity, they exhibit, too, instances of the noblest tenderness and benevolence, yearning over misery to relieve it and want to supply its need. Thus a little divine light falls upon "The City —its Sins and its Sorrows," and we feel that there is an eye of love watching over all—and that divine wisdom is at the helm:

"Thy Spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this external sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng,
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest speaks of Thee.

"And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast,—
The quiet of that moment too is thine,—
It breathes of him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps."

It has ever been in the city that the moralist, the satirist and the humorist have found their best materials, and gathered their most pointed lessons. For the great city, while it awakens at times "thoughts too deep for tears," as all genuine life does, also moves our smiles. Happily the oppressive realities of life are blended with its ludicrous aspects; and the vanities, the follies and crimes of our poor dear humanity, which might otherwise drive us to misanthropy, are relieved by presenting occasionally their comic aspect. Suppose that we were gifted with the wizard power of flying over the city and, at pleasure, lifting off the roofs, and peeping within,—or like Mephistopheles, could enter every dwelling unseen—what strange, laughter-moving revelations we should find shrouded within these walls of stone! If we could strip off the masks which hide us from one another, and under cover of which we are walking about, would not the difference between the reality and the semblance produce effects too tragic, if not possessed of a ludicrous side as a relief? For, in truth, as Thackeray has said, "We are all marked,—a distinct universe is under every hat and bonnet, and in every house is a closet with a skeleton in it," on which the key is carefully turned. Thus, then, the great multitude enclosed in the city, formed of so many discordant elements, rushes along, restless, toiling, striving, and over all the everlasting skies. Let us hear the great *litterateur*, in his "Sartor Resartus," discoursing from his watch-tower, on the city, as it sleeps beneath, at the midnight hour:—"Oh under that hideous coverlet of vapours and putrefactions and unimaginable gases, what a fermenting vat lies simmering and hidden. The joyful and sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born, men are praying—on the other side of a brick partition

men are cursing; and all around them is the vast void night. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but in the condemned cell the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and blood-shot eyes look out through the darkness which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie around in horizontal position, their heads all in night-caps and full of the foolishest dreams. All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them—crammed in, like salted fish in their barrel, or sweltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others, such work goes on under that smoke-counterpane!"

One thought is cheering amid all that is painful and discouraging in the aspects of the great city:—If there be regions, as there are, where the grimmest poverty, and the most brutal ignorance, and the most awful moral depravity ferment, destroying both soul and body; if there are whole areas in which the honest poor are forced to dwell in houses destructive of health, and breathing an atmosphere reeking with abominations, deprived of pure water and almost of the very light of heaven; if villainy and crime and unnameable horrors stalk about without a blush, and childhood itself is trained in iniquity; still these evils are now at least fully recognized; and some of the most benevolent minds are working at the vast problem—how to meet the poverty, ignorance and moral pestilences which pervade these centres of a living humanity. That it will require years of patient toil and energy and self-sacrifice to make an impression on the terrible evils that oppress us, no one can doubt; but at least the work of reformation is begun. And thus the great city, with its toils, sins and sorrows, still whispers hope for our dear humanity;—

"Sometimes glimpses on my sight,
Through present wrong the eternal right;
And step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man,—
That all of good the past hath had,
Remains to make our own time glad;—
And still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold:—
Slaves rise up men,—the olive waves
With roots deep-set in battle graves.

Through the harsh voices of our day,
A low sweet prelude finds its way,
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.
That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star;
That light, the breaking day which tips
The golden-spired Apocalypse."

SONNET.

UPON the beach I walked at eve alone,
And listened to the moaning of the Sea,
And watched the sails that in the moonlight shone
At the horizon.
Unto me
There came a voice, as from below the waves,
"The shimmering sails will soon be seen no more,
And as we sweep thy footprints from the shore,
Time mosses o'er a world of unknown graves:
And it is well. If men could not forget,
With phantoms all the earth would peopled be –
The ghosts of buried joys their hearts would fret,
A flood of tears, like blood, would drown the Sea.
Rail not at Time, the healer of thy woes—
Like those thou hast forgotten shalt thou at last repose."

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

III.

AT the outskirts of this village, a *gauce* maiden presented me with several fine specimens of sweet potatoes, baked, saying "Farewell, young sir,—think you can tote these yer taters?"

I received the gift with many thanks, assuring her that my heart was swollen with gratitude.

"It is all I have to offer you, Johnny," spoke the lassie, in a musical voice, "for Jeff's boys stole all dad's hogs, and we aint got no bacon, but dad says dog on the hogs, all he wants is to see our chaps whop the Yanks."

I laughed heartily at the remarks of this rural belle. Her dark flashing eyes sparkled with kindly glances as I bade her adieu, and she tripped away, with a gentle smile playing over her winsome countenance. I had a sandy road to travel, with a valise strapped on my back after the fashion of a knapsack. The few people I met in these wilds followed me with their eyes afar off. Darkness soon fell, and on either side rose a dense forest of pine. The hoot-owls screeched superlatively, serenading me along. A shot from my pistol, fired in their direction, caused the carnivorous birds to cease their disagreeable *clish-clash*, and its echoes resounded, bang! bang! through the woods. A fox hound answered with a "bow wow," and darted searchingly among the trees. No habitation was nearer than five miles away, and I was surprised to meet this animal in these solitudes. I coaxed him up to me, and after several futile efforts, was permitted to pat his handsome head. The famished dog ravenously devoured a big "tater" thrown from my hands; lifting his tail proudly he licked my fingers, and followed me, mnch to my delight, for the slaves had informed me that "right smart of bars and wild-cat war 'bout de woods." Now and then I would pass a plantation or a village of dilapidated log huts. Two nights I found shelter in the cabin homes of negroes. On another occasion I slept under the lee of a huge log, and gladdened the eyes of snakes and racoons by making a grand fire. On its hissing embers I broiled a salt mullet, *Bonne bouche.* My canine friend gazed wistfully into my face, seeming to say: "Halves now, Johnny." We both lunched to our hearts content. I poured a *nip* of peach-brandy into a tin mug, and drank "good appetite" to my new acquaintance. The dog sniffed at the empty can and turned his nose quickly away—sneezing. I christened him *Bonnie*; he proved to be a most faithful creature, and quite likely had been the property of some Southern sportsman, who had marched to the battle-field months before, never to return. Bonnie was about the size of a harrier; was handsomely marked black and white, with a long nose, broad chest, and graceful limbs. Among dog-fanciers he would have been considered a beautiful animal.

My journey was exceedingly fatiguing. It was the month of June. Peach trees were adorned with their golden fruit. I sampled a few. The sun's fiery beams almost scorched my face; "my poor feet" were sore and galled.

A thunder shower would often drench me thoroughly. *Sol* would then shine forth, and dry me in half an hour. The air was oppressively hot, like the sultry and heating solano breezes of the Mediterranean. On my way I shot a rattle-snake. It was coiled in the road; I considered its length about five feet. An ugly wanderer he was, and his rattles I bore off as a trophy. They are now within the reach of my pen, and number seven and a half horny joints. This ornament I cut off, after severing his body with my keen dagger. At a branch of the Cape Fear River, I took boat and crossed over a wide inky stream. Alligators found a home in its depths. My oarsman, who was blacker than a polished boot-heel, told me "de alligator knock pig off bank wid he tail, den gush um in he mouf."

The darkey was so delighted with a new song he had learned, that I could get few answers to questions.

"How far now to Wilmington?" I would enquire.

"Right smart massa,"—

> "Oh I am a Richmond soldier,
> I belong to the Richmond blues;
> Some one's stole me knapsack,
> And some Yankee's stole me shoes,
> I'll lay ten dollars down,
> And count them one by one,
> That the next time that we meet them,
> The Yankees they will run,
> Eh-wow, heigh-ho."

I was landed on *Green Swamp*, about four miles from Wilmington. The scenery was of a most hideous character. As far as the eye could reach was one expanse of muddy, slimy pools, and the atmosphere was impregnated with the efflvuia. This swamp was one living world, as it were, of snakes, a hundred varieties, sizes and colours. I walked or waded all the distance in from one to four inches of foul water, through which long black snakes darted in advance of me, as if leading the way to perdition. Sometimes the back of a sluggish young alligator would sink out of view at my approach. There was no want of animation here; occasionally a tortoise or two would lazily flop aside to let the

"lord of creation" by. Reptiles on either side of the highway or rather lowway, beheld me with astonishment, dodging their shining heads up and down like the natives of Siam, prostrating themselves before *their* white elephant. I amused myself firing my revolver at random among them.

Two hours' walk, under a sweltering sun, found me near a railway depôt. On the opposite side of the river stood the city of Wilmington, on a rising ground, prettily situated and handsomely built. A kind of foggy smoke hovered over the house-tops, and on the river's shining bosom were gracefully moored a number of beautiful blockade-running steamers, some of which bore the English ensign, and others flew the *stars and bars.* A steam ferry-boat carried me to the city, and I took up lodgings at the Palmetto Hotel, kept by a good-hearted old Englishman named Bailey. Having letters to the host from Longfellow, I was very kindly received. The contents of my valise, like the clothes on my back, were more useful than elegant. My shabby "fit out" was not noticed, for many of the guests, who were army officers of all grades, wore threadbare grey and sorry looking shoes.

Wilmington and its surroundings appeared decidedly warlike. Thousands of cavalry and infantry were marching through day after day, their bands generally playing "Dixie's Land," or "The Bonnie Blue Flag." These troops were not gaudily attired, and they lacked the dignified step of English soldiers; yet they were as handsome a body of men as ever I had seen in Europe or America.

The draft of $400 that I had received from Longfellow was very slightly valued by me. I felt almost certain that the *Sunbury* would be "cut out" or destroyed, as Yankee blockaders were hovering about Little River with a vigilant eye. I expected that Longfellow would become bankrupt eventually, and had no belief whatever that the New York house—on whom the bill was drawn—would accept it, or become liable for the amount; therefore I wasted few thoughts concerning this asset, and charged it in my mind to *Suspense Account.* My purse contained about $600 of Confederate bank-notes, which were fundable in stocks or bonds of the Confederate States two years after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the *Confederate* and the *United States.* I could not exchange this currency for gold or silver, and it was worthless out of the South. I therefore determined to circulate it in the land of its birth, so I "went through" the "little pile." *A tort et a travers.*

A carriage waited upon me at my hotel door. A saddle-horse was at my call every morning at sunrise, penniless soldiers saluted me most respectfully, whispering in my ears, as a *great secret*, where the *Eau de vie* might be obtained. With my sporting dog Bonnie at my heels, and an umbrella handle for a cane, I was looked upon as a rustic "blood," or, as Captain Shellback would express it, "a heavy swell on a lee shore."

