

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

NEW
 NATIONAL LIBRARY
 CANADA
 BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE
 DOMINION
 MONTHLY.

MAY

1878.

CONTENTS

| | | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| SKETCHES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY—SIR ISAAC BROCK. | PAGE 513 | YOUNG FOLKS.—Bearing False Witness: <i>Leslie Bellingham</i> .—Jack Granger's Cousin.—Teaching Deaf-Mutes to talk (III.): <i>Mary A. Parsons</i> .—Puzzles and Answers. | PAGE 601 |
| LIFE IN GLENSHIE: <i>The Author of "My Young Master," &c.</i> | 527 | THE HOME.—Lotty Farwell's Duty: <i>Nell Gwynne</i> | 622 |
| UP THE NECKER: <i>T. M. A. B.</i> | 541 | LITERARY NOTICES.—"MacLeod of Dare." | 629 |
| SONNET (Poetry): <i>Gowan Leu</i> | 548 | CHESS: Conducted by <i>J. G. Ascher</i> | 631 |
| TWO SCOTTISH HEROES: <i>J. D. A.</i> | 549 | DRAUGHTS: Conducted by <i>A. Whyte</i> | 637 |
| COON-HUNTING: <i>Mack</i> | 562 | | |
| GEORGE CRUIKSHANK: <i>G. H. F.</i> | 565 | | |
| THE WOLF OF BADENOCH: <i>A Backwoods Farmer</i> | 580 | | |
| OUR AFFECTIONATE TOWNSMAN: <i>A Canadian</i> | 585 | | |
| MONOGRAPH OF THE DÈNÈ DINDJÉ INDIANS: <i>The Rev. E. Petitot</i> | 587 | | |

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SEND FOR OUR

Engraved Plate and 50 Gents' Cards, \$2.75.
do. do. do. Ladies' do. 3.00.

A box of
BEAUTIFUL PAPER

AND

ENVELOPES

STAMPED WITH YOUR

Monogram

FOR

\$3.00.

GEORGE BISHOP & CO.
Engravers & Stationers,

169

St. James St.,

MONTREAL.

ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING & PRINTING.

College and Lodge Seals, Certificates, &c.

JOB PRINTING!

WE are constantly adding to our Stock of PRINTING MATERIAL, in order to keep pace with the times, and we are thus enabled to turn out work of the best quality at very low rates.

CHROMATIC WORK

(A VERY ATTRACTIVE STYLE OF PRINTING IN COLORS)

done at a small cost over plain black.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

"WITNESS" OFFICE:



George Louis Shaw

New Dominion Monthly.

MAY, 1878.

SKETCHES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

SIR ISAAC BROCK.

On the 18th of June, 1812, President Madison gave his assent to the declaration of war embodied in a bill passed by the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States. It is only fair to add that the measure had been forced by the lowest class of American politicians, and was exceedingly distasteful to the better class of citizens. But even at that early date, the power of the mob had become irresistible, and though American politicians and American politicians had not as yet reached the present low ebb, still even then the more respectable and better educated citizens were made to feel that in a democracy so complete as that of the States, the most worthless carries as much weight as the most worthy, and the will of the *hoi polloi* must rule. Madison, driven by his insatiable hatred of everything English, had placed himself at the head of the demagogues and war faction. The excuse given for the war was the passing of the celebrated Orders in Council of 1809, declaring France and her allies and their colonies in state of blockade. This measure was an answer to the Berlin and Milan decrees, and could not

be considered more hostile to the United States than they were. That the Orders in Council were a mere excuse was moreover fully demonstrated by the fact that though the decrees were revoked in as far as they regarded the United States, on the 23rd June, five days after the President's assent to the declaration of war, and before either hostilities had commenced, or the declaration had reached England, the Americans insisted upon continuing the contest, having availed themselves of an armistice weakly granted them by Sir George Prevost to consider the matter, in order to bring to the front reinforcements and supplies. In fact, peace was only obtained when, after several humiliating defeats, great loss and the taking of their capital, the Americans felt that England, at peace on the Continent, was free to turn her whole strength upon America. To use a favorite American expression, having been handsomely whipped and feeling they were going to be more so, the Americans became reasonable and came to terms.

It seems to have always been, and probably still is a fixed idea in the

American mind, that all the world is lost in envious admiration of their unrivalled constitution, and that every nation would be only too happy, if not controlled by the iron hand of despotic rulers, to come under the shadow of the stars and stripes. Canada especially was supposed to long for the benefit of annexation. Never perhaps was the feeling of a people more utterly misunderstood than that of the Canadians in 1812. In Lower Canada, it is true, great dissatisfaction reigned. It has been by many historians assumed that the rule of Sir James Craig, by the exercise of too great severity, had weaned the French-Canadians from their love of British rule. Garneau grows eloquent over the tyranny of that remarkable man. Rogers follows in his footsteps; even Christie cannot forbear censure of what he considered an overstraining of the prerogative. These gentlemen all seem to have lost sight of the fact that Canada was not then blessed with responsible government; that the Constitution of 1791 did not, and never was intended to give the Canadians constitutional liberty such as was then enjoyed in Great Britain; that the French-Canadian people were then and even now are not, in consequence of their ignorance and subservience to their priesthood, fit to be entrusted with such a government; and that in consequence arbitrary acts, rendered wise by the dangers of the times, which would have been in England or in Canada to-day illegal and unbearably despotic, were at the time and under the circumstances allowable, justifiable and proper. The stand made by the French-Canadians against the Americans in the war of 1812, is often thoughtlessly assumed to be a triumphant refutation of Sir James Craig's accusation against them, that they were treasonable and seditious. So they were. But their treason was in favor of France, not of the States; their sedition was intended to favor Bonaparte, not Madi-

son. The Americans they hated with a hatred bitter and deep, which had descended from father to son for generations. With the English colonies, La Nouvelle France had ever been at war. In 1775, though the French-Canadians disliked the English and would have been delighted to shake off the rule of their conquerors, they hated the Americans still more; they looked upon both countries as English, and of the two preferred the English from England to the English from the States, the Union Jack to the Star-spangled banner.

In 1812 the star of Napoleon was at its zenith,—the whole of Europe was at his feet; his brothers and favorite generals occupied the thrones of deposed sovereigns, and his power was supposed to be irresistible. One little island stood out, and almost single-handed fought on in Europe the fight of liberty against universal despotism. The world stood aghast while England and France, the rivals of centuries, struggled together in the last death-grasp. In Canada among the French-Canadians there could be, it was firmly believed, only one result: the subduer of Egypt, Italy, Germany, Austria, Holland and Russia must once more prove successful, and then, as a matter of course, the tri-color must go upon the flag-staff of the citadel, and once more French rule govern the land. So thoroughly was this felt to be the case that Brigadier Brock, a man neither easily deceived nor intimidated, writing to his brother from Quebec on the 31st of December, 1809, says:—"A small French force, four or five thousand men, with plenty of muskets, would most assuredly conquer this province. The Canadians would join them almost to a man—at least the exceptions would be so few as to be of little avail. It may appear surprising that men petted as they have been and indulged in everything they could desire, should wish for a change. But so it is, and I am apt

to think that were Englishmen placed in the same situation, they would show even more impatience to escape from French rule. How essentially different are the feelings of the people from when I first knew them!" (1802) "The idea prevails generally among them that Napoleon must succeed, and ultimately get possession of these provinces. The bold and violent are becoming every day more audacious, and the timid, with that impression, think it more prudent to withdraw altogether from the society of the English, rather than run the chance of being accused hereafter of partiality to them. The consequence is, that little or no intercourse exists between the two races." Such is the picture drawn of society in the Province of Quebec, and of the feeling of the people three years before the war, by an eye-witness and a man well able to judge. That feeling went on increasing, and two years after had become so much more bitter that Brigadier Brock, writing to another brother, remarks, not without spite:—"Sir James Craig has triumphed completely over the French faction in the Lower Province. By their conduct they have fully exemplified the character of their ancestors. The moment they found they could not intimidate by threats, they became as obsequious as they had been violent." Such was the feeling in Lower Canada. The French portion of the population looked eagerly forward, hoping earnestly and praying devoutly for the overthrow of England, in order once more to come under French rule. The English portion knowing perfectly what their feelings and wishes were, detested them cordially in consequence, looking upon them as monsters of ingratitude and traitors deserving a halter.

In the States, meanwhile, the French party, known as the democratic or war party, and distinguished by its hatred for England and everything English were in power. Madison was President,

and Munroe Secretary of State. A convention held to choose candidates for the approaching presidential election, had assembled on the 18th of May, and Madison, having promised to recommend war, had been in consequence, unanimsly put in nomination and re-elected. It seems strange to find the United States siding with Napoleon, the greatest despot in Europe, and the man who had strangled the French Republic, against England, their mother-country, and the champion of freedom. In the words of Allison: "But on war they were determined, and to war they went. And thus had America, the greatest republic in existence, which had ever proclaimed its attachment to the cause of freedom in all nations, the disgrace of going to war with Great Britain, then the last refuge of liberty in the civilized world, when their only ground of complaint against it had been removed; and of allying their arms with those of France, at that very moment commencing its unjust crusade against Russia, and straining every nerve to crush in the Old World the last vestige of Continental independence."

The American Government were, besides their hatred for England, moved by two other strong motives to declare war when they did; the one was a hope to secure the West Indian fleet of one hundred sail, the other to annex Canada. In both they were doomed to disappointment. The West India fleet, though inadequately guarded and unaware of the declaration of war, managed to escape, thanks to the judgment and promptitude of Captain Byron, of the "Belvidera." He drew down upon himself the attack of the whole American squadron, fought them with the utmost skill and courage, led them considerably out of their way, and finally after a long chase, in which the American ship "President" was severely handled, made good his escape. The merchant fleet in the meanwhile

had got beyond reach of capture, and in due time came to hand.

Neither were the sanguine expectations of President Madison and his followers doomed to meet with greater realization in their other project, the conquest of Canada. It is true that the American cause received great help from the fact that Sir George Prevost at that time was Governor-General of the colony. Never did man placed in so high a position display in difficult circumstances greater incapacity, irresolution, want of judgment and courage. Not only was he worse than useless himself, but he at the same time succeeded in tying the hands and spoiling the plans of those under him who were able and willing to make the necessary efforts to save the land and punish the invader. Of him, and the general who succeeded Sir Isaac Brock, Mr. Tupper very pertinently remarks:— "It was unfortunate for Sir George Prevost that he was called upon to wage war against the United States, as his natural and excusable sympathies in favor of a people among whom he had been born, and at least partly educated, may have influenced his judgment without any conscious betrayal of the great charge entrusted to him; and the remark applies with double force to his school-fellow Sir Roger Sheaffe, whose entire family and connections were American. "The exact extent of blame attaching to Sir George Prevost will probably never be ascertained. He died seven days before the meeting of the court-martial called to pass judgment on his conduct, and his decease, as a matter of course, put an end to the enquiry. Since then it has been the fashion as much as possible to whitewash his memory. The French-Canadian writers especially are lavish in their praise of a man whose name is presumed to denote French extraction, and who allowed himself to be completely ruled and governed by their demagogues. The

French-Canadians, however, are not by any means the best judges of who fought hardest in that hard-fought war; they certainly did not. Upper Canada bore the brunt, and had Sir George Prevost been there instead of Sir Isaac Brock to make the first preparations and conduct the first operations, a very different tale would have to be told. In the first case we would have had vacillation and uncertainty, where instead everything denoted firmness and order; delays and pauses instead of activity and energy, irresolution instead of determination, blundering instead of skill, cowardice in lieu of heroism. It was the courage and enthusiasm of Upper Canada that saved the whole colony, and that courage was called out, and that enthusiasm excited, by Sir Isaac Brock, whose name to this day is dear to every Upper Canadian's ear. Of course every one is disposed to admit the gallantry of De Salaberry and his three hundred *voltiguers* at Chateauguay; but though the success of his bugle stratagem in checking General Hampton was complete, and the advantages derived from it considerable, it is not very easy to magnify into a tremendous battle, as our French-Canadian friends are so fond of doing, an engagement in which "upwards of forty Americans were found dead on the field, the loss of the Canadians amounting to five killed and twenty in wounded and missing." Mr. Lossing, an American writer, in giving an account of the engagement sums up his narrative in these words:—"Such was the affair, disgraceful to the American arms, which historians have attempted to dignify with the name of *battle*." This affair, engagement, skirmish, or battle—call it what you please—is the only occasion during the war of 1812, on which the repulse of the enemy was due mainly to a French-Canadian force; so that, though they doubtless were much conciliated by Sir George Prevost, it may still be considered a question as

to whether or not their conciliation was of very much importance after all. Old Sir James Craig had them in quite as good order without conciliating; and one thing is certain, had Napoleon been able to send a small body of troops across the ocean, which he could not, neither the precautions of Sir James Craig nor the blandishments of Sir George Prevost would have prevented the whole French population to a man, from going over to the enemy.

In Upper Canada, the loyalty of the population could be depended upon. A very large proportion of the inhabitants were Upper Canada Loyalists, and their descendants, men who, for the most part, had already made such sacrifices, through attachment to their king, that their fidelity might well be considered beyond question. But at the same time it was felt that they could not otherwise than look upon the contest with considerable repugnance and disfavor. Most had dear and near friends on the other side of the line, from whom they had separated it is true, but with whom they did not wish to be at open war. In fact, nothing short of invasion would probably have roused in Upper Canada the martial spirit which afterwards was displayed. It was fortunate both for England and Canada, that at that time Major-General Brock held the office of Governor of that upper province.

The Americans most certainly made a mistake in preceding their proclamation, instead of promulgating the proclamation first and following it afterwards. The proclamation, too, was injudicious in its tone, and certainly reads strangely in the light of the almost immediate surrender of Detroit. It is said to have been written by Colonel Cass, and no doubt was at the time considered a masterpiece of tact, good-taste, and burning eloquence, for even in those days the spread-eagle style was looked upon as "the thing." Some ex-

tracts will illustrate the tone of the whole. It begins:—"Inhabitants of Canada! * * * The army under my command has invaded your country, and the standard of union now waves over the territory of Canada. * * * * You have felt her" (Great Britain's) "tyranny, you have seen her injustice—but I do not ask you to avenge the one or redress the other. The United States are sufficiently powerful to afford you every security consistent with their rights and your expectations. I tender you the invaluable blessings of civil, political, and religious liberty, and their necessary result, individual and general prosperity—that liberty which gave decision to our councils and energy to our conduct in our struggle for independence, and which conducted us safely and triumphantly through the stormy period of the Revolution—that liberty which has raised us to an elevated rank among the nations of the world, and which has afforded us a greater measure of peace and security, of wealth and improvement, than ever yet fell to the lot of any people. * * * You will be emancipated from tyranny and oppression, and restored to the dignified station of freemen. * * * * I have a force which will look down all opposition, and that force is but the vanguard of a much greater. * * * * No white man found fighting by the side of an Indian, will be taken prisoner—instant destruction will be his lot." This proclamation is dated 12th July, 1812. On the 16th of August, 1812, this same force which was to look down all opposition, General Hull the signer of the proclamation, and Lewis Cass its composer, and 2,500 troops, including one company of artillery, some cavalry and the entire 4th U. S. regiment of infantry, "the Tippecanoe heroes," surrendered to General Brock, in command of 330 regulars, 400 militia-men, and about 600 Indians. The British regulars were about one to eight, the militia one to six, the Indians one to

four; and the Americans held a strongly fortified position, the fort of Detroit, with plenty of ammunition and provisions and thirty-three pieces of canon. So much for the bragadocio of General Hull and Lewis Cass. The 2,500 stand of arms thus taken proved most valuable in arming the militia.

In tone nothing could be more different from General Hull's proclamation than that issued in answer by General Brock. The Canadians were reminded in dignified terms of the benefits they had derived in the past, and would derive in the future, from their connection with Great Britain; the descendants of Upper Canada Loyalists were put in mind of the constancy of their fathers; the fact that the United States had promised Canada to France as the reward for aid afforded to the revolted colonies, was strongly referred to; and finally the right of the Indians to defend themselves and their territory from men who had ever proved their bitterest enemies was eloquently defended. The proclamation of General Brock, coupled with the invasion of the territory, had a most beneficial effect in stimulating Upper Canadian loyalty. Volunteer companies were rapidly formed, and it was soon found that more men could be mustered than arms could be provided for.

General Hull commenced hostilities by crossing from Detroit to Sandwich early in July; on the twelfth of that month he, as has been said, issued his famous proclamation. General Brock was at the time detained in York, then the capital of Upper Canada, by a meeting of the Legislature, and could not in consequence take the field against the enemy. Mr. Lossing says the Americans on landing "were welcomed by the French inhabitants who remained. Hull made the fine brick house of the British Colonel Baby (yet standing in the village of Windsor) his headquarters, and proceeded to construct a fortified camp."

General Brock immediately despatched Colonel Proctor to Amherstburg, a fortified point some eighteen miles lower down, to check the advance of the enemy, and in so doing Proctor was successful. The attempts of the Americans, though vastly superior in numbers, to cross the River Canard, on which Amherstburg stands, proved ineffectual. After being thrice repulsed by some of the soldiers of the 41st and a few Indians, they resolved to try a ford a little higher up, but even this attempt proved fruitless. The Americans got well into the stream, a few even had gained the opposite bank, when some twenty or thirty Indians, concealed in the long grass, started suddenly up with a most appalling yell; the invaders, into whom the General seems to have instilled no small amount of his dread of the dusky warriors, turned and fled helter-skelter, in the direst confusion. This proved the last attempt to reach Amherstburg; shortly after, his base of supplies having been interrupted, and his men suffering in health from exposure and want of food, Hull withdrew to Detroit.

Meanwhile Captain Roberts, acting upon instructions received from General Brock, had taken possession of the fort of Michilimackinack. From the moment war became imminent both sides had understood the importance attaching to the alliance of the various Indian tribes, and both had doubtless felt the value with such an object in view of the first success. Michilimackinack, moreover, was in itself a post of some importance, commanding the straits leading from Lake Michigan to Lake Huron, and had been a trading post of considerable note. On the 26th June, General Brock had written to Captain Roberts, who was stationed at St. Joseph, to make the attack; on the 27th the order had been recalled, in consequence of some doubt as to whether the rumor of war had been confirmed; on the 28th the original

order re-issued. The same day on which Captain Roberts received General Brock's despatch of the 28th June, commanding the attack upon Michilimakinack, he received from Sir George Prevost instructions to take every precaution to secure himself from attack, and in case of necessity to make good his retreat. This communication must be looked upon as not only unwise but most irregular. Captain Roberts was under the immediate command of General Brock, and any orders to him should have come through the channel of his superior officer. Fortunately, Captain Roberts followed the bolder course and commenced his preparations at once. On the 16th of July he set forth, accompanied by forty-five officers and men of the 10th Royal Veteran Battalion, about 180 Canadians, and nearly 400 Indians. The American fort was defended only by sixty-one officers and men, so resistance would have proved useless. A capitulation therefore was agreed upon, by which a quantity of military stores and some 700 packs of furs fell into the hands of the British. The officer in command of the fort, it is said, was not aware, until he was called upon to surrender, that war had been declared,—a fact which would seem to prove that the Canadian officials did not completely monopolize remissness of duty and carelessness. The capture of Michilimakinack seems rather to have been deprecated than otherwise by Sir George Prevost, but General Hull does not hesitate to attribute to it mainly the surrender of Detroit, which followed soon after. It no doubt gave Canada the command of the upper lakes, and let loose upon the Americans the Western Indian tribes, whose ferocity they so much dreaded. The fort of Michilimakinack was a very old one. As early as 1671, the French missionaries had founded an establishment on the place, and the spot is invested with interest as the scene of a dreadful massacre during the uprising

of the Indian tribes under the redoubtable Pontiac.

Meanwhile, the position of General Hull at Sandwich was every day becoming more precarious. Not only did the people of the country, in spite of Colonel Cass's eloquent proclamations, neglect to join his formidable army, which was to look down all opposition, but joining the handful of regulars at Colonel Proctor's command, and assisted by a daring body of Indians led by Tecumseh, they actually resisted every effort of the Americans to penetrate further into the country. The invaders found themselves on strange and hostile soil, and obliged to depend for supplies upon shipments from Detroit, a precarious position, as at that time the British held the supremacy of the lakes. Discouragement and discontent gradually found their way through the ranks, and General Hull, one of the heroes of the War of Independence, and Colonel Cass, who in consequence of a trifling success in an insignificant skirmish, had been christened by his admirers the "Hero of Ta-ron-tee," very soon found that it was as much as they could do, not to push the enemy before them, but to prevent their army from becoming completely demoralized and broken up. At this juncture news reached the American commander, whose men were already suffering from scarcity of provisions, that Captain Brush, of Chillicothe, who was marching to his assistance, had reached the ford of the Raisin, thirty-five miles from Detroit, with two hundred Ohio volunteers, a hundred beef cattle, and the mail. General Hull, aware that Tecumseh and his braves were on the look out for the convoy, deemed it prudent to despatch Major Van Horne, with two hundred men to join Captain Brush and act as escort. At the same time Colonel Proctor sent Captain Tallow, with a few men of the 41st and some of the Indians, to Brownstown, a village opposite Amherstburg, to assume the

offensive. Captain Tallow discharged his mission right well; he succeeded in surprising and completely routing the American force under Van Horne, and obtained possession of important despatches, showing the state of Hull's army. On the receipt of the intelligence of this disaster, General Hull called a council of war, and resolved to march at once upon Amherstburg, which he supposed must be very much weakened. The next day, however, he received information that General Brock was on his way to meet him with a formidable force. He then countermanded his orders, and determined upon re-crossing the river and seeking shelter behind the entrenchments of Detroit. His information was correct. To use the words of Lossing:—"The vigilant and energetic Brock was indeed on his way with reinforcements for Fort Malden (Amherstburg). He was Lieutenant-Governor of Canada, and, while he was preparing for war in the Upper Province, Sir George Prevost, the Governor-General, was spending precious time in Quebec in the indulgence of doubts whether war had actually begun." On the 8th of August, not quite one month after he had entered the country, General Hull, the hero of Ta-ron-tee, and the balance of the American army re-crossed the river, with the exception of a garrison of two hundred and fifty men, and some artillery left to occupy a fort the Americans had constructed, and "to hold possession of that part of Canada, and afford all possible protection to the well-disposed inhabitants."

General Brock, in the meantime, had carried through Parliament some of the most pressing measures he required, and that assembly having been prorogued, he put himself at the head of such volunteers as he could induce to join him, and prepared to start for Amherstburg. On the 10th he set out with a few regulars and some 300

militia in small boats of all kinds. More men had volunteered, but in the face of the threatening force at Niagara, it was not deemed prudent to take them. On the 13th, Brock reached Amherstburg; on the following day he met Tecumseh and his followers in council; on the 15th General Hull was summoned to surrender; on the 16th Detroit, and with it the whole of Michigan, was in possession of the British. Never did general display greater energy, daring and ability, than General Brock did in the capture of Detroit.

The meeting between Tecumseh and the General two days before the attack upon the American fort, was one full of importance and interest. No chief, since the days of Pontiac, had wielded so much influence as the Shawanee Chief, and every one felt that with him rested the determination as to which side the Indians would take in the struggle which had just commenced. Tecumseh, it was well-known, bore the Americans a grudge. The Fourth U. S. Regiment known as the heroes of *Tippicanoe*, then stationed at Detroit, and against whom Brock was preparing to march, had earned their high-sounding title some short time before by slaughtering his people and harrying his home during his absence. With true Indian vindictiveness, therefore, he longed for revenge upon those who had harmed him. But at the same time, Tecumseh had no idea of being made a cat's-paw of; if he joined the British, which he declared himself willing to do, it was on the express condition that he and his people should ever after be considered under British protection, to be cared for and shielded like all other British subjects. With General Brock, personally, he was very much pleased; the fine physique and manly appearance of the English officer, his commanding stature and evident strength and endurance, pleased the Indian warrior, while his open countenance and straight-forward manner inspired him with confi-

dence. General Brock, on the other hand, was equally pleased with his dusky ally. We are indebted to Captain Glegg, who acted as Brock's *aide-de-camp*, for a minute description of the Shawanee chieftain:—"Tecumseh's appearance," he says, "was very prepossessing; his figure light and finely proportioned; his age, I imagined to be about five and thirty;" (he was forty) "in height, five feet nine or ten inches; his complexion, light copper; countenance, oval, with bright hazel eyes, beaming cheerfulness, energy and decision. Three small silver crowns, or coronets, were suspended from the lower cartilage of his aquiline nose; and a large silver medallion of George the Third, which I believe his ancestor had received from Lord Dorchester, when Governor-General of Canada, was attached to a mixed-colored wampum string, and hung round his neck. His dress consisted of a plain, neat uniform, tanned deer-skin jacket, with long trousers of the same material, the seams of both being covered with neatly cut fringe; and he had on his feet leather moccasins, much ornamented with work made from the dyed quills of the porcupine." The interview, in which Tecumseh acted as spokesman for the Indians, proved most satisfactory. The Indians promised their assistance, and assured General Brock of their intention to keep the promise they had already made Tecumseh, that they would abstain from drinking spirits until they had humbled the "big knives," as they called the Americans. Having settled his alliance with the Indians, to which he attached much importance, Brock hastened to complete his preparations for the attack he meditated upon Detroit. The leading officers were called together, and to them was submitted the plan of attack. Tecumseh also was summoned to the council, and approved cordially all that was proposed. The following day the American commander was startled by a summons to surrender. General Brock was, no doubt, aware of the horror the American commander entertained of Indian warriors, and the demand is artfully worded so as to press on that weak point. "It is far from my inclination," said Brock, in the communication forwarded by him through Captain Glegg, "to join in a war of extermination; but you must be aware that the numerous body of Indians who have attached themselves to my troops, will be beyond my control the moment the contest commences." An interval of two hours or more elapsed before General Hull framed his answer, which was to the effect that he was prepared to meet any force opposed to him and abide by the consequences. The Canadian batteries, upon receiving the reply, immediately opened fire. They were commanded by Captain Hall and the marines, and are credited by General Brock in his report of the capture to Sir George Prevost with having done efficient service. The first shot fired took effect, and killed a distinguished American officer, an intimate friend of Captain Hall's,—a trivial incident, perhaps, but one which shows how unnatural the contest was, and goes far to explain the reluctance showed at first by the mass of the people on both sides to enter upon the struggle. The bombardment was kept up until late that evening, and early the next morning, under cover of the guns, General Brock began to cross his little army. He had under his command "30 artillery, 250 41st Regiment, 50 Royal Newfoundland Regiment, 400 militia, and about 600 Indians." No effort was made to prevent the crossing of the troops, which was effected in a most orderly manner. They landed at Spring Wells, some four or five miles below Detroit, and after breakfast moved upon the fort. The regulars and militia were formed in single column, their left flank protected by the Indians, their right resting on the river, and covered by the guns of the "Queen Charlotte." The advance

was slow, orderly and unopposed, the Americans having a commanding position, strengthened by pickets and two 24-pounders, and retreating within the fort. As the British troops came nearer, the fire from the batteries on the Canadian shore improved, and some of the shots did considerable damage,—one particularly, took effect on a party of officers standing at the door of the quarters of one of them, and killed several. Meanwhile the woods echoed with the shouts of Tecumseh and his men, and it became evident that though strong on the water-side, the fort was by no means so well prepared to withstand an attack from the rear. Just as General Brock was on the point of ordering the assault, Captain Hall, the American Commander's son, appeared, bearing a flag of truce, with information that the enemy were prepared to surrender. Colonel McDonell and Captain Glegg were dispatched to arrange the terms of capitulation, and by noon the Union Jack floated from the heights of Detroit, and the army which "would look down all opposition," with its commanding officers, proclamation scribblers and Indian heroes to the number of 2,500 men were prisoners of war. This victory did not cost the British a single man. As a matter of course, the news excited in the States feelings of the greatest dismay, accompanied by strong indignation. The conquest of Canada had been looked upon as so easy and certain that people found it difficult to believe that not only had a check been received, but that the enemy were in actual possession of American territory. The words of Doctor Eustis, the Secretary of War, were ringing still in the ears of the people:—"We can take the Canadas," he had said, only a few days before, on the floor of Congress, "without soldiers; we have only to send officers into the provinces, and the people, disaffected towards their own government, will rally round our standard." Even the able Henry Clay seems to have shared the general misconception, for he is reported as declaring, on the same occasion:—"It is absurd to suppose we shall not succeed in our enterprise against the enemy's provinces. We have the Canadas as much under our command as Great Britain has the ocean." Taught by their leaders to expect an easy triumph, the dissatisfaction of the people at this unexpected reverse may readily be conceived. The administration felt the danger in which it stood from the general discontent, and naturally sought for some victim on whom to direct the accumulating wrath of the public. General Hull was chosen as the scapegoat. Colonels McArthur and Cass, though included in the capitulation, were not in the fort at the time of the surrender, having, two days before the attack, been despatched to the assistance of Captain Brush and his convoy. The consequence was that though prisoners of war, and unable to serve until exchanged, these gentlemen were not carried off to Canada, as were the other officers taken in the fort. Colonel Cass, therefore, hastened to Washington, while General Hull was on his way to Quebec, to lay before the American Government his history of the campaign. A more serviceable tool for the destruction of the unfortunate commander, the administration could not have found, and his services were therefore greedily accepted. He drew up his report in writing for the Secretary of War; it was immediately printed and widely distributed. The report is too lengthy to give entire; let it suffice to say that it is graced with all the modesty, good taste, fine feeling, and studied simplicity of style and purity of diction which marks the celebrated proclamation to the Canadians drawn by the same masterly hand. It concludes with the following assertion, which is important as having been confirmed

by the finding of the court-martial :— “ Confident I am, that had the courage and conduct of the General been equal to the spirit and zeal of the troops, the event would have been brilliant and successful as it is now disastrous and dishonorable.” So spoke the gallant hero of Ta-ron-tee, under the impression no doubt that he himself could have done better, and not unwilling that people should think so and give him an opportunity of trying. The result of the whole affair was that on his return to the United States the unfortunate General was tried by a court-martial, accused of cowardice and treason, and condemned to death. The extreme penalty was remitted in consideration of his previous services, but his name was struck off the army-roll, and he retired to his farm in Massachusetts, where he lived under a cloud. Twelve years after he published his vindication ; and, whatever may be thought of his ability as a commander, of his loyalty and personal courage no doubt can remain in the mind of any unprejudiced man. General Hull was made a shield for the incapacity of the administration. It was found necessary to divert public indignation from the heads of some bungling politicians, and the old man was made a victim to save them. He was an honest, well-meaning, deserving man most unjustly sacrificed to political expediency and popular prejudice. Colonel Cass might boast as he chose of the spirit and zeal of the troops, but they were a most inefficient body of men. After they had crossed to Sandwich, they were held in check by a handful of men and a few Indians. Every attempt made by them to cross the river Canard was successfully resisted, and General Proctor never had one man to ten to oppose to them. Even the insignificant skirmish which Losing with true spread-eagle enthusiasm calls “ the first battle and victory in the second war for independence,” and from which the Colonel took the high-

sounding title of hero of Ta-ron-tee, was a mere temporary success, which lasted an hour. He crossed the river it is true, but was forced to cross back again, and never a second time could effect a landing on the eastern shore. In the engagement at Brownstown, in which Van Horne and his two hundred men were so completely routed and demoralized, they never met a single regular ; that success was obtained of Tecumseh with about seventy warriors, not more. It is therefore useless, now that there is no purpose to serve, to pretend that the men under Hull were efficient men ; they were not. Moreover, Hull had been promised assistance from General Dearborn, who was to make a diversion at Niagara and Kingston, but failed to do so. The capture of Michilimackinack had also tended to make his position more insecure, as it set free all the Indians of the Nor'-West, whom he knew to be hostile to the Americans. Under the circumstances it is not impossible that, by surrendering, General Hull only avoided a still more inglorious and certainly more disastrous defeat.