The Mayor of the city examined my passport, informing me that my chances of getting out of the country were few. With a broiling sun overhead, I pushed along through dusty streets—among swarms of soldiers and negroes going from one pedant in authority to another, in order to procure passes to leave the South. I was referred by *one* to *another*, until I almost lost hope. As a last trial, I repaired to the head-quarters of General Whiting, the commander-in-chief of the forces of North Carolina. Hat in hand I was ushered into the presence of this gentleman, after anxiously waiting half a day for admittance. To him I briefly stated my wishes. His reply was short, hinting that he had no power to grant my request. He further remarked that Wilmington was under martial law, and appeared to be surprised that I had not been arrested as a straggler. Several officers of high rank entered the apartment. They were smoking cigars, and talking in undertones about *yesterday's* battle. After a long parley with the general they took hasty leave, and this gentleman told me that he had travelled through the Maritime Provinces, and had not a doubt but that I was a *Bluenose* and British subject. I was bound by many solemn oaths "Not to take up arms against the Confederacy, or inform any one out of the country of what I might know concerning the weakness of the points I had visited." General Whiting then presented to my joyful gaze the priceless pass out of *the South*. Several months after this I was informed that the General had been killed at the battle of Fort Fisher, having received eleven wounds.

A few days subsequent found me and Bonnie on board of the steamer *Ruby*. We had carefully made our way twenty miles down the Cape Fear River, through a channel only wide enough for two ships to pass. On either side of this marine highway, hundreds of triangular-shaped instruments of iron were sunk for the purpose of intercepting the enemy, should they advance up stream. Heavy chains were strung out from the shores on immense buoys. Under

the shady banks of the river were anchored large flat-boats, in which were coiled reserved lengths of cable, so that one hour's warning from Fort Fisher or Fort Caswell might see the powerful barriers connected in a dozen spans. The *Ruby* was anchored under the guns of a masked battery near the sea. Darkness spread over the surroundings. The ground mound or "right arm" of Fort Fisher loomed grimly before us—a "young Gibraltar" of sand. The great guns on its towering heights pointed seaward, towards a numerous fleet of Yankee gunboats and frigates that were moored *hull down* off the coast. All was silent save the murmuring waters that licked the sides of our long snake-like craft, flowing musically by with rippling sounds, so familiar to the sailor's ear. Slipping our moorings, we steamed slowly ocean-ward. After running outside the forts, our lights were extinguished and all hands ordered below, the captain, pilot, and helmsman only remaining on deck. We crept outward with great caution, and after gaining certain soundings, headed up coast for a few leagues, and then directing our course broad off shore opened up all steam. Away we flew through the fleet of war-ships, on, on, how handsomely we clipped the waves! The night was quite dark, and a freshening breeze brought with it a drizzling rain. "Hard-a-port! hard down your helm; steady; wheel amidships; all right again; keep your course." We had narrowly escaped colliding with a frigate on our larboard bow. "Halloo! the Yankees have seen us." Up rises a dozen screeching rockets; darkness, for a moment, gives place to dazzling light; lanterns flash simultaneously over the black waters; volleys from small arms fall harmlessly short of us; round shot and shell scream high over head. Our vessel was exceedingly low in the water. All hands were now piped on deck, for we were past danger, at least for the present, and three cheers rang merrily from the *Ruby's* crew. A good offing being made, the people were served with grog, after which watches were set, the wheel relieved, and we plowed with trembling velocity through the snow-crested billows. The sandy shores of North Carolina vanished from my gaze, and overjoyed at gaining my liberty I whistled and danced half the night. I was on deck, sipping my coffee, at the dawn of morning. The glorious sun rose—

> "Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light."

Nothing was to be seen in the distance, but a boundless waste of cerulean waters. On the second morning out, we sighted the Bahamas. Numerous little silvery clusters, apparently a long way off, suddenly rose before us, from the blue ocean, as if just born from the sparkling and peaceful sea. Charming was the scene; beaches and little coves of marble whiteness, abounding with shells which some *Norther* had hurled above high water mark. On the summit of these isles grew thickly, the shady *thatch*, and among its pithy branches, exquisitely coloured lizards played; chasing each other through the scentless shrubbery, now and then scrambling up the slender trunks of iron-wood trees.

Steaming proudly into Green Turtle Bay, we anchored for a few hours. We expected to meet Yankee cruisers in these waters, but were agreeably disappointed. Again we unmoored, and ran at full speed for Nassau, New Providence. At this city of white, chalky houses, Jalousie balconies, and shady groves, we safely arrived. The sun was sinking in the western horizon, beckoning onward the sable face of darkness. Twilight is unknown in these latitudes. The fragrance of ripened fruit, wafted off shore by the breezes, combined with the air of freedom around, caused my soul to rejoice, and I thanked the pretty little goddess, *Fortuna*. I built castles in the clouds. My future seemed a vast hunting-ground of green hills, pleasant paths, and highways of flowers. I looked upon the world as "my oyster,"—but its shell I have not yet opened—the *pearl* I have not found. *Secundum artem*, I was on deck at the first coming of *Aurora*. Her majestic groom, arrayed in purple robes, appeared above the eastern landscape, his wonderful countenance, peeping through groves of bananas and sapodillas, caused their verdant leaves to glisten like a fairy forest. Tall cocoanut trees rose above the house tops, and orange blossoms wafted their delicious perfumes, reminding me of the odoriferous may-flower. We were anchored opposite Fort Charlotte. Near by was H. B. M's ship *Bulldog*. How proudly she rested on the roadstead. In full view, on shore, were ranged a fine structure of stone barracks, trimmed, as it were, with piazzas of iron lacework. Soldiers, blacker than the coals of Pennsylvania, promenaded about. The bugle-boy sounded cheerily his trumpet, the call for the morning meal. The war-ships piped their blue-jackets to breakfast, and the *Ruby's* boatswain whistled loudly, while our bell struck eight—the signal to "knock off for grub."

The day was hot, the thermometer standing at about ninety degrees in the shade. After sipping a mug of *Rio*, and dining on fried groupa and boiled hominy, I sought my toilet. My "good clothes" were as follows, viz.: a long tailed white coat, that had been given me by Longfellow, a pair of very fair dark broadcloth pants, and a sad looking linen shirt. I also was the proprietor of a black Kossuth hat, and a couple of canvas shoes, of my own manufacture. I was soon fully arrayed, and my entire wardrobe was on my person. After tossing my dilapidated carpet-bag overboard, I said good-bye to the *Ruby's* jolly crew, and was soon on *terra firma.*

Bonnie barked and flew wildly about, casting scornful glances at the low-bred curs of this tropic city. My cash capital was in the neighbourhood of $8, and consisted of old silver coins I had purchased from Southern slaves. I was no stranger in Nassau, having resided there several months, two years previous to this visit. After walking about the wharves and piers, I bent my steps up town, where I met an old acquaintance or two, who appeared relieved to get away from my shabby appearance. Several blithesome damsels passed me and tittered loudly—I suppose at my attire. Perceiving their "innocent mirth," I laughed heartily in return. So poor and penniless seemed my condition, that not a negro approached me to beg a check—three cent silver coin. I felt rather chilled at being, as it were, avoided by those I had of yore mingled with pleasantly; yet I consoled myself with the idea that I had found out the deceitfulness of their pretended friendship, and consequently would shun their contemptible society forever. Notwithstanding my chagrin, I longed for a suit of the "latest cut."

"*Comfort for three cents!*" I observed on a sign-board over a shop-door. I entered, enquiring its meaning. "Pure Havana Cigars" roared an Irishman, who stood behind the counter. I purchased a couple, lighted one, and took a seat under the friendly shade of an awning. I patted Bonnie's handsome back, and his friendly countenance expressed almost in words, that he was a "grateful fellow, and would not turn up his nose at my beef or broadcloth, if both *were* a little 'rusty.'" I strutted up and down the well-paved sidewalks, gazing at superb carriages that conveyed the ladies from store to store. Before their smiling faces danced little fans, which beat violently, without cessation, ninety-nine strokes to the minute.

Bonnie was admired by many of the fair ones. A goodly-sized old dame alighted from her *cabriolet*, and petted my canine companion. Touching his sleek fur with her parasol, she said he was "perfectly splendid." "Oh! my dear Mrs. Bigbug," cried another, "how perfectly awful for you to admire that great brute." Nevertheless Mrs. Bigbug wanted to purchase my four-legged friend, who cast on her a disdainful glance, and I walked away. Entering the lively market-place, I invested in a luscious pine-apple, which was handed me by a *Dame de la Halle.*

"Why, Massa Johnny!" shouted the well-fed old negress, "Why, whar you come from?"

"Well, Copia," I replied, recognizing her, "how do you do?"

"Oh, young Massa, me jess so so, chile, me berry glad to see you."

I found that my father was here, carrying on a multifarious business. I had left his employ in one of the Bahamas, and we had parted somewhat coldly—that is to say, he had condescended to grant me some advice previous to my dismissal from his "parental embrace," and I had considered his views on this occasion as, perhaps, more truthful than pleasant to my sensitive nature. As near as I can remember, he said: "Boy; you had better go now and hoe your own row. You are of no more use to me than two tails to a cat." He then extended me his blessing in corporeal form, to wit: a five dollar gold piece. Again I returned to his "kind protection," after a two years' absence—his only *Adonis*, with a coat on my back that would puzzle all the tailors in London to reconstruct suitable to my dimensions, eight dollars in my pocket, and a sporting dog at my heels. With doubts and fears I hastened to his domicile, which proved to be a large mansion, near the eastern esplanade, or suburbs of the town. The house was adorned by a great veranda of open lattice-work, from which extended a cheerful prospect. Little coral islands rose close by, the sea flowing along their iron shores, surging softly and sorrowfully. Sponging-sloops and wrecking-crafts floated carefully, at anchor, and under sail. Numerous lighters, bumboats and turtle-smacks moved leisurely over the waters. My paternal ancestor did not rise to welcome me. He was lounging sleepily in a huge easy chair, languidly smoking a black pipe. He received my hand. No "robe" was brought forth for me, neither was there a "ring" put on my finger, nor a calf killed that we

might "eat and be merry;" but the hostess—a curly-headed octoroon—presented me with a glass salvar, on which was a goodly slice of rosy water-melon, and a silver goblet of Spanish aquadent.

The Nassau darkeys styled my father "Massa Captain," and henceforth, to the end of this sketch, I shall give him the same title. The conversation that passed between us during this interview was laconic. He smiled at the "build" of my shoes, and advised me to "reef" the waist of my coat. He did not enquire if my financial position was sound, and hinted nothing concerning my future intentions, but with powerful emphasis recommended me to give away my dog, holding forth as a reason that "*it* not being acclimated, *rabies* would most certainly seize the animal, which would cause him to seize some nigger, then the nigger would go mad, and seize with his teeth some screaming wench or mule, or both, and then the whole Island would be seized with hydrophobia."

I assured "Massa Captain" that the *fauces* of my dog's mouth wore a very healthy appearance, and that he was no more likely to go out of his mind than was a soldier-crab to go out of his shell. I vouchsafed him my opinion that any *man* would go mad if he was not fed, and that my proper safeguard would be to give Bonnie wholesome diet, and that this would keep his organs of vision clear and bright.