The success of General Brock was hailed throughout Canada with the utmost joy ; it served to stimulate the loyal to still greater loyalty, the energetic to further efforts, the timid it encouraged, the disaffected it helped to awe. His plans were immediately made, and he turned himself towards Fort Niagara and Sackett's Harbor, intending to carry still further dismay into the enemy's camp, and by a bold dash close the campaign for that year. Beyond all doubt, he would have succeeded in both enterprises. The Americans were not prepared in either place for resistance, having never for one moment imagined aggression possible. Their militia was raw, undisciplined, and by no means submissive, while the Northern States, at all times opposed to the war, were now more than ever indisposed to continue the contest. Connecticut and Massachusetts both refused

to furnish their contingent of men or levy the war taxes, and New York was quite prepared at a moment's notice to take the same stand. This was the period chosen by Sir George Prevost to conclude an armistice with General Dearborn. It is difficult to imagine a more unfortunate step. True the news had just reached him that the obnoxious orders in council, the apparent cause of war, had been revoked, and it was perhaps not unnatural to suppose that with the cessation of the grievance American hostility itself would die out. Sir George Prevost, however, ought better to have known his countrymen. The war reasons assigned were a mere excuse; its real motive was the desire of the Madison and Clay party to hold power. Under the circumstances peace was impossible. Had they gone back to the country worsted and humiliated, their tenure of power was at an end. The American Government refused to ratify the armistice concluded by their general, and the time thus gained was busily occupied hurrying men and munitions to the front. The great authority of the Duke of Wellington was afterwards sought to justify the line of conduct adopted by the Governor. The case, however, could scarcely have been very accurately stated to that eminent general. The Duke is said to have strongly dissuaded a war of aggression with so small a number of troops; and there was wisdom in the advice. The British, a mere handful, could not hope to work their way into the enemy's lines and there maintain their foothold; but between that and the burning of a couple of border fortresses, and destruction of stores accumulated for hostile purposes, there is a wide difference. There is one fact patent, had Brock been free to destroy Sackett's Harbor when he wished to, the enemy would not the following year have been able to obtain the mastery of the lakes; and so much was that the case, that the attempt was made later on by Sir George

Prevost himself, but failed, like all expeditions having the misfortune of being under his personal control.

The time granted the Americans by Sir George Prevost's armistice was put by them to the best advantage, and when Congress refused to sanction General Dearborn's agreement there had assembled on the Niagara frontier, under command of Major-General Van Rensselaer, an army of over five thousand men, two-thirds of which were regulars, well armed and in possession of plenty of ammunition and provisions. To oppose them General Brock had, under his command in all about fifteen hundred men, of whom about half were regulars. Constant skirmishing marked the cessation of the armistice, the sentries amusing themselves by exchanging shots across the river, and the Americans making one or two successful cutting-out expeditions, in one of which they captured and destroyed the brig "Detroit," formerly the United States brig "Adams," which had been surrendered at the taking of Detroit and had been re-christened with the name of that fortress. It soon became evident that the enemy meditated an attack in force, and Brock, with his usual energy and foresight, took every precaution which the small means at his disposal permitted, to secure them a hot reception. On the 11th of October, General Van Rensselaer assembled his force opposite Queenstown, and two days after, early in the morning, crossed the river. General Brock, at that moment, was at Fort George, the point he thought most likely to be attacked; but hearing the firing he made all speed to reach the scene of action, and came up just as the Americans had succeeded in obtaining a footing on the top of the heights. General Brock put himself at the head of twelve men in charge of a small redoubt, armed with an eighteen-pound gun, but was forced to beat a precipitate retreat. The Americans got possession of the fort, and Captain

Wool then sent forward a detachment of one hundred and fifty men to press on towards Queenstown. Brock, who had meantime collected a body of a hundred men, gallantly charged the enemy. His charge proved so impetuous that, though fighting with great determination and valor, they could not withstand the rush, and were carried to the verge of the cliff. There, one of the officers raised a handkerchief on the point of his sword, as a signal of surrender; but the gallant Wool tore it down, re-animating the sinking spirits of his men, and once more led them to the charge. The British lost some little ground, and General Brock had just given the command "Push on the York volunteers," when he fell, pierced through the breast by a musket-ball. His commanding height had made him a conspicuous mark for the enemy's sharpshooters. The British, discouraged by the loss of their favorite general and disheartened by the constantly increasing numbers of the enemy, were obliged to fall back. Lieutenant-Colonel McDonell, of the militia, the attorney-general of Upper Canada, and an *aide-de-camp* of Brock's, fell mortally wounded immediately after his chief. The Americans retained possession of the Queenstown Heights for some hours, and then General Sheaffe arrived from Fort George with some four hundred regulars and three hundred militia. These he joined to the remnants of the flank companies of the 49th, and the Indians, who with a few militia-men had so far borne the whole brunt of the fight. With these men Sheaffe, having dexterously gained, by a circuitous march, higher ground somewhat in the rear of the Americans, renewed the attack. It is not to the discredit of the enemy that they fell back before the British charge; it was next to impossible for any human force to withstand the fury of the onslaught made upon them. The men of the 49th especially distinguished themselves. General Brock had long been an officer in the regiment, and they were his favorite soldiers. They were burning to avenge his death, and that they did so terribly is beyond question. On that day they earned for themselves the name of the "green tigers," suggested by the color of their facings, a name by which they continued to be distinguished by the enemy throughout the war. The Americans, pressed back to the face of the cliff, were driven to the direst extremity. Those who attempted to escape were cut off by the Indians, who showed no mercy; many threw themselves headlong down the steep sides of the cliff and were dashed to pieces on the rocks below; some having by great good luck managed to reach the bottom attempted to swim the deep and rapid river, and were drowned in the attempt. The militia, in spite of all the efforts of General Van Rensselaer, could not be induced to cross to the succor of their comrades, the news having reached them of the fury of the "tigers." There remained, therefore, nothing for it but to surrender or be destroyed. A flag of truce was raised and the Americans surrendered. Brigadier Wadsworth and the militia were paroled. Captain Scott, who afterwards distinguished himself in the Mexican war, and the regulars were forwarded to Quebec. In all nine hundred men laid down their arms. The victory, however, and a glorious victory it was, was dearly bought by the loss of the British General.

As the previous armistice had proved of so much value to the Americans, Major-General Sheaffe, immediately after his victory at Queenstown, hastened to conclude another. No reason, civil or military, has ever been assigned for such a proceeding. It therefore does not seem unfair to suppose that on this occasion he followed the example of his superior, Sir George Prevost, and allowed his sympathies for the Yankees to get the better of his judgment. Had Sir Isaac Brock survived, within forty-

eight hours, Fort Niagara, which in truth had been abandoned by the enemy, would have been destroyed, and its guns carried off. It was deemed wiser to do nothing except afford the Americans every opportunity to repair their disaster, and facilitate their preparations for future campaigns; this the Governor-General and his Commander-in-Chief did to perfection. The taking of the capital of Upper Canada and of Fort George, the defeat of the fleet on Lake Erie, and the disgraceful rout of the British army under Proctor the following year, may be considered the agreeable consequences of the wise course then adopted.

On the 16th of October, three days after his death, Sir Isaac Brock was buried with much pomp and ceremony. His faithful aide-de-camp was interred in the same tomb. The guns of Fort Niagara boomed slowly throughout the service, the Americans with gallant generosity firing minute guns "as a mark of respect due a brave enemy." The loss of so popular a governor and

so daring a leader, not unnaturally cast a gloom over the whole colony, and especially over the Upper Province; and as time progressed and the incapacity of his successor became more and more marked, the thoughts of the people turned more constantly towards the small mound in one of the bastions of Fort George, where lay the man whom they fondly believed would have saved them their misery and trouble, and gradually his memory grew upon the people, and with each succeeding calamity became dearer, until the most popular name among British Canadians came to be that of Sir Isaac Brock.

A handsome monument, erected at public expense, now marks the spot where the hero fell on Queenstown Heights, and a liberal grant of lands to his surviving brothers testified to the gratitude with which Upper Canada remembered his gallant services. If the Province of Quebec glories in the memory of Wolfe, with no less pride does Ontario point to the resting-place of Brock.



LIFE IN GLENSHIE.

BEING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ELIZABETH RAY, SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY YOUNG MASTER," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

O Thou that dwellest in the heavens so high,
Beyond the stars, within the sky,
Where the dazzling fields need no other light,
Nor the sun by day, nor the moon by night ;
Though shining millions around Thee stand,
For the sake of Him at thy right hand,
Oh think of the souls He has died for here,
Thus wandering in darkness and doubt and fear !
—HOGG.

Aunt Mattie came to see us some time after this, and stayed for a good while. She had not yet recovered from the shock of the butter disaster. She often referred to it as a date, and counted from it backwards and forwards. I am sure that as long as Aunt Mattie lived that event was a Hegira in her calculations.

When Jane Geddes was at Uncle Henderson's she instructed me to keep out of Aunt's sight as much as possible. For this purpose she encouraged my love of reading. "It amused me," she said, "and kept me out of the way." I used to sit in the recess at the foot of the bed in the kitchen, sheltered from observation by its check curtains. I discovered for myself, after Jane left, a better hiding-place, even the best parlor. It was never entered by the children, and only when it required arranging, or on the rare occasions when company came, did Aunt set her busy foot in it, so the best parlor became my place of refuge. In this room was a book-case with glass doors, never locked, that fitted on the top of Uncle's escritoire. I often spent hours of Sunday evenings among the books. Solid works they were, and not very attractive to a child, but

some of them were full of pictures, among which I revelled.

I have an affectionate remembrance of Doddridge's Family Expositor, a Dictionary of the Bible, and a Goldsmith's Animated Nature, all illustrated profusely, and the pictures were specimens of high art to me. One day I made a discovery. Beside the chimney was a cupboard in the wall, never used because it was infested with crickets. In the bottom was a heap of fragments of books. Out of this I fished bits of plays, old magazines, scraps of the church historian, Fuller, quaint and sweet, parts of stories and histories; not enough of any one thing to satisfy me, but enough to set me longing for more. I read these stray leaves over and over, until I almost had them by heart. I honestly think they were my greatest comfort during that dreary time at Enbridge. They helped me to have a world of my own to retire into from neglect and taunts and punishment.

One day during Aunt Mattie's visit, when I had got Jamie asleep, the others being out playing, and Aunt being occupied in chatting with Aunt Mattie, I slipped into the parlor, opened the closet, and sat down on the carpet to sort among the tattered remains of the dead books. Jamie had been very fretful and unwilling to go to sleep, and I had been tired and impatient, and though I said nothing I was sure Aunt, who always had her eye on me, noticed my impatience. All was forgotten now but the books, out of which I succeeded in fishing up something

new to me, "A Vision of the Angelic World," by Defoe. I was lost in another world, when I was recalled by Aunt Henderson's voice talking to old Aunt Mattie, both, by the sound, coming along the hall.

Anything was better than being found taking my ease in the best parlor. I crept into the closet, crouched among the crickets on the heap of tattered leaves, drew the door to after me, and sat as still as a mouse. I was afraid they would hear my heart beating. I hoped they were going into the shop, but no, they came straight into the parlor.

Aunt was showing the ancient Mattie some heirloom or other out of Uncle's escritoire. I knew by their talk that it was some memento of my dead father. Aunt praised him as one who was worthy, and praised mamma, and old Aunt Mattie assented.

"Noo, Mary Ann, that we're be oorsels," said old Aunt Mattie, "just tell me hoo it's wi' ye aboot thae bairns. The laddie's no' that bad, but a lass is just a fearfu' responsibility. Is there plenty o' provision left for them noo? I'm thinkin' no, for puir Wattie was na the ane to be forehanded."

"I don't think there is anything. Tom's so contrary he wouldn't tell me how the affairs were settled, but I have neither seen nor heard of any provision made for them. It's just as I expected it would be, another ready-made burden laid on me," said Aunt dolorously.

"I wadna' thole't gin I were you," said Aunt Mattie, with vehemence.

"The little boy is not so much trouble,—he is good-natured, and his board isn't a great deal in such a family as ours. His father's clothes will cut down for him for a good while to come. It's Elizabeth that's the trial. She's sulky and sour-tempered, as awkward as she can live, and useless to boot. She is a burden and

a heavy one. I never saw a child in my life with such ungainly ways."

"Toon lasses are aye hard to guide," said Aunt Mattie. "The wee lad's weel eneuch, but I was misdoubting that the lassie was ower auld farrant. Wow! but she turned up her dainty neb at the guid parritch yon nicht at oor place! I said tae mysel', 'My leddy, ye'll claut the luggie clean yet.' I wonder noo, that Tammas doesna satisfie ye aboot them. He oucht to consider the provokshun it is to you."

"It is provoking, Aunt, but it's Thomas's way,—he always did like to keep things to himself. He gave me no satisfaction as to how my poor brother left things, I don't think there's a penny. He was not the man to gather, except books, and there's plenty of them."

"There's little feedin' or cleedin' in a wheen o' buiks. I'd hae't oot wi' Tammas an' see what ye'll hae for a' yer fash. I wadna rab and ruin my ain weans at ony rate. Tak ye my advice noo."

"I cannot do anything past his pleasure, Aunt. As I said, the boy is but little trouble, but I'd part with the girl without many tears. I wish you saw how she flew at poor weakly Annie the other day. She shows neither gratitude nor common feeling to us, after all we've done for her."

"I wadna thole't gin it was me. Ye should consider yer ain. Is there na some society or schule whaur ministers' orphan weans are cared for when they're left destitute, an' get better care an' guidin' than ye hae ony way tae gie them?"

"I daresay there is, but Thomas would never consent."

"Consent to what?" said Uncle Tom's voice, and I heard his brisk step coming in. "What are you two plotting here?"

"I was just sayin', Tammas, wi' a' your care, ye had sma' need tae add twa grown weans to the femily, forbye

ye hae somethin' tae mak amens for the out puttin'."

"You must think me a poor provider, Aunt Mattie, and Mary Anne a poor manager if we could not spare a crumb for these two sparrows," said Uncle, laughing.

"I tell ye what, my man," said Aunt Mattie, "it's my opinion that ye pick up ither bairns a thocht too readily. Ye hae a gran' way o' makin' licht o' things. My certie! ye micht be content wi' yer ain hoosefu' an' mair comin' it's mair than likely. Gin there's ony way o' schulin' them in a free way as a minister's orphan weans, I think it's yer duty as a father o' a family tae tak it. Ye'll hae nae slack in yer expenses. Ye'll be for givin' the lads a cast at the college, an' sendin' Annie, the wee bonnie weakly one, tae get mair buik lear than she'll get wi' Caldwell. Ye shuld consider yer ain risin' family."

"Well, Thomas," said Aunt, deliberately, "I think you should consider what Aunt Mattie says. I know that there are schools, at least I have heard so, where children are as well taught and as kindly treated as at schools to which people send their children and pay dearly for the privilege. Why should we burden ourselves when there is no earthly reason? I must say there's a good deal of sound sense in Aunt's opinion."

I heard Uncle Tom's short laugh. "A pretty sample of your Christianity you're showing!" said he. "Do you know that it is your only brother's orphan children you are talking of sending to a charity school, if one can be found to take them? I should think you would be willing to deny yourself a little to shelter them for his sake if you have no higher motive."

"If they were your brother's children," said Aunt, "I would not mind the burden half so much, but the expense comes from my side of the house. Aunt Mattie is right,—our ex-

penses will be no less year by year. I do not see why we should bear the burden if it is not absolutely necessary."

"Ither folks' bairns are aye a burden an' a care," put in Aunt Mattie. "The wee lad's a fine lad an' a bonnie, but I canna bide the lass, glowerin' at me wi' her big een as solemn as a hoolet."

"Aunt Mattie, you have no skill of bairns, when you have none of your own," said Uncle in a joking voice. "Mind your cows and hens; no one can beat you there."

"Listen to me, Mary Anne, once for all. This is a matter that Aunt Mattie cannot meddle with."

"My certie!" began Aunt Mattie.

He went on without noticing Aunt Mattie's indignant interruption. "Your brother, a man called and chosen of God, who consecrated himself to His service, has been taken away, and left his children fatherless. Now it is our duty and privilege to bring them up for God as well as we can. We are their nearest of kin. When Walter Ray's children go to a charity school of any kind my own will go. While I can earn a shilling they will share and share alike with my own family. Don't get close-hearted, Mary Anne; the God of the fatherless is good pay." I heard Uncle go out of the room and shut the door after him.

"Waes me, but Tammas's wilfu and misguided!" said Aunt Mattie.

"He's very obstinate when he sets down his foot, but he's mostly in the right," said Aunt Henderson.

"Weel, weel," retorted Aunt Mattie, "mak the wee lassie as usefu as ye can; she'll aye be guid for somethin' if ye gar her dae ye biddin'."

This conversation sank deep into my heart. I did not need to hear it to know I was not a favorite with either Aunt Henderson or old Aunt Mattie. but I was surprised to hear Uncle Tom speak so nobly. I had thought him stingy and mean, but this declaration

was laid up in my heart to his credit forever. I never felt angry afterwards when Uncle called me a queer shaver, or pulled my ears, and told me I was not worth my salt.

It was a good while before I got leaving my hiding-place. I was not capable of thinking of anything clearly: I was filled with a tempest of contending thought. Aunt's house, that had never had much of a home feeling for me, could be a home for me never more.

I resolved to be as useful as possible, to keep from being a burden, and to learn all I could, that when I grew up I might be independent.

I tried to interest Walter in my thoughts for the future, when we went together one evening to drive home the cows from the fields, but Walter wanted to look for beechnuts among the withered leaves in the lane where the beeches grew. I did not want to say much against Aunt to Walter,—I thought it would be mean, so I said hesitatingly, "Walter, I don't think Aunt is glad to have us here."

"Who cares?" said Walter. "I don't. Look, 'Lisabeth, here's lots of these funny three-cornered beechnuts."

"Yes, yes, Walter," I said, rather impatiently, "but what will we do?"

"Wait till I grow up and you'll see what I'll do. You will ride in a coach and have everything you want."

"But, Walter," I said, some of the sentiments running in my head that I had picked out of the fragments in the parlor closet, "we must grow up and carve out our own living."

"We can't grow up to-night, like Jack's bean-stalk,—I would like to. See, there's a bird; I bet I'll hit it."

It was no use. Walter's mind would not take hold of my ideas, and I, forced to think out the matter by myself, fell to building airy plans that reached into coming years. We were late that evening,—had delayed, Aunt thought; so Walter, as being younger, was forgiven

while I was sent to bed without supper. I lay awake rebelling against Aunt's rule with all my feeble might. I began to think of God's great power, so often exercised in infinite pity towards creature-helplessness. I wondered if He would not pity me as well as Hagar's child when he was perishing with thirst. I determined I would seek Him. I slipped out of bed and poured out my thoughts to the God of my father, taking care not to speak loud enough for Arthur to hear. I reminded Him of my trouble, my helplessness and Aunt's injustice. I made no mention of my sins this time,—it seems I had forgotten that I had any sins to be forgiven; and it was not for Christ's sake, but for my father's, that I sought help and redress.

I wonder what I expected, for I had no hope of seeing Aunt transformed. I began to think if God spoke to me and asked me what I wanted what would I say. I would tell Him that father, mother and home were gone; that the distance between God and me was getting wider every day. I wanted to have Him on my side. I fancied I was struggling to get nearer to Him, and slipping with every effort to a greater distance. I knew I was not such a good girl as when I lived at home, and I was not getting any better. I was angry at Aunt and hated her, and old Aunt Mattie too. I did not want to get the hatred out of my heart; I wanted God to take my part against these my enemies. I do not think I wanted Him to hurt them, but I did want Him to like me better than He did them, to be with me as He was with Joseph, and make my plans for carving out a future for myself to prosper, and to hasten the time for my escape out of Aunt's family. I was a little frightened at the vehemence of my dislike. None of the good people of whom I read ever felt as I did. I might go on hating Aunt and get worse and farther away from God and never get the way back. I tried to look at my case from Aunt's point of view, but I did

not succeed; my mind always slipped back to my own trouble. She did not want me, but I did not want to come. I had lost a pleasant home, but I did not fret over that alone; I would try to bear it if I was only welcome here. It was tiresome carrying Jamie about, but I liked to do it, till I got very tired; I liked to feel his thin arms round my neck,—I knew that he loved me. I liked to help Aunt, was glad when she asked me to do anything for her, only longing to hear her say once, "Well done, Elizabeth," but this word never came. Annie was not so willing or patient as I was, but Aunt seemed to think that she could do no wrong, and that I could not do right.

It was so that my prayers and my meditations always left me thinking I had done no wrong, and a sense of Aunt's injustice kept my heart on fire with anger and I could not be happy. I would have liked to die at this time. I read of happy little children that died, and I would have gladly died if I could have been sure of the hereafter. But the more I thought I had done no wrong, the more I felt and resented Aunt's injustice; the more unwilling I felt to stand at the judgment seat, or meet my father's grave, tender eyes. I set myself afresh to seek God, and read the Bible at every opportunity as a help; but the distance between God and my soul seemed to be greater every day. I never turned to the New Testament.

I never desired to make Jesus my friend. I was afraid of Christ. He was far too holy to feel for or sympathize with such little troubles as mine. He was not earthly, and had no feeling for temporal things. He snubbed the man who wanted His influence with his brother, that had seized all the inheritance. He favored Mary when she sat with the company and left Martha to serve alone, as Annie did me so often. I would have liked if the Lord had said, "Go and help Mary, and you will soon be done, and both can sit at my feet."

The education I had received, strict and loving as it was, had not enabled me to understand the Lord's answer.

Teaching is good, training is better, but He who carries the Keys of David, our dear Lord Himself, alone can open the heart to know the things of Christ.

I turned therefore as eagerly as a Jew to the great events of the Old Testament. I sympathized with a fellow-feeling in the danger of the crowding multitude of fugitive slaves, the sea before, the Egyptians behind, no apparent way of escape. What relief thrilled from rank to rank as the word was passed, "Stand still and see the salvation of God!" What an answer to Moses's agonized silent cry up to Him, was the order, "Go forward!"—the triumphal march dryshod through the midst of the sea; the song of triumph on the shore of safety!

The God of signs and wonders was the God I sought for, the Jehovah of Help; that God who came down on the whirlwind to speak to Job when he had reached the extreme limit of human endurance. And if He did reprove him for his impatience, He knew it was but natural with three such friends teasing him with their piously spiteful speeches, and a wife that was like Aunt Henderson. He took his part magnificently at last, restored to him double what he had lost, and made his friends acknowledge that he was more righteous than they.

There was a little difficulty in entering into these stories for myself by myself, because of the hard names that were scattered about them. Pihihiroth, Migdol and Baal-zephon were places with a strange, unreal look; so it was hard to realize living men called Bildad, Zophar and Eliphaz. They could not be nice men with such names, that black Bildad especially. It was a great drawback that these names were so strange. I could not attempt to pronounce them, but passed them

with a flying jump and tried to forget them.

I had the one wish and prayer that the mighty God of Jacob would deliver me, and make Aunt Henderson acknowledge that she wronged me. I thought Hezekiah's plan of spreading out his case before the Lord in the temple a very good one, and one that brought quick results.

There was a difficulty in the way of my taking Hezekiah's plan. God had promised to be always near to answer in his Holy Temple, but the Temple was in dust, and no one place that I knew of was holier than another now. I sought God, but there was no answer and I was afraid that no one regarded. My thoughts were so much taken up with these matters that I was more than usually absent-minded, awkward and blundering. One day Aunt had got home a set of china dishes for the best bedroom. They were on the kitchen table to get the dust of traffic washed off them. I thought they were very pretty. They had birds of Paradise in purple and gold flying over them among strange foliage.

I was looking at the pitcher which had some peculiarity about the handle, when Aunt, noticing me, called quickly to me to set it down. In doing so I let it fall in my nervous haste and broke it. Aunt gave me a severe beating,—not for breaking the pitcher, but for meddling with it. Jane Drennan wondered Aunt was so patient with such a perfect idiot. Aunt Mattie declared I should be sent "oot tae beg frae door tae door wi' a meal-poke on my back."

After my whipping I wandered away into the fruit garden at the back of the barn and knelt under a cherry tree that stood in a corner with my complaint.

I never thought of the back door of the barn, or of the possibility of any one being there; but Arthur was inside helping John Ferris to pick over potatoes. This was the second time he had heard what was meant for God

alone. The first notice I had of his nearness was his voice singing derivatively:

" Poor Elizabeth!
Who always saith,
She is very sure
That she's a sinner poor,

And a little orphan with hardships to endure."

I saw John Ferris pull back the curly head and box his ears. I fled into the house as much ashamed of and angry at myself as Aunt could be—ashamed that I should be found out in my clumsy attempts to seek after God.

While Aunt Mattie stayed, Aunt Henderson was invisible for a while, and a dear little baby, Nellie, was added to the household.

The house-keeping was left to Jane Drennan by and with the advice of Aunt Mattie. It seemed as if we had passed from the stern rule of Solomon to the wanton tyranny of Rehoboam. Bitter old Aunt Mattie emphasized her orders to me with stinging nips and pinches. Before Aunt recovered I had an assortment of these love-tokens on my arms in black and blue. However, Aunt Mattie's pinches were loving-kindnesses compared with the torture of Jane Drennan's tongue.

She knew she could hurt me through my mother's memory, and she used her power without mercy. The wild Irish, the O's and Mac's, Connaught coat of arms, the Kerry brogue, the Wicklow mountains were thrown up to me like personal sins. When Jane boasted that she had not one drop of Irish or Papist blood in her, I was glad, and respected Irish and Papist blood because of their absence from her. She kept Aunt in a ferment with her lying tattle.

It was a great relief when Aunt again took up the reins of government, and Aunt Mattie went home.

Another blessing was that Jane Drennan found a sweetheart among the workmen, and was so occupied in engineering him into a proposal, that we had comparative peace. Indeed, having a beau mollified her exceedingly.

And I had never yet found God, though I sought Him constantly with my complaint. I began to think, like the Syrians when they said God was a God of the hills, that there were places where He more surely heard prayer and answered it more readily than He did in others.