Massa Captain re-filled his pipe, remarking that the "cur was as useless to me as five wheels would be to a coach, besides," he argued, "you will find trouble enough here to feed yourself."

I felt the correctness of these expressions, yet I was determined not to part with Bonnie. At this moment we were startled by a tremendous uproar in the dining-hall, where my dog was receiving a charge of cats; for the landlady, who was childless, kept seven of these four-legged theives. Grass mats were tossed in the air like 'false hair in a whirlwind.' A large china spittoon was demolished, a heavy vessel of ice-water was capsized, and the hostess fainted in the arms of "Massa Captain." As the old saying is, here was "a pretty kettle of fish," and more noise and confusion than would proceed from a "hen-house in a hurricane." The engagement was soon decided in favour of the cats. Bonnie was severely wounded about the "head gear," and several of the enemy "ranged out of fire" badly "hulled" and otherwise "cut up." I left this house *sans ceremonie*, administering several kicks to my hound.

A brisk walk of half an hour found me near the western glacis of the city. I had intended to seek lodgings at a fourth-class hotel called the Matanzas House; but the music of a brass band drew me past this building, and I strolled into a little park or parade-ground, fronting the barracks and officers' quarters, at which place were assembled a dense crowd of blacks and a few whites, of both sexes. I was soon in their midst, and stood listening to the band of the First West India Coloured Regiment. The musicians were tall blacks. The bandmaster was an Englishman. Several fine selections were rendered, and one familiar old tune reminded me of "departed joys." It was *Auld Lang Syne.*

"Halloo! young Johnny—why—why—where did you come from?" I heard shouted, as my hand was grasped. "Donald Kailbrose! old fellow!" I exclaimed, much delighted. We locked arms, walking slowly away. I found that my friend now held a purser's berth on board of the blockade-running steamer, *Little Scotia.* He had been left on shore *this* trip for the purpose of arranging some private business matters concerning his ship. Donald and I had pledged warm friendship for each other—almost a *prima vista*—from our rather romantic meeting on board his vessel at Little River Inlet. My companion would not accept *no* as an answer, and compelled me to room with him. I soon found myself well housed in first-class private lodgings.

(To be continued.)

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

Sabbata pango; Funera plango; Solemnia clango.
—Inscription on an Old Bell.

With deep affection and recollection
  I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would, in the days of childhood,
  Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder where'er I wander,
  And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
  The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
  Tolling sublime in Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate brass tongues would vibrate—
  But all their music spoke naught like thine;
For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling
  Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
  The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,
  Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
  In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
  Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly;—
Oh! the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
  The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow; while on tower and kiosko!
  In St. Sophia the Turkoman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer
  From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
  But there's an anthem more dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
  The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

FATHER PROUT.

MAURICE WENTWORTH'S CHARGE.

BY CORINNE.

I.

IT was a great day in K——, the last day of July. The little town, usually so quiet and sleepy, seemed all astir. More babies in long clothes were carried through the streets that day than had ever been seen out before. The centre of attraction was soon found to be the house of a young tradesman, whose only

daughter was to receive her name, and be received by baptism into the church, on that cloudless morning; and with whom boarded the young clergyman, Maurice Wentworth, who, though but a few weeks ordained, was apparently giving up his charge at a call more imperative than that of duty, and fading quietly away from earth to join the invisible church above. He had been boarding with Henry Deane ever since the latter's marriage, nearly two years, and when, after a short but severe illness, the doctor had pronounced his lungs unsound, and declared that he would never be fit for work again, and that, in all probability, a few months would end his earthly career, the first thought that suggested itself to the young couple, after the poignancy of their grief had subsided, was that their little four months old baby should be baptized by their friend.

He gladly consented, and still more gladly received similar requests from others in the town; and it was with something of his old, merry, pleasant manner that had so endeared him to his friends, that he informed Mrs. Deane, a day or two before the one decided on for the christening, that no fewer than fourteen others were to be baptized by him, and asked her permission to have them all there on the same day. "You know, Mrs. Deane," he said, "Dr. Sterndale forbids my going to the church, and I think it would be so pretty to receive all these lambs into the fold together. And who knows," he added, in a dreamy manner, "how it may affect their future lives and their relations to one another."

Mrs. Deane demurred. "I am afraid it will be too much for you," she said tenderly; "you will get excited and tired, and throw yourself back, and pay for your pretty scheme with pain and weakness and sleepless nights again."

"No, I think not," he said quietly. "I will keep calm, and rest now and then, and my nights are almost sleepless now, so that will be no change, and indeed I think it will be something pleasant to think about in the long night watches both before and after."

He won her over finally, and then set to work preparing for the important day, by earnest prayer and thought, while Mrs. Deane was preparing for it by making her house, herself and baby, as pretty as possible.

The doctor's approval was hardest to win, but the entreaties of

his young wife whose baby boy was not yet christened, added to the earnest pleadings of Maurice, and the fear that disappointment would be more hurtful to him than anything else now, won from him at length a grumpy consent.

The little sitting-room looked sweet and lovely in the freshness of the perfect summer morning. The spotlessness of the neat plain furniture, the white curtains pure and fresh, and the sweet abundance of flowers made it charming of itself, and when all the company had assembled that the room could hold, and the beloved young clergyman walked in and with a kindly glance and bow moved at once to his place at the farther end of the room, and the fair hostess, with her husband and baby, rose and stood before him, the scene was impressive in its repose and simplicity.

Maurice's voice was low and tremulous at first, but gained strength as he went on with the simple service. Little Lucy Deane was the first to receive her name and the blessing of the Church, and as he took her in his arms and looked down at the sweet little dimpled face, the liquid blue eyes and golden hair, he smiled at the infantine beauty he saw there, and before giving her back to her father's arms he pressed his lips to the rose-tinted cheek and whispered fervently "God bless little Lucy."

Next came the doctor with his great sturdy boy, "George Maurice." Then the doctor's cousin and guest, Mrs. Muller, a young bride of a few weeks, brought the baby-sister, confided to her care not many months before by her dying mother, to receive the stately name of "Katherine." Then followed others, boys and girls, of ages ranging from three weeks up to two years. The last and youngest of all was the child of a poor little widow, whose husband had died from the effects of a carriage accident two months before, and whose broken heart was soon, very soon, to cease its fitful throbbings. The frail little one was brought by her aunt, and amid a sympathizing group of friends was named "Edith." There was a special gravity and tenderness in Maurice's voice and manner in naming this little child of sorrow, and the silent prayer that accompained it was fervent and sincere.

And now, after a general hand-shaking, hearty though quiet, Maurice is left to the rest he so sorely needs, with the parting injunction from the doctor not to move again all day, a command that he was not fated to obey.

Scarcely half an hour after the last guest had departed, as Mrs.

Deane was crossing the hall, she saw an odd-looking, elderly man, with a child in his arms, coming to the door. "Good-day ma'am," he said, in a gruff voice, "christenin's all over?"

"Oh, is it you Mr. Smith," she said, as she recognized in her visitor an eccentric old man who lived with his equally eccentric wife in a little cottage just outside the town, "yes, they are all over. Did you want to get the poor little orphan christened?" she added, looking pityingly at the little boy, that rumour said had been left at the old couple's door a year ago.

"Well, yes, ma'am, I do, if you think the parson wouldn't object."

"I wish you had come earlier. You see Mr. Wentworth is very weak, and he has gone through so much to-day that I don't think he ought to be disturbed again. But come in and I'll see," she added, seeing the disappointed look on the old man's face. "You have adopted the poor little fellow altogether, I suppose, as you are going to have him christened."

"Why, yes ma'am," he answered, with a strange look on his hard, wooden-looking face, "since his own kin don't seem to own him we hold on to him ourselves."

A few minutes later Mrs. Deane softly entered the shady parlour where Maurice was resting in a low easy chair. "How do you feel now, Mr. Wentworth?" she asked anxiously, "very tired?"

"I feel very happy," he answered, smiling, "yes, I think I am rather tired, but I am easy and resting so nicely."

"Yes, that was what I thought, and I hated to disturb you," she said, hesitatingly, "but I didn't know how to refuse, especially after feeling so happy about little Lucy. There's Old Man Smith out in the hall and he wants you to christen his child. If it had been any one else I should have sent them away at once, but this poor child seems to belong to nobody, and I thought it was hard if he couldn't bring it and present it to the Lord. Of course he could take it to some other minister, but it wouldn't seem just the same," she said, with the tears standing in her gentle eyes.

"Oh send him in," said Maurice quickly, "I should like to talk to him very much."

"Old Man Smith" came in softly and reverently, and took a chair near the minister's.

"So you want me to baptize your little boy, my friend?" asked Maurice, looking kindly at the little pale, shy boy who sat so still

on his adopted father's knee. "Is it true that he was left at your door, as people say?"

"Well, no sir; I don't mind telling *you*, but I mostly let people think as they please, and especially now, as I shouldn't like 'em to know who the poor misguided young mother was; she was well known here, and them that were nearest to her least suspect. I happened to find it out by accident, being away from home; and when she went down on her knees to me, what could I do but promise to do all I could to hide her shame, if she would promise me not to destroy herself, as she seemed bent on doing. Well, sir, she kept her promise, and I kept mine. I sent her away to a place where she wasn't known, and went and gave up her engagement for her at the school where she was teaching, and I told her what to write home, and I posted her letters for her, so that they couldn't find out from them where she was; and when all was over I sent her away to another place, and got her a situation there, and not long after she had the desire of her heart and died—miles and miles away from where it all happened—far away, too, from the child that caused all her misery. And her people came and looked upon her dead face and buried her, and went away again knowin' nothing. Poor young creatur'! it was hard, and she so young and pretty. 'Judge not that ye be not judged,' the Bible says, don't it, sir?"

"Yes!" said Maurice gently, and looking with a new interest at this rough-looking old man who had such a tender heart; "and what are you going to name him?"

"I wanted to speak to you about that, sir; my wife fixed a name for him, but I don't want to give him one that don't belong to anybody, just because he's no right to a name at all."

"But, I suppose, every name belongs to somebody," said Maurice, smiling.

"Yes, sir; but how do we know what sort of a somebody, and, any way, giving him a chance name seems doin' a thing without reason; or so it seems to *me*, and I thought to give him mine. He's welcome to it as far as I'm concerned, but my old woman don't seem to like it, much as she loves him."

"What is is your Christian name, my friend?"

"Job."

Maurice turned away with a half-suppressed smile at the brevity of the answer, and then sat looking thoughtfully out of the window

for some minutes, the long fingers of his half-transparent hand playing mechanically with the thick clusters of brown hair that adorned the head of the little boy, who had slipped down from the old man's knee, and was standing by his chair.

"Mr. Smith," he said, suddenly turning to his companion, "let me give him my name. I shall not want it much longer, and there is no one to object—no one in this country at any rate. Let him have my name, and who knows but he may live to do the work that my Master has seen fit to take from me."

The old man looked earnestly at the young face with its unearthly expression of mingled hope and love, and said tremblingly: "It's because He knows you are too good for this world that He's taking you from it. You're only fit for heaven; he shall never forget you while I live. God bless you Mr. Wentworth."

Maurice pressed the horny brown hand held out to him and said faintly: "Will you call Mrs. Deane in now, and we will do it at once."

"Maurice Wentworth," the words pronounced so solemnly sent a thrill through each heart present. There was something so impressive, so saddening, and at the same time so hopeful in the thought conveyed by this act, and in the tone of the young minister, that gentle Mrs. Deane felt a choking sob rising in her throat as she bent and kissed the poor little quiet boy. Of all the baptisms that had taken place that day, none, not even her own Lucy's nor little orphan Edith's, had been so touching or significant as this one, and her motherly heart swelled with pity for the unknown mother who had never seen this day, and for the little waif to whom was being fulfilled the promise, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, *then the Lord* will take thee up."

This day's work was looked upon by his friends as the closing scene of Maurice Wentworth's labours. Of his public ministrations it was the last, his successor having already arrived and taken possession of the modest parsonage that was to have been his home; but his life was prolonged beyond the most sanguine expectations, and each day was filled with a labour of love. Five successive autumns found him bidding a solemn farewell to his friends in K——, ere he took his journey to the sunny South to spend the winter months, and each farewell he, and they,

thought was the last, but five springs saw him back again, and it was not until preparations were being made for the sixth autumn flitting, that he was sent for to take that other journey, so lonely, so solemn, so awful in its silence and mystery.

There was no terror to him in the summons. The years of waiting had not clogged his spirit's wings with earthly dust; they had been ready for flight from the first, and as the mortal frame weakened, the light within burned brighter, clearer. Many times his spirit had fainted within him at the long delay, and he had prayed to be released, yet from the trembling lips and weary heart had risen no murmur; but his prayer was always followed by the words learned from his Master: "Not my will but Thine be done."

And he had not sat with folded hands waiting, but in happy labour. What was more natural than to do all he possibly could for little Maurice? Many would have asked what there was he could do for so young a child; and his answer to such would have been: "At least I can love him and teach him to love me, and that will be something." And, indeed, it was a great deal. The little life, so barren of earthly love, was warmed and filled by the outpourings of a heart naturally warm and tender; and the little sensitive spirit was not broken or warped as it might otherwise have been, not by coldness or neglect, but by what is almost as bad, being misunderstood. Every day, by Maurice's request, he was brought to him; and when he was old enough to be left, he spent the whole long day at Mrs. Deane's, sometimes playing with Lucy, and sometimes with Maurice, who invented numberless little amusements for him, and taught him at the same time precious lessons not to be learned from books.

The eccentric old couple who had adopted him still provided for his physical wants without interference, even to the extent of bringing a can of milk and a little basket of substantials with him every day. Sometimes the basket contained, in addition to the little one's lunch, a couple of fresh eggs, a cup of rich cream, or a delicate little cake for the invalid; and, on these occasions, little Maurice would march straight up stairs with it at the imminent risk of breaking all that it contained, and present it proudly to his friend.

Maurice was careful to avoid anything that seemed like setting aside the claim of the Smiths upon the child, and tried to strengthen it by his gentle lessons on love and obedience. Obedient and

loving the little one certainly was, but his childish troubles were confided, not to "Grandpa and Grandma," but to "Uncle Maurice."

"I do love you, Uncle Maurice," he would say, after telling one of his little griefs, or confessing some childish fault, and receiving comfort or forgiveness, as the case required; and Maurice was never tired of hearing the sincere avowal, and by unreservedly showing his pleasure in it, he taught the child the value of true love.

One day, when baby Lucy was just learning to talk, little Maurice, standing at Mrs. Deane's knee, repeated after her "Mamma," and a few minutes later, in asking for something, said again, "Mamma." Mrs. Deane turned to him in some annoyance, and said in such a tone as she had never used to him before, "Yes, Maurice, you may have it, but I am not your mamma."

The child looked at her wonderingly for a moment, and then, with a quiver of his poor little lips, turned away. The tears rushed to Mrs. Deane's eyes, and stooping over him, she kissed him hastily and left the room. A few minutes later she heard his laughing shout, "Uncle Maurice," and she said to herself: "How could I be so wickedly proud; if that dear saint allows him to call him uncle, why should I forbid him to give me the name that ought to be dearest to him. It's just a foolish dread of what people might say, as if one who was as near heaven as Mr. Wentworth wouldn't know best what was right. His opinion and Henry's ought to be enough for me, and Henry thinks nothing is too good for little Maurice." From that time her manner to the little boy was more tender than ever, and though he never again called her mamma, he loved her very dearly.

Every winter the Smiths went South with Maurice and his little namesake, so the child was never long separated from his beloved uncle, and his little life, instead of being hard, and dreary, and lonely, as it would have been with two old people, who had lived so long alone that they had forgotten what it was like to feel young, was full of love and interest. The influence of one man who lived in such near and constant intercourse with Christ as Maurice Wentworth, of another who possessed enough common-sense to see that there was good material, that ought not to be wasted, in little Maurice, and who had had one sharp lesson on slighting any freely offered affection in the loss of his sister Lucy, who had missed the love, or the expression of it, that should have

come from her only near relative, and had left him to make her own way in the world, and died among strangers, as Henry Deane; of a refined christian woman as his wife; and last, but perhaps not least, of another child, who taught him the sharp but useful lesson of self-denial by her constant demands upon his generosity, Maurice's character was formed, or at least a good foundation was laid upon which to build a character. In the love he bore his uncle a great point was gained. He could not well forget the one who had made him happiest, and in remembering him he remembered much that he had learned from him, and tried with all his might to keep ever in mind the words he had so often heard from his lips: "Remember, Maurice, the thing I wish for most of all things is to have you grow up a *good* man."

II.

ONE stormy evening in early spring, about fifteen years after Maurice Wentworth's death, a group of five young people were sitting or standing round the fire in a comfortable sitting-room in one of the largest cities of Canada. The only other occupant of the room was a handsome woman of about forty, who was seated at the piano playing softly, as if to pass away the time, and leave the others to enjoy their conversation freely. Four of the number were evidently old friends from their familiar use of Christian names and the ease with which they conversed. The fifth was a young lady who had lately arrived and had not yet found her depth, and the others were endeavouring to sit her at her ease.

"You know we are not strangers," said one that they called Katie, kneeling down on the rug and laying her arm on the young girl's lap, "you have met us all before."

"Yes, so I have, all but Mr. Wentworth," she said smiling, and raising her dark eyes to his face, "you know he was—

"My dear child," interrupted Katie in a mock-serious tone, "nobody is Mr. or Miss here; you are Edith and I am Katie, and that very proper young lady over there is Lucy, otherwise Sister Placidia; this is Maurice and that boy is George, who, I may as well inform you, is the one that does all the mischief in this house."

"Oh Katie!" said the lady at the piano, in a tone of quiet amusement.

"Oh, I should have told you too, that Sister is the only one who gets her title because it's necessary to remind her that she isn't a young girl now, and mustn't 'carry on' any more."

"So now you are introduced properly," said Maurice after the laugh that Katie's last remark raised had subsided, "and how strange it seems to think of our meeting again after so long. I always forget that I was not present through it all, I only remember that I was one of the sixteen baptized that day. I wonder what is become of the other eleven. What interesting stories we should be able to tell each other if we ever all met."

"What a queer-looking lot we must have been that day," said George Sterndale. "I can just fancy myself dressed in a long white gown, or whatever you call it, with a very red face, a cast in my eye, and no hair to speak of."

"Well, you are not so very beautiful now," said Katie, looking as if she thought he had cherished a belief that he was, and that it was her duty, as his friend and cousin, to undeceive him.

"You are none of you at all like what I pictured to myself," said Edith, "except Mrs. Miller; she is something like what I fancied she would be, but perhaps that is because Auntie described her to me so often. We used to talk of you all, and wonder about you many times; but I little thought we should meet again, even so many of us, as we are."

Edith's subdued tone in speaking of her aunt, and her black dress, speak for themselves. She is now trebly orphaned by the death of her aunt, who had, in a measure, supplied the place of her mother for so many years. On her death great changes took place in the family, and Edith felt that she had no longer a home with her cousin, and having sufficient means of her own, she decided on coming to the city and gratifying a long-cherished ambition to perfect herself in music and singing. Before putting it into practice, she paid a visit to her native place, and there heard of Mrs. Miller as a highly esteemed music teacher. She immediately decided on going to her, and looked forward with greater pleasure to her sojourn in the city, on hearing that Lucy Deane, Maurice Wentworth and George Sterndale were all boarding with Mrs. Miller, while they pursued their various studies; and a week later found her domiciled beneath the same roof.

A few words will be sufficient to define the position of the other four. Maurice, in whose heart the seed sown in early childhood,

and fostered by loving care and faithful prayers, had sprung up a strong and vigorous plant, was studying for the work his dearest earthly friend had left to him as his legacy, the ministry. Poor old Job Smith and his wife had been dead several years. They had tenderly cared for him to the last, and had bequeathed to him a sufficient sum of money to carry him well through his studies. If Maurice Wentworth could see from his spirit home the boy he had helped to train, his heart must have rejoiced in the fruits of his labours. It seemed as if he had left him something of himself besides the name. There was the same delicacy of perception, the same tender consideration for all suffering and misguided humanity, and above all, and at the root of all, was the same living, unquenchable faith, the faith in a righteous Judge, an all-sufficient Saviour, and a loving Father.

But, happily, in the younger Maurice there was a stronger organization, and a greater natural fitness for the arduous task he had chosen. In appearance he was attractive, without being decidedly handsome. There was more the idea of strength than beauty conveyed to a casual observer in his well-built frame and manly, sensible face; but there were both strength and beauty in his frank, beaming smile and his dark hazel eyes; and at any rate no one who knew him well ever thought it worth while to raise the question whether he was handsome or not.

George Sterndale, his friend and room-mate, was what is generally called a "real jolly fellow," full of life and fun, kind-hearted too, but to all who took an anxious interest in his future, exceedingly unsatisfactory. He had either not decided or would not tell what profession he was studying for, and there was nothing but his love of drawing to induce the belief that he would choose art. Katie prophesied a brilliant future for him—she said that if he honestly followed the natural bent of his mind and chose the career he was most calculated to shine in, he would be travelling showman of a circus and menagerie.

Lucy Deane, who had fulfilled the promise of her infancy, in appearance, and had grown into a fair, pretty, placid girl, an industrious girl too, and very fond of order and good management, had taken it into her head to be a teacher of music, and by steady application had mastered all that Mrs. Miller could teach her, and was now attending classes and choral societies, and taking lessons of a celebrated professor of vocal and instrumental music.