Jesus oftenest went up into a mountain apart to pray; but there were not many mountains in our part of the country. I knew none but the distant *Slieve mis*, and, of course, I never could go there. But many, like Peter, went up to the house-top. I determined to go up there and try once more if he would hear and answer.

One night when the candles were lighted, and Jamie put to sleep to his favorite tune, I slipped out of the house, solemnly determined to try if God favored one place more than another.

Aunt's house, as I said before, was a two-story house with a large kitchen at the back. In the angle between the kitchen and the house there was an old apple tree that threw its branches over the kitchen roof. I climbed up the apple tree, and got from it to the kitchen roof. But the kitchen roof was not the house-top, so I climbed on the roof of the house. I need not say I was but a child,—this exploit proves it. I found the roof steep and the slates so smooth that it was difficult to keep from rolling off. I crept on cautiously till I reached the ridge, and held on while I prayed my prayer. The sense of insecurity marred it somewhat. I could not order my cause before Him as I might have done on the level, but I said what I could remember, and turned to make my descent, which was more difficult than going up.

The moon was at the full, careering among downy balls of cloud, which were lightened up and glorified with her mild white light. Now Jane Drennan and her lover were in the shade of the apple tree, whispering their own secrets, when they were startled by the

rustling overhead. Jane thought immediately that some one was spying on her, and slipped into the house by the front way, while her sweetheart, after pausing to find out who it was, rushed into the house and alarmed Aunt with the news that Elizabeth was on the top of the house. Aunt armed with a rod soon appeared at the foot of the tree, followed by Annie, Walter and the boys. I had not sense enough to stay up and make terms, but came down abjectly and was marched into the house a prisoner. Uncle came in just then and helped Aunt to catechize me, but I stood obstinately silent. I could not tell any living soul what I went up on the house-top for. In vain Uncle questioned, in vain Aunt catechized; my face was as white as it could bleach with terror, but I could not answer. Aunt felt defied and determined to whip me, but Uncle interfered and told me to go to bed and say my prayers. After I got to bed I heard Uncle telling Aunt it was no use to whip me, as I was not right in the head.

“Oh!” groaned Aunt, “that some one else had to manage her; I would willingly give up *my* responsibility.”

I think Aunt never gave me more than a slap on the face, or a box on the ear after that night. It was settled among them that I was a little crazy.

But God had not answered my prayers; He did not interfere in my behalf. He has forgotten me, I said; if ever He loved me, He loves me now no more, and I left off seeking Him in despair.

CHAPTER IX.

A child-heart sickened with deferred hope,
Feeling the impatient anguish of suspense,
And tasting of the bitter, bitter cup
That Disappointment's withered hands dispense;
Knowing the poison that o'erflows from thence
Over lone, tedious, miserable hours.

—ANON.

After this I looked for no change as

day after day drifted hopelessly by. I did not go to school; there was the new baby to nurse, and Jamie had not yet begun to walk or speak. I felt that I was sinking down into confirmed neglect. When I came first to Enbridge, Aunt Mattie used to call me "the wee toon leddy," the scholars at Caldwell's school did the same, because my clothes, thanks to my dear mamma's care, were very neat and becoming. As my clothes wore out I lost this distinction, and Arthur, noting everything with his sharp eye and sharp tongue, nicknamed me Cinderella. Walter sometimes tried to cheer me up by confiding to me his plans for the future. He was to become a great man and to make of me a grand lady. I was to have a silk dress, blue as the sky, with flowers on it as white as the clouds, and a watch of the red, red gold.

Walter was a bright little fellow, eager and quick to learn; he took some little prizes at the examination, and was spoken of as a boy of great promise. My dear little brother, with his clear blue eyes, his pretty face, delicate as a girl's, the rings of golden-brown hair clustering round his broad, white brow, with his winning smile, his pleasant manner, no wonder he was a general favorite. In my eyes he was a peerless boy, and with all his heart he loved his poor, plain little sister. Was not that a comfort to me?

O, Walter, darling, what a pleasant little brother you were to me in those lonely days!

It was a great sorrow to be kept from school, to feel that I was learning nothing. I read when I could, and often picked up something when the boys were learning their lessons out loud. They always did this when Aunt was not about, for the noise they made was too much for her patience or her head. I had left off praying entirely, at this time, and was living without God in the world. I was very unhappy, but, strange as it may seem, I laughed more,

and appeared more gay and thoughtless than I had ever done in my life before. Aunt said I had no feeling, and I began to believe her; yet I was sad enough when I was alone.

When spring came round, Jane Drennan brought her courtship to a close by marrying her sweetheart, John McLaverty, out of hand, and emigrated with him to Philadelphia, loaded with presents from both Uncle and Aunt. She is there yet, well and doing well, as her letters to Aunt testify; sowing dissension and stirring up strife I am very sure, or her nature has much changed. I never have had the least desire to visit the Quaker city for Jane's sake.

John Symmons left us a little afterwards. His apprenticeship was over, and he was going to travel about as a journeyman, to see strange places, and perfect himself in his trade. I was alone in the barn, where Aunt had sent me to rub the buds off the potatoes stored there, when John came to bid me good-bye.

"I'm going away, Miss Elizabeth," he said, in his slow, awkward way.

"Well, John, I hope you'll do well and be happy, I am sure," I said.

"I will be happy whatever happens, Miss Elizabeth." He paused and shifted from one foot to the other, his colorless face reddening all over in his effort to speak.

"Miss Elizabeth," he said at length. "I have thought of you, and—and prayed for you too, ever since the night I carried your little brother from Ballymena to Aunt Mattie's on my back."

"I wish I had never come here," I said. "I have wished it ever since."

"But you are here, and I'm afraid—I'm afraid that you are beginning to forget your inheritance."

"What do you mean?" I asked, looking full in his face.

"I had no one to teach me Bible learning as you had, but I do know a little, and I'm afraid, Miss Elizabeth,

that you are marring your inheritance," he said.

"How?" I asked, still looking at him.

"I heard about your father, that wicked people nick-named him the Apostle Paul, because of his earnestness and devotedness. Mr. Henderson says he walked in an atmosphere of consecration. The seed of the righteous inherit many great and precious promises. You can say the second paraphrase better than many—

God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Don't you think you have an inherited obligation on you to be the Lord's?"

"I want to be the Lord's," I said, "but He treats me like Saul,—He will not answer me."

"O, Miss Elizabeth, doubt anything else, but be sure of God's loving care. You are of more value than many sparrows. He has the hairs of your head numbered. Do not fear, He will bring you out of all your distresses. Be afraid of yourself, be afraid of sin, but never be afraid that God has forgotten you or forsaken you. Look to Him, and wait patiently. He never forgets. Do not let Arthur or any one else laugh you out of your prayers."

"I would not mind the laughing, though it is hard to bear, if there was any answer,—if I thought there was any one that regarded," I said. "I have a complaint to make, I have lost every one that cared for me but Walter; this is not home,—it never can be home; Aunt would not care if I died, and God does not care how lonely I am."

"Call upon God, Miss Elizabeth. He says, 'I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee.' If you wait patiently on Him you will find that He remembers your case."

"He has forgotten me," I said sadly.

"Don't now, don't now, Miss Eliza-

beth," said John earnestly; "don't be bearing false witness against the God of your father. Look to Him, wait on Him, trust Him, and He will bring to pass all He has promised concerning you."

"What has He promised concerning me?"

"Search the Book, Miss Elizabeth. It is all there. Good-bye; do not fear but He will bring you out safe at last." John shook hands with me and went away, and I never saw him any more.

I did not read the Bible to find out what the fatherless children of godly parents were entitled to under the hand and seal of the Almighty. I slipped further away from God day by day, and more apart from every one around me.

I thought of Aunt with wonder; I wonder at her yet. She was considered a good Christian woman; she was, as she boasted, a rigid Presbyterian; there was not a better neighbor in Enbridge; she was a loving mother to her own, tender and good; she was not unkind to Walter; I was a very little girl, only eleven when my father died, and in all these dreary months she had not one word of kindness or commendation to spare for me.

My dear mamma used to say so often, "You can lead Elizabeth anywhere by her heart." I thought then that I had a kind heart; I doubted it now,—I doubted everything. I thought so much about myself and my troubles that I was getting selfish, I knew. I watched my cousins and saw them, and my brother also in a lesser degree, moving in an atmosphere of warmth and light from which I was shut out. As I looked and longed to share alike with the rest, I was filled with envy, malice and all uncharitableness, and all my thoughts judged and condemned Aunt. I was mercifully delivered from a serious trouble about this time.

A conviction had been growing on Aunt that Jamie would never either walk or talk; this fear made her more

tender and indulgent to him. I may say I was the proxy that carried out her feelings towards him. I carried him about in the house, in the garden, abroad in the fields in the warm spring weather, till my arms seemed ready to drop from my shoulders. I never complained, for who was there to heed my complaint?

One day I had got him to sleep with much difficulty, brought him home and carried him upstairs to his cot, and tucked him in with a sigh of relief that the long march and the weary singing were over. When I came down stairs Aunt said to me, "Elizabeth, take Nellie and carry her out into the air a little while."

It was with an unwilling heart that I took her that day.

She was a nice little baby, not a bit cross, fat and sweet and white, soft to feel, like a little white rabbit or a kitten. Aunt tied on her wee white bonnet and cloak of white dimity and I carried her up the lane into the long meadow and sat down to rest on the grass with her on my lap.

It was a bright day—everything was just as beautiful as it could be. The sky was brightly blue; big, downy clouds, all their whiteness filled with glory, floated tranquilly along. The grass was starred with daisies and golden with buttercups. The birds were doing their best to express their gladness. One thrush of my acquaintance that had a nest in the big elm tree that grew in the hedge, sat on a branch where I could see him plainly—oh dear he did not mind me in the least!—held up his head and sung such a jubilant psalm as if he must sing the glory of his joyfulness or die. A distant cuckoo went over his two notes as though he wanted all the world to hear. The gladness of the spring comforted and rested me. I looked at the little round-eyed daisies holding up their faces to the sky, every white leaflet blushing crimson at the edge for gladness. I

longed to gather the beautiful things and make a daisy chain for the white throat of little Nellie. If I had only a needle and thread. I looked in my pocket-cushion, where it ought to be—the needle I mean—and in the breast of my pinafore, where it was, to Aunt's dismay, sometimes found, but there was no needle, so the daisy chain must remain unstrung. Well, it was one comfort they looked better on their own stems among the grass.

As I sat there spying out the beauties of the spring-time, watching the shadows sweeping over the grass, hearing the little stream that ran down the side of the meadow, telling its own story in its own way, to the pebbles and the rushes, I noticed something blue swaying and swinging on the ditch face beyond the stream. I went near to the edge of the little stream, and behold they were flowers! Never before had I seen any like them. They were blue, pure like the sky above me, little bells with delicate mitred edges, two and three clustered on one stem, and it as slender as a hair; and they trembled and swung in the soft spring wind till I could fancy they were ringing chimes for the fairies. How glad I was to find these beauties, aristocrats of flowers! How common daisies and buttercups in their silver and gold looked beside them! I must get them; they were only across the little brook, on the bank beyond. I could cross it with a running jump, and get them and be back in a moment. I sat looking at them as they swayed in the soft spring breeze, dipping and nodding at me as though they would say "Come over and gather us." I would never have thought of it if I had had Jamie, for he would have lifted his voice in a screeching protest that would have alarmed the country if I had attempted to lay him down; but Nellie was so sweet and quiet, I might lay her on the warmed grass for a minute, only for a minute, and I would have the flowers

that were like bits of the heaven that bent above me.

I laid the dear baby on the grass. There was an almost imperceptible slope from where I laid her to the edge of the little stream, that was pretty deep though narrow. I ran down and sprang across quite easily. I gathered the flowers; they were as beautiful in my grasp as when I looked at them from a distance, which cannot be said of everything we grasp at. But there were more a little up stream on the other side of the bank. I must have them too. I ran up a few steps and gathered them. Turning my head up and down stream to see if there were any more, I saw that the baby had kicked and squirmed until she was rolling down the slope, and had got quite near the edge of the stream. I dropped the precious flowers and made a great jump across. As I lifted my eyes from the part they took in my jump, I saw the little white bundle roll over the brink and flash into the water. I saw her float down on the little rapid stream. I tore along the grass like the wind, jumped into the water and caught up the darling. She was nothing the worse, only the plunge and the fright. I stripped her entirely and laid her things smoothly on the grass to dry, and rolled up the dear white naked pet in my pinafore, and held her close to my heart, and sung to her, walking up and down in my wet skirts till she quit sobbing and fell asleep. It was a long time before her clothes were dry. I put her little chemise in my bosom to warm before I put it on her. I was dreadfully afraid of her taking cold from her plunge and being sick, and I was afraid also of Aunt's finding out and having good cause to be angry. Her clothing seemed as if it would never dry, but at last it was dry and I dressed her with care and set out home without the bluebells,—indeed I never thought of them.

Annie was coming up the lane in

search of me as I went down. Aunt asked how I managed to tumble baby's clothes so, but a neighbor was in and she let the matter slip by, and no harm happened to the baby either, and I was so thankful.

The days went slowly past, bringing no change for the better to me. I fretted impatiently that I was learning nothing. All prospect of learning to support myself seemed at an end. Bella Wiley suggested to me once that I might learn to flower on muslin for the factory; but when there were two babies to be nursed, where was there any time to learn anything? I could seldom snatch a minute to read now, either by sitting up late or rising early, and reading was a must-have of my nature.

This summer there was a great depression of trade felt all over. Times were slack at Enbridge, Uncle said, and he paid off some of his men. Those whom he did not wish to part with took a week's holiday and went off to enjoy themselves. Uncle proposed to Aunt to take advantage of a standing invitation and make a little trip to Killead to see Arthur's aunt,—she who had apprenticed him to Uncle so much against his will.

Uncle hired a jaunting-car for the day, intending to take Aunt and the children, including Walter. Arthur was to drive, while I was to stay at home to take care of Jamie, whose temper could not be relied on so far as to make it safe or pleasant to take him visiting.

Arthur's aunt, Mrs. Malvern, lived at a fine old place with orchards, gardens, and finely laid out grounds, worth going some distance to see; so great pleasure was anticipated from this visit. But Aunt laid so many injunctions as to behavior on Nat and Tom, so many directions about saying ma'am and sir, commands about handkerchiefs that never would stay in their pockets, so many "Thou shalt's" and "Thou shalt nots," that they got discouraged and rebelled

entirely against going, declaring sturdily that they would rather go to Aunt Mattie's. To this Aunt at last consented.

Early on the eventful morning, Nat and Tom in high glee set off together to Aunt Mattie's, glorying in the liberty from forms and ceremonies which they were to enjoy, forgetting altogether that the prospective good times depended entirely on Aunt Mattie's humor, which was at best a doubtful thing to count on. They had full permission to stay with Aunt Mattie all day. Bella Wiley had asked for a day out, to go over to West's, beyond the gazebo, where she used to live, to see Miss Janetta Nicholson, Mr. West's niece, before she returned to Scotland; so I, with only Jamie to mind, was to be "monarch of all I surveyed." I determined beforehand to have a good time reading whenever I got Jamie to sleep.

Aunt was about ready, Annie and Walter waiting with great impatience; Annie was holding the baby in her full dress of pale blue merino, cloak trimmed with a border of quilted blue silk, and a little white silk bonnet covered with rosettes of white ribbon; Arthur, walking about dressed in his best, looking very grand and important, when the car came to the door. The driver, a lanky boy, a decided enemy of Arthur's, said to Uncle, with a side glance at where Arthur stood, "Master's compliments, and I must go along to drive. He wouldn't trust any horse he owns to Arthur Weir's driving."

"I'll answer for the horse to your master," said Uncle, impatiently. "Tell him so."

"Master's compliments," persisted the boy, "and if the horse goes, I must go too to take care of him."

It was too late in the day for any other alternative than to come in to the boy's terms, or not to go at all. Arthur took offence and would not go, because he was not to drive, though Uncle almost coaxed him.

"Don't let him stay," said Aunt fretfully; "there's no knowing what mischief Elizabeth and he will manage to do before we return."

"They will be at mischief, it is altogether likely, wherever they are," said Uncle, with provoking coolness. "Mischief-makers are always best at home. You will do as little, however, as you can conscientiously," said Uncle to us, with a glance that comprehended us both.

Arthur turned on his heel and went into the house, missing the triumphant leer which the boy cast at him as the car drove off. There was a nice day of torment before me, I thought. I had not been alone with this boy since the time of the potato-digging. Jamie was fretful because he was left behind, and I carried him up and down the kitchen, soothing him by singing his favorite tune.

"You had better give him to me," said Arthur. "Come along, little Corbie; see what Arthur has got in his pocket!"

He produced three or four parti-colored glass marbles, a little whistle, on which he blew a shrill alarm, and a shining medal of Father Matthew's which he had picked up somewhere. Jamie lifted his head from my shoulder, looked at the gay marbles, hesitated—another blast from the whistle decided him, and he went to Arthur quite willingly. He established himself in Aunt's chair, set Jamie on the little table beside him with the glass marbles and some common ones in a little wooden dish to play with, blowing the whistle for him at intervals when he seemed likely to tire of the marbles. Thus arranged, he turned to me.

"What prog have they left you?"

"Bread and butter and milk; everything else is locked up," I answered.

"That old aunt of yours should be hung. No jam left out, eh?"

"Not a bit."

"She's careful, she is, to go away for all day and leave you like that, and the

Corbie to take care of besides. She might have comforted your heart with a little pot of jam, or some of that golden honey sent to her by my venerable aunt. Well, we must get up a feast. Have you any money?"

"No," I said; "I never have any."

Arthur turned out his pockets, and noticed with disgust that he had only eight pence. "I had two shillings last week, but I spent the rest," he said ruefully. "What will we do with it? We must have a pie."

"Eight pence would buy a little pie, I think," I suggested.

"That would not do," said Arthur, briskly. "Too extravagant. You must make the pie."

"But I can't; I don't know how," I objected.

"You don't know whether you can or not, if you never tried. Making pies may be the business of your life. You have got to make your first pie to-day," very decidedly said.

"What will it be made of?" I asked.

Arthur thought for a while. "There are gooseberries and cherries in the garden. What more do you want?"

"O, Arthur! the gooseberries are done, and these cherries take so much sugar and are not sweet after all."

"Well, well, take apples from the corner tree. They're green, but I guess they'll be good enough in a pie. What more do you want? Flour? Did your Aunt lock it up?"

"No, she did not. There's flour and butter for the paste, and nutmeg in the grater, but there's no sugar."

"Well," said Arthur reflectively, spreading his eight pennies on the table before him, "fair sugar, eight pence a pound—half a pound, sufficient to sweeten a pie, four pence; four pence remaining will buy four tarts at the baker's, or four sweet buns. You must go and do the marketing."

"I cannot leave Jamie," I said, unwilling to go, and glad to make excuse.

"I'll keep Jamie. We're going out

to bring in the apples; I'll pare them too,—I have a sharp knife, sharp enough to cut off chickens' heads, Jamie my boy," with a glance at baby Jamie, who was singularly well behaved.

My excuse was taken from me, and I had no fresh one to offer. Arthur gave me the eightpence and I set off to do my marketing. Mr. Smith, the baker, was in the shop with his paper cap on. To make sure of pleasing Arthur, I bought two tarts and two sweet buns, and Mr. Smith, who knew I was left to keep house, gave me a large square of gingerbread.

Before I returned Arthur had brought in the apples, and some cherries also.

He surveyed my purchases with approval, and sat down to peel the apples. Jamie, wonderfully on his good behavior, sat on the floor amusing himself. I began to make the pie crust from recollections of watching Jane Geddes making pastry long ago.

"How are we to bake this pie, Arthur?" I asked; "Aunt sends her's to the baker's at the corner. We cannot do that."

"Never you mind, make the pie and we will bake it some way."

In the middle of our preparations for the feast, Nat and Tom came running in, banging the door after them with a great noise. They were very cross, for they had promised to themselves a good day at Aunt Mattie's, that Uncle Jack would plan amusements for them, as he often did, and make Aunt Mattie be more liberal of her good things than she was inclined to be of her own accord; but Uncle Jack happened to be away at the fair, and some domestic mischance had made Aunt Mattie bristle up like a hedgehog, so they had come home in a huff. They took great interest in what was going on, stood beside the bake-board watching with eager eyes every movement of my hands, as I fitted the paste to the pie dish, cut off the residue and heaped in the pared and cored

pieces of apple which Arthur had made ready. I felt inclined to put in all the sugar, but Arthur prevented me. He decided the amount, recommended bits of butter scattered among the apples to increase the flavor, told me how much nutmeg to put in, and was very learned about ornamenting the upper crust.

When it was ready he swept clean a hot place on the hearth, set the pie on it, turned down a pot over it, and heaped up coals and ashes all around it. Then he got another pie dish, into which he laid the cherries, after stoning them, with my help sprinkled the rest of the sugar over them, and set them away to be ready for the feast.

While the pie was getting baked Arthur got the last paper and read a story for us, to keep the boys' attention from the pie, because they were sure it was burning every minute, and wanted the coals raked away and the pot lifted off to be sure that all was right, and to see if it was near done.

The story was about an old bachelor who hated children, and was punished for it by goblins, who caught him in a churchyard on a Christmas-eve.

We got so deeply interested in the story, and were so glad that the wicked, child-hating bachelor got punished, that everytime a vengeful goblin jumped on his back we laughed with glee, and joined in the shout "Ho, ho, ho, Gabriel Grub!"

"Look at little dummy," said Arthur, pointing to baby Jamie, who was listening intently, watching Arthur with his shrewd little eyes, and laughing shrilly when we laughed. "I do believe the little Corbie understands. He is a fairy changeling, there is no doubt about it. I have a great mind to put him behind the fire and see."

"You had better look at the pie, Arthur," I said, glad to change the subject, terrified lest some dreadful mischief should come into his head, and no one at home to prevent him from carrying out any purpose he might form.

He looked at the pie and pronounced it done. It was beautifully browned. A strip of candied edge suggested where the rich juice had boiled up. The feast was ready. I set the table, laying on bread and butter, the buns and tarts cut into four shares, the cherries swimming in their own juice, the gingerbread divided like the rest in four pieces, and the crowning glory of all, the pie.

I brought milk to serve for tea, obeying Arthur when he told me not to take the top off. What a feast we had, and how the boys enjoyed it! Every one divided with Jamie and petted him, Arthur not having again hinted at testing by fire if he was a fairy.

After we had feasted abundantly, we played blind man's buff, hunt the slipper, and puss in the corner, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. When we were tired playing, and had taken our supper of bread and milk, sitting round the fire we all agreed that we had spent a pleasant day.

"Lizabeth's not stupid," said Nat, in a burst of confidence; "she made the goodest pie that ever was."

"You'll be a good wife," chorused Tom, "and make good things for your husband."

Arthur burst laughing at this speech, and we all joined in, and baby Jamie pounding the floor with a stick as he sat by my side sang out "Ho, ho, ho, Gabely Gub."

When Uncle and Aunt returned the boys met them at the door shouting, "Jamie has talked! Jamie has talked!"

There was great rejoicing. Arthur only remarking that the little Corbie could have talked long ago if he had liked.

Jamie though always a weird child with something not cannie about him, after that day learned to talk and walk rapidly, to my great relief.

But this day of pleasure that showed the good side of Arthur's nature made us too familiar with him, and led before long to trouble.

UP THE NECKAR.

A TALE.

BY T. M. A. B.

(Continued.)

The morrow was to be a day not uneventful in its consequences, to both Northcote and his friend. They had risen early, for the pastor had on the previous evening proposed an expedition to the "Schwalben-nest" or "Swallow's nest" castle, so called from its being built apparently on the very face of the perpendicular, rocky side of a mountain, and accessible only from behind. If Herr Northcote's stay was to be such a short one, it was a pity that he should not see what was really the most romantic and beautiful spot in the neighborhood; and as for himself, he was only too glad to have an excuse for a thoroughly idle day. The weather was perfect, a delicious breeze moderating the heat which would otherwise have been excessive. The distance was considerable, but a great part of the way would be by water, and the boat would await their return in the afternoon. The dew was still on the flowers as Northcote and Singleton walked down to the little landing-place, where they found Christel and her father, already seated in the boat, awaiting them. Two sunburnt village boys were to do the rowing, or relieve the gentlemen if they preferred, or if Singleton desired to make sketches on the way down the river. What a morning it was! The air full of the songs of birds and the perfumes of flowers and of the new-mown grass; the river sparkled and leapt in the clear sunlight; forests and mountains looked more beautiful than ever. It would have been almost impossible, on such a day, with health and youth,

not to be happy! The pastor himself was young, in health and heart. Christel's sweet face wore a look of such brightness that Northcote found himself studying it again and again. Singleton was seated nearest her; he was in high spirits, and as he bent to his oar, sang snatches of some *Morgenlied* which breathed the very spirit of the morning. To watch him, as he turned his bright, handsome face to the girl beside him, you might have imagined that he was her lover; but there had been boating parties on the Thames and Isis, scarcely less pleasant than this, when he had been perhaps even more chivalrously attentive to some fair and aristocratic countrywoman of his own. Yet, as he had said to Northcote, Christel was herself alone, and perhaps there was "a certain sameness about Englishwomen." The boat sped on, its occupants talking and laughing cheerily, exhilarated by the breeze, the sunshine, the dancing water. Before noon they landed at the entrance to a narrow valley, with a brawling stream hurrying down it, over boulders and rocks, to join the Neckar. The sides for a mile or two were densely wooded; then the scenery changed,—the hills on either hand grew balder and more barren, the valley narrowed towards its head, and finally there arose, right fronting our pleasure party, and forming the abrupt termination of the valley, an almost perpendicular wall of rock, some four hundred feet high, only broken here and there by some stunted efforts at vegetation, and near its sum-

mit, high above them, and clinging as it were to the face of the rock, they beheld a ruin the most striking and wierdly beautiful they had yet seen.

In the old days—those days of robber knights, so hard to realize, it had frowned defiance upon any who had dared to approach it with hostile intent, and, doubtless, the noble robber inhabiting it had been the terror of the countryside. It had had complete command of the valley, and was only to be approached by a steep and tortuous road up the mountain to the right, and which could be covered by bow-shot from the loop-holes in those frowning walls. So striking, so almost sublime was the ruin, hoary with age, yet more suggestive of menace than decay, that the group paused for a little time in silence before it; then Singleton, selecting a suitable position, seated himself on a fragment of rock to take a sketch before the effect of light and shade should have changed, while the rest of the party began the difficult ascent. It had been agreed that their halting-place and refectory should be within the shade of the ruin, the pastor having assured them that they would at the same time enjoy a view unsurpassed on the Neckar. The old man led the way, while Christel, with Northcote's assistance, slowly followed. Slowly, for though she was quite a mountaineer and sure-footed, yet the loose rubble of stone which had partially covered the path, and its extreme steepness in some places, made it very difficult for a woman to proceed. Once only, she told him, as a child, she had climbed to the Schwalben-nest, and often wished since then to make the ascent. With little pauses to rest now and then, and snatches of conversation, and a word of thanks from Christel here and there, as he assisted her, they reached at last the little rocky level where was the entrance to the castle. The ascent had seemed to Northcote a very short one, for he had liked to meet the trusting eyes, and to hold the little

hand in unsafe places, and began to acknowledge to himself that the day owed some of its charm to Christel's presence. But here they were, in the ruin itself,—the rude but massive walls of dull, red stone rose around, and immediately before them stood its central tower, or "keep," proudly erect; but there was a huge rift in its side, and a young pine-tree had somehow found root within it, and waved its green plume above the battlement like the crest on a gigantic helmet. "This way," called the pastor, and they found him standing in the deep embrasure of what had been a window in that portion of the castle used as a dwelling. Beneath them stretched the valley up which they had walked, beautiful in its solitude, then a silvery sweep of the Neckar, while beyond it and on either hand extended a magnificent panorama of mountains. A faint and far-off shout made them stoop forward and look down. There was Singleton, waving his cap and sketch-book. And picturesque enough he looked. Many a time, doubtless, in the olden days, had the lady of the castle looked eagerly forth, watching for the return of some beloved one, and seen him as Christel saw Singleton now; but he was her knight no longer, and her romance was ended. A little cloud of unconscious regret crept over her face, and the soft breeze kissed away a tear from her cheek.

"I fear our climb has tired you, Fraulein," said Northcote, who marked the momentary look of depression.

"Oh, no," she answered, "it is nothing,—indeed I enjoyed it. And now I think we have all earned a good appetite, and I expect every one to enjoy what I have provided," and she busied herself, with Northcote's assistance, in unpacking a basket with which one of the young boatmen had been dispatched in advance. They spread Christel's snowy cloth on a patch of soft turf in the shade of the "keep," and very tempting looked the viands after a

number of hours spent in mountain air. The pastor had signalled to the loiterer that he must come up, and very soon he was among them—so soon that they praised his agility and sureness of foot, and Christel could scarcely think it possible.