If any one had asked Katie what she was, and what she hoped to be in the future, when she was in a serious mood, she would have answered at once to both questions, "Nothing." Mr. or Mrs. Miller, if asked the same question, would have said (in her absence) that she filled the place of a daughter to them, they having no children, and that she was the sunbeam of the house. She was a tall, slight girl, not handsome, like her sister, but with something of the same grace, and a winning manner that was worth more than mere beauty. She was her sister's pupil, too, and a very refractory one, not at all likely to create a sensation by her musical abilities, but bidding fair to make a decidedly attractive member of society without any accomplishments at all.

"Well," said Mrs. Miller, rising from the piano late in the evening, when the snatches of talk at the fireside had died away gradually into silence, "Mr. Miller won't be home to-night. He said we were not to wait after ten, as it was very probable he should stay until morning; so we may as well prepare to go to bed. Lucy, will you choose a hymn and play for us?"

Lucy rose, and going to the piano chose a favourite hymn, and softly played it over. All the circle joined in singing it, and then they knelt down and Maurice prayed.

Edith thought she had never heard such a prayer before. With the opening words he seemed to lead them all straight into the presence of his Father, to whom he spoke as if face to face, as he commended them to His care. Katie often said that it would be impossible for one's thoughts to wander when Maurice was praying, for one felt that every bit of it was for one's self; and Edith felt, before she rose from her knees, that the Everlasting arms that seemed to encircle them all, had been opened and extended afresh to her. She was glad, when they arose, that they immediately began to separate for the night.

"Good night, dear," whispered Katie, kissing her warmly. "I wish we were going to have the same room; but Lucy seemed so lonely when she first came, that I asked her to sleep with me, and I can assure you she is raising quite a bump on my head."

"A bump!" said Edith, looking up at her head in some wonder.

"Oh, yes!" said Katie, shaking it solemnly; "the bump of order, or whatever means that in phrenology. I am getting so neat, you can't think, sister had given me up in despair long ago,

and now I nearly always know where to look for anything I want. Oh, Lucy's an awful pattern girl! I hope you'll be afraid of her, that I may have a companion in misery."

"Good night!" said Lucy, in her perfectly composed and lady-like voice, simply shaking hands, as she followed Katie out of the room.

"Well my dear," said Mrs. Miller when she had accompanied Edith to her cheerful little bedroom, and was taking leave of her for the night, "do you think you will like us well enough to feel at home?"

"I am not given to sudden affections Mrs. Miller," said Edith putting one hand on her new friend's shoulder, "but I am sure I shall love you, and I seem to have known and loved Katie all my life."

It took Edith but a few days to fit into the "family circle" for such it seemed to be, at Mrs. Miller's. All the household "took to her" at once, Lucy only excepted. She seemed unable to make room in her heart for another friend, and could not love though she was constrained to admire her. Katie found to her great delight that Edith was every whit as orderly as Lucy without seeming the least bit of an "awful pattern girl," and at the same time there was an endless store of fun hidden under the quiet, modest exterior. It soon got to be very well known that when Katie and Edith got their heads together there was mischief brewing, and before the latter had been in the house three weeks both Katie and George had exclaimed twenty times, "I wonder what we did with ourselves before Edith came, for fun."

And the studies for which she came to the city were by no means neglected. So far from that, indeed, she soon became the delight of her teacher. Though Lucy kept the palm for correctness of detail and rapid acquisition, Edith soon became the favourite for household music. She seemed to interpret the composer's very thoughts, and Mrs. Miller soon began to notice that though Lucy could spend half the evening playing her most exquisite pieces, and every one would go on with their reading or sewing just the same, yet the moment Edith sat down to the piano, every one seemed to grow tired of their own occupations, and to feel that the time had come for them to enjoy music and nothing else, and two or three at least of the party would be leaning over the instrument, eagerly drinking in every note; and

that Lucy became very dissatisfied with her own pieces and songs, and was constantly changing, while if Edith played and sang the same, every evening for a week, neither she nor her listeners were the least bit tired of them. All this did not tend to make Lucy love her. No matter how she might try to conceal it from herself, she was jealous of Edith, and, but that she would not leave her undisputed mistress of the field, she would have gone away long before the end of the summer.

The autumn brought changes to the young students. Late in September it became necessary for Maurice to pay a visit to the States. He went away one stormy day at noon, and about an hour before he started, he was standing at the hall window looking out at the rain, when Edith came down the stairs singing softly to herself. He turned from the window, and meeting her at the stair-foot, drew her silently into the library, and shut the door.

"Edith," he said, speaking eagerly and unlike his usual manner, "I have received a pressing invitation from the people in K—— to come there next summer. It would be a pleasant field to work in, a much more profitable one than I expected to get, or than I should have chosen for myself, but I want you to come with me."

He stopped abruptly, and, holding her hand tightly between both of his, stood breathlessly waiting for her to speak, half frightened at having said so much in so few words.

"Me, Maurice!" said Edith, in a bewildered way.

"Yes, Edith, you. Can you? If I could tell you how I love you—but that would make no difference, unless you could love me. And love my work, too," he added.

"Oh, Maurice!" said Edith, in a low voice, after a long pause, "I am not good enough."

"Not good enough for what, dearest?" asked Maurice, drawing her close to him, and turning her blushing face towards his own. "If you mean for the work, why no one is good enough, if it were their own goodness they had to depend upon."

"But I am not good enough for you, Maurice," she whispered.

"Is that the best answer you can give me?" he said, smiling and bending his face down to her's. "I cannot go away satisfied with that, because I cannot, in the least, see the truth of it. You must give me something more. Come, love."

"I will try," she said, with a great effort. "I'll try to be good, Maurice." And then there was a softer whisper, which, though

scarcely enough to stir the air, sent an electric thrill through Maurice's frame, and tightened the clasp of his strong arms around her.

"I was going to write to you, Edith," he said, when, after a long silence, she gently drew herself away from his embrace, and wiped the happy tears from her eyes. "I thought I could tell you better that way, but I am glad I changed my mind. I would not have missed that little whisper for a great deal."

A few more happy moments followed, and then Maurice was gone; and Edith ran up to her room, and locking the door, fell on her knees, murmuring to herself, "Oh, what happiness; can it possibly be real?" and praying by turns for Maurice, that he might be brought back safely, and for herself, that she might be made worthy of him. It was getting on in the afternoon before she appeared in the parlour. Mrs. Miller was sitting there alone sewing, and after peeping cautiously around, Edith knelt down on the rug beside her, exclaiming, "I am so glad you are alone; I want to tell you something. Oh, Mrs. Miller, you don't know what a beautiful thing has happened."

"Don't I!" said Mrs. Miller, laying her hand caressingly on the pretty head that was laid down on her lap. "Perhaps I can guess. Isn't it that some one thinks Edith Arden would make a dear little minister's wife, and wants her to go to K—— with him next summer?"

"Oh, how did you know? But oh, you can't think what beautiful words he said to me."

"How do you know I can't," said Mrs. Miller, with a look of sweet recollection coming over her face, "perhaps I heard words just as beautiful, long ago."

"Yes, I think you did," said Edith, raising her head, "and I think that was why I wanted to tell you first. But how did you know, Mrs. Miller?"

"I didn't *know*, my dear, but I could see how things were likely to go, especially when Maurice told me about the invitation he had to go to K——, and I saw the look of mingled hope and doubt on his face, I felt sure then that you had the power in your hands of deciding that question for him."

"I am afraid Lucy will feel badly about it."

"Lucy? Why?"

"I don't think she will think me good enough for Maurice."

"Well, my dear, if Lucy feels badly, and I think you are right in supposing she will, you cannot help it. This is a case where it is right that you should consult your own happiness first of all. Yes, first of all," she repeated thoughtfully, "for if you were not happy, you could not make him so."

Edith was right in supposing that Lucy would "feel badly" about her engagement to Maurice. She felt it bitterly. Long after Katie was asleep that night, she lay turning it over and over in her mind.

"What can Maurice see in her!" she wondered; "he must be bewitched. I might have guessed it from the way he watched her, and listened to her, all the summer, only I never imagined that she, a stranger, could come between two who had known each other from infancy. What can she do that I cannot do just as well? except, perhaps, convey ideas that I should never see, in some of her songs and pieces of music; and if it is her face, well! there's no accounting for taste, people say, for I am sure no one could truthfully say that her face is as pretty as mine. There is no use in pretending not to know what people have told me so often. Well, whatever it is that has attracted him, he will soon find that Edith is very unfit for a minister's wife, and, I dare say, she will change her mind before long."

Edith's studies were very much broken into a day or two later by the arrival of her first love-letter. It was a beautiful letter—so full of the joy with which the writer had received this precious gift of a woman's love. There was but one thing in it that Edith did not like to read: it was the self-reproach that Maurice expressed at having declared his love before he clearly made her acquainted with his history.

"I feel sure now, dearest," he said, "that it would not have changed your answer; but I did intend asking Mrs. Miller to tell you the story of my life as far as I know it myself, and then writing to you to ask if you would make the future of it very happy, but when you came down stairs that day, I felt that I could wait no longer."

"I know that he is the noblest man on earth," thought Edith, "and what more do I want to know?" And she felt half indignant with Maurice himself for his half-expressed acknowledgment of inequality between them. The letter concluded with the fondest expressions of his love, and the happy girl felt thankful that she

was alone and undisturbed in the enjoyment of it. She was so long shut up in her room, that Katie came at last to call her to luncheon, and when Edith opened the door to her the two loving girls threw their arms around each other, and after a hearty embrace went down to the dining-room, feeling very happy indeed.

"Edith," said Katie, bursting into the parlour one afternoon, a week or two after Maurice went away, "I want your help. That abominable George has tormented me so all the week, that I can stand it no longer. Every bit of forbearance I possessed is used up, and I must pay back some of his impudence or else I shall go crazy. What can I do? Come up to his room and help me. He's out now, and won't be back for an hour at least."

"What do you think he did to me this afternoon," she went on, as they ran upstairs to the little study George shared with Maurice. "You know I lay down on the sofa in the dining-room, and went to sleep, I was so tired, and when I woke I remembered something I ought to have done in the kitchen, and jumped up and ran out, and the first thing I knew Louisa screamed out, 'Oh Miss Katie what *have* you done to yourself,' and laughed until she nearly went into a fit, and when I looked in the glass, there was my face painted all the colours of the rainbow, and the most elaborate devices you can imagine. Now that's unbearable you know."

"Yes, I should think it was," said Edith in a sympathizing tone, "but you shall have your revenge my long-suffering Katie. Come, we must fasten the door and light a lamp, and then proceed to action."

"The thing is what to do," said Katie after slowly surveying the room, "I have sewed up the sleeves of his coat, and stuffed the toes of his slippers so many times."

"Oh yes, I think he is always prepared for such things as those," said Edith thoughtfully. "But there's the very thing Katie. Let us finish his picture for him," she exclaimed as her eye fell on one that stood on the easel.

It was the pencilled head of some celebrated old divine of benevolent and saintly aspect. The head was partially bald with a fringe of silvery hair falling on the shoulders.

"How can we do it?" asked Katie in a half-breathless whisper, as Edith took up a pencil.

"I'll show you," she said.

She was rather clever at drawing, and in a short time had adorned the good man's upper lip with a small black moustache, that curled wickedly up on his cheeks, and this, with a few touches about his eyes, imparted a Mephistophelean expression to his venerable countenance. The work was scarcely done when George was heard trying to open the door. Finding that this was impossible, and that he received no answer to vigorous knocks, he went away, and the girls thought he was awaiting their pleasure until the window, which opened on the flat-roof of the back drawing-room, was suddenly raised, and he sprang in. Then, what a screaming and scampering ensued.

(To be continued.)

ELSWITHA.

BY MARY BARRY.

I.

Elswitha knitteth the stocking blue,
In the flickering firelight's glow;
Dyed are her hands in its ruddy hue,
And it glints on the shining needles too,
And flushes her cap of snow.

II.

Elswitha dreameth a waking dream,
As busy her fingers ply;
And it lights her eye with its olden gleam,
For the world seems now as it used to seem,
And the things far off are nigh!

III.

The things far off in the lapse of years,
Dead faces and loves outgrown;
Oh, many a form at her side appears,
And many a voice in her soul she hears,
And many a long hushed tone.

IV.

For Memory walks through her halls to-night,
A torch in her lifted hand;
And lo! at the sound of her footsteps light,
They shake them free from the dust and blight,
And trooping around her stand.

V.

Bright curls of auburn and braids of brown,
With the sunlight sifted through,
And foreheads white as the hawthorn's crown,
And garlands fresh as when last thrown down,
Ay, fresher in scent and hue!

VI.

They come from aisles of the buried past,
From the faded long ago,
From sepulchres old and dim and vast,
They come, with their grave-clothes from them cast,
To stand in the firelight glow.

VII.

And weird is the charm they weave, I trow—
Elswitha is young and fair,
Gone are the furrows and tear-stains now,
Gone are the wrinkles from hand and brow,
The silver from shining hair.

VIII.

Gone are the years with their heavy weight,
(And heavy the years had grown)
For Love hath entered the lists with Fate,
And Memory needeth nor name nor date,
For Memory knoweth her own!

IX.

"*Now haste thee, Dame, for the fire is low,*
And the good man waits his tea;"
Back to their tombs do the phantoms go,
And dark and deep do the shadows grow,
But Elswitha smileth—her dream to know,
NOT A DREAM—BUT A PROPHECY!

St. John, N. B

Scrapiana.

MY GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

A GOOD many years ago, when I was a shade taller than our big kitchen-table, after the tea things were all removed, an old time-worn arm-chair, that had borne the weight of three successive generations, with my grandfather seated cosily on its faded cushions, would be rolled up before a cheerful fire, that shed a ruddy glow on many faces long since vanished. Before his stories he used to enjoy the soothing influence of a pipe, grown black and dry from constant use: if the whiffs were long and of great volume, the coming tale would be of very serious and marvellous character, but if they came in quick and rapid succession the subject would be very amusing and provocative of great mirth. He was thus sitting one evening—his body bent slightly forward, his elbow resting on his knee, and his eyes fixed thougthfully on the fire. After leisurely knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and looking around on the expectant faces with a patronizing smile, he began a story, to which I have attempted to do justice in the following:

Some few months after his marriage, affairs of a very pressing nature called him to the adjoining town. Early on the morning of his departure, he was astir; and long before his usual hour of rising, he had left the paternal acres miles behind. The rain, which threatened to fall during the greater part of his journey, now, on his approach to the town, came down in good earnest, and with a doggedness and determination that promised to continue all day. Towards evening, having finished his business, he adjourned to a neighbouring public house to wait a favourable change in the weather. In the tap-room he met a number of old friends, who wouldn't hear a refusal, so drew him by force into a private parlour, where the rest of the party were assembled, whose smiling faces and hearty greetings soon drove all thoughts of home out of his head. On a circular table, in the centre of the room, stood a punch-bowl of capacious dimensions, from which a rich steam, fragrant with the mellow odour of a peculiar concoction, was floating slowly to the ceiling. A large turf fire on the wide, open hearth, making the oaken panels shine and glitter brightly, roared

and crackled and vied for mastery with the wind that howled drearily without. Here he remained, the punch-bowl was emptied and re-filled, the wind shrieked, the fire burned with a brighter glare, the rain pelted incessantly against the windows, and still the carouse knew no abatement. At this stage of the proceedings my esteemed grandsire began to grow uneasy, and to think how anxious his young wife would feel at his delay. At length, taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, while the rest of the party were engaged in a noisy discussion about some trivial matter, he slipped noislessly from the room, hastly donned his great coat in the hall, issued from the house, and was some distance on his way home before the noisy revellers within were aware of his departure. Buttoning his coat closely about him, he kept the middle of the road, and walked rapidly as if to keep pace with the excited feelings that surged through him, while the hot blood swelled his veins and tingled at his very finger ends. These unusual symptoms he attributed to the rapid manner in which he left the house, and the brisk way he moved along the road, but when I reflect on it, the deep potations of hot punch had a great deal to do with it. The rain had now ceased, and the moon was shining brightly as he gained the summit of a hill that commanded a distant prospect of the town, though thick black, heavy clouds were scudding overhead, at their wildest rate. The tombstones away down in the valley, in the uncertain moonlight seemed like unearthly shadows flitting through the trees; further on stood the grim old Abbey, throwing out its irregular shadow across the moonlight sward. All this state of things my grandfather paused to notice, though he was familiar with the same from infancy, and as he passed the burying ground muttering a hasty prayer, and whistling, no doubt to keep his courage up, he could see the very tree under whose peaceful shade reposed the venerable remains of his forefathers for generations back.

After abruptly turning an angle of the road that led by the Abbey, my grandfather, feeling a little fatigued, and rendered somewhat unsteady, no doubt by the high wind blowing at the time, turned off the road and stepped inside the Abbey grounds through a broken fissure, and took a seat on a large stone that was formerly part of the wall, from which he could see, though indistinctly, frightful emblems of mortality scattered about. The longer he sat, the more his thoughts wandered to bygone days,

when the Abbey walls resounded with the midnight chants of the monks, when travel-stained pilgrims from distant countries came to pray at the shrines, when the holy men who dwelt there were noted for their great piety, and their cloisters were the sacred founts of literature. He had heard how the Abbey was the favourite burial-place of the inhabitants for miles around, not from its peculiar sanctity but from the general desire of the people to have their remains deposited amongst the friendly dust of their kindred—in this way it became one vast store-house of the dead. Of the sparkling eyes, noble forms and busy brains that once teemed with thoughts as various and ambitious as those then living, naught remained but the gaping sockets, bleached bones, and the ghastly semblance of skulls, as they lay piled in one undistinguishable heap, with rotten boards, that once were coffins, strewn around.

From dwelling on these reminiscences of departed glory, the unnatural stillness, by impreceptible degrees, captivated his senses and lulled him to repose. How long he remained in this condition he could not say, but when he awoke, what a transformation! The rank grass, creeping ivy, and even the very ruin itself had disappeared. Before him stood the Abbey in all its ancient splendour. The whole building was alive with twinkling lights, flashing out in illumined colours through the stained windows, and relieving the darkness of its sombre hue. Old people, people of all ages, were springing up on all sides, and pouring in through the wide portals of the Abbey, whence streamed a flood of light of supernatural brilliancy, while the deep tones of the organ, together with the low and measured psalms of the monks, mingling with the sonorous clang of the large bell in one of the turrets, were wafted over the calm surface of the lake, awakening the silent echoes of the hills, and summoning the pious devotees to prayer. My grandfather was often shouldered, jostled, and pushed aside by crowds, every moment increasing, and at length carried with a rush bodily in. Here the ceaseless hum of prayer floated in harmonious whispers through the high and spacious arches. Prelates on the high altar wore vestments that shone resplendent with brilliants of the purest water; assistant monks were flitting about, preserving a religious silence; incense was floating from burning censors upwards to the vaulted ceiling, and hanging like a canopy, seemed, through the intensity of the light, tinged with a golden hue, like clouds at

sunset. But what now drew his attention was the mode and variety of costume, as, like wave after wave, generation succeeded generation, entered, knelt down, and vanished. He remained standing near the entrance, amazed and undetermined what to do. Leaning against a pillar a few paces distant stood an old man of a benevolent and commanding appearance: his face, though deeply furrowed by time, bore unmistakable signs of former fire and vigour; a long and very gray beard flowed half way down his waist, which he stroked from time to time in a very patriarchal manner; his tall form was clothed in garments of a cut entirely unknown to any fashion of gentlemen's wear in these days, and from his whole bearing one would take him to be some old Hebrew prophet, attending in person to review this long array of ghostly shadows. My grandfather was never remarkable for his modesty, so calling up all the reverence and awe of his features, and with a prefatory cough to attract the old man's attention, he thus accosted him:

"Reverend father, for such I take you to be, permit a trembling mortal to ask what means this extraordinary gathering; my senses are so bewildered that I scarce know where I stand."

"My son," replied the old man in a voice merely audible above the swelling notes of the organ, "My son, your curiosity is very natural though out of place in a sacred edifice like this. I am not at all surprised at the astonishment this scene has occasioned; few mortals have been permitted to be present on such a night as this. Think not, vain creature of a breath, that your presence is purely accidental: far from it, you were brought here to avoid certain death in your path. If you had gone much further, this night would have been your last on earth. Some bad men, tempted by the large sum of money in your possession, determined to murder you and throw your body in the lake: my son, beware how you remain again in the company of sottish companions."