“Ah, Fraulein Christel, you shall see me perform greater feats than that. Your praise spurs me on to show what I can do in that line. What say you if I lay at your feet a branch from that pine waving from the battlements up there? It seems to challenge the attempt.”

“Then you must have a pair of invisible wings,” rejoined Christel, laughing; “if not, I should be shocked to see you make the attempt.”

“Well, we shall see whether this Neckar-wine will inspire me with sufficient daring,” said the youngman, gaily, “and whether these good things will give me strength to do the deed,” and he slipped into a place by Christel’s side.

“I think,” said Northcote, “that the nectar and ambrosia of the gods must have been very like this innocent Neckar-wine and Fraulein Mansfeld’s pasties, partaken of among the ruins of Schwalben-nest.”

“And,” added Singleton, with his most gracious smile and bow, “Hebe must have borne a strong resemblance to our hostess.”

“Why,” said the pastor, “we are becoming altogether classical. I shall not be able to refrain from quoting Homer much longer.”

A little wit will go a long way among merry people, and the stern, old walls echoed much simple mirth that day.

Having dined and rested, they wandered round, inspecting the ruins, lingering long where the views were most beautiful, while Christel related more than one tradition attaching to the place. She was well versed in the traditional lore of her native Neckar, and told them very charmingly and with the *naïveté* and simplicity of a devout be-

liever in the truth of what she related. During a little discussion about superstition into which Northcote and the girl had fallen, Singleton had left them. Christel was listening attentively to Northcote, and he was hazarding some rather random remarks, for the sake of hearing her refute them, and watching her sweet, unconscious manner. They had been standing thus, they scarcely knew how long, when a shout high overhead made Christel start with wonder and both looked upwards. There, with one foot on the battlement of the “keep,” a pine branch waving in his hand, stood Singleton. “Oh!” cried Christel, turning white with terror, “how could he be so rash, Herr Northcote?” and in her anxiety she clasped her companion’s arm. “What shall we do? He cannot come down in safety! Had I known that he could seriously think of such a thing I would have implored him not to attempt it.”

Northcote endeavored to reassure her; then shouting to Singleton to be cautious for heaven’s sake, not to be foolhardy—he clambered over a pile of loose stones partially blocking up the ruined archway which was the entrance to the “keep,” and watched not without extreme anxiety his friend’s descent. The interior walls of the tower, which was of course completely denuded of stairways and chambers, contained many projections and inequalities which had enabled Singleton, whose agility was remarkable, to effect his ascent; but so difficult had it been that more than once he had wavered in the attempt. But now that he had commenced to retrace his steps, he found that it was infinitely more difficult. Before, he had been looking upward to the light, and every projection was distinct to the eye; but *now* he looked down into almost complete darkness, and it was well-nigh by the sense of touch alone, that he could accomplish his descent. Northcote watched him with sickening apprehension, as he seemed to hang sus-

pended between himself and the square of blue sky overhead. He did not venture to call, nay he scarcely breathed as he watched the supple, agile form swaying this way and that, now grasping as it seemed to him the bare face of the wall, now poised on a projecting stone. Lower and a little lower yet—some minutes more and he might be standing safely beside him. It would be time to blame him then for his rashness; now there could be no thought save anxiety. But just as Northcote was beginning to hope that his friend's strength and suppleness would bring him out of his peril, there was a sound of loose stones falling, then a dull thud and groan. Northcote had almost caught him as he fell. "Are you much hurt, old fellow?" he asked tenderly, as he raised his head; but Singleton had fainted—as much, his friend hoped, owing to the intense strain he had undergone as from any injury he had sustained. One arm was broken, however; but happily the spot where he had fallen was covered for the most part with a rank growth of tall weeds and grasses. The pastor, in search of whom Christel had hastened in her terror, now, full of anxiety, made his way into the keep, and he and Northcote together carried Singleton over the heap of ruin at the entrance and laid him on the sward outside, where Christel, pale and speechless, awaited them.

"There is nothing to be alarmed at, Fräulein," said Northcote, eager to reassure her; "we will soon revive him;" and indeed, when they had bathed his temples with wine and poured a little between his lips, after a great sigh, the blue eyes opened and looked from one to another with astonishment. "Why, what is the matter with me? Where am I? Ah, I remember it all now. I was a fool, Fräulein Christel, for not taking your advice; you must almost despise me for a rash fellow." Then he tried to move, and found that his right arm was broken. He could

not restrain a little groan, while Northcote endeavored to ascertain the extent of the injury, but said he was fortunate in having escaped without a broken neck. And now the question was how to get him back to Hirschhorn without aggravating the injury; it was plain that it must be done as speedily as possible. Christel's light shawl was made into a sling to support the arm, as well as might be, and as he now declared himself sufficiently recovered to set out, they commenced the descent, Singleton leaning on Northcote and taking himself severely to task for his boyish imprudence. Every step down the steep path was a fresh pain, and when at last they reached the level ground he was almost exhausted. The rest of the way to the river, however, was comparatively easy, though they were a long time in accomplishing it. The boat was awaiting them, and having made Singleton as comfortable as they could, the rowers pulled up-stream as rapidly as possible. They were a tolerably silent party, for Singleton was suffering acutely, and a gentle question now and then from Christel and a cheery word from Northcote or the pastor took the place of the morning's merry conversation. By the time they reached Hirschhorn, the moon was up, and the village was in its first sleep. Singleton must come to the parsonage, of course, the pastor insisted,—he could not have the proper attention at the inn; besides, his own house was nearer. So Northcote helped his friend thither, Christel having hurried on before to make some preparation for his coming, and he was soon lying on the snow-white pillows in her little guest-chamber, while she flitted hither and thither, intent upon his comfort. Northcote had gone in quest of the old village doctor, who pronounced that the case was one which would require a good deal of nursing and care. The arm was badly broken, some fever had al-

ready set in, and there were other though less serious injuries.

Behold, then, our young athlete, prisoner in the little room with its pure, white drapery and simple furniture, Christel and Northcote installed as his nurses. That night he lay in great pain and weariness. The following day he was delirious for a time, and took Christel for his favorite sister and for some Lady Grace, and he spoke to these persons about Christel. "A charming voice!" he said. "Yes, Lady Grace, you may pout, but it is of as good a quality as your own, and a sweet woman,—a foreigner certainly. No, I do not say I prefer foreigners." This and a great deal more he said, giving Christel glimpses into his life which she did not forget. It had been a joyous life, without any tragic elements, without any special secrets, bright and buoyant, but without depth, like the sunny Neckar itself. Christel's tender heart ached to see him lying there, helpless, with the fever flush on his face; and once Northcote surprised her, by the bedside, in tears. It was late in the evening, and he had come to take her place for the night by his friend's side. She had just been bending over Singleton, giving him a cooling drink, and he had thanked her, calling her Clara, his good little sister. Northcote asked her some questions concerning him, and then urged Christel to retire to rest at once. "You must not alarm yourself, Fräulein," he said, somewhat coldly; "this fever is quite a thing to have been expected, but with such good nursing he will pull through in a short time." "You will think me very foolish perhaps," she answered, "but I have been thinking how sad it is to see such youth and health so prostrated; and he has been mistaking me for his sister in England—poor fellow!" and she looked with such pitying eyes on the flushed, eager face, that Northcote could have wished it was himself lying

there. Yet that sweet pity seemed unconscious of a more personal feeling that he felt suddenly unaccountably cheered.

"Good night, Herr Northcote," she said, holding out her hand; and he said, "Good night, God bless you," with an earnestness of which he was himself unaware, but which made Christel remember him in her prayers.

The day following Singleton was worse, but the old doctor felt no alarm, and Christel had been taught from her earliest youth to consider him an oracle; so she watched her patient faithfully, following out all the old man's prescriptions to the letter, and the long summer's day wore slowly to its close. Northcote called several times and spent some hours at the parsonage. Christel and himself seemed almost like old friends, drawn together as they were by the same anxiety. While Singleton slept, Christel sat in the cool, shady verandah, from which she could watch him and hear the slightest sound, and here Northcote joined her. Once he brought her his Heine to show her a passage of exceeding beauty, another time he came with some beautiful half-open roses from the garden. They spoke but little, yet Christel was glad to see the fine, thoughtful, kindly face, which seemed to become more and more genial in her presence. Again there was the earnest good night as she left him by Singleton's bedside, feeling sure that he would be watched over with unflinching care and tenderness until the morning.

It was as the doctor had predicted: in a few days the fever subsided, the delirium had quite ceased, and the young man knew his friend and Christel again. He was very weak, and the doctor gave strict injunctions to preserve perfect quiet; the least excitement might be very injurious. So Christel moved softly around, or sat and sewed near him as he lay there, and would only allow a few words now

and then. "No, no," she would say, as she shook her head, "I will not let you speak—indeed I must go away if you *will* talk. Wait till you are stronger; you are getting on so well, and we have all so much to be thankful for. You must not run any risks." So he was obliged to content himself with lying there and watching her. The smallest movement made her look up, always with a smile, always with a ready hand to adjust his pillows, to offer the cool drink in the sparkling glass to his feverish lips, ever on the watch to do him a service. Then Northcote or the pastor would stroll in, seat themselves by the bedside, speak a few words of cheery congratulation, and then, in obedience to Christel's orders, go away. She was indeed a faithful, tender little nurse, and Singleton, during those hours of convalescence, realized, as he had never done before, her sweet and womanly qualities, and felt very, very grateful. What was he to this woman, that she should thus devote herself so entirely to him? Her face was pale with watching and anxiety. For many days she had lived entirely for him, scarcely allowing herself a few minutes to breathe the air outside. He knew not how sufficiently to thank her, how to express the deep sense he had of her goodness. One afternoon when he had been studying her face the thought arose in his mind, that a man with such a wife as Christel would make, must be a happy one. What a companion for bright or dreary days, how good and simple, heart-refined in the best sense, and what a musician—such a source of pleasure to one, like himself, passionately fond of music! Christel, dreaming over her work, little imagined the thoughts travelling through Singleton's brain. She was thinking at that moment about Northcote, and how, last evening, he had told her that he stood alone in the world. His mother had died when he was a boy, but he retained an inexpressible fondness for her memory. He had been an only child, like Christel herself, and had never known much of women's society; yet how chivalrous he was and with what gentle deference he ever treated her! He had told her a great deal about his life, his for the most part solitary life in London, and how he sometimes looked forward to a time, when, if it was God's will, he might have a home—a home of his own. Did she know what that meant? he asked, "a solitary man could have no home." Then he had wished her good-night somewhat abruptly. So Christel was thinking of Northcote while she sewed, though not for a moment unmindful of her patient, and Singleton thought of Christel—how if he were to say to her one day: "Christel, will you be my wife?" He owed her so much—his life perhaps—did it not seem well that he should dedicate it to her? All consciously to himself there was a certain feeling that it would be the right, the generous thing to do, and the more he dwelt upon it, the more it took shape in his mind. Of course he must wait till he was well,—it would be absurd to propose to a woman on a bed of sickness,—but it should be then. Here under the influence of her presence no visions of Lady Grace troubled him, and he could dwell undisturbed upon Christel's graces and virtues.

A fortnight more had elapsed and Singleton was once more free to enjoy the loveliness of Neckarland and the summer air and sunshine. He had not yet spoken to Christel, but he determined to do so this very day. He was sitting alone on the edge of the grove, behind the parsonage garden, watching the sunset over the mountains and the bright river below. He could hear its murmur mixed with the whisper of the lime-trees. How beautiful life seemed to this youth, just emerged from the shadow of sickness and pain!

Mere existence was to him intense enjoyment.

"The common earth, the air, the skies,
To him were opening Paradise."

Then he thought of England. He had had a letter from his sister that day, lovingly scolding him for not writing. How pleasant it would be to see them all again! What would they say when he told them about Christel? Ah, when he told them how she had been a ministering angel to him, the means of his being restored to health, they would welcome her with open arms. And what of Lady Grace? Well, she would easily console herself. Still, he seemed to see a pair of blue eyes, half-laughing, half-haughty and a proud, bright face flash before his gaze, and he threw himself back into the soft turf and fell into a dreamy state that was something like irresolution. The evening bell from the little steeple roused him and he rose and retraced his steps to the parsonage. As he approached it he heard Christel's voice, floating out clear, sweet and strong; he paused to listen for a moment before entering.

"Ah, Fräulein Christel, how delightful to hear your voice again! I never heard it sound better."

"Where have you been?" asked Christel,—*"I was just going in search of you; you must not feel as if you were quite emancipated yet,"* and she smiled brightly.

"Emancipation has no pleasant meaning for me in that connection," said Singleton, not without emotion; "it would be emancipation from what is good and noble and delightful." Never before had he spoken with such earnestness to Christel, and she was touched with his evident gratitude and affection, but the time was gone by forever when such words would have stirred her heart to its depths. "My dear friend," she said, in all simplicity, "your gratitude is very sweet to me, but you must not think too highly of

my small services; I have done what was my simple duty to do."

At that moment Northcote and the pastor entered together, and Christel turned to greet them, and extended her hand to the former with a look which Singleton did not see.

While Christel went to see about supper and the pastor was in his study, Singleton asked Northcote about his plans. "I know you have stayed here on my account, my dear fellow, much longer than you intended," he said. "I fear your plan about the Tyrol has been spoiled for you, and all through my childish folly."

"Don't mention it, Singleton; barring my anxiety on your account, I have spent a delightful time here,—a time that I am not likely to forget, and which in fact will have an effect upon my whole life."

Singleton looked up at him with some surprise, questioningly.

"Yes, old fellow, I may as well make a clean breast of it," continued Northcote with a smile of such deep contentment that Singleton was more puzzled than ever.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well," said Northcote, "I have found a treasure for my whole life, at Hirschhorn,—a woman who reaches my ideal of what a woman should be in all points. Prepare for a surprise—I am engaged to Christel."

"To Christel!" It was uttered in a tone of deep astonishment—astonishment not of a pleased kind.

"Yes, even so, will you not congratulate me?"

There was a moment's pause, but what may not flash through heart and brain in a moment of time?—There was one pang of keen, unreasoning regret, such as Singleton himself an hour before would have considered impossible; then came the resolution to master it; at least so far as to conceal it, then an instinctive,

generous impulse of sympathy and warm affection. A tear started into the blue eye and his voice shook a little, as the next moment, he grasped North-

cote's hand and wrung it warmly. "God bless you, Northcote—why of course, blind that I was! you were made for each other."

S O N N E T .

One questions eagerly, "Can Friendship die?"
 Another, as with warning, answers low:—
 "The fickle winds of Fortune ever blow,
 Full often severing the olden tie.
 Mark how the soul of aspiration high
 Outstrips the lesser one of progress slow;
 Then judge if Time be not a ruthless foe
 Whom only rarest friendship can defy.
 Unconsciously, perchance, may feeling wane;
 The turning-point will oft elude the mind,
 Which some day wonders how the coldness grew.
 Behold yon rainbow through the glistening rain!
 Can'st thou the limit of one color find?
 Yet does the violet shade into the blue."

GOWAN LEA.



TWO SCOTTISH HEROES.

Every one knows John Knox ; many admire him, and the terror of his name is scarcely even now removed from transgressors. Every one is familiar with John Knox—with his day and his doings ; but of the age that follows his, of the men that could only say, "I heard him when I was a boy,"—of that age many know very little. Particularly to those who read simply what happens to fall in their way it is an almost unexplored region. They know that in due time Scotland gave her Stuart king to England, and soon after found her hillsides and farmhouses invaded by marauding legions, hunting to death those who refused to receive the English forms and ceremonies in return ; but what was the action of the Scottish Church in view of these things, and who were the actors, is for the most part involved in the mists. Such at least was the case with the writer, until one cold winter morning, a friend brought out from his bookshelves a well-thumbed book with a brown cover. This same book, by no unlawful witchery, recalled from amongst the mists a rather slight, vigorous, vehement, yet genial figure ; and another at his side, a little younger, a little larger, lacking some of the temper but none of the steadfastness, and exhibiting the geniality in the broad stamp of habitual benevolence. And yet between the two there is a resemblance that testifies them very near of kin. Uncle and nephew, Andrew and James Melville, though separated at last by the imprisonment and final expatriation of the senior, move through the stirring scenes of their life-history together. There is harmony in the double strain—music that sounds sweetly and healthily through the din of pride and hypocrisy, arbitrary power and de-

ceit,—a grown baby setting up to be pope of Presbyterians, and many Presbyterians counting it honor to be allowed to kiss his toe or carry up his train. Mr. Andrew fights the giants, and you feel that he is at his proper work ; but James looks most in place holding steadily the ground gained, and feeding the sheep that pasture there. But rougher work falls often to his share, in which case we do not find the gentle spirit to be a cowardly one. The attachment between them is close and strong, partaking much of the forbearing and abounding nature of the Master's love for His people. Andrew Melville's letters to his nephew are models for wit and kindliness, and so very human that one of the present writer's mental comments was, "They must have been written in the nineteenth century." There is not a shadow of the cold classic scholar about them. If some of the young people who read the *DOMINION MONTHLY*, were to be so much interested in the heroes of the few following papers as to get and read McCrie's "Life of Andrew Melville," they would be the richer for it, and one of my objects in writing would be gained.

A short account of their early life and training may serve for an introduction now ; and then a few stirring scenes through which they passed may subsequently be given, the more striking passages of which may probably be presented in the very words of the book already mentioned.

Zwingle had rested from his labors for fourteen years, Luther had still one year of toil and peace-making to spend on earth, and Knox and Calvin a good many, when on the 1st of August, 1545, the ninth son was introduced into a well-appointed, evangel-loving home,

on the south bank of the Esk, about a mile from Montrose. His father was killed in battle when the child was only two years old, and his mother died soon after; so that little Andrew, an orphan indeed, was left to find the sufficiency of the words, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." The Lord surely did take him up, and put into the heart of the child's eldest brother and his godly wife, to take into the homeliest corner of their own home, the delicate, but ultimately vigorous boy. The tenderness of the love here thrown around him is beautifully shown in the following extract from the diary of James Melville, whose birth was subsequent to the period in question:—

"I have often heard Mr. Andrew say, that he being a bairn, very sickly, was most lovingly and tenderly cared for and treated by her, embracing and kissing him oftentimes with these words, 'God give me another lad like thee, and syne take me to His rest.' Now, she had two lads before me, whereof the eldest was dead, and between him and the second she bare three lasses; so in the end God gave her one, who, would to God he were as like Mr. Andrew in gifts of mind as he is thought to be in proportions of body and lineaments of face; for there is none that is not otherwise particularly informed but takes me for Mr. Andrew's brother."

The first educational advantages Scotland then afforded were enjoyed by young Andrew. Ready at twelve to enter college, he availed himself rather of a rare opportunity for studying Greek, spending two years in this pursuit. So the key that had been used so effectually for the producing of the great Reformation was now in his own hand, and did not lie there unused. At the University his power to read Aristotle in that philosopher's own language drew upon him admiration and commendation even from the eclipsed professors. Great hopes were entertained of his future. His youthful presence at this time may be imagined from the action of the aged Provost of his college. He would invite him into his own chamber, take him between his knees, propound questions to him, and delightedly ex-

claim, "My silly fatherless and motherless boy, its ill to witt what God may make of thee yet."

The fare spread out at the Scottish seats of learning was too meagre to satisfy the intellectual appetite of this stripling. At nineteen he had acquired all the branches of learning which his native country afforded, and set off through storms and casualties for the famous University of Paris. For two years he availed himself of the rare advantages there afforded, especially for the study of the oriental languages; and then, craving more still, he removed to Poitiers, especially with the view of enjoying instruction in the science of Civil Law. From this point to that of his next removal may best be given in McCrie's own words:—

"Such was the reputation he had gained that, though a stranger, he was, on his arrival at Poitiers, made a regent in the college of St. Marceon. There was great rivalry between it and the college of St. Pivareau, the students of each endeavoring to excel those of the other in the composition of verses and in the delivery of orations. In these literary contests the college of St. Marceon carried away the palm while Melville was connected with it.

"In this situation he remained for three years, prosecuting at the same time the study of jurisprudence. Meanwhile the civil war between the Catholics and Protestants which was renewed in 1567, spread through the kingdom, and extended its baleful influence to the seats of learning. In 1568, Admiral Coligny, at the head of the Protestant army, laid siege to the city of Poitiers, which was vigorously defended by the young Duke of Guise. The classes in the university being broken up, Melville entered into the family of a Counsellor of Parliament as tutor to his only son. When he was making rapid improvement in his education, this promising boy was prematurely cut off. Coming into his room one

day, Melville found his little pupil bathed in blood, and mortally wounded by a cannon-ball from the camp of the besiegers which had pierced the house. He lingered for a short time, during which he employed the religious instruction he had received, in comforting his afflicted parent, and expired in his tutor's arms, pronouncing these words in Greek, '*Master, I have finished my course!*' Melville continued to retain a lively recollection of this affecting scene, to which he never could allude without tears.

* * * * *

"The siege being raised, Melville resolved to quit France, and repair to Geneva for the prosecution of theological studies. Great caution was necessary in carrying this purpose into execution. * * * Night had set in when they (Melville and his companion) reached Geneva, and the city was strictly guarded on account of the confusion of France, and the multitude of strangers who came from it. When questioned by the guard the Frenchman replied that they were poor scholars from France. The countenance of the soldiers expressed his thoughts as significantly as if he had said aloud, 'We have too many persons of your description already.' Melville perceiving this, assured him that they had enough of money to pay for all that they required, and shewing him the letters which they had for Monsieur Beza, begged to know where they would find that minister; upon which the gates were opened to them.

"At their first interview Beza was highly pleased with Melville, of whom he talked to his colleagues as a person who appeared well fitted to fill the Chair of Humanity, which happened to be then vacant in their academy. Accordingly he was put on trial within a few days after his arrival, and, being examined on Homer and Virgil, acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of his judges that he was immediately admit-

ted. A quarter of a year's salary was paid him at his admission, which proved a very seasonable relief; for, notwithstanding his courageous language to the guard, the joint funds of the two travellers did not exceed a crown. He was now able to support himself creditably, and also to maintain his desponding companion until such time as he obtained a situation."

Then follows such an enumeration of the men of might under whose influence and instruction this young Scotchman came in Geneva as might well establish the conviction, "That young man is meant for something great." Such special gifts and special polishing surely indicate coming special work. The manner in which the now prepared instrument was removed from the polishing-house to the work for which he had unconsciously been fitting is simply told in the following paragraph:

"For several years Melville had almost forgotten Scotland, in the ardor with which he applied to his studies and the discharge of his academical duty. The memory of it, and of the friends he had not seen for many years, was revived by the conversation of Young (a Scotchman visiting Geneva), and when the latter returned to Scotland he sent letters by him, acquainting them with his situation. As they had not heard of him for a long time, and feared he had lost his life in the troubles of France, they were overjoyed to learn that he was alive, and in great estimation at Geneva. Upon Young's paying a second visit to that city, Melville received the most affectionate letters from them, and pressing invitations to return home. Among the rest was a letter from one of his nephews, then a student at St. Andrews; and the ingenious manner in which the young man described the low state of education in Scotland, and spoke of the benefit which it would derive from a person of such learning as he was told his uncle

possessed, had no small influence in disposing him to think seriously of returning to Scotland."

And, so at the age of twenty-eight, Andrew Melville parted from Geneva and Geneva friends, but not from Geneva influence, to do his part in working out the answer to the prevailing prayers of Hamilton, Wishart and Knox.

AT GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

Though Melville's Glasgow life is aside from the main interest of his history, it is the commencement of those academical labors which have left a permanent impress upon the education of Scotland. There are besides passages in it too good to be missed, glimpses of the character of the man which farther enlist the kindlinesses of human nature in his favor. Glasgow was not the first position proposed to him. Immediately upon his return to his native land, the regent Morton made him an offer which would have attached him to the court. But Melville was no courtier, nor did he wish to become one. He respectfully declined, requesting that before accepting any situation he might be allowed to spend some time with his relations, from whom he had been separated so long. He accordingly retired to Baldovy to renew the association of early years. The elder brother, who had so nobly acted the part of father to the orphan child, now welcomed back the honored scholar, and resigned to him his son James as a pledge of fraternal love, with the charge to wait upon him as a son and servant. This was the young man whose letter had such influence in inducing his uncle to quit Geneva, who afterwards became his academical assistant, and his faithful adherent in all the hardships which he suffered, and to whose zealous and grateful affection we are indebted for the knowledge of the most important incidents in his life, and the

most interesting traits of his character. As we shall frequently have occasion to speak of this amiable individual, it is proper to introduce him to the acquaintance of the reader.

"James Melville was born at Baldovy, in 1556. His early education was marred by the change of his teachers, and on entering college he was so mortified at finding that he was incapable of understanding the lectures, which were delivered in Latin, that he burst into tears before the whole class. This attracted the notice of his regent, William Collace, who, pleased with this trait of youthful sensibility, kindly condescended to give him instructions, and to provide him with a private assistant, until he had surmounted the difficulties under which he labored. His mind was early impressed with a deep sense of religion, and a strong desire to devote himself to the preaching of the Gospel. This desire was in a great measure the effect of the sermons which he heard from John Knox at St. Andrew's, and it remained unabated, notwithstanding all that he witnessed of the poverty and hardships of the Protestant ministers. His father, however, intended him for the more lucrative profession of law, and had fixed on a man of business in Edinburgh with whom he should serve as an apprentice. Richard Melville was an excellent man and an affectionate father, but he had higher notions of parental authority, and kept his children in greater subjection, than are altogether consistent with the liberal notions of the age we live in. Being restrained by bashfulness and the deference he had always been accustomed to pay to his father's will, James had recourse to an innocent stratagem to intimate his predilection for a different line of employment. He composed a sermon on a passage of Scripture, in the best manner of which he was capable, and put it carefully into one of the commentaries which he knew his father was in the habit of consulting in his

weekly preparations for the pulpit. The expedient succeeded according to his wish ; for Richard Melville, having once ascertained the decided inclinations of his son, and being pleased with the juvenile specimen of his gifts, was too wise and good to persist in carrying his own plans into execution. The apprenticeship was no more talked of ; but still a due regard was paid to parental dignity and the good of the young man, by keeping him for some time in suspense as to his father's intentions. The arrival of Andrew Melville put an end to this reserve. James was now told he was at full liberty to follow his own inclinations, and, to his great joy, was delivered over to his uncle, in the manner we have already stated, instead of being bound to the barrister.

“Notwithstanding the striking resemblance in stature and physiognomy between the uncle and nephew, they differed in mental temperament perhaps as widely as ever two individuals did who were united by the closest and most inviolable friendship. The talents of James Melville were respectable, without being of the same superior order as those of his uncle. Though not endowed with great liveliness or force of imagination, he possessed a sound judgment, and a heart tenderly susceptible of all the benevolent and social affections. Mild in his temper, and courteous in his manners, he was capable of exerting great authority over others, because he had the complete command of himself. To these amiable qualities were united a guileless uprightness and an unshaken constancy in maintaining the friendships which he contracted, and adhering to the cause which his convictions led him to espouse. He was accordingly fitted for becoming a most useful companion to his uncle, who did not uniformly study the *molliter in verbis*, and was apt to be involved in difficulties by an impetuosity of temper which he was not always able

to command, and was sometimes unwilling to restrain.

“James Melville had lately finished his course of philosophy at St. Andrew's, and, though a modest youth, flattered himself that he was capable of professing those liberal arts of which he had been declared a master by the first literary authority in the land. But a few hours' conversation with his new instructor dispelled this pleasing dream, and convinced him that he needed yet to begin his studies. There is something interesting in the artless manner in which he relates what he felt on making this discovery, and describes from his first impressions, the eminent qualifications which his uncle possessed for a task in which he spent the greater part of his life.”

Such is our author's introduction of our second “hero.”

Which corner of the land was to enjoy the brightness of the literary luminary now in Scotland? This was one of the questions before the General Assembly which met the August after his return. The darkest corner needs him most, was the rather sensible conclusion to which that body came ; and accordingly they earnestly recommended Melville to accede to the application from the University of Glasgow. Perhaps no other position would at that time have pleased him better. Though the prospects before him were discouraging enough, he set out the October after his return in company with his nephew, and with a spirit adapted to the occasion, to be installed Principal of an institution almost without funds, without professors, without students, a college “literally shut up.”

The zeal with which he set to work to awake life in the dead was characteristic and successful. Zeal is catching, and the few students with which the reviving college commenced soon swelled beyond the capacity of the building. Those who had taken their degrees in other places came to Glasgow and ma-

triculated there. "I daresay there was no place in Europe (says James Melville, himself now a regent of the college) comparable to Glasgow for good letters during these years—for a plentiful and good cheap market of all kinds of languages, arts and sciences."

One of Melville's first objects was to train up those who might act as professors with him. With this view he "commenced with a select class of young men well grounded in the Latin language, and determined to conduct them himself through a regular and complete course of study." This "course" may be interesting to some, and must convince all of the extent of his own knowledge and power.

"He began by initiating them into the principles of Greek grammar; he then introduced them to the study of logic and rhetoric, using as his textbooks the *Dialectics* of his Parisian master Ramus, and the *Rhetoric* of Talæus. While they were engaged in these studies he read with them the best classical authors, as Virgil and Horace among the Latins, and Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus, Pindar, and Isocrates, among the Greeks; pointing out, as he went along, their beauties, and illustrating by them the principles of logic and rhetoric. Proceeding to mathematics and geography he taught the *Elements* of Euclid, with the arithmetic and geometry of Ramus, and the geography of Dionysius; and, agreeably to his plan of uniting elegant literature with philosophy, he made the students use the *Phænomena* of Aratus and the *Cosmographia* of Honter. Moral philosophy formed the next branch of study, and on this he read Cicero's *Offices*, *Paradoxes*, and *Tusculan Questions*, the *Ethics* and *Politics* of Aristotle, and certain dialogues of Plato. In natural philosophy he made use of Fernelius, and commented on parts of the writings of Aristotle and Plato. To these he added a view of universal history, with chronology, and the pro-

gress of the art of writing. Entering upon the duties of his own immediate profession, he taught the Hebrew language, first cursorily, by going over the elementary work of Martinius and afterwards by a more accurate examination of its principles, accompanied with a praxis upon the Psalter and books of Solomon. He then initiated the students into Chaldee and Syriac, reading those parts of the books of Ezra and Daniel that are written in Chaldee, and the epistle to the Galatians in the Syriac version. He also went through all the common heads of divinity, according to the order of Calvin's *Institutions*, and gave lectures on the different books of Scripture.

"This course of study was completed in six years."

The man and the scholar at this time are well seen "at the college table, to which such individuals of education as resided in Glasgow and its neighborhood frequently resorted to partake of a frugal meal, that they might share in the literary dessert which was always served up along with it. His conversation was enlivened with amusing anecdotes, smart apophthegms, and classical quotation, and allusions. He was fond of discussing literary questions, and had a singular faculty of throwing light on them in the easy and unceremonious form of table-talk. This made the master of the grammar-school, who was afterwards Principal of the college, to say of these literary conversations, that 'he learned more of Mr. Andrew Melville, cracking and playing, for understanding of the authors he taught in the school, than by all the commentators.' In these academical recreations philosophical were mixed with literary topics. Blackburn, the regent who taught the first class at Melville's coming to Glasgow, was a good man, and far from being unlearned, according to the means of instruction then enjoyed in Scotland, but unacquainted with the world, and con-

sequently dogmatical and rude in his manners. He was a great stickler for the infallibility of Aristotle as a philosopher, and adhered rigidly to the maxim, *Absurdum est dicere Aristotelen errasse*, which nobody had yet ventured to contradict at St. Andrews, where he had taken his degrees. When the subject was started at the college table, Melville vigorously opposed this sentiment, and produced from the writings of the Stagyrte examples of error that were quite uncontrovertible. Being incapable of maintaining his ground by argument, Blackburn was apt to grow angry and to have recourse to personal reflections, alleging that the Principal was proud, arrogant, full of his own opinions, and disposed to set himself up against all the world. Whenever Melville perceived this he dropt the dispute without making any reply. By this means he gained upon his colleague, who feeling himself reproved and overcome, gradually corrected his rude behavior, and at last became as forward as any in acknowledging the obligations he owed the Principal."

Two contrasting anecdotes exhibit opposite but exquisitely harmonious traits of character: "John Maxwell, son to Lord Herries, was drawn away from his studies, and involved in disorderly practices, in consequence of a connection he had formed with Andrew Heriot, the dissolute heir of an opulent citizen. His regent having reported his misbehavior and disobedience, the Principal rebuked the young nobleman sharply before the whole college, for mispending his time and disgracing his birth, by associating with idle and debauched company. Irritated by this public censure, Maxwell retired into the town, and, along with Heriot, gave himself up to the management of certain individuals who were hostile to the college, and anxious to involve it in a quarrel with the inhabitants. Having collected a number of lewd and disorderly persons, Heriot threw him-

self in the way of the masters and students as they were returning one day from church, and followed them until they entered the college, brandishing a drawn sword in the Principal's face, and making use of the most opprobrious and provoking language. Melville bore this insult with the utmost patience and exerted his authority in restraining the students, who burned with desire to revenge the affront offered to their masters. Lord Herries having heard of his son's misconduct, came to Glasgow, and obliged him, on his knees and in the open court of the college, to beg pardon of the Principal, whose forbearance he highly commended. Heriot was soon after seized with a dangerous illness, during which Melville at his desire, waited on him, assured him that he had forgotten the late injury, and did everything in his power to soothe the last moments of the unhappy young man."

The forbearance and Christian forgiveness of the foregoing are in beautiful keeping with the resolution and intrepidity of the following :

"Mark Alexander Boyd, a youth highly connected, with decided gifts, but headstrong disposition, had given trouble from the time he entered the college. When he entered the second class, James Melville, who taught it, told him that such practices as he understood him to have indulged in would not be tolerated. The admonition had the desired effect for some time, but at length the impression wore off, and Boyd received the castigation of which he had been forewarned, and which his behavior merited. Upon this the affronted stripling resolved to be revenged. Having pricked his face with his writing instruments, and besmeared it with the blood which he drew, he presented himself before his friends in this guise, with loud complaints of the cruel treatment which he had received from his regent. The Principal and professors investigated the affair, and

easily detected the trick which had been played. But the relations of the young man, having foolishly taken his part, he not only absented himself from the college, but determined to have still ampler revenge. In concert with his cousin, Alexander Cunninghame, a near relation of the Earl of Glencairn, he waylaid the regent in the churchyard as he was returning one evening to the college. Boyd came behind him with a baton, but retreated when the regent, who had perceived his tread, turned round. Cunninghame then rushed forward with a drawn sword, but the regent, though unarmed, being an expert fencer, declined the thrust aimed at him, seized the sword-arm of the assailant, and wresting the weapon from his hand, detained him prisoner. The rector and the magistrates of the city were of opinion that this outrage could not be passed over without injuring the peace and credit of the college, and decreed that Alexander Cunninghame should come to the place where he had committed the offence, bare-headed and bare-footed, and there crave pardon of the University and of the regent whom he had assaulted. Encouraged by his friends, he refused to submit to the sentence, and nothing was to be heard in the town and country but loud threatenings that the Boyds and Cunninghames would burn the college and kill the professors. Disregarding these threats, Melville summoned the offender before the Privy Council, went himself to St. Andrews to prosecute the cause, and, notwithstanding the powerful interest with which he had to contend, obtained a decree ordaining Alexander Cunninghame to obey the sentence of the University and town council against a certain day, or else enter as a prisoner into the Castle of Blackness. Andrew Hay, the rector, a man of prudence and knowledge of the country, was of opinion that the college should not insist on the execution of the decree, as the

pride of the families concerned would not suffer them quietly to see their relation make such a humiliating acknowledgment, and it was to be feared that the affair would not terminate without bloodshed. To this advice the Principal peremptorily refused to yield. 'If they would have forgiveness,' said he, 'let them crave it humbly, and they shall have it; but ere this preparative pass, that we dare not correct our scholars for fear of bangsters and clanned gentlemen, they shall have all the blood of my body first.'

"On the day appointed for submission Lord Boyd came to Glasgow, accompanied by his friends, and the Earl of Glencairn by his, to the number of between four and five hundred gentlemen. The members of the University being assembled in the college hall, attempts were made to deter them from appearing at the appointed place, by persons who professed to act as mediators. 'They that go with me,' exclaimed Melville, 'let them go, and they that are afraid, let them tarry!' And setting out instantly he was followed by the rector, regents, and students, in their gowns. The churchyard was filled with gentlemen in armor, who, however, gave way, and allowed the procession from the college to pass to the spot where the assault was made. Alexander Cunninghame, with his head uncovered, but in other respects richly dressed, now came forward, supported by two of his friends, and, with an air and tone very different from those of a penitent, said he was ready to make his submission, provided there were any there ready to accept it. 'Doubt not of that; we are ready,' replied Melville. The bold reply completely deranged the plan of the cabal, whose object was to make a show of willingness to obey the order of the Privy Council, but at the same time to intimidate the college from requiring it. Accordingly, after a short pause, the

culprit found himself obliged to begin his confession, which he went through in every article, conformably with the original sentence, in the presence of his friends convened from all parts of the country. When the ceremony was over, the Principal and his company left the churchyard in the same manner as they had entered it, without meeting with the slightest insult or interruption, and the gentlemen after spending a considerable sum of money in the town, returned home, as some of them expressed themselves, greater fools than they came!"

Though Melville's stay at Glasgow lasted only six years, the result of his labors there were great and far-reaching. But these same years witnessed the beginnings of other fightings with other foes than schoolboys,—fighting in which the first half of the injunction, "Be not overcome of evil," seemed to be all that was put within the reach of the fighters; to see the evil overcome with good was for other eyes, at the end of long centuries, which yet in the sight of One are but as yesterday when it is passed, or as a watch in the night.

BEGINNINGS OF HOSTILITIES.

When the Scottish Church shook off the Pope and put on the Word of God, it rose to the simple truth of Christ's own characterization of the hierarchy He left on earth: "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." Christ the King of His own Church, and no other head; the preachers of Christ not priests, but ministers and brethren in the ministry. Round these two principles the Presbyterian Church was formed, or out of them Presbyterianism developed. The conserving of these two cost the struggles both of its early and later days, and the forsaking of either is the sacrifice of its life. When

the Pope was banished from the land, the "roaring lion" whose purposes he had so faithfully served was under the necessity of seeking some other agent by means of whom to work the Church according to his own purposes; he found one ready for his bidding in the civil authority, and abundant motive to secure activity—for the greedy in the endowments of the Church, for the ambitious in the influence the ministers had with the people, and for the determinedly unprincipled in the firmness of the resistance and the severity of the rebukes to be expected from an untrammelled Church. In order to gain the authority over the Church claimed by the English sovereigns, and so dethrone Christ from His position of sole King of His Church, the party of the ministers was the constant point of attack. The prelacy so long urged upon and put upon the Scots was not so much preferred for its own sake, but as a means of getting the prizes of the civil ruler into the workings of the Church. Much as bishops and bishoprics figure in the fight, the civil power is the real dragon of the tale.

Two years before Melville's return to his native land, a race of bishops had appeared in Scotland such as the world had never seen before. They were called *Tulchan* bishops, in allusion to the Highland custom of placing a calf-skin stuffed with straw, called a *tulchan*, before cows, to induce them to give their milk. By means of sharp practices and flattering promises the existence of these anomalies obtained a bare toleration from the Church, to last no longer than the king's attaining his majority, when it was hoped matters would be put upon a better footing.

This new ecclesiastical constitution, framed by the famous convention of Leith, is thus described: "It was a constitution of the most motley and heterogeneous kind, being made up of Presbytery, Episcopacy and Papal monkery. Viewed in one light, indeed, it

might have seemed harmless. It made little or no alteration in the established discipline of the Church. The bishops were invested with no Episcopal authority; and if unfit persons were admitted to the office, the General Assembly, to whose jurisdiction they were subjected, might suspend or depose them, and call the chapters to account for their irregular conduct. Nor were the monastic prelates, as such, entitled to a place in the Church courts. But, in another point of view the innovations were real, and had they been acquiesced in and ratified by the proper authority, they would have eventually overthrown the liberties of the Church of Scotland. Even names and titles, empty as they are in themselves, have often great influence from the ideas which have been immemorially combined and associated with them. Limited as the power granted to bishops was, there was every reason to fear that, once admitted, they would make continual efforts to extend it until they regained the original prerogatives of their order, and that the authority of the Church courts would prove too feeble for removing them, however unworthy, from their places, or for checking their encroachments, when abetted by nobles who were so deeply interested in their support. The neglect of discipline, or endless jarring in the exercise of it, was the inevitable consequence of establishing bishops and superintendents in the same provinces who were clothed with co-ordinate and equal authority, but guided in their proceedings by distinct advisers and different precedents. By the regulations relating to abbots and priors, titles and dignities generated by the grossest superstition, and rendered odious by the support which they had uniformly given to papal corruption and tyranny, were recognized as in some sort pertaining to a Church which boasted in having removed the last vestiges of Popery. The civil places of churchmen which had always been con-

demned by our reformers were sanctioned, and the Church was to be represented in Parliament and in the courts of justice, not only by bishops, but also by monkish prelates, over whom she had no direct control, and whose official names it would have been reckoned profane to introduce into the role of the General Assembly. The design of securing the richest portion of the benefices to the court and its dependents, which gave rise to the whole scheme, and which is the only thing which can account for its strange incongruities, did not appear in any part of the details. This was tacitly understood, and left to be provided for by secret treaty between individual patrons and presentees. The calfskin alone appeared; the straw with which the tulchan was stuffed was carefully concealed, lest the cow should have refused to give her milk.

“The evils which this new and inauspicious settlement was calculated to produce were soon apparent to the most simple and unsuspecting. The sees were generally filled, as might have been anticipated, by persons who were unqualified, some by youth and others by extreme age, some by want of talent and others by want of character. They incurred public odium by consenting to become the tools of the court, and by the simoniacal pactions which they were known or suspected to have made with those to whom they were indebted for their presentations. At every meeting of the General Assembly complaints were made against them, or censures inflicted on them for neglect of duty, transgression of the laws in the admission of ministers, interference with the superintendents in the exercise of discipline, simony, or the alienation of the property of the Church. Those who had agreed to the proposal of the court in Leith, in the hope that churches would be planted and stipends appointed, were mortifyingly disappointed. The patrons of benefices, not being

bound by any law, refused to comply with the regulations, and the regent, instead of using his influence, as he had promised, to procure their compliance, encouraged them by his conduct to persevere in their refusal. Having under a deceitful pretext got the management of the thirds of benefices out of the hands of the collectors appointed by the Church, he united a number of parishes under the care of one minister, assisted by readers, to whom a trifling salary was allotted. The ministers complained loudly of these abuses, and consulted upon the most proper means of checking them; upon which Morton accused them of seditious and treasonable speeches, withdrew his countenance from their Assemblies, began to call in question their right to meet and transact business without his express allowance, and advanced a claim to the same supremacy over the Church in Scotland which had been declared to belong to the inherent prerogative of the sovereign in England.

“ In this confused and unsettled state were the affairs of the Church when Melville revisited his native country. Two years before that period the individual whom Providence raised up to reform and enlighten Scotland had rested from his labors. The ‘dead hand’ and dying voice of Knox were employed in protesting against a system which, as he foresaw, would debase the purity and endanger the existence of that ecclesiastical establishment which he had reared with unwearied exertion, and whose safety he had watched over with the most uncorrupted fidelity. The loss sustained by his removal was soon severely felt. There still remained a number of excellent men sincerely attached to the principles upon which the Reformation had been established in Scotland, and not incapable of defending them; but there was wanting one individual inheriting the ardent and intrepid spirit of the

Reformer, capable of giving an impulse and a voice to public sentiment, and possessing decision of mind to execute, as well as sagacity to discern those measures which were requisite to restore the Church to her liberties, and to fix her authority on a proper and solid basis.”

All saw that it would not do to have matters in their actual condition, but what to attempt or how to proceed was no easy matter to determine.

At the first meeting of Assembly after Melville’s appointment to Glasgow, nothing decisive was done in the matter. But at the second, when that most necessary part of the Assembly’s inevitable business, the trial of the bishops, was proposed, John Dury, an Edinburgh minister, rose and protested that the examination of the conduct of the bishops should not prejudice what he and others had to object against the lawfulness of their office. The subject once started Melville was ready. He followed with a speech of some length and much power. He condemned Episcopacy as being wholly destitute of Scriptural authority, and no less lacking in natural expediency. It was founded on ignorance of the original language of Scripture and clean contrary to the opinions of the ancient fathers. The principles justifying the extension of a bishop’s power over the pastors of his diocese would justify and lead to the establishment of an archbishop over a province, and a pope over the Christian world. He concluded by announcing his conviction that the best and only method to set right what was amiss among them, was to strike at the root of the evil by abolishing prelacy and restoring that parity of rank and authority which existed at the beginning among all the pastors of the Church.

The trumpet had given no uncertain sound, and the ministers, almost unitedly, prepared themselves for the battle. The straw-stuffed nature of the calf was

evident to the blindest; the cow began to kick, and would not stop kicking until, for a time at least, she rid herself of the obnoxious intruder. Assembly after Assembly met and carried the matter bit by bit, till at last the point was gained. But let it not be supposed that those whose creatures the bishops were, and in whose interest they had been set up, viewed the action of the ministers with indifference.

Morton had his eye upon Melville, and when he saw that that uncanny scholar was going to give trouble, he first tried bribery and flattery. But he had mistaken his man. "The regent next attempted to overawe him by authority, and to work upon his fears by threatening to proceed against him for treason. While the Assembly were taking some measures that were disagreeable to him, he one day sent for Melville to his chamber. After discoursing for some time on the importance of preserving the peace of the Church and the Kingdom, he began to complain that the public tranquillity was in danger from certain persons who tried to introduce their own private conceits and foreign laws on points of ecclesiastical government. Melville explained by telling His Grace that he and his brethren took the Scriptures, and not their own fancies or the model of any foreign Church, for the rule and standard of the discipline which they defended. Morton said that the General Assembly was a convocation of the King's lieges, and that it was treasonable for them to meet without his allowance. To this, Melville answered that if it were so, then Christ and His apostles must have been guilty of treason, for they convoked hundreds and thousands, and taught and governed them without asking the permission of the magistrates; and yet they were obedient subjects, and commanded the people to give what was due unto Cæsar. Having appealed in proof of this assertion to the Acts of the Apostles, the re-

gent replied scornfully: 'Read ye ever such an *Act* as we did at St. Johnston?' referring to the armed resistance which the lords of the congregation made to the queen-regent at Perth in the beginning of the Reformation. 'My Lord,' answered Melville, 'if ye be ashamed of that act, Christ will be ashamed of you.' He added that 'in a great crisis the conduct of men was not to be rigidly scanned by common rules, and actions which in other circumstances would be highly censurable, may be excused and even approved; as our Saviour virtually justified those who introduced to Him a palsied invalid by the roof of a house, without waiting the permission of the proprietor. At that time the Kingdom of Heaven suffered violence, and all men pressed into it, without asking the leave of prince or emperor.' The regent, biting the head of his staff, exclaimed in a tone of suppressed indignation, which few who were acquainted with his manner and temper could hear without alarm, 'There will never be quietness in the country till half a dozen of you be hanged or banished the country.' 'Tush! sir,' replied Melville, 'threaten your courtiers after that manner. It is the same to me whether I rot in the air or in the ground. The earth is the Lord's, *Patria est ubicunque est bene*. I have been ready to give my life where it would not have been half so well wared, at the pleasure of my God. I have lived out of your country ten years as well as in it. Let God be glorified; it will not be in your power to hang or exile His truth.'

It was the General Assembly that met at Dundee, in July, 1580, that "found and declared the office of a bishop, as then used and commonly understood, to be destitute of warrant from the Word of God, and a human invention tending to the great injury of the Church, ordained the bishops to demit their pretended office *simplicitis*, and to receive admission *de novo* to the ministerial office, under the pain of excommunication

after due admonition, and appointed the places and times at which they should appear before the Provincial Synods and signify their submission to this act. The minutes bear that this famous act was agreed to by the whole Assembly in one voice, after liberty given to all men to reason in the matter, none opposing himself in defending the said pretended office. The King's commissioner was present in the Assembly, and made not the smallest opposition to the procedure.

"It was of great importance to the success of this measure that the Assembly should procure the submission of the individuals who filled the different sees. This was no easy task, as in addition to the reluctance which all men feel to relinquish power, the bishops were, on the present occasion, encouraged to resistance by the court and nobility. Notwithstanding this, such was the authority of the Assembly and the activity of their agents, that the submission of the whole order, with the exception of five, was obtained in

the course of the year in which the act abolishing Episcopacy was passed."

So the battle was fought and won, but the ground thereby gained was yet to be the scene of many a battle more. Another actor was to appear upon the stage, with more power than Morton, more presumption, and far less common sense.

It was in the October after the abolition of prelacy that Melville was appointed to the Principalship of the newly established Theological College at St. Andrews. There was much opposition to his leaving Glasgow, but the appropriateness of the change could not be gainsaid, and the parting was gone through in the end of the following November, "with infinite tears on both sides."

His history, public and academical, is now brought down to the year 1580, when he is thirty-five years of age, and just about to enter upon his own special work as Principal of a new college wholly devoted to theology.

J. D. A.



COON-HUNTING.

The coming "coon hunt" is the talk of the whole day, and many an imaginary scene looms up in our minds as we whistle along after the plough and harrow, "Old Pomp" ("Pomp" is our dog) at our heels. Many a coon the old chap has munched in his day; and although he is now getting into the sear and yellow leaf, still nothing will set his venerable tail a-wagging, or fill his aged bones with so much animation as the very mention of "coon." He understands it just as he does "Hiss—seek," and literally howls with delight as the time approaches. The day's work done, our horses and cattle stalled and fed for the night, and our own inner men refreshed and strengthened by a good Canadian farm supper, off we set, just about the darkening; Joe, Bill and Jack—three of us. No guns are necessary, of course, because we could not use them in the dark. "Pomp" is close by, and, except that his whole frame quivers with delight, he walks at our very heels as patient and dignified as a sentry, for "Pomp" has been well trained. Indeed, the neighbors for miles around come and borrow him regularly when they wish to go "a cooning." Away we go, down by the bridge and along the river side for a long distance, down by neighbor Jupp's cornpatch, or Uncle Mitchell's oat field, for these two are coonie's favorite morsels. Reaching a spot from which we can hold ourselves in readiness to run in almost any direction, as occasion may require, "Pomp" is called up and told to "go," an ejaculation which is no sooner uttered than he makes one bound and is next moment lost to view in the forest. Not a sound escapes him, nor do we again see or hear anything of him, probably for hours together.

In the meantime, Joe informs us that a bee-tree—that is a large, hollow tree in which a swarm had settled—was discovered the day previous, by himself, and as it is close by, pending "Pomp's" signal for a better fray, we conclude to rob it and have some honey. Bees are not nearly as formidable after dark as during the day; and so we set off for the tree, each having his face and hands pretty well wrapped with mufflers and rags of various kinds, which Joe had taken the precaution to bring along. An axe is obtained from a neighboring clearing, and with it a hole or opening is made into the side of the tree about four feet from the ground. Satisfying ourselves that the hive is above this mark, old papers, rags, dry leaves, &c., are next inserted, and the whole set on fire, the object being to create a smoke that will drive the lively denizens out, or deprive them of animation if they remain within. And our labor has not been in vain. Very soon the hum commences, and grows louder and louder as the smoke ascends; then, becoming fainter and fainter, it at length dies away, and we proceed to the search—not, however, without many an episode in the way of digging an infuriated bee from behind Joe's ear or Jack's neck, after that insect has duly performed the function with which Nature has endowed it—in plain terms after it has stung these various parts black and blue. Other axes are procured, and with one each, and a hearty good-will, the decaying giant of the forest is soon at our feet. Piece after piece is split off, until at length we come upon the treasure—pails of honey, upon which we first gorge ourselves and then lay the remainder away, to be taken up on our homeward tramp.

Still no sound from "Pomp," and an hour and a half has passed away since he left us. Our pipes are lighted, and we cast a copper whether to follow on in the direction the dog took or return home. "Forward" carries, and away we go, sauntering through the forest. The night is pretty clear, the weather crisp and somewhat sharp, with a light coating of snow on the ground. Joe enlivens the dulness with an occasional yarn, or Bill with a song, and the time passes pleasantly enough; but still no sound from "Pomp." Once or twice since he left we heard him snuffing and running quite close by us; but that was nothing—that was not the signal we waited for or desired, and he knew it, for he never stopped even to look at us, but passed on, ashamed apparently, and deeply mortified at his poor luck.

"No coons to-night, Joe, my boy, I fear; so let us get out of these dismal woods nearer the haunts of human habitation." We are just on the eve of retracing our steps, when Hark!—"Pomp." At last at a long distance, probably a mile or more, we hear the faithful old fellow's significant bark. "Treed!" we all yell in chorus, and away we fly over fences, over logs, through thickets, swamps and under-wood, sustaining many a nasty scar in our headlong route. Poor "Pomp" soon appears in sight. He had found his game, and traced and tracked it until he got it up a large elm tree, and he now sat at the foot, barking, to announce to us his successful exploit. By universal consent Joe is to ascend, —Joe is always our best man to climb; so, casting off his coat and vest he merrily mounts the limb and soon vanishes among the branches. "See anything of him yet?" "No, not yet," comes echoing back again and again ere he gets eye upon his victim. "I see him now," soon rings down, however,—"just out on that long, northern limb; so get ready, boys." We all run around in

the direction indicated, and now "Pomp," feeling that his reputation is about to be tested, fairly howls with nervousness and excitement. Every eye is fixed aloft, and Joe, creeping out nearer and nearer to the raccoon, which has shrunk itself into a knotty-looking growth at the extremity of the limb, gives the whole a vigorous shake. No go. Another step, and another shake, and "coonie" begins to scramble to retain his foothold. "The next will fetch him, boys," cries Joe; "is Pomp ready?" "All right," rises from below, and Pomp, at the mention of his name, gives a most significant bark of assent. Another violent jerk, and scramble—scramble—crash—whirr! is heard. Down comes the raccoon, coiled up as round as a cannon-ball; down, down, until he plays thud upon the hard ground, and rebounds in the air again to the height of about four feet. Pomp, at the first fall, scarcely loses his gravity; his time has not come. But on the rebounding ascent, coonie invariably falls into his mouth, and now the tug of war begins. The tussle is, however, a brief one, for we all come to Pomp's aid with stones and sticks, and the victim has soon to succumb. So, shouldering our game, we wend our way homewards. Frequently has the writer known of seven or eight raccoons being taken in this manner by one or two persons in a single night.

Sometimes we are successful in catching a young coon uninjured, in which case he is invariably domesticated and petted. And excellent pets they make, —only they are not entirely trustworthy, but need watching. A peculiar feature of the Canadian raccoon, not, to my knowledge, taken notice of by naturalists, is its vengefulness and malignity when roused. Well do I remember a tame one in which my father and the rest of us, in years gone by, used to take great pride and delight. We never kept it tied or enclosed, but suffered it to run about the house, inside and

out, like a dog. It was continually frolicing and playing, for all the world like a little kitten, and, with the exception of an occasional raid on the hens and chickens, was a very well-behaved beast withal. Every evening after lamplight we used to have it in the room, and it amused itself by chasing after and clutching our feet, climbing up over us, emptying our pockets with its hand-paws, and making itself generally familiar. One evening, while disporting itself in the usual way, an elder brother who had been in the next room, came in bare-footed. Coonie could not resist the temptation, but pounced at once upon the nude extremities with such unexpected suddenness that the owner involuntarily jumped, screamed and forcibly propelled the coon along the floor to the opposite

wall. Instantaneously every bad passion in the creature's nature seemed to be aroused. Its hair appeared to rise erect; its eyes fairly flashed and snapped, and despite the efforts of us all, it would not be soothed. On the contrary, its violence increased to such an extent that we were at length obliged to use a large thick quilt to throw over it, in order to catch and lock it up. For six long weeks we had to keep it housed after this, no one amongst us daring to lay hands upon it. Occasionally it would manifest in a slight degree some traits of its former tameness, but we could never trust it, and, *mirabile dictu*, the very sight of the erring brother who had kicked it, was sufficient at any time to drive it frantic—until at last we had to kill it to keep it from harm.

MACK.



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

How the mind tires when endeavoring to trace the history of the world, or of those two tiny spots on its surface called Great Britain and Ireland, since the day when the late George Cruikshank, whose death we but a few short weeks since were called upon to lament, first saw the light as it was permeated with smoke and fog in the great and busy city of London! The memory of the mutiny of the "Bounty" comes to us through mists of forgetfulness almost as thick as London's yellow smoke, while Burke's extravagant gesture of throwing a dagger on the floor during the debate on the Alien Act, appears as a tradition of the long-forgotten past. Then Benjamin West was president of the Royal Academy, and in the same year, Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose name is so intimately associated with Dr. Johnson, Addison, Steele, Garrick, Goldsmith and numerous others whom the world delights to read about and laugh and talk with, died. This was the year 1792.

The period immediately following that of Cruikshank's birth was rendered memorable by the beheading of Robespierre, the acquittal of Lord Hastings, Napoleon's first victories, and by the *birth* of Thomas Hood. We had almost thought of the latter as having completed his course long before that time.

When the century was in its last year Cruikshank's name first appeared at the foot of drawings which are still preserved. This brings to mind the first official recommendation of the union of England and Ireland, of Napoleon's successes in Egypt, of the death of Pius VI. and George Washington. Then the young artist was but seven

years old, and as we follow his course onward we find him contemporaneous with a long series of historical events, to the present time. He lived in the days when Grattan, Curran and Plunkett made the Irish House of Commons echo with their appeals against the Union; when Nelson at Copenhagen put the glass to his blind eye and could not see the signal to quit action, and when the British House of Commons refused to investigate into this disobedience of orders. He saw the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and was but eleven years old when Lord Wellington began his victorious career in India. At this time commenced the Corn-Law agitation; the Wilberforce Slave-Trade bill was passed, and later still the Duke of Wellington's successful campaign in the Peninsula commenced. Cruikshank was only twenty-two years old at the battle of Waterloo, and was twenty-seven at the birth of our present Queen and of the late Prince Consort. He was just verging on the beginning of his second half century when John Francis fired his pistol at the Queen, and one Bean made a similar attempt on her life, when the country was flooded by the tracts issued by the Anti-Corn-Law League, and the first passage was made through the Thames Tunnel. He was what would be considered an old man at the death of the Duke of Wellington in 1852, and was sixty-three at the close of the Crimean war, and yet he only passed away on the first of February last, when the Russian army was dictating humiliating terms of peace to broken and disheartened Turkey.

His life was ever an active one, his capacity for work far above the

ordinary. He began his life-work early and ended it late; yet his unoccupied moments were very few. Week by week, for nearly eighty years, his brain conjured up something new which would cause the world to laugh, or for a moment to forget itself; something which would at the same time instruct or at the least lead to improving thought; for the curious lines and quirks which Cruikshank used to delight in, all had a meaning, and often would cause pleased expressions of surprise when traced and followed out so as to assume definite shape. It is almost impossible to believe that the catalogue of Cruikshank's productions prepared by the Keeper of the Prints, a few years back, comprises not fewer than five thousand five hundred entries, and according to the *Athenæum* each one describes a work of art marked by admirable fidelity, precision and felicity in drawing, and an elaborateness of execution which none but those thoroughly familiar with them can fairly appreciate. Were he to have begun work when seven years old and labored steadily to the day of his death, this number would have given him an average of sixty-seven such pictures a year. Although this average is almost incredible, it does not do justice to his ingenuity and inventive faculty, for it was not until his twentieth year that he entered fully upon his vocation. Before that time he had serious thoughts of following the theatrical profession, and appeared several times on the stage. In after days he formed one of the company who appeared in the amateur performances instituted by Charles Dickens.

He had the advantage of being born with two heritages. His father was an engraver, and a caricaturist of some note, and his name was one which once heard would not easily be forgotten. At the bottom of his drawings and etchings it often appeared in full, and accorded well with the scenes depicted by curious fine lines, in curves and in angles which

presented to the brain through the eye more, often, than did page after page of print.

This was shown by some stupid books which through his illustrations were made popular. Thackeray in his article in the *Westminster Review* written in 1840, enumerates several instances of it up to that time. There was "Mirth and Morality," in which he says the artist monopolized the Mirth, while the Morality was the "author's capital." The author writes:

"Who has not chased the butterfly,
And crushed its slender legs and wings,
And heaved a moralizing sigh:
Alas! how frail are human things!"

How is the designer to make mirth out of such a scene as that? "Away, surely not on the wings of these verses, Cruikshank's imagination begins to soar; and he makes us three darling little men on a green common, backed by old farmhouses, somewhere about May. A great mixture of blue and clouds in the air, a strong, fresh breeze stirring, Tom's jacket flapping in the same, in order to bring down the insect queen or king of spring that's fluttering above him,—he renders all this with a few strokes on a little block of wood not two inches square, upon which one may gaze for hours, so merry and life-like a scene does it present. What a charming creative power is this! What a privilege to be a god, and create little worlds upon paper, and whole generations of smiling, jovial men, women and children half an inch high, whose portraits are carried abroad, and have the faculty of making us monsters of six feet, curious and happy in our turn."

Perhaps it was the spirit of unrest with which Cruikshank imbued his subjects that made them objects of such interest to children. Their lively imaginations would be able to complete the action suggested by the pencil. Take that one of "The Strange Cat," for example. Who can look at it without



“THE STRANGE CAT.”

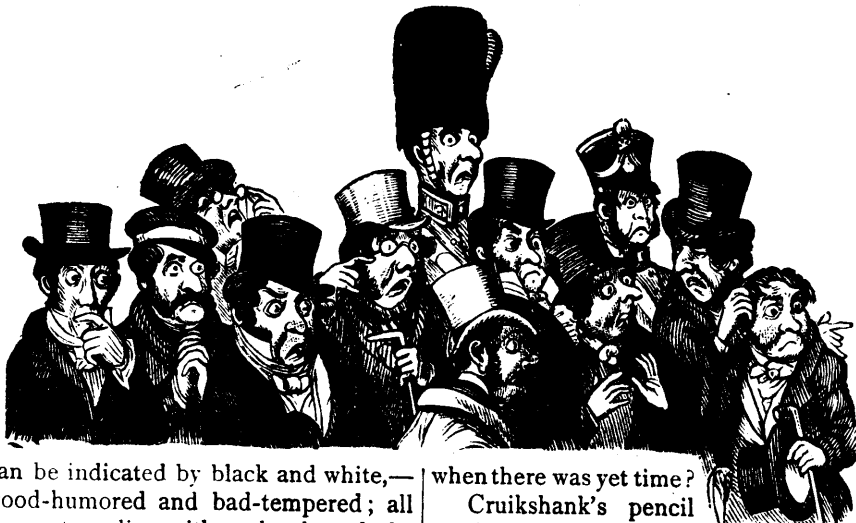
hearing the thud of the stranger—a black cat, too,—as it reaches the ground, and the rattle of the broom and duster as they fall upon their handles and slide the rest of the way down stairs? And then the cat, more frightened if possible than the boy, howls, as only cats can howl, and dashes this way and that, knocking down chairs, rushes against the boy's legs, and hides panting under the stairs, or, smashing through a window, gets away. What if it were night, and the candle should go out? What then? Is there a juvenile, even in these far-off days, who could not appreciate the scene? Those front locks would rise higher if possible than in the picture; the knees would tremble more; the hands assume a still more helpless attitude, and the mother, brother, or servant, rushing in to see what

was the matter, would open the door against which the sufferer leans and he would fall out backwards; the cat would dash out also; there would be echoing screams, a rush and explanations, and fun-making, and Tommy would be tormented for a time about his fear of cats, and for six months would not go to bed without a candle. Tremendous results follow from the little scene depicted here.

Children could understand even his deepest satires in lines and curves. There is the one in his “Comic Almanac,” for example, in which he shows the alarming results of the over-emigration of females from England. Of course, when all the unmarried women were tempted from England, the bachelors must have some substitute for wives, and so a shipload of New Zealand

maidens arrive at the dock, say of Liverpool or London. Pen cannot describe the haste made to meet them. The foreground is literally suffocating with the press of forlorn bachelors, tall and thin, stout and hearty, of ruddy complexion and pale—that is, as far as

against that great crush of people? That is a question to be solved; but they do not seem to be very much pleased at it. And when back, what taunts will they not receive from their more fortunate benedict friends! Oh! why did they not secure matrimonial blessings



can be indicated by black and white,—good-humored and bad-tempered; all these struggling with each other, dashing their elbows into each other's sides—some of them must be saying very uncomplimentary things—all in their haste to greet the maidens. It is evident that their charms have been advertised by some enterprising agent. In the distance some who have been laggards are doing their utmost now to reach the scene; they run; horses are whipped; all hurry to arrive—except those who have arrived, to use an Hibernianism. Up from the ship's boats clamber the expectant wives with smiles from ear to ear, and lips, ears, and noses, by nature thick, ornamented with rings much larger than those charms of nature they adorn. We have taken the liberty to select a few of the faces from their connection in this scene and class them according to the feelings they express. The bachelors who see the smiling beauties clamber on the wharf are not in a hurry now. How will they ever get back

when there was yet time?

Cruikshank's pencil was first used in designing illustrations for juvenile and song books; he obtained admission to the Royal Academy, and then became the illustrator to two monthly publications, the *Scourge* and the *Meteor*, and thus his name began to be widely known as a political caricaturist. The *Athenæum* strongly disclaims the idea of classing Cruikshank amongst caricaturists who are caricaturists simply. "There was not much vigor," it says, "in the comparatively mild humor of 'H. B.'; and John Leech and his numerous followers turned their powers to gentler purposes, giving to satire a very different direction from that which it had primarily. Cruikshank, who possessed greater wealth of invention than any of his precursors, was the true heir of Rowlandson and Gilray, but, like Hogarth, he rarely aimed at less than moral ends, and from first to last desired the improvement of mankind. A large purpose is distinct in nearly all

his satires, whether they are directed against political opponents, personal follies and vices, or social shortcomings. To quote examples in proof of this would be a work of supererogation. We have held it a misuse of terms to style Cruikshank a caricaturist, in the sense in which other satirists, from Leonardo da Vinci to Hogarth and later designers, are called caricaturists. What most resembles caricatures in the satires of Cruikshank is, as it appears to us, solely due to his idiosyncratic choice of types and models, not to his manner of deal-

evident. His worst characters have something about them which prevent us from hating them unreservedly. They are there to be laughed at or pitied, but never to be entirely despised. Even in that terrible picture in "Oliver Twist" of Fagin in his dark cell, where the miserable old man, with hardly the semblance of a human being, but more like a caged vulture, is seen through the darkness, he cannot be absolutely hated. He is too miserable for that,—themisery worse than death—more miserable, even, than his hard heart can feel. You



SOME OF THE NEW ZEALAND MAIDENS.

ing with them. He was a pure satirist of the richest vein, inexhaustible in invention, incomparably dramatic, often profoundly pathetic, and in those tender passages which it was his delight to portray, he often stirred us in an unexampled fashion."

Whether a caricaturist or not, there was rarely absent a very perceptible moral in all that Cruikshank did. His honesty of purpose, his good-nature, even when he is the most severe, his hatred of meanness, vulgarity, affectation and laziness, is apparent from every drawing. But even when hitting his hardest, his good humor is

feel his wretchedness more than he himself does, and you do not rejoice that he has met his deserts, although you would be the last in the world to free him or mitigate his punishment.

Cruikshank was a lover of children. His first efforts were for their benefit, and all along he has fought for them. In his "Preparatory School for Fast Men," in which the young idea is taught how to shoot, smoke, drink, fight, cheat and the various accomplishments of "regular bricks," there are a series of six sketches, each one representing a separate accomplishment; but in all, the pupils are very

small children. Professor Boosey Swiggle, the red-nosed teacher of the drinking class, gives to very small boys, two of whom have not yet risen to the dignity of pants, the toast, "Better to live half a life drunk than a whole life half sober." Professor Puffenough Puffin, the foreign-looking smoking teacher, is made to say to his class of five infants, one of whom is apparently suffering from sea-sickness, "No gent is completely complete without a cigar stuck in his mouth, and he should always smoke in the streets and public places." In number three, seven very small boys surround a gaming-table, and the gaming-master, Professor Sauter Lecoup, B.L., is made to say, "Now, I will show you von trick or two with the cards and with the dice, so you shall always win." And thus it is to the finishing department by Professor Scamp. Some of the pupils here, too, are in the petticoats of early boyhood; but still the teacher says to them with their depraved-looking faces "Now you are all jolly, you can't go too fast—so go it fast, as fast as you can;" and they are going it fast too, and you look at them and at your little darlings at home and resolve that neither by Professor Scamp, Professor Boosey Swiggle or any of his tribe shall they be taught.

Cruikshank was no lover of the Woman's Rights movement as promulgated some twenty-seven years ago, and has devoted several sketches in his "Almanac" to it. In one the ladies are holding a session of the Court of Queen's Bench as it "ought to be," and are "Trying a contemptible scoundrel for a Breach of Promise." Mrs. Chief-Justice in her ermine is reading the law from a book which is supported by a blind-folded Cupid, to represent Justice. There is an elegantly fitted up coffee-room, tea room, prosecutrix's boudoir, and a box for the papas and mammas and the brothers, sisters, and other relations of the injured one. The fires of righteous indignation which flash from their eyes at the unfortunate

culprit, who is manacled hand and foot, and so cast down in spirit that he cannot even see the two beautiful bouquets considerably placed on the bar before him, are wonderful, of their kind. The scowl of the jaileress is something astounding in the nature of scowls; the learned lawyeresses look dignified as lawyeresses should, and one strokes her chin where the beard is not; but two younger members discuss the Bill of Fare at "Her Majesty's Theatre," and one is saving time by *prosecuting* her knitting. The impeaching counselleress is delivering her eloquent address, with three huge piles of correspondence before her, one labeled "Introductory Correspondence, &c., &c., &c.," another, "Declaration and Proposal, &c., &c., &c.," and the third, and a small one, "The breaking off," without any and-so-forths. The jury have brought their knitting with them, and have made up their minds to convict. There can be no doubt of that,—unless, perhaps, the one who brings the culprit nearer through the use of the opera-glass should dissent, in which case there would be no convincing her. The crime is evidently the highest on the list of crimes against society.

We have said that Cruikshank hated vulgarity and laziness. It may be for this reason that he hated "quack dandies," footmen, and the like. Thackeray gives us two illustrations of this from engravings we have not met with: "There are quacks of all kinds to whom he has a mortal hatred; quack dandies who assume under his pencil, perhaps in his eye, the most grotesque appearance possible; their hats grow larger, their legs infinitely more crooked and lean; the tassels of their canes swell out to a most preposterous size; the tails of their coats dwindle away, and finish where coat-tails generally begin. Let us wager that Cruikshank, a man of the people, if ever there was one, hates and despises these super-

comes staggering forward with a box that Hercules might lift with his little finger. Will Hercules do so? Not he. The giant can carry nothing heavier than a cocked-hat, or note on a silver tray, and his labors are to walk from his sentry-box to the door, and from the door back to his sentry-box, and to read the Sunday paper, and to poke the hall-fire twice or thrice, and to make five meals a day. Such a fellow does Cruikshank hate and scorn worse even than a Frenchman. The man's master, too, comes in for no small share of our artist's wrath. There is a company of them at church, who humbly designate themselves, 'miserable sinners!' Miserable sinners indeed! Oh, what floods of turtle-soup, what tons of turbot and lobster-sauce must have been sacrificed to make these sinners properly miserable. * * * What an odor of musk and bergamot exhales from the pew!—how it is wadded, and stuffed, and spangled over with brass nails! What hassocks are there for those who are not too fat to kneel! What a flustering and flapping of gilt prayer-books, and what a pious whirring of Bible leaves one hears all over the church, as the doctor blandly gives out the text! To be miserable at this rate you must, at the very least, have four thousand a year, and many persons are there so enamored of grief and sin, that they would willingly take the risk of the misery to have a life-interest in the consols that accompany it, quite careless about consequences, and skeptical as to the notion that a day is at hand when you must fulfil *your share of the bargain.*"

In respect to such characters as these at least we can agree with the *Athenæum*. Cruikshank did not caricature, but simply pictured them truthfully; and if you must laugh at them whose fault is it? Not the artist's, certainly, even if a little bit of prejudice is visible in his sketches, and the faces are slightly flabbier than nature and good feeding made them, and their

eyes something smaller, and their backs somewhat stiffer; it is only a very little freedom that he takes with them,—just sufficient to stamp firmly the character; yet how ridiculous they do look, and the slight exaggeration is but the touch of art required to make them natural on paper.

With a distinct character in all his drawings which make them decidedly Cruikshankian, there is very little repetition in faces or expression. His invention was capable of any duties which might be laid upon it. Scores of faces, all representing surprise, might be selected from his works, and while all are excellently surprised, no two are alike. When the number of faces he has drawn during his eighty years working career is considered, this makes his genius rank higher than is generally estimated. His pictures are all literally crowded with faces. In one little sketch scarcely twelve square inches in size, there are fifty-three perfectly defined, characteristic faces; in many there are more. He has his favorite characters, surely; policemen, soldiers of various degrees, little boys—curious little boys they are, too, with large bodies and very small legs and very short braces,—ladies with waists which hardly accord with modern ideas concerning health, Irishmen and Frenchmen. He also made a study of fairies and other mythical creatures, where his fancy was given free play, not being bound down by the necessity of conforming to the realities of life.

He worked too rapidly, and trusted too much to his imagination, to illustrate books as they are done in these days, with fidelity, both as to engraving and drawing; but no one has illustrated more works than he, and no one can be compared to him for the number of works made salable, and the number of fortunes made for other people. He did not adhere too faithfully to the text always, as we have seen in "Mirth and Morality;" and it

was a very good book indeed, in which, when illustrated by him, the letter-press was not secondary to the illustrations. Descriptions which take pages of writing to complete, were brought much more forcibly to the mind by the artist's sketch, occupying but a few square inches. Dickens would be one of the hardest writers to compete with in this matter; yet, who looking back over the many years since he read the "Sketches by Boz," or "Oliver Twist," illustrated by Cruikshank, does not remember the characters and incidents more from the pictures than from the letter-press? Who can forget Oliver himself, or what there was of him, and Fagin, and Bill Sykes, and Bill Sykes' dog! They all loom up out of the dim distance and are thought of over and over again. Indeed it almost seems as if the work were the creation of the artist, and the writing supplied to suit the pictures.*

It is needless to state that Cruikshank would find it impossible to

to pass through this ordeal without contamination; and after I had fully described the full-grown thieves (the *Bill Sykeses*) and their female companions, also the young thieves (the *Artful Dodgers*) and the receivers of stolen goods, Mr. Dickens agreed to act on my suggestion, and the work was commenced; but we differed as to what sort of boy the hero should be. Mr. Dickens wanted rather a queer kind of chap, and although this was contrary to my original idea, I complied with his request, feeling that it would not be right to dictate too much to the writer of the story, and then appeared '*Oliver asking for more*;' but it so happened just about this time that an enquiry was being made in the parish of St. James's, Westminster, as to the cause of the death of some of the workhouse children who had been 'farmed out.' I called the attention of Mr. Dickens to this enquiry, and said that if he took up this matter, his doing so might help to save many a poor child from injury and death; and I earnestly begged of him to let me make Oliver a nice pretty little boy, and if we so represented him, the public, and particularly the ladies, would be sure to take a greater interest in him, and the work would then be a certain success. Mr. Dickens agreed to that request, and I need not add here that my prophecy was fulfilled, and if any one will take the trouble to look at my representations of 'Oliver,' they will see that the appearance of the boy is altered after the first two illustrations, and by reference to the records of St. James's parish, and to the date of the publication of the *Miscellany*, they will see that both the dates tally, and therefore support my statement.

"I had a long time previously to this, directed Mr. Dickens's attention to Field Lane, Holborn Hill, wherein resided many thieves and receivers of stolen goods, and it was suggested that one of these receivers, a Jew, should be introduced into the story; and upon one occasion Mr. Dickens and Mr. Harrison Ainsworth called upon me, and in course of conversation I described and performed the character of one of those Jew receivers, and this was the origin of Fagin."

Mr. Cruikshank further in his letter says that nearly all his designs were made in consequence of conversations he had with Mr. Dickens, and that he never saw any manuscript of the novel until it was nearly finished, and it must be remembered that it came out in parts. The fact seems to be that the two talented men mutually aided each other; but the controversy has a special interest from the insight it gives into the manner great stories are sometimes built up.

In regard to Harrison Ainsworth's stories, illustrated by Mr. Cruikshank, the latter asserts that most of the stories were written up from his sketches made beforehand, and writes in regard to "Jack Shephard:" "This story originated from Mr. Ainsworth, and when preparing it for publication, he showed to me about two or three pages of manuscript on post paper, and I beg that it may be observed that this was the only bit of manuscript written by this author that I ever saw in the whole course of my life."

*Since writing the above, the following interesting letter by Mr. Cruikshank, in the London *Times*, in answer to the uncomplimentary allusion in Forster's "Life of Dickens," to Mr. Cruikshank's claim of having originated "Oliver Twist," has come under the writer's notice:—

"When *Bentley's Miscellany* was first started, it was arranged that Mr. Charles Dickens should write a serial in it; and which was to be illustrated by me; and in a conversation with him as to what the subject should be for the first serial, I suggested to Mr. Dickens that he should write the life of a London boy, and strongly advised him to do this, assuring him that I would furnish him with the subject, and supply him with all the characters, which my large experience of London life would enable me to do.

"My idea was to raise a boy from a most humble position up to a high and respectable one—in fact, to illustrate one of these cases of common occurrence where men of humble origin, by natural ability, industry, honest and honorable conduct, raise themselves to first-class positions in society. And as I wished particularly to bring the habits and manners of the thieves of London before the public (and this for a most important purpose, which I shall explain one of those days), I suggested that the poor boy should fall among thieves, but that his honesty and natural good disposition should enable him



THE SCHOLASTIC HEN AND HER CHICKENS.

illustrate books of travel such as those issued in these days; and yet because he could not, he has been compared disadvantageously to modern artists whose life-work is this style of art. It might as well be said that he was a poor artist because he could not make a pair of shoes, although he took a perfect delight in drawing them in all their shapes. Surely such boots as he made never came fresh from the lasts; they acquired individuality from constant use. One look at them causes laughter. His forte was illustrating life and action. In his scenes where tremendous catastrophes are supposed to be in progress, or have happened, he throws a very great deal of meaning into the backs and sides of his characters. You almost fancy that you can see the expression of face from the contortions of the back bone, or the wide-stretched fingers of a visible hand. Fortunately the books illustrated by him were of a nature where this facility was quite in place—"Roderick Ran-

dom," "Perigrine Pickle," "Robinson Crusoe," "Arthur O'Leary," "Ingoldsby Legends," "The Life of Sir John Falstaff," "Life in London," "Whom to Marry, and How to Get Married," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "John Gilpin," "Phrenological Illustrations," "Three Courses and a Dessert," "Italian Tales of Homer," "The Comic Almanac," "Oliver Twist," fairy tales, tales of Iceland, German tales, and satires. They were all such as he delighted in, and whether stupid or not, he followed the bent of his own inclination, created men and women, and scenes by the score, in all of the latter drew a moral, and made one portion of the book, at least, "readable."

Cruikshank's advocacy of the Temperance Cause was long, energetic, powerful and persistent. The subject was ever in his mind, and his works showed it. His earlier sketches of drunken men are the most humorous possible, but his latest ones were quite as terrible. His opinions intensified with

his age, and in fact it seems as if it were only a few years since the tragic elements of intemperance usurped the humorous ones in his mind. He was a firm believer in England's future; but the drag on its prosperity of intemperance was ever before him. He was a temperance advocate long before he became an abstainer himself. He in an address at the Field Lane Institution in 1876 is reported to have made the following distinction between temperance and teetotalism: "If," he said, "intoxicating liquor could be taken without danger, then temperance would be a good principle; but as it was a deadly poison and did so much mischief, the best thing was to abstain from it altogether; therefore, he maintained that total abstinence should be the rule. He had been working for many years to try and stop the use of these drinks, but he could not succeed. When he brought out 'The Bottle,' he was not a total abstainer. The scenes from 'The Bottle' were represented at many theatres, one or two of which he visited to see how the audience took his 'Bottle.' Although they appeared impressed with the tragic incidents represented, yet they all went out and had something to drink. At last he found it was of no use preaching without setting an example; therefore he had become an abstainer, and had been one for the last thirty years. He used also to smoke, but was glad to say that he had now left off that bad habit."

"The Bottle" and "The Drunkard's Children" are his most important works, specially intended to influence the public on the temperance question. The former is a series of eight prints executed by the glyphographic process, which is described as a kind of etching in relief. Impressions were sold by the thousand, and their moral effect can only be compared to that of the publication of Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress." "The Drunkard's Children" was a sequel

to "The Bottle," but unequal to it in many respects.

He pressed fairy tales into the service of the temperance reform, illustrating "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Hop-o-my-thumb," "Cinderella," and "Puss in Boots," and cutting out much that was indecent, cruel and unsuited for children, and altering other portions to teach moral lessons. Although the etchings for these tales rank amongst his best efforts, the books did not sell well. "Puss in Boots" with all his faults would not bear any amendment. It was through this cause that the controversy arose between Dickens and Cruikshank, the former publishing a paper in *Household Words* entitled, "Frauds upon the Fairies," in which he criticised severely the alterations made by the artist and accused him of making these time-honored tales the medium of conveying his own opinions to the public. It would have been well for Charles Dickens if he had learned the lessons intended to be taught by his former co-laborer.

We had almost forgotten to state that his etchings are numerous, and that in this art he is a master of the needle. Even the *Saturday Review* can give him "slight praise" in this, and says, referring to his illustrations of fairy tales: "In the rendering of these fanciful inventions Cruikshank often displayed a real power in the use of the etching-needle. This indeed was the one branch of technical art in which he could claim proficiency."

In his later years also he did something in oil painting, in which he attained to some reputation.

Amongst his more notable works on canvas may be mentioned "Tam O'Shanter," "Grimaldi the Clown Shaved by a Girl," "Dressing for the Day," "Disturbing the Congregation"—a deliciously racy picture of a little boy in church dropping his peg-top, and catching at the same moment the monitory eye of the beadle, from whom,

in another sense, he is certain to "catch it" before he is many hours older.

He considered his *chef-d'œuvre* the gigantic picture "The Worship of Bacchus." This extraordinary work of imagination, executed in 1863, measures thirteen feet four inches by seven feet eight inches, and cost the artist more than twelve months of almost incessant labor.

The London *Daily Telegraph* terms it, in a eulogistic memoir of Cruikshank, "a cartoon slightly colored in oils." As a work of art in a classical sense it certainly is an incongruity; as an exposition of high thought and deep feeling it is a marvel. That luxuriance or fulness of brain which characterized the genius of Cruikshank is especially exemplified in this great work. The composition seems to be the result of a plethora of thought that in its turns, its twists, its inroads, its essays, and its outpourings always points to the one grand moral which the artist designed to show and teach. Like the simple air of some grand musical composition, so is the design of Cruikshank—simplicity itself, but enlarged, worked on, modulated, toned and retoned until we wonder at the breadth of intellect displayed in following up the one simple idea. This in an artist as in a musician evidences true genius.

"The Worship of Bacchus," when first exhibited in London, created a profound sensation. It is a combined picture, containing various small pictures painted on the same canvas, each distinctly separated from the other, and all vividly illustrating that terrible scourge of humanity, Intemperance. The centre phase of thought, unless memory is very treacherous, is the excited scene of a political election—the hustings—the candidates—the surging crowd, many of whom are swayed with strong feeling and strong drink; then there is the exquisite at the supper-table of the glowing ball, sipping the frothy champagne with that gentle but unmistak-

able stagger, his fair companion silently looking on in sorrowful amazement; the infuriated wife-beater, with a bottle in one hand, and dealing perhaps death with the other to the woman he had sworn to protect; the gamester, narrowly watching the effect of his drugged wine on his companion, whom he is about to fleece; the jaded and skeleton-like horse dragging up hill the wearied load for a brutal master, who maddened with drink, inhumanly belabors the poor animal to death; the miser, drawn into a shrivelled knot as if to save space, with long, bony fingers, deep-set eye, and wrinkled face, holding an emaciated herring over the fire to broil, while he catches the dripping oil in a pan that nothing may be lost. They are all here, and numberless other incidents of man's own inhumanity to man, his contempt of his better sense, his utter and complete abasement. All these are depicted on the one broad canvas, showing at a single glance a terrible drama, more real, more vivid than pen can describe. That high and pure motive which ever characterized the genius of Cruikshank shone resplendently in this composition, which, despite the art critics, will ever stand as an undying monument to more than fame—his love of mankind and his goodness of heart. This painting on being finished was submitted to the Queen at Windsor Castle, and Her Majesty on beholding it was not chary in her words of commendation to the aged artist, whose work, as evidenced by the great number of figures, the extreme care with which even the minutest details were delineated, is a marvel in one who had passed the threescore years and ten allotted to man.

He worked almost up to the day of his death. The last book published with original designs bearing his name was, "The Rose and The Lily: How they Became the Emblems of England and France." It is a fairy tale by Mrs. Octavia Blewitt. The frontispiece is

signed "Designed and Etched by George Cruikshank, aged 85, 1875." This was published in 1877, and less pretentious works have come from his pencil since.

Thus become associated 1799 and 1878, his first known drawings and his last, between which some seven thousand issued from his brain. Well might his friend Thackeray say as long ago as 1840, "Cruikshank has given a thousand new and pleasant thoughts to millions of people;" but what might he not say now, nearly forty years later! Then, when the artist was in the prime of life and at the height of his popularity, the author talked of "ingratitude," more from the belief that the debt of gratitude could not be paid than that the desire to pay it was wanting; but forty years later he might, were he living, have written more feelingly, and with greater reason on this subject. Cruikshank died poor. Although his manner of life was homely in most respects, and even humble in its economy, in his extreme old age he was forced to depend on an annuity of fifty pounds a year from the Royal Academy's Turner Annuities, and the private aid obtained from his admirers. He, also, was obliged to part with that vast collection of his life's works now at Westminster. He made many fortunes for others. One work, "The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder," passed through no less than fifty editions. Some designs made for Hone, the celebrated publisher of the "Every-day Book," Cruikshank was accustomed to say, were worth eight hundred pounds, while he received for them but ten and six pence each. One day while passing through the street he saw an execution for the crime of passing a one-pound forged note. He etched a design with men and women hanging for the crime, and it was sold in thousands. Hone earned seven hundred pounds by the sale, and one result, more to the artist's satisfaction, was a more merciful law.

E

He otherwise was but slightly rewarded, in a financial sense; but these and many other deeds of mercy will be remembered by his admirers forever, and his gain will be the greater of the two before the Judge who judgeth by the heart only.* Cruikshank was an artist pure and simple; frank, kind, openhearted, careless and sensitive, as all artists are. He was one of the best known men in London, and blythe and active to the last, ready to dance a hornpipe a few days before he died, to show that the old spirit had not departed. He was a desperately hard worker, when the "fit was on him," had troops of friends and not an enemy. Dogmatic, outspoken, frank and fearless, he was the *beau ideal* of an

The following is Cruikshank's own account of this famous "Bank Note *not* to be Imitated:"—

"Fifty-eight years back from this date (1876), there were 'one pound' Bank of England notes in circulation, and, unfortunately many forged notes were in circulation also, or being 'passed,' the punishment for which offence was in some cases transportation, in others death. At this period, having to go early one morning to the Royal Exchange, I passed Newgate jail and saw several persons suspended from the gibbet; *two* of these were women who had been executed for passing *one pound* forged notes.

"I determined if possible to put a stop to such a terrible punishment for such a crime, and made a sketch of the above note and then an etching of it.

"Mr. Hone published it, and it created a *sensation*. The directors of the Bank of England were exceedingly wroth. The crowd around Hone's shop in Ludgate Hill was so great that the Lord Mayor had to send the police to clear the street. The notes were in such demand that they could not be printed fast enough, and I had to sit up all one night to etch another plate. Mr. Hone realized over £700, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that no man or woman was ever hanged after this for passing one-pound forged Bank of England notes.

"The issue of my 'Bank Note *not* to be Imitated' not only put a stop to the issue of any more Bank of England one-pound notes, but also put a stop to the punishment of death for such an offence—not only for that, but likewise for forgery, and then the late Sir Robert Peel revised the Penal Code; so that the final effect of *my note* was to stop the hanging for all minor offences, and has thus been the means of saving thousands of men and women from being hanged."

Englishman all over, and popular as an artist never was before, and one hardly will be again. He was unfortunate in living so long as to see his star dim, but only because his voluminous works were partially hidden from sight by the multitude of ones of later date; but when uncovered they please as they did twenty, forty or eighty years before, and as long as they are visible Cruikshank will rank as foremost amongst the masters of satire.

In appearance he was slightly below the middle height, but of solid frame, long-armed and short-legged and broad-chested. His head was massive and well shaped, and hardly blanched or bowed to the very last. His forehead was high, and his sparkling, deep set, blue-gray eyes were full of meaning and humor, his cheek-bones high, nose aquiline, mouth cut in firm, sharp lines, and from whose corners grew some indescribable ornaments, partaking somewhat of the nature of moustaches, whiskers and beard, but bearing all the characteristics of none. Like old Father Time, he possessed a forelock, which rumor said was made the most of by an artful contrivance of wire and elastic, and which lock he always pointed to as an incontrovertible reply to any charge of baldness, at the same time triumphantly directing attention to the fact that it was still brown in hue, and in texture as silk. Dickens thirty years ago, before the Temperance misunderstanding, thus humorously described him through the mouth of the immortal "Sairey Gamp":

"I do assure you, Mrs. Harris, when I stood in the railways office that morning, with my bundle on one arm, and one patten in my hand, you might have knocked me down with a feather, far less porkmangers, which was a lumping against me, continual and sewere all round. I was drove about like a brute animal, and almost worritted into fits, when a gentleman with a large

shirt collar, and a hook nose, and an eye like one of Mr. Sweedlepipe's hawks, and long locks of hair, and whiskers that I wouldn't have no lady I was engaged to, meet suddenly a-turning round a corner, for any sum of money you could offer me, says, laughing, 'Halloa, Mrs. Gamp, what are you up to?' I didn't know him from a man (except by his clothes), but I says faintly, 'If you're a Christian man, show me where to get a second-cladge ticket for Manjester, and have me put in a carriage, or I shall drop.'"

We will allow *Punch* to close this brief sketch as one best capable to give a tribute to the "fine rough English diamond" about which we have been writing:—

"England is the poorer by what she can ill-spare—a man of genius. Good, kind, genial, honest, and enthusiastic George Cruikshank, whose frame appeared to have lost so little of its wiry strength and activity, whose brain seemed as full of fire and vitality at fourscore as at forty, has passed away quietly and painlessly after a few days' struggle. He never worked for *Punch*, but he always worked with him, putting his unresting brain, his skill—in some forms of art unrivalled—and his ever-productive fancy, at the service of humanity and progress, good works, and good-will to man. His object, like our own, was always to drive home truth and urge on improvement by the powerful forces of fun and humor, clothed in forms sometimes fanciful, sometimes grotesque, but never sullied by a foul thought, and ever dignified by a wholesome purpose.

"His fourscore and six years of life have been years of unintermitting labor, that was yet, always, labor of love. There never was a purer, simpler, more straightforward, or altogether more blameless man. His nature had something childlike in its transparency. You saw through him completely. There was neither wish nor effort to

disguise his self-complacency, his high appreciation of himself, his delight in the appreciation of others, any more than there was to make himself out better, or cleverer, or more unselfish than his neighbors.

“In him England has lost one who was, in every sense, as true a man as he was a rare and original genius, and

a pioneer in the arts of illustration. It is gratifying to see the tributes of hearty recognition his death has called forth. It is a duty on *Punch's* part, as a soldier in the same army in which George Cruikshank held such high rank so long, to add his wreath to the number already laid upon this brave old captain's grave.”

G. H. F.



THE WOLF OF BADENOCH.*

The writer was recently much pleased in the backwoods with a perusal of "Stray Leaves from Scotch and English History." Its stirring pages cannot fail to interest those hailing from the land for the liberties of which Wallace and Bruce fought, and which they freed from the tyrant's yoke.

Poets and novelists, from the time of "Blind Harry," who wrote about the year 1460, have frequently used Wallace as the hero of their stories, but the truthfulness of the pictures drawn may sometimes be questioned. This author affirms that he founded his narrative of the "Adventures of Sir William Wallace" mainly on the traditionary stories told respecting Wallace in his own time, which was a century and a half subsequent to that of the hero. The story abounds with the marvellous feats of his prowess, and is such an account of Wallace as might be expected of Montrose or Dundee, by some unlettered but ingenious poet of the present day who should only consult Highland traditions for his authority. The simple unaffectedness of the narration, however, goes to show that the author only meant to state facts. A paraphrase of it into modern Scotch by William Hamilton of Gilbertfield has long been a favorite volume by the Scottish peasantry; and the study of this book is said to have had the effect of kindling the enthusiasm of Burns, when he penned the noble war ode, "Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled," which will live as long as the feeling of patriotism animates the human breast.

The English king and his emissaries, having destroyed, or carried away, such historical records as they could find in Scotland, made the task of writing a true account of the leading characters of the times of Wallace and Bruce a very difficult one.

To separate facts from fiction and oral traditions that are shrouded in the mists of centuries, presents obstacles almost as great to the historian as if he were to attempt to write authentic history from heathen mythology; yet from the meagre materials available, Mr. Glass has sketched the life of the "Knight of Eldersly" in a very fascinating manner, and supplied a link long wanting in the biographies of distinguished Scotchmen. He, however, seems to have inadvertently fallen into a mistake in confounding the "Wolf of Badenoch" with "John Comyn of Badenoch," who had command of the Scotch cavalry at the battle of Falkirk, in 1298. Describing the mustering of forces prior to the battle, he states: "McDuff, grand uncle to the Earl of Fife, and John Comyn of Badenoch, also put in an appearance; but with regard to the last-mentioned nobleman it would have been far better if he had stayed at home, or joined the English at once." "The Wolf of Badenoch (as he was called by nickname) resembled in several ways that savage animal." Wolf, or any other opprobrious epithet, was an applicable term for a man like Comyn, who, from envy or jealousy, would desert the cause of his country in her "day and hour of danger." Notwithstanding, I am inclined to believe that the veritable "Wolf of Badenoch" was Alexander Stuart, Lord of Badenoch, fourth son of Robert II., whom he constituted lieutenant or governo

*"Stray Leaves from Scotch and English History, with the Life of Sir William Wallace, by the Rev. Charles Gordon Glass, A. M., Montreal."

from the limits of Moray to the Pentland Firth.

Both Comyn and Stuart were Lords of Badenoch, but at different times—hence the confusion. The former, as already stated, had command of the cavalry in 1298 at the battle of Falkirk; the latter burned the cathedral of Elgin in 1390—both facts well authenticated.

In Brown's "History of the Highlands and of the Highland Clans," Vol. I., p. 156, it is stated that the disorders in the Highlands, occasioned by the feuds of the clans, were about the period when the battle on the "North Inch of Perth" took place, greatly augmented by Alexander of Badenoch, fourth son of King Robert II. This person, from the ferocity of his disposition, obtained the appropriate appellation of the "Wolf of Badenoch." Avaricious as well as cruel the Wolf seized upon the lands of Alexander Barr, Bishop of Moray, and as he persisted in keeping violent possession of them, he was excommunicated. The sentence of excommunication not only proved unavailing, but tended to exasperate the Lord of Badenoch to such a degree of fury that in the month of May, 1390, this Highland savage descended from his heights, and burnt the town of Forres, with the choir of the church and the manse of the archdeacon; and in June following he burnt the town of Elgin, the church of St. Giles, the hospital of Maison-Dieu, and the cathedral, with eighteen houses of the canons and chaplains in the college of Elgin. He also plundered these churches of their sacred utensils and vestments, which he carried off. For this horrible sacrilege the Lord of Badenoch was prosecuted, and obliged to make due reparation.

Upon making his submission he was absolved by Walter Trail, Bishop of St. Andrews, in the Church of the Black-friars in Perth. He was received

at the door, and afterwards before the high altar in the presence of the King (Robert III., his brother), and many of the nobility, on condition that he should make full satisfaction to the Bishop of Moray, and obtain absolution from the pope.* Those living along the frontiers of Canada during the Fenian excitement, can form some idea of the consternation and dismay excited amongst the peaceful burghers of Elgin, and the quiet ecclesiastical inmates of its sacred edifices, when the "Wolf" made his midnight raid amongst them. The following vivid description by Sir T. D. Lander may help to fill up the more meagre details of the historian:

"The vesper hymn had died away through the lengthened aisles of the venerable cathedral; every note of labor or of mirth was silenced within the town. The weary burghers were sunk in sleep, and even the members of the various holy fraternities had retired to their repose. No eye was awake, save those of a few individuals among the religious, who, having habits of more than ordinary severity of discipline, had doomed themselves to wear the hard pavement with their bare knees, and their hours in endless repetition of penitential prayers before the shrine of the Virgin, or the image of some favorite saint. Not even a dog was heard to stir in the streets. They were as dark, too, as they were silent; for with the exception of a feeble lamp or two, which burned in the niches before the little figures set up here and there for Popish worship, there was nothing to interrupt the deep obscurity that prevailed. Suddenly the sound of a large body of horsemen was heard entering the town from the west. The dreams of the burghers were broken, and they were roused from their slumbers. The casements were opened, one after another as the band passed

*See Shaw's History of Moray.

along; and many a curious head was thrust out. They moved on alertly, without talking; but although they uttered no sounds, and were but dimly seen, the clank of their weapons and of their steel harness told well enough that they were no band of vulgar peace-loving merchants, but a troop of stirring men-at-arms; and many were the cheeks that blanched, and many were the ejaculations that escaped the shuddering lips of the timid burghers as they shrunk within their houses at the alarming conviction. They crossed and blessed themselves after the warriors had passed by, and each again sought his bed.

"But the repose of the inhabitants was, for that night, doomed to be short. Distant shrieks of despair, mingled with shouts of exultation, began to arise in the neighborhood of the cathedral and the college, in which all the houses of the canons were clustered; and soon the town was alarmed from its centre to its suburbs, by the confused cries of half-naked fugitives, who hurried along into the country as if rushing from some dreadful danger.

"Fire, murder, fire! the Wolf of Badenoch! The terrible name of the fell Earl of Buchan was enough of itself to spread universal panic through the town, even in the midst of broad sunshine. But darkness now magnified their fears. Every one hastened to huddle on what garments might be at hand, and to seize what things were most valuable and portable; and all without exception, men, women and children, hurried into the streets to seek immediate safety in flight. As the crowd pressed onwards, scarcely daring to look behind them, they beheld the intense darkness of the night invaded by flames that began to shoot upwards in fitful jets. The screams and shouts rang in their ears, and they quickened their trembling speed, their voices subdued by fear as they went into indistinct whispers of horror.

"Already they could see that the college, the church of St. Giles, and the hospital of the Maison-Dieu, were burning; but all these were forgotten as they beheld the dire spectacle of the cathedral illuminated throughout all the rich tracery of its Gothic windows by a furious fire that was already raging high within it. Groans and lamentations burst from their hearts, and loud curses were poured out on the impious heads of those whose fury had led them to destroy so glorious a fabric and edifice, which they had been taught to venerate from their earliest infancy, and to which they were attached by every association, divine and human, that could possibly bind the heart of man. In the midst of their wailings the pitchy vault of heaven began to be reddened by the glare of the spreading conflagration, and the loud and triumphant shouts that now arose, mingled with those cries of terror which had at first blended with them, too plainly told that the power of the destroyer was resistless."

By this act of vandalism perished the noble cathedral after it had stood 166 years. It was rebuilt, but probably not with its former glory, and its venerable ruin is still the boast of Moray, and when entire, in its pristine splendor, it must have been the chief ornament of the district. The solemn grandeur of such a pile, and the sacred purposes with which it was associated, must have inspired an awe and reverence of which we can form but a faint conception at the present day. When the writer visited it as a boy many years ago the lines of Wordsworth occurred to him:

Bright towers of warlike chiefs around appear,
The lowly roof and noble dome are here;
Sweet is the scene; yet, Scotia, turn thine eyes,
And weep, for lo! thy church a ruin lies.

Dying insensibly away
From human thoughts and purposes,
It seems—wall, window, roof and tower—
To bow to some transforming power,
And blend with the surrounding trees.

Strange to say, even after this second

outrage the Wolf of Badenoch, as already noticed, received full absolution of his crimes; and after his death a flattering monument asserts that he died in full reconciliation with the Church which he had so outraged.

Some of the "Wolf's" sons, at least, seem to have inherited the vices of their father. In 1392 a natural son of his, named Duncan Stuart, bent on spoliation and bloodshed, and resolved to imitate the barbarous acts in which his father had been engaged in, collected a number of Catherans,* armed only with the sword and target, and with these he descended from the range of hills which divides the counties of Aberdeen and Forfar, devastated the country, and murdered the inhabitants indiscriminately.

Sir Walter Scott in his "Tales of a Grandfather" says, these Catherans were chiefly of Clan-Donnachie, answering to the clan now called Robertson. A force was instantly collected by Sir Walter Ogilvy, sheriff of Angus, Sir Patrick Gray, and Sir David Lindsay of Glenesk, to oppose Stuart, and although inferior in numbers, they attacked him and his party of freebooters at Gasklune, near the water of Ila. A desperate conflict took place, which was of short duration. The Catherans fought with determined bravery, and soon overpowered their assailants. The sheriff, his brother, Wat of Lichtoun, Young of Ochertlony, the lairds of Cairncross, Forfar, and Guthrie, and sixty of their followers, were slain. Sir Patrick Gray and Sir David Lindsay were severely wounded, and escaped with difficulty. Winton gives an anecdote illustrative of the fierceness of the Highlanders. Lindsay had run one of them, a strong and brawny man, through the body with a spear, and pinned him to the earth. In this condition and in his dying agonies, he writhed himself up, and with the spear sticking in his body,

struck Lindsay a desperate blow with his sword, with all the last energies of a dying man, cut through Lindsay's stirrup and steel boot into the bone, and then instantly fell and expired.

Walter Stuart, another of the "Wolf's" sons, was Baron of Kincardine, in the district of Strathspey in the counties of Inverness and Moray; and the Barony continued in the family during ten descents. It was finally lost by the grandfather of Colonel John Roy Stuart, who was cheated out of his estate by the intrigues of a brother-in-law, when Kincardine became the property of the family of Gordon, now Gordon and Richmond, who still own it.

Colonel Roy Stuart displayed poetical talents of high order, and as he added to these a fine address and commanding form of body, the future poet and soldier had little difficulty in bringing himself into notice and obtaining honorable employment. He was accordingly appointed to a commission in a British cavalry regiment in which he served for a time with distinction, until a vacancy occurred in the command of a company of the Royal Highlanders, which he solicited; but being superseded by another gentleman in that appointment, he deserted from his own regiment, went over to France, and fought against the British in Flanders. When his royal namesake, Prince Charles Stuart, landed in Scotland in 1745, for the purpose of regaining the crown of his ancestors, Roy Stuart again visited his native country, joined the standard of the Prince, and obtained the command of a regiment. He was generally acknowledged to be one of the best swordsmen of his day, and his various martial exploits and deeds of daring practised during the time of the rebellion, and previous to his subsequent escape into France, are recorded on the pages of Jacobite history. His songs on the progress of the rebellion, and its results, have been translated, and some of them appeared in a work

* Highland banditti.

by Dr. Rogers of Stirling; but the difference of idiom is so great and the peculiarities of Gaelic metre and rhyme are such, that no translation of a Gaelic song can give any idea of its native quality and flavor, without some more or less successful imitation of these structural peculiarities.

In the face of a rocky eminence called Craigourie, in Kincardine, John Roy's cave is pointed out to tourists. This cave formed his hiding-place while hunted for by the Royal forces after the disastrous defeat at Culloden, and the following, evidently a paraphrase on part of the 27th Psalm, was composed by him at that time:—

JOHN ROY STUART'S PSALM.

The Lord's my targe, I will be stout,
With dirk and trusty blade;
Though Campbells come in flocks about,
I will not be afraid.

The Lord's the same as heretofore,
He's always good to me;
Though red-coats come a thousand more,
Afraid I will not be.

Though they the woods do cut and burn,
And drain the lochs all dry;
Though they the rocks do overturn,
And change the course of Spey;

Though they mow down both corn and grass,
Nay, seek me underground;
Though hundreds guard each road and pass,
John Roy will not be found.

The Lord is just, lo! here's a mark,
He's gracious and kind,
When they like fools hunt in the dark,
Like moles He struck them blind.

Though lately straight before their face,
They saw not where I stood;

The Lord's my shade and hiding-place,
He's to me always good.

Let me proclaim, both far and near,
Through land, and air, and sea,
That all with wonder plain may hear
How good the Lord's to me.

Upon the pipe I'll sound His praise,
And dance upon my stumps;
A fine new tune to it I'll raise,
And play it on my trumps.

In "Glenmore's Highland Legends," from which some of the preceding particulars are taken, it is stated that two nephews of John Roy, Domhnall Breachd* and Seumas a' Chunic,* fought with him at Culloden. The former being wounded on the field was taken prisoner, and afterwards effected his escape from the prison of Inverness and fled to France. The latter being at the time a mere youth, was less noticeable in the eyes of the Government, and ventured to remain in his own country. A daughter of his, Mrs. Ross, Schoolhouse, Kincardine, was alive in 1859, and nearly 90 years of age then. This venerable lady was the last representative of that branch of the Royal House of Stuart which descended from the Wolf of Badenoch, and she was personally known to many of the readers of the WITNESS in the Township of Moore previous to their emigrating to this country about twenty-five years ago.

A BACKWOODS FARMER.

*Donald and James were the names of Colonel Roy Stuart's nephews, but better known in the district by the above Gaelic designations.



OUR AFFECTIONATE TOWNS-MAN.

FACT, NOT FICTION.

BY A CANADIAN.

Many years ago—perhaps forty, perhaps more—in a country village about sixty miles from one of the Dominion's most thriving cities, there lived a young man named Crosby—Hammersfield Crosby. He was of English descent, but had no relatives in this country nearer than a cousin, who was a resident of the same village, and who had no very strong liking for Hammersfield.

Now Hammersfield Crosby up to his twenty-fifth year had manifested no talent for any particular branch of business, yet he had a passable education, and was always just about to take an important step in life; though in what direction he seemed in no way decided.

At last Crosby went to the city to try his fortune, as he said; and it was soon reported that he had obtained a situation where his learning would get his bread; and that he had hopes of advancement. Some surmised a clerkship, others business on the wharf; but no one really knew what occupation our visionary townsman had found.

He wrote affectionate letters to his cousin, and seemed anxious that his memory should not fade from any of our minds. Indeed, on his first visit he called upon every one with whom he had the slightest acquaintance, and appeared to take the liveliest interest in his old townspeople. To the sick he was particularly kind and attentive, and even lengthened his stay a couple of days to attend the funeral of an old neighbor who died during his visit.

We all thought him much improved. He put on quite a gentlemanly air, and was better dressed than formerly. Even

his patronage, which was lavished indiscriminately, did not appear in any case to give offence; there was such a show of friendship with it all. It was a little remarkable that no one thought to enquire what business Crosby had taken up with so much profit, and there was no doubt he was prosperous, for he had plenty of money. He came again and again, at intervals, and it was rumored by-and-by that he worked for a *company*, who paid him handsomely.

Not a few were a little envious of Crosby's good fortune, and one or two even tried to find him at his place of business, when chancing to be in the city. But he was always out of town, and never to be seen by his country friends. Those were not the days when our country was traversed in all directions by railroads, and a trip of sixty miles was more of an affair than it is now.

By-and-by his cousin was taken ill, and was ailing for some time. I do not know how Hammersfield received the intelligence, but down he came to remain while his suffering relative should require his services. Day after day went by, and at last the cousin died, leaving Crosby not much the richer; but the cheerful fellow seemed not to mind this. He dressed in mourning and followed the remains all the same.

Not long after this Hammersfield Crosby introduced a friend to the villagers, who, however, found little favor among the people. He was coarse and low, interspersing his conversation with many slang expressions. To tell the

truth, every one was glad when he left the place.

Next winter came a time of sickness, and many deaths ensued. Again Crosby was there,—just looked in on the old neighbors, as his firm had business in the vicinity. So he said. But by this time suspicions crept into the minds of some that all was not right. A large box had come in on the stage, to be left at the public house till called for by Hammersfield Crosby, Esq. A horrible thought stole into the hearts of the villagers as they quietly talked the matter over, and a strong desire was manifested to know what was its contents.

To make my story short, the people took the law into their own hands, broke open the box, and found what they expected,—tools for the use of grave-robbers. The mystery was out,

Crosby was a professional resurrectionist, and under cover of his love for old neighbors, had for years prosecuted his abominable business amongst us. Grave after grave was opened; all had been robbed! Thus, our affectionate townsman's true character was proved beyond a doubt. The affair was hushed as much as possible, to spare the feelings of those who had lost the bodies of friends in this dreadful way. Whatever became of Crosby, I do not know, but somehow or other, he contrived after this to live without the society of his "dear old friends."

Of one thing, however, I am tolerably certain. Before the news had spread to any extent over the village, or any steps could be taken for his arrest, he was out of the way, and over the Province Line in as few hours as the swiftest horse could take him there.



MONOGRAPH OF THE DÈNÈ-DINDJIÉ INDIANS.*

BY THE REV. E. PETITOT, OBLAT MISSIONARY, ETC., ETC.

TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

Recent events both in Canada and the United States have made the question of the treatment of the Indian tribes one of very considerable interest. Much as has been written of them, there is still much to learn. The following treatise by the Rev. M. Petitot, an Oblat missionary, who has for years lived amongst the tribes of which he writes, and who has not only had unusual opportunities of becoming thoroughly acquainted with their habits and modes of thought, but is also, from the bent of his mind, peculiarly qualified to study their past history, traditions and beliefs, will be found attractive to those whose attention has been drawn to such investigations.

Archbishop Taché, in his "Sketch of the North-West," says: "When was America peopled? An answer to this question would be extremely interesting, but I am sure it will not be discovered here, and I even think that it will never be found. Our Indians of the Northern Department have no chronicles, no annals, no written monuments, nor record of any kind whatever. They do not know even their own or their children's ages, or did not until our arrival amongst them." Without disputing the correctness of the Archbishop's statement as to the want of chronicles, &c., it may yet be possible, not to fix the date, perhaps, but at least to trace the route followed by the Indians from the birth-place of their race, as the glacial drift has been tracked by the boulders dropped during its advance.

This is what M. Petitot has attempted to do, without dogmatizing on so obscure a subject.

The work is divided into two parts. The first describes the present state of the Indians, the second relates to their origin. The advocates of the Anglo-Israelitish theory are strongly recommended to study carefully the latter, in which the reverend author believes he has produced sufficient proof of the Asiatic origin of the Redskin nations, and indicated the probability of their identity with the lost Ten Tribes of Israel. He, however, expresses himself with great modesty on the latter point, contenting himself with furnishing the evidence which has most strongly inclined him to adopt such an opinion.

I had at first thought of presenting a summary of the work, but the author had already so condensed the information he possessed, that it was difficult to reduce it to greater brevity without losing much of the essential information it contains. Besides, however conscientious such a summary might be, it would almost unavoidably be colored by the mental peculiarities of the writer undertaking such a task, and I have, therefore, preferred to give a faithful translation, allowing the author to speak for himself, although through the medium of a different language from that in which he has written.

DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

OTTAWA, January, 1878.

* Monographie des Dènè-Dindjié, par Le R. P. E. Petitot, Missionnaire Oblat de Marie Immaculée, Officier d'Académie, &c., &c., Paris.

MONOGRAPH OF THE DÈNÈ-DINDJIE
INDIANS.

I.

I call by the compound name of Dènè-Dindjié, a large family of red-skinned Americans, peopling the two slopes of the Rocky Mountains and the adjacent plains, between 54° north latitude and the Glacial Sea, from south to the north; Hudson's Bay and the Cascade Mountains, near the Pacific, from east to west.

Within this circumference, vast as it is, are not included the Sarcis of the Saskatchewan, who belong to the same family.

The Dènè-Dindjiés people, then, more than half the British North-West Territory, three-fourths of British Columbia and of the new American Territory of Alaska.

Samuel Hearn, the traveller, first mentioned the Dènè-Dindjiés, whom he called Northern Indians. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Franklin, Hales and Richardson, gave them the name of Tinvéh, as well as that of Chippewas and Athabaskans. The first French Canadians who explored the North-West Territories called them Montagnais-du-Nord, on account of the similarity of their mild and peaceable character to that of the Montagnais of the Saguenay; but the latter belong to the great Algic family.

The proper name of the Indian of whom we are now speaking is that of *man*, which is translated without indicating numbers, by the words *dènè*, *tènè*, *danè*, *dunè*, *adènè*, *adæna*, *dnainè*, *dindjié*, *dindjitch*, according to the tribes and dialects. These words, which are identical with the name of man in Lower Britany *dèn*, in Gaelic *dænæ*, in Nabajo *tana*, in Tagal *taro*, and perhaps even in Maori *tangata*, signify that which is earth, land, terrestrial, with the particle *de*, that which is, and the root *nné*, *nni*, *nan*, *nun*, earth.

In uniting the word *dènè*, which be-

longs to the Chippewas, the most southern tribe, to that of *dindjié*, which is given to the *Loucheux*, the most northern tribe, I have included under one compound name, which I believe to be appropriate, the entire Northern red-skin nations of America, of which so little is yet known.

The Loucheux here spoken of are the Indians whom Sir Alexander Mackenzie named the Quarrelers, and whom Richardson believed he had designated by their real name when he called them *Kutchin*.* Neither of them consider themselves as belonging to the same great family as the true Montagnais, or Chippewas.

This last word, or rather *Tchippway-anawok*, is the name by which the Dènè-Dindjié are known to their neighbors to the south, the Crees and the Sauteux. It signifies, according to Mgr. Taché, pointed skins, from *wayan*, skin and *ichipwa*, pointed; *wok* being the sign of the plural. This etymology is the more plausible, as the *Dindjié* still wear a tight jacket of reindeer or moose deer skin, furnished with a tail in front and behind, after the fashion of the Poncho worn by the Chilians. The Hare Indians have told me that such was also their dress before the fusion among their tribes produced by trade and re-

*The word Kuttchin (not *Kutchin*) is improper, because it is a generic verbal noun signifying inhabitants, people, nation, persons. The Dindjiés do not confine it to themselves, but apply it to all men; whilst they restrict the title of *Dindjié* (man) to their nation or tribe alone.

It is the same with the words *ottiné*, *gottiné*, *eittané*, synonymous with *Kuttchin*, but in more southern dialects. These are verbal substantives formed from the verb *ostti*, *ötti*, *götti*, or *Kwittchin* (according to the dialects), which may be rendered literally by the English verb to do. By extension it is employed for dwelling, inhabiting; thus a Slave will say: *djian ostti illi* (here I do not), meaning, I do not live here. A Hare Indian will say: *enè'i sè götti* (I steal-me, he makes) to express: he led me to steal. Finally a Loucheux will translate the same phrase by *nidzen kwittchin krwa*, but these words have never been the proper names of the tribes which employ them.

ligion. It is probable that this costume was originally that of the Dènè, the most southern and nearest neighbors of the Algonquins. The Kollonches of the Pacific, who are also of the Dènè race, also wear these tails. It is no doubt this peculiarity which led certain Western Indians to tell La Peyrouse that there existed in the East, on the continent, men furnished with a caudal appendage. They are decorated with fringes like the *tallith* of the Jews, which the clothing of the Dènè, the Mexicans, and the Chilians strongly resembles.

The Esquimaux, neighbors of the Loucheux in the north, give the whole Dènè-Dindjié family the insulting name of *Irkréïit*, that is larvæ of vermin. They hold them in the greatest contempt, as much on account of the timidity of their character, as from the prejudice of nationality, which leads every nation, especially the most barbarous, to hate or despise its neighbors.

II.

The Dènè-Dindjié family is divided into a multitude of clans or tribes, whom Europeans found all at war among themselves, mutually hating, plundering and rending each other, although acknowledging themselves to be of the same origin.

These intestine feuds, this voluntary separation, explain even more than indifference, apathy, natural obstacles, custom and hereditary defects, the extreme division which exists in the language of the Dènè-Dindjié. Each petty clan has a particular dialect, so different from its neighbor that it is almost impossible for them to understand each other except by signs.

A singular fact, observable even amidst this very diffusion, is that tribes separated by hundreds of, sometimes even by a thousand leagues, have occasionally more resemblance in their language than those which are adjacent. Hence, among the Hares of the Anderson, are

to be found numbers of verbal forms and words made use of on Lake La-Crosse, and among the Sekanis of Peace River. Again, the more closely the Pacific is approached, descending the River Yukon, in Alaska, the more closely does the Dindjié language offer analogies to the dialect of the Athabasca, or the River Liards. So that the lovers of the marvellous would have a fair opportunity to admit that there has been a second diffusion of language on the American Continent itself.

What we can assert positively is, that the Dènè-Dindjié dialects must have been formed in America; that it is impossible to assign to any of these languages the priority over the others, or the name of the root language; that the distribution of the tribes and dialects in the country has produced a fan-like radiation from the north-west towards the south, the south-east, and the north-east. I much regret my having to contradict now what I tried to prove ten years ago, that is, Asiatic non-immigration; but I did not then possess the knowledge since acquired, and respect for truth makes me revert to this subject. It will be spoken of in its proper place.

The Dènè-Dindjié who inhabit the North-West territory are divided into thirteen or fourteen tribes, which belong to one of the four groups of Montagnais, Montagnards, Slaves and Loucheux. This division into groups is purely conventional on my part; it has relation solely to the language, without regard to the manners and customs, which are almost identical, or to a government which has no existence. I content myself, then, with enumerating the Dènè-Dindjié tribes, following an ascending line, that is, from south to north.

1. The Chippewas: *Thi-lan-ottine* (people, or inhabitants of the end of the head), live on the banks of La-Crosse, Cold and Heart Lakes.

2. The Athabaskans: *Kkrestt' ayle* *kké ottiné* (people, or inhabitants of the

poplar boards); they hunt round Lake Athabasca and along the Slave River.

3. The Cariboo Eaters, or *Ethen-eldéli*, live to the east of the Great Cariboo and Athabasca Lakes, in the steppes extending as far as Hudson Bay.

4. The Yellow Knives, the Copper Indians of Franklin, *T'atsan ottiné* (copper nation), who frequent the steppes to the east and north-east of Great Slave Lake.

To the group of Montagnards, or Dènè, of the Rocky Mountains, belong

5. The Beavers, *Tsa-tinné* (dwelling among the beavers), with

6. The Sarcis, who have separated from the Sarcis. The first hunt along the Peace River, the second in the Upper Saskatchewan towards the chain of the Rocky Mountains.

7. The Sekanis, *Thè-kka-né* (those who live on the mountain). The greater part of these border on the trading posts of the Fraser; a few only frequent the heights of the Peace and Liards rivers, where they have acquired a great reputation for misanthropy.

8. The *Nà'-annès* (inhabitants of the West) or *Noh'-hannè* of Richardson. There exists of them also but a small nucleus on the eastern slope of the mountains.

9. The *Mauvais-Monde*, Wicked people, or *Ettcha-ottiné* (those who act contradictorily). They frequent the chain of peaks in the latitudes of old Fort Halkett and are very little known. Richardson names them *Dtcha-ta-uttiné*. Finally

10. The *Esba-l'a-ottiné*, or dwellers among the Argali.* These are the Sheep-people of Franklin, and the *Amba-ta-ut'tiné* of Richardson. They live on the high mountains between River Courant-Fort and that of the *Nà'-annès*.

In the Slave group I place,

11. The *Etcharè-ottiné* (those who dwell in shelter). These are the *Tsilla-ta-ut'tiné* of Richardson and the Strongbows of Franklin. They hunt along the Liards river.

12. The Slaves, properly so called, who are divided into the people of Hay River, Trout Lake, Horn Mountain, the forks of the Mackenzie and Fort Norman. In order to save space, I refrain from giving their Indian names. The name of Slaves was given to them by their southern neighbors the Crees, on account of their timidity.

13. The Dog-ribs, *L'in-tchanré*. They live on Slave and Bear Lakes, to the east of the Mackenzie and on the banks of the Coppermine River. They are subdivided into the Dog-ribs of Fort Rae, *T'akfue-ottiné* and *Tse-ottiné*.

14. The Hare Indians. They people the Lower Mackenzie, from Fort Norman to the Glacial Sea, and are divided into five tribes, the *Nui ottiné* (people of the moss) who live along the water shed of Great Bear Lake; the *K'a-l'agottiné* (people among the hares), along the river; the *K'a-tchô-gottiné* (people among the big hares), who hunt in the interior, between the Mackenzie and the Glacial Sea; the *Sa-ichô-t'ugottiné* (people of Great Bear Lake), whose name indicates the territory, and finally the Bastard Loucheux, or *Nut-la-gottiné* (people of the world's end), the nearest neighbors of the Esquimaux on the north of the continent.

The Hares are the Peaux de Lièvre of the French, and the *Ka-cho-dttinné* of Richardson.

15. The *Eta-gottiné* or mountain people. They inhabit the valleys of the Rocky Mountains, between the *Esba-l'a-ottiné* and the Loucheux. Richardson names them *Dahd-dttinné*.

There need be no astonishment felt at the difficulty apparently experienced by the learned Doctor to express and write the names of these tribes, for he owns himself, after Hales, Isbister and

* A kind of antelope found among the Rocky Mountains.

all British travellers who have traversed these countries, that "the sounds of the Tinné language can with difficulty be rendered by the English alphabet, and that a great number of them are of a pronunciation which is absolutely impossible to an Englishman."

To the Loucheux, or *Dindjié* group, belong thirteen tribes, which from the Anderson River to the East, extend into the territory of Alaska, as far as the vicinity of the Pacific, where, as on the Mackenzie, they are circumscribed by the Esquimaux family.

These thirteen tribes are: 1. The *Kwitcha-Kuttchin*, or inhabitants of the steppes of the Glacial Ocean, between the Anderson and the Mackenzie; 2. The *Nakotchro-ondjig-Kuttchin*, or people of the Mackenzie; 3. The *Tittlet-Kuttchin*, or inhabitants of the Peel River; 4. The *Dakkadhè* (Loucheux), named also *Tdha-Kkè-Kuttchin* (people of the mountains), and *Klo-vén-Kuttchin* (people of the edge of the prairies). They inhabit the Rocky Mountains between the Mackenzie and Alaska; 5. The *Væn* or *Zjen-Kuttchin* (people of the lakes or of the rats); their territory is on the Porcupine river; 6. The *Han-Kuttchin* (people of the river); same territory; 7. The *Artez Kuttchin*; 8. The *Kutchiè-Kutchin* (giant people), who live on the Upper Yukan; 9. The *Tchandjæri-Kuttchin*, who hunt along Black River; 10. The people of the rising ground, or *Tannan-Kuttchin* (people of the mountains), along the River *Tanana*; 11. The *T'ettchiè-Dhidié*, or people seated in the water; 12. The *Intsi-Dindjitch*, or men of iron; and lastly; 13. The *Isæx-tsieg Kuttchin*, who people the same Yukan.

III.

The Dènè-Dindjié type is entirely different from that of the Esquimaux, but has numerous points of resemblance to the Sioux. Several portraits

from Dakota, in the galleries of the Museum of Anthropology, in Paris, are in every respect Montagnais, Hare or Beaver faces. Besides, the features of Dindjié approach the Nabajo type, of which I have seen faithful portraits, sometimes the Hindoo type. Finally the faces of the Egyptian dancing girls, also in the Gallery of Anthropology in the Jardin des Plantes, have reminded me feature by feature, of the faces of the Dog-rib, Slave and Hare women.

To have a rigorously exact description of the type of our Indians, it would no doubt be necessary to depict them tribe by tribe, for each of them presents characteristics which distinguish it from its sister tribes. But as I cannot linger on this subject and prefer to devote my essay to the discussion of the question of origin, I will merely pencil a sketch of the general type of the nation.

The Dènè-Dindjié have the head elongated, pointed towards the base, unduly raised above. Its greatest breadth is at the cheek bones. The forehead is passably high, but it is tapering, conical, depressed towards the temples, and has a rounded protuberance on the upper part. The arch of the eyebrow is clear cut, but very high and strongly marked. It shows a large eye, black, ardent and shining with a snake-like lustre. The upper eyelid, heavy, and rather oblique, often assumes a singularly suspicious and distrustful aspect. The nose is generally aquiline, as seen in profile, broad and somewhat flat on a front view; the side of the nostril is strongly indicated, especially among the Loucheux, whose nose is also more prominent and hooked. This partly arises from the swan bone and other ornaments which they wear in the nasal membrane, like the natives of New South Wales, the Esquimaux, the Sauteux and the Indians of Panama. They have lately abandoned this usage. Their mouth is wide, furnished with small teeth, com-

pect and beautifully enamelled. The upper lip projects beyond the lower and is slightly drawn up; especially among the inhabitants of the mountains, whose expression recalls that of birds of prey. The chin is pointed, peaked in some, retreating in others.

To these characters, which belong almost all to the Aramean type, if we added hair of an ebony black, hard, shining, as short among the women as among the men, and which falls in long locks over the eyes and upon the shoulders, there will be a complete portrait of the Redskins.

I have not mentioned their color, which varies greatly even in the same tribe. However, those of them who have the whitest skin never attain the dead white and red of the European; it has always a bistre tint. The skin appears to be very thick, although it may be fine, smooth and destitute of hair. Their flesh is not soft like that of Europeans, but firm, hard and stiff.

The Dènè-Dindjié are generally tall and well-proportioned; they have convex chests and are not inclined to obesity. There are among them neither humpbacks, lame, nor frail and rickety beings, so common in our communities of refined civilization. Yet their development is slow, and seldom begins before the age of from fifteen to sixteen. Before the arrival of Europeans they knew no diseases but rheumatism, ophthalmia and deafness; but strabismus is frequently met with in the Dindjié nation, which accounts for the Canadians giving them the not very French name of Loucheux (squinters). The Dog-ribs and certain small tribes of the Montagnards present the singular phenomenon of a general and hereditary stuttering.

IV.

Of a bilio-lymphatic temperament, our Indians are the Redskins who possess the greatest number of good quali-

ties united to the defects of the savage nature. This had rendered them liars, disdainful, ignorant, dirty, improvident, without the least real affection, without gratitude, not much given to hospitality, greedy, hard towards the women, the old and the weak, blind and over-indulgent towards their children, cowards, idle, dastards, unreflecting, selfish and cheats. This was their lot in common with all savages; this was the result of their isolated life, of their total want of education. But of how many of the other vices of savage life were they ignorant!

They are humane towards their equals, and mild in character; they neither insult nor ill-treat one another; contradict no one to his face; follow the laws of nature; are faithful in the observance of such customs of their ancestors as are good; they are prudent and reserved towards strangers, sober, and enemies of strong drink, indefatigable and patient in suffering; are ignorant of theft, rage or murder. It is precisely this great depth of simplicity which renders them beggars, pusillanimous and servile. With those who have acquired their confidence they are candid and open. They like to be instructed, and, like children, ask questions about everything. Further, they are naturally religious, have few superstitions, and are not stubbornly attached to them. Finally, they may be considered relatively moral, as compared with surrounding nations.

We must not seek elsewhere than in these qualities, which are rarely met with among other Indians, a reason for the facility, I might even say the joy, with which the Dènè-Dindjié have accepted and still bear the yoke of the Gospel. Richardson, in spite of his sectarian prejudices, confessed that the Catholic missionaries, and the French, or French-Canadians of the North-West possessed the entire confidence of these Indians, and that it would not be easy for Protestant preachers to obtain a

footing among them. In fact, almost the whole number of the Dènè-Dindjié is Christian and Catholic.

Our red skins are also grown up children all their life long. It is not that they are devoid of intelligence and reason; on the contrary, they have sagacity and penetration, and possess to a high degree the talent peculiar to children, of estimating at a first encounter the good and bad qualities of a man; of exhibiting the defects and ridiculous side of each, and of indulging in criticism, in the shape of a running fire of jokes and jests. In fact, raillery is often the weapon of the cowardly, or at least of the weak; but our Indians indulge in it without malice, and in their mouth there is no lack of Attic salt. If they could paint, the Montagnais, especially, would be good caricaturists.

The Dènè-Dindjié, then, are not destitute of spirit, and they can reason on everything; but their sphere is limited, their mind and reason have not been exercised, they want the power of comparison, and their reasonings are stamped with an odd originality, which sometimes turns into burlesque. Their intellect is evidently in the swaddling bands of infancy, their faculties are as if asleep, or restrained by an obstacle which is only that abnormal condition which we call the savage state. With them, reason never rises higher than induction; their judgments remain puerile, and consequently natural, and it is not reasoning which has power over them and by which they can be convinced.

They possess in a high degree the faculties of the senses, the wants and instincts common to them with the lower animals, such as those of self-preservation and reproduction, the memory of places, the force of habit, routine and the love of children. I may say as much of their facility for acquiring languages. Their sight may be compared to that of the eagle; their sense of smell is perfect; but the

senses of taste, touch and hearing, are as if obliterated by their privations, sufferings and rigor of the climate.

Their perceptive faculties are equally enfeebled or depraved by the lewdness of their imagination, fear or superstition. There are no idiots among them, nor what may, strictly speaking, be called insane, but there are many laboring under hallucinations and monomanias. What the British traveller Pallas says of the excessive excitability of the Samoides, of the Tongoos and other natives of the North of Asia, is fully applicable to the Dènè-Dindjié. Whatever be the cause, this excessive nervous excitability so disturbs their organism, that it makes them lose the self-control so peculiar to the redskins; but what is worse, this morbid affection of their imagination acts sympathetically on their neighbors. We have seen numbers of these manias passing by contagion through whole tribes and into all latitudes. The heathen women are especially subject to them. In certain cases the hallucinations of one or two take such possession of a whole tribe, that it leads to the most extravagant actions.

Every year, during summer, fear is communicated to them as an epidemic. They then live in continual fright, and in dread of an imaginary enemy who constantly pursues them, and whom they fancy they see everywhere, although he exists nowhere.

I attribute to this morbid and sympathetic affection the acts of cannibalism which unhappily have taken place in almost all the tribes before their conversion. The pangs of hunger and the excessive fear of death render these Indians so stupid, that, so far from thinking of looking abroad for food, they fall on one another, slaughtering each other without pity, in contempt of the legitimate affections of nature. The Montagnais have less to reproach themselves with in this respect than other tribes, because they lead a solitary existence,

family by family. Their life is sad and their morose character is favorable to reflection.

The Dènè-Dindjiè have no idea, or else have false ideas of what we call beauty, goodness, order, time, quantity, quality, love, gratitude, &c. They never consider beauty when they marry, and the goodness of a wife does not in their eyes depend on the purity of life she may have led before marriage. Let her be submissive, able to work and laborious, fruitful, fat and well, the rest is of little consequence.

A boy and girl, however ugly they may be, will always find a partner, if they are fit to work and to bring up a family. It may be a more judicious plan than we imagine.

Our Indians do not know their age, and after three or four years they lose count of that of their children. They believe it is of more consequence for them to remember how much the clerk at the nearest trading-post owes them; and I can safely say that they never lose count of that. The hand serves them as a standard for calculation and gives the measure of its extent. When they have counted the five fingers on the one hand, they begin on the other till the ten fingers are finished. Do not ask them further. Their ideas of numbers are so limited, and such is their habit of exaggeration and falsehood, that when they see five or six persons arrive, they exclaim that a great multitude is coming; and when a tribe of three or four hundred souls is assembled, they swell with pride, declaring that the number of their brethren equals that of the mosquitoes who hum beneath the trees. But when led by interest, they can equally diminish numbers. If they are called, for instance, to give an account of their fishing or hunting, be assured that they have taken a score of fish when they say they have caught none, or that there are hundreds when they venture to say that they have caught a few.

They recognize in beings no qualities but those cognizable by the senses, such as color, dimensions, weight, strength, etc. They are incapable of appreciating the beauty of a work of art. Present to them a wonderfully executed work, they will lift it and if it be large and heavy, they will cry, "Oh! oh! it is no small thing; it is very heavy, it is very big." But if it be light and pretty, it does not deserve admiration. At other times they try to scratch or chip it, and if not successful they cry again, "Oh! oh! it is very hard." Hope for nothing else. We have often said to one another that a haunch of reindeer, clearly represented by the painter, would make more impression on them than the most artistic picture.

Their measure of time does not exceed the lapse of a year. They know a great many seasons, which they characterize by the different conditions of the snow or the earth, and they divide the year into twelve months, or moons, each having its name. This cycle of moons belongs equally, according to travellers, to the Calmucks, Eastern Tartars, Mongols, Finns and Japanese. The Esquimaux and Algonquins are also acquainted with it, and give the months nearly the same names as our Dènè-Dindjiè. Several of them have the names of animals, such as the eagle, the frog, the goose, the antelope, the fish, the rein deer, &c.

It is a singular fact that the word month, which is translated as frequently by *sa* (moon) as by *ni* or *nan* (earth, condition of the earth) in Montagnais and in Loucheux, is called *mén* among the Hare Indians. This word is a simple root, of which a preposition may be made by placing the indefinite particle *ko* before it; *komen* meaning during, whilst; as *mén* means duration, period. Now this word is identical with the same French substantive *mois* (in Greek *mēn*) and has close connection with the English word moon, which comes, Müller says, from the

Anglo-Saxon *móna*. Moon is also called *mēna* in Gothic, and is masculine in gender. *Sa*, moon, presents an analogy also with the Chaldean word *séra*.

The Dènè-Dindjié count the days from one sunset to the other, because, they say—and with reason—that night preceded day. This was the accepted belief among all the ancient nations—the Hebrews, the Egyptians, the Romans, the Gauls, as well as among all the Celtic nations, according to an English author. They make the year begin in March, with the vernal equinox, agreeing in this with the Hebrews, the Greeks and the Tascalians.

Finally, they have in their vocabulary the names of a small number of Constellations, which they make use of to determine their easterly course in their frequent and painful journeys.

V.

A singular fact, which may give a high idea of the gentleness of the Dènè-Dindjié, is that although destitute of any kind of government, judges and laws, no kind of crime punishable by human tribunals is to be found among them; only the weaknesses inherent to our nature. Retaliation, the right of reprisals, that sort of lynch law which is recognized as just and equitable by the other redskin families, does not exist among the Dènè-Dindjié. There are exceptions, but these only prove the rule.

The chiefs named by certain tribes, or rather given to them by the Hudson Bay Company, have absolutely no other power than to regulate the ordinances regarding hunting and the journeys to the trading posts; to harangue from morning to night and to give gifts to their followers, whom they pompously style their tail, their feet (*s'échéllékkwíé, s'esk'énén, sék'éné*). In Hebrew the same word also signifies feet and men of the feet.

Until the Indians knew and practised true religion (of which they generally acquit themselves as good and fervent Christians) there were among them three sorts of beings miserable beyond expression—the wife, the old man and the child, especially the orphan child. If you wished to raise a laugh, speak of conjugal love to the Dènè-Dindjié. This sentiment we had to create and we see it gradually springing up. They have never been able to imagine that it was necessary to man's happiness, still less that it tended to his soul's salvation. To be feared and slavishly obeyed by and to rule as a despot over her who was called his slave, to dispose of his progeny as seemed good to him, by according or destroying an existence of which he believed himself master,—such was the idea of marriage and its duties. This savage did not then love, still loves but little. He can now, perforce, not hate his companion, not cast her out of the tent in a moment of anger or blind jealousy—for he is very jealous—no longer dash her brains out with an axe, nor cut her nose off to revenge himself; but to surround her with respect, with affection, with those fraternal attentions which form the happiness of so many civilized communities, he is incapable of, and his half in no degree expects it. And yet, by a singular contradiction, if, within a tribe, he calls his wife *séra*, my slave, he names her elsewhere in truly Biblical language *sé dézéb*, my sister. Thus Abraham gave the endearing name of sister to his wife; thus the High Priest Jonathan, writing to King Ptolemy Philadelphos, saluted at the same time the Queen Arsinoe, whom he called the King's sister.

Bigamy, polygamy, and even a sort of communism were frequent among the Dènè-Dindjié, without increasing their happiness. What the male gained in libertinage and tyranny, the unhappy wife, the family and society entirely lost. Alas! they have thus lost all, for

God knows how many years the unfortunate remnant of this people will still exist. Religion alone has been able to reconstitute family ties among them, to raise the woman from her long abasement, by teaching her that she is endowed with a soul like her insensible and indifferent husband. Alone it has been able to prevent the murder of female children, who very often were devoted to abandonment, or to the jaws of the wolf, as useless and burdensome beings. It was a practice formerly of the Greeks and Romans; it is still the practice of the Malgaches and the Chinese. This hardness of heart is the lot of paganism and materialism. Eighteen hundred years ago St. Paul exclaimed, speaking of the heathen: *Gentes sine affectu!*

If I were now asked the reason of the servitude of the wife among the Dènè-Dindjié, I would be constrained to refer him to the history of all nations, which assigns to it, as sole and original cause, the fall of the first woman, and the subjection of man to every evil and to death by the fault of the woman. The Dènè and the Dindjié have not forgotten that ancient tradition, denied by so many modern free-thinkers.

Until our arrival, the Indians united in marriage without any formality. Usually the woman was bartered by her father for a blanket, a musket, or, still better, for one or two dogs. When the husband, tired of his wife, sent her back, he resumed all that he had given her, but he had not the right to reclaim from the offended father that which had served as the seal to the bargain. But, in reality, marriage, properly so-called, did not exist among our Indians, for a union on trial, with no kind of even implied contract, cannot be called by that name.

Our Dènè-Dindjié had no kind of worship, nor even religion, if practices or rites prescribed by their ancestors, having the force of law, be excepted. A great number of these are excellent,

because they emanate, if not from the Mosaic at least from the natural law. We shall enumerate them in treating of the origin of this nation. They are called *aul'i*, *gofwen* and *chonan*.

To these prescribed rites they added what has been called *nagwalism*, or *todemism*, or adoration of the brute creation, the most abject and material form of fetichism conceivable, since it makes of the animal a god, or instrument of the Divinity, and of God an animal, or incarnation of the brute. They call their fetiches *alkiusi*, *elloné*, *allon'on*, according to the dialect. These words, which have a certain connection with the name of God, *El*, *Elohim*, *Elloï*, *Elli*, in Hebrew; *Illus*, in Assyrian, and *Allah*, in Arabic, equally mean animal and God. We discover in this a similarity of ideas between the Dènè and the Greeks, who formed the name of God, *theos*, from the verb to run *thein*; for the roots *ell*, *etl*, mark in Dènè fluidity, perpetual motion, the flowing of water, the running of animals, and flight of spirits, eternity, and the absence of bounds. The Slaves give the name of *elloné* to the elk; the Hares, to the reindeer; the Montagnards, to the beaver; all, consequently, to the animal by which they are especially sustained, and which thus becomes the efficient cause of their existence.

The worship called *nagwalism*, if the name of worship can be applied to a few idle practices, consists: 1. In wearing on the person a relic of the animal genius, which has been revealed to the Indian in a dream; 2. In engaging in some secret practice in order to please the animal, because the animal itself has prescribed it in a dream to the individual whom it would possess; 3. To abstain most carefully from insulting, trapping, killing, and above all, from eating the flesh of the *nagwal*, which is then called *été*, *ata*, "ay" *a*, "ey, according to the dialect. It is simply the *taboo* of the Polynesians. Almost all Indians, even those who are

baptized, have retained a repugnance to their former taboo. They no longer venerate it; they even regard it as wicked, but they continue to abstain from it for this reason, and we do not seek to force their wills. Time will put an end to these childish fears.

Further, the fetichism of the Dènè-Dindjié does not differ from that of the Esquimaux, the Algonquins, the Sioux, the Blackfeet and other North American nations. It is allied as with them with ancient forms of worship, particularly with Sabeism. Under whatever aspect we regard these nations, we perceive only remains and ruins. Nothing is followed or co-ordinated among them, so as to present a complete society, having its own autonomy, an established and rational religion, any form whatever of government; everything is mutilated, adulterated, diffused, deformed.

With fetichism and in spite of fetichism, our Dènè-Dindjié have the primordial knowledge of a Good Being who is placed above all beings. He has a multitude of names; the most usual, in the three principal dialects is *Bétsen-nu-unli* (He by whom the earth exists), *Nnulsé* (make earth, or creator) and *Til'ié* (Father of men).

The Hares and the Loucheux call their god threefold. This triad is composed of father, mother and son. The father is seated at the zenith, the mother at the nadir, and the son traverses the heavens from the one to the other. One day whilst thus engaged he perceived the earth; then having returned to his father, he said, singing (and this song is carefully preserved intact by the Hares): "Oh! my father, seated on high, light the celestial fire, for on this small island (the earth, which the Indians believe to be a round island), my brothers-in-law have long been unhappy. Behold it now, oh! my father. Then descend towards us, my father, says to thee, the man who pities."*

*The following are the words of this song in

It has been rightly said that a triune God could not be known naturally by heathens. † But when to this is joined so explicit a tradition, and so clear a faith in the expectation and coming of a Redeemer, there is no longer room for hesitation; either the Dènès have preserved in purity the ancient belief, or they have received the knowledge of the Gospel at a period of which we are ignorant, and which already is far, very far distant. Yet no worship is rendered to this Creator.

On the question which I put to my Hare Indian narrator, the old female juggler K'atchôti, if the Dènès had seen this celestial fire, or if they had heard that the Son of God had descended to earth, she answered: "Yes—long before the coming of the whites, my mother told me that a star had appeared in the West-South-West, and that several of our nation had gone towards it. Since that time we have all been separated. The Montagnais have reached the South; their arrows are small and ill-made. The Loucheux have gone towards the North; their women are awkward; but we, who are the true men, have remained in the Rocky Mountains, and but a short time will elapse before we arrive on the banks of the Mackenzie."

This recital, the truth of which I guarantee, has led me from my subject. I resume.

Independently of the creative triad

the Hare language: "*Set'a tayita, yéta oday-inkron, tedi nnu yazé kké tchaek'é k'et'edatti lonnié kka-neunt'a. Ek'u ser'a ni-nondja, set'a, nendi dènd é'unettinen.*" Like the ancient nations, the tribes of the lower Mackenzie have consecrated the most remarkable passages of their traditions, by formulas which are sung, and have become, as it were, stereotyped, they are so unchanged.

† Eusebius (De Prepar. Evang., book x., chap. 1 and book xiii., chap. x.) proves, in fact, says Migne, that what Plato said of God and His Word, and what Trismegistus said, "*Monas genuit monadem et in se reflexit ardorem,*" have been borrowed from Moses and the Hebrew beliefs.

and the animal geniuses, or *Elloné*, the Dènè-Dindjié acknowledge an evil spirit, who also has several names. The most usual are *yédariyé-sline* (powerful evil); *eltsoné* (otter, evil spirit); *édzé* (heart); *ya'éuontay* (come from heaven, which has traversed heaven); *étséni* (spirit); "*onné-ttsen* (rejected, repulsed). The Indians are greatly afraid of it, and make it the object of their black magic, for they distinguish several sorts of magic. The most inoffensive is the curative, which is employed in cases of disease. Its name is *elkkézin tsejien* (one sings one over the other). The second is inquisitive, and is used to recover lost objects, to know what has become of an absent person, to hasten the arrival of boats. It is called *inkkranzé*, that is, the shadow, the silhouette. The third is operative, and its only object is the glory of causing illusions. The Indians acknowledge it is only play, yet they call it strong medicine, *inkkranzé tta natser* (the shadow which is strong). The fourth is malignant. It is the sort of witchcraft employed by the sorcerers of the Middle Ages. They call it *nanlyéli* (that which throws itself, that which falls), and *inkkranzé dènè kké otté* (the shadow which kills man). The Hares and the Loucheux give it the name of the demon himself, the fallen, the rejected