As he was thus speaking, the cocks in a neighboring barn-yard struck up a babel of sounds. With a startled look of terror on his countenance, the old man suddenly ceased; immediately his flowing beard and whole person faded into a hazy outline and floated away into the darkness now made by the fast dying lights. The tread of feet on the paved floor became less and less distinct, and my grandfather relapsed into unconsciousness, from which he was aroused by falling off the large stone he slept on all night, and he could hardly realize that his experience of a few hours was a

dream. He expected every moment to see the old man of his vision, but everything around was as when he fell asleep, while the skulls and bones, whitened by exposure to the storms and sunshine of centuries, were sending forth clouds of steam, as the rain and moisture of the previous night were drying in the morning's sun. †

In "Canada on the Pacific," Mr. Charles Horetzky gives an account of his journey from Edmonton to the Pacific by the Peace River Valley, and of a winter voyage along the western coast of the Dominion. It will be remembered that Mr. Horetzky organized and conducted the Sandford Fleming Expedition from Fort Garry to Edmonton. Here the party separated—Mr. Fleming proceeding west by the Jasper House and Thompson River to Bute Inlet, while Mr. Horetzky and Mr. Macoun journeyed via Fort Assiniboine, Lesser Slave Lake, Dunvegan, Fort St. John and Naas, to Fort Simpson on the Pacific, and thence down the coast to San Francisco. These expeditions were undertaken with a view to determine the best railway route to the Pacific, and Mr. Horetzky decidedly favours that by the Peace River on account of the vast and fertile territory which it would open to settlers, with an abundance of wood and coal, plenty of fresh water, and a salubrious climate. Mr. Horetzky makes no attempt at fine writing—still his book is very readable, and supplies a large amount of information concerning a portion of the country hitherto almost unknown. We quote:

"Kitlatamox is a large village, situated on the banks of the Naas, and about twenty-five miles from tide-water. It has a population of about three hundred, who subsist entirely on the salmon and other fish which frequent this river in myriads. Muskeeboo's house, unlike *all* the others, was passably clean, and his family—a large one—bestirred themselves to make things comfortable for my accommodation. The house was what we would call, in the civilized world, a tenement, there being another distinct family on the ground floor, while Muskeeboo occupied the upper portion, to which access was obtained from the outside by stairs. Muskeeboo's portion consisted of one large room, forty feet by sixty, in the centre of which was a large square space, covered

with earth, on which some blazing logs barely sufficed to give the necessary warmth, and to light up the immediate neighbourhood of the fireplace, around which were grouped about a dozen specimens of aborigines. Sundry chests of rendered 'uhlihan' grease, and dried salmon in great quantities, were piled up against the walls, which were boarded with hewn pine planks thirty inches wide. Enormous beams supported the low flat roof, open above the fireplace, to allow the acrid smoke to escape. In addition to his ordinary avocations, Muskeeboo did a small business in groceries, which he disposed of to the other Indians, in consideration of certain furs, such as martens, foxes, etc., etc.,—a barrel or two of biscuits and Sandwich Island sugar being his stock-in-trade.

"Nine miles below the village, and on the same side of the river, there is another large ranche called Kitwanshelt, for which we started on the 16th, having been detained by bad weather; snow and rain having fallen without intermission during the whole of the day before. There were three or four miners at Kitlatamox, then on their way to the Forks of Skeena. They had recently arrived from Fort Simpson, and were awaiting the return of the Indians from Kitwancole in order to benefit by their trail. One of them proposed to accompany me to McNeil's, at the mouth of the Naas, so he and I, together with Muskeeboo, left the village at noon, and after following the ice for the greater part of the way, reached Kitwanshelt at half-past three, in the midst of a fearful down-pour of rain. During the greater part of this distance the banks were rather low, and four miles below the upper village on the left bank we passed a small river coming from the eastward. This stream flowed through a fine open valley, walled in on the south by the Cascade range, which we were now entering. This valley, Muskeeboo informed me, afforded an excellent route to the Skeena, upon which it debouches above the Kitsellasse Canon. The bottom of this valley, as also that of an immense flat extending for several miles below the outlet of the little stream, was composed of scoriæ, probably the result of ancient volcanic disturbance. The mountains about here were extremely rugged, and densely timbered for a long way up, but were much obscured by the heavy mists which hung over them. On reaching the village, Muskeeboo conducted me to a large house owned by a friend of his, where I found my men already quartered, they having preceded me by a few hours. This village is situated upon a rocky point overhanging the river, and consists of, probably, a score of houses.

"During the course of the evening, and after supper, we were entertained by the exhibition of a native dance, in which some fifty men and women participated. They came trooping in, nearly all masked and dressed in the most curious attire; the men divested of their nether garments, and the women rather scantily arrayed, considering the time of the year. To describe the dance

would be impossible. The motions were vigorous; and if not graceful, were, at any rate, whimsical, and rather free; the men and women dancing alternately. There seemed to be a leader on each side, who did his or her utmost to execute the most fantastic steps, which were accompanied by frightful facial contortions, and a monotonous chant, with which they kept excellent time. After an hour's exhibition they desisted, and retired to their respective habitations, completely worn out, as indeed they well might be, their antics having been more like those of a band of escaped lunatics than of rational beings. During the intervals of the dance I examined some of the masks, which were beautifully made. They were of all styles, and represented the faces of different animals. I was much struck with one, a delicately carved wooden imitation of an eagle's head, with a rather exaggerated beak and movable eyes, which, during the most vigorous part of the dance, rolled about in a manner fearful to contemplate."

"Canada on the Pacific" is published by Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal, to whom its mechanical execution does much credit.

OUR contributor, Dr. Clark, has recently published "Pen Photographs" of celebrated men and noted places, ghosts and their relations, tales, sketches, essays, etc., and a very pleasant volume he makes—one which the desultory reader will thank him for writing. Dr. Clark's papers overflow with genuine humour and sound common sense—he is pathetic, philosophical, metaphysical, always genial, and often brilliant. By the fireside, on the rail-car, or on the steamer, "Pen Photographs" cannot fail to be an entertaining companion. We transfer to these pages a photograph of

AULD LANG SYNE:

"The room where the wide and deep chimney stands has no foul, pestiferous vapors lingering within its precincts, and no 'blues' afflicting humanity, near its cleanly swept hearth. The stove in its heated blackness, produces sleepiness, fretfulness, and hence domestic scenes of hot strife; and the sable, uncouth fire-fiend is, if not the cause, the occasion of it. I believe such changes of domestic arrangement affect the patriotism of a people. The thoughts of a cheery home brace up the heart, and nerve the arm. We are ready to fight for our 'altars and hearths,' but stoves have no hearths worth fighting for, and it takes the poetry out of the thing to speak of 'getting our backs up' about our altars and our stoves. The associations of a family circle gathered around a roaring fire, in winter, are potent for good. The harmless jests of the teened youngsters—the tales of scenes, on

flood and field, of the white-haired sire or matron, so intensely real as to make the listeners cower in mortal terror, even at the chirp of a mouse—the popping of nuts, and their sudden collisions or divorces, suggestive of life's episodes—the dreamy gaze into glowing coals, and the 'bigging castles in the air,' seeing towers, minarets, gorgeous halls peopled with soldiers in scarlet, or weird beings in gossamer garments, with 'world's wombling up and down, bleezing in a flare,' and then being brought back to the real, by a punch in the ribs, of the most vigorous kind, from a fun-loving member of the group, are panoramas not to be forgotton. A cheering sight it is to peer through the window of an old-fashioned log cabin, in a wintry night, on such a circle, near Christmas time. It may be a re-union of the family. The big back-log lies like a sleeping giant in the back-ground, with a fiery, red abdomen, prominent and rotund. The forestick crackles, sputters, and shoots in sportive glee its scintillations up the wide-mouthed chimney, or impudently on the laps of the watchers. The well-polished and brass-headed andirons patiently suffer, year after year, their hot and hissing loads. The tongues of flame, like coy maidens, come up intermittently and bashfully retire; each lambent spire becoming more daring than its predecessor, always hungry and devouring as a Theban sphinx, first licking up the palatable combustibles of the centre, and then savagely attacking, with a withering fire, the enemy in front and rear. Like a victorious army, they march triumphantly onward, bringing up reserves, until sparks, smoke, fuel, and laughing groups disappear in the darkness. I used to watch, with great interest an 'auld Auntie Kate,' in an old arm chair, smoking a short clay pipe, black and strong. Its receptacle when not in use, was a worn out cavity in the wall of the chimney. She would put her right elbow on the arm of the chair, and seize, daintily, the 'nib' of the bowl between the forefinger and thumb. I see her yet, in memory, as the eyes are dreamily gazing, as if they gazed not, into the fiery embers. Puff, puff, mechanically goes the white curling smoke over her clean and well-starched 'mutch,' in fantastic columns, pyramids, and canopies; but other scenes, other days, and other figures, than those I conjured up, were in her day dreams. Nothing but a fireside could be an appropriate back-ground to the picture, which would have put a Wilkie or a Hogarth, full of thoughts of domestic and street scenes, into ecstacy. The walls were adorned with the trophies of the chase, and with well-burnished implements of culinary use. The bedsteads knew not the turners' or the carvers' art. The wind, in dancing weird reels down the yawning mouth of the chimney made as doleful music as the wizard's dying song. But no happier days could be seen in lordly halls, or courtly palaces, than in the cabin, and its blazing ruddy light of home. Uncle John never could argue on points of theology unless he had the

giant tongs in his hand, wheeling them in the ashes, first on one leg and then on another; and as each section made its circle, you would almost see the arguments laid down one by one, in the furrow; but when he nailed his antagonist with some potent argument, down came the biped instrument with a thud on the forestick, which made the sparks fly in all directions, like routed enemies."

WEE PATIE BRYDIE.

EVERY person at all conversant with Scottish song, must feel less or more interested in the name and fame of Robt. Tannahill, the weaver poet of Paisley, whose lyrics are surpassed only by those of Burns. The celebrity which he has attained naturally attaches a degree of interest to the characters he has celebrated, conspicuous among whom is "Wee Patie Brydie," thus noticed by the bard in his highly humorous song, "The Kebbuckstone Wedding":

> "Wee Patie Brydie will say the grace,
> The body's aye ready at draidgies and weddings."

The following particulars we received many years ago from the poet's brother, Mr. Matthew Tannahill, an aged gentleman, whose character for truthfulness, even slander could not dare to impeach. He died nearly twenty years ago at the advanced age of four score years:

"Wee PATIE, or rather ROBIN Brydie—the poet having thought proper to alter the name a little, as he was still living when the song was written—was the son of Hugh BRYDIE, or BRODIE, of the 'Lang Craft' farm, in the parish of Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire. Old Hugh was a respectable, intelligent man in his day and generation, and, to boot, a poet of no mean reputation in his native parish; in proof of which, he was one year appointed President of the Renfrewshire Agricultural Society. At that time it was customary for the President to deliver an Essay on Agriculture at the annual meeting, but as old Hugh, though a poet, was no orator, the intended honour had anything but a soothing effect on the mind of the honest farmer. The very idea of being, as it were, compelled to make an oratorical display before so many 'braw and learned gentlemen,' reduced him to a state of tremour in no way enviable. One day, as the time of meeting drew near,

he *happed* his head with his best blue bonnet, and arming himself with a 'wally cane,' he trudged all the way from Lochwinnoch to Paisley, a distance of ten miles, for the purpose of consulting his friend and relative, old Mr. Tannahill, father of the poet, on what was to be done. After he had unbosomed himself to his friend, by laying all his *sair* trials and mental afflictions before him, clothed in the most pathetic language, and accompanied by the most rueful looks, old Mr. Tannahill, looking him earnestly in the face, asked, 'Is that a' ye're makin' sic an ado about?' adding: 'Man, Hugh, naithing's easier; just write a poem and read it to them.' The old farmer's face brightened at the suggestion, and, snapping his fingers in his exuberance of joy, exclaimed: 'That'll do, that'll do!' and parting with his friend, went on his way rejoicing."

The poem made its appearance in due time, and was read at the meeting, where it was received with such enthusiasm that the committee ordered it to be printed. It was afterwards published in Semple's History of Renfrewshire, where it is still to be found. Old Hugh had two sons, the youngest of whom was ROBIN; but, as his wife died while they were yet in their infancy, the services of his sister's eldest daughter, JANET POLLOCK, mother of the poet, were brought into requisition to superintend his domestic affairs; consequently, the duty of bringing up the children devolved upon her. While residing with her uncle, she conducted herself in such a manner towards the children as satisfied the farmer, and so filled the bosoms of the two boys with love for herself, that, till death intervened, they always looked upon her as their mother. By-and-by she got married, and the boys grew up to be men—no very difficult task for ROBIN, by-the-by, as he never reached many inches over four feet, while his brother was nearly six feet in height, stout and good looking. The intimacy which existed between the two families brought ROBIN often about old Mr. Tannahill's house, and consequently, in good time, as he was rather an odd character, he and the poet became very intimate. ROBIN, as we have already stated, was a very little man. His knees were mutually so affectionate, that to pass each other without kissing, was a natural impossibility. His legs were of that peculiar formation commonly designated *pudding*, and had a rather grotesque appearance when stuck through a pair of tightly buttoned knee-breeches. To make amends, however, for personal

deformity, Nature had supplied him with a good head, and a better heart. Somewhere about the year 1775 or 1776, his father sent him into Paisley to learn the weaving of silk gauze, and while there he made the house of his foster-mother, old Mrs. Tannahill, his home. After working at the loom for some years in Paisley, he removed to Saltcoats, where he became a linen-yarn merchant, and succeeded in accumulating some money. Afterwards, "with reverence be it spoken," he became an elder of the kirk. Like his father, he was *auld-fashioned* in everything, and a poet. He was the author of a goodly number of songs, all of which have long since been forgotten. He could likewise pray like a parson, and, on account of that qualification, was regularly invited to all the "*draidgies* and weddings" which took place in the locality where he resided. About the year 1820, our informant, Mr. T., and his wife resolved to pay a visit to the Island of Arran. In executing their design, they took advantage of the stage-coach conveyance between Paisley and Saltcoats. On arriving safe and sound of lith and limb at this once-famous salt-watering depôt, they resolved to visit and spend the evening with ROBIN, who received them with all the affection and warm-heartedness of a brother. After they had all done justice to a substantial supper, they were summoned to attend family worship, which he conducted in the following manner: First, he gave out a few verses of a psalm, which he led off with a clear, girlish voice, all of the company joining in and singing along with him till the psalm was ended. Next, he produced what our friend declared to be the largest Bible he had ever seen, and he was *then three score and fifteen.* It had annotations between every verse. Placing the Bible reverentially upon the table, their worthy host rose to his feet, standing with his back to the fire, and although in an erect position, his chin was only a few inches above the Bible. He first read the verse, and then the annotations upon it. Occasionally he would stop, and with all the gravity and self-complacency of one who had worn the *red gown* for the legitimate term of years, remark: "I think this annotation throws *nae licht* on the subject; let us pass on to the next verse," and so on till the chapter was done. After the reading was over, all the company kneeled down, when our worthy hero poured out his soul in prayer in a manner, as our friend remarked, "that would done credit to *ony minister.*" Next morning, after breakfast, he informed his guests "that as the

hour would soon be on when the steamboat would leave Ardrossan for Arran, they would not have time to observe the ordinance of family worship, but that they would part with a short prayer," and, in the language of our friend, "It would *hae* done *onybodies* heart *guid* to have heard that short prayer." He then accompanied them down to Ardrossan, where our friend gratified one of his carnal inclinations by treating him to a "wee drappie o't." In a short time the bell summoned them to the boat, and as the best of friends must part, so did they, and never met again. Here ends all our knowledge of "Wee Patie Brydie." *

LIGHTING BY WOOD-GAS.

THE coal generally used for the fabrication of gas becoming every year more expensive, and being in many places difficult to procure, the question if wood can be used with advantage for the same purpose, must be one of peculiar interest in this country, where it is more plentiful and cheaper than anywhere else in the world. Wood was the first substance used, in the beginning of this century, to obtain gas for lighting purposes, but coal was soon substituted, on account of the gas thus produced not having sufficient lighting powers. In 1870, a German chemist took up the idea again, and after a long series of experiments came to the following interesting results: If carbonization of the wood is produced at a relatively low temperature, the gas obtained thereby being poor in hydrocarborets, possesses only a small amount of lighting power; but if the decomposition is produced at red heat, and the gas obtained is afterwards purified, it lights better than coal-gas, the relative lighting power being as six to five.

It has been also recognized that all kinds of wood are equally good for the purpose, one hundred pounds weight of wood producing about seven hundred cubic feet of gas; but the dryness of the wood has great influence over the quality of the gas obtained, for if, during the distillation, steam produced by the humidity of the wood comes in contact with the heated charcoal, hydrogen is produced, which, added in too great quantity to the gaseous mixture, deducts considerably from its lighting power. Therefore, the wood, before being used, should be thoroughly dried. In leaving the retorts the gas passes in a drum in which it forms a deposit of

tar and pyrolignic acid, after which it proceeds to the refrigerating apparatus. The purification is obtained by slacked lime, which absorbs the carbonic acid, forming from one fifth to one quarter of the gaseous mixture. The great quantity of lime necessary for the purification of wood-gas (one hundred weight for each two thousand cubic feet of gas) is the principal inconvenience of this fabrication.

Wood-gas is of nearly the same composition as coal-gas, but does not contain any sulphurous gases like the last, which occasion a disagreeable odour and other nuisances. Another advantage of wood-gas is that the apparatus necessary for its preparation are much less voluminous than those required in the fabrication of coal-gas. This comes from the greater rapidity with which the distillation is performed, one hour and a half being sufficient for the whole operation. The retorts used for the distillation being of the same form as those used for coal, and their dimensions allowing them to contain from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds weight of wood, could produce from five thousand to eight thousand cubic feet of gas daily. Other available products of this fabrication would be tar and charcoal, as well as acetate of lime, a substance of some value. **

WE gratefully acknowledge the kindly notices of the press which come to us from every section of the country. The Boston *Transcript* says: "The MARITIME MONTHLY is a Magazine of Literature, Science and Art, published by a club of gentlemen of St. John, N. B. The contents of the March number, the first we have seen, are of excellent quality. Naturalists will find Mr. Harvey's account of the Devil-fish particularly interesting."

AMONG Mr. Sumner's valued books is the Bible used by Bunyan when he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress," in which is the autograph of Bunyan, while the margin is full of notes also in his handwriting. There is also the manuscript of Burns's "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," given to Mr. Sumner by an eminent Englishman, to whom it was given by Burns.

WE publish the following advertisement without hope for the customary reward, the thread of Tommy Bodkin's life having been long since cut by the shears of Death:

TOMMY BODKIN.

I Tommy Bodkin, with your leave,
Here fain would make my bow, sirs,
With all sincerity and truth
To let the world know how, sirs,
I am a tailor thorough-bred
From famous Glasgow town, sirs,
Where long I cut and measured too,
With credit and renown, sirs.
Bow, wow, wow,
Fal al de diddle, ady wady,
Bow, wow, wow.

All kinds of tailor work I do,
Tip-top in cut and shape, sirs,
Coats, pantaloons and fancy vests
Are measured by my tape, sirs,
And warrant while the cloth endures,
My stitching won't give in, sirs,
And every article I make
Will fit neat as your skin, sirs.
Bow, wow, wow, etc.

All those who choose may find their cloth
And trust me without fear, sirs,
My cabbage-bag long since I burned
To keep my conscience clear, sirs,
And now all fragments I return
To those who give me work, sirs,
To patch the old, as new is dear
And so is flour and pork, sirs.
Bow, wow, wow, etc.

Now having told you who I am
And what's the work I do, sirs,
I'll don my hat, and for a time
Evanish from your view, sirs,
In hot-goose lane my shop you'll find,
My tape-string and my shears, sirs,
God save the queen and grant me health
To serve you many years, sirs.
Bow, wow, wow, etc.

WM. MURDOCH.

THOUGH very creditable to the heart of the writer, the verses entitled "Charlie" are hardly adapted to the pages of this Magazine:

I oft sit sad and lonely,
And life seems dark to me,
For I've laid my first-born boy to sleep,
Down in the deep blue sea:
He was my pet, my darling,
My hope, my pride, my joy;
Bright sunshine on my path he shed,
My lost, my angel boy

* * * * * * *

His eyes were blue forget-me-nots,
His forehead broad and fair;
His mouth a tiny rosebud,
Like golden threads his hair.
* * * * * * *
And, waking in the still night,
I stretch my hands and sigh;
They clasp, alas, the empty air—
I call—but no reply.

THERE is art in this rhyming "parrowgraff":

Said a great Congregational preacher
To a hen: "You're a beautiful creature!"
The hen just for that
Laid two eggs in his hat,—
And thus did the Hen-re-ward Beecher!

A CRITIC says of Ralph Waldo Emerson: "It makes no difference whether you begin at the last paragraph of one of his essays and read backward, or begin at what he intended for the beginning, you will always find, if you search, the thread on which he strings his pearls."

THE Parliament Library—about 72,550 volumes.

PERMIT me to inform you, my friends, what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory:—Taxes—upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth, on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home—taxes upon the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride—at bed or board, we must pay taxes.

The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle on a taxed road—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on an eight pound stamp, and expires in the

arms of an apothecary, who has paid a licence of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

—*Lord Brougham.*

IN HOC SIGNO.

"Take thou this cross"—and on her fair white breast
He placed the glittering symbol, with its chain
Of pendant gold—"sign that earth's loveliest
I crucify. We ne'er will meet again.

"I love thee. Never, dearest, as this hour
Felt I how all, except thy love, is dross.
Yet to relinquish thee I feel a pow'r
New born within my bosom. Wear the cross:

"Emblem of self-denial, sign of love
Triumphant over all; ay, over death—
Love that shall 'dure until we soar above,
And leave behind this life of earthly breath.

"They will not let me love thee. This fond heart
I offer thee they deem not gain, but loss—
I bring a shadow on thy path. We part
To meet no more. Then, dearest, take this cross.

"Yet memory sometimes backward will go straying
To olden times, when, on bright days like this,
We sat, thy tresses on my cheek thus playing,
Our lips, as now, joined in the frequent kiss.

"But take the cross; and let its teaching be
That hereupon each human joy and sorrow
We sacrifice, as on some Calvary,
To deathless love. We'll meet again to-morrow.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow. Fate may frown,
But naught this happy teaching now may gloss,
Till on the golden shore we lay it down,
Hard by the glassy sea, bear we love's cross."

—*Tinsleys' Magazine.*

"THE Bells of Shandon," "In hoc signo," a Sonnet, by the late Enylla Allyne, and a few paragraphs from a speech by Lord Brougham, are re-published in this number of the MARITIME MONTHLY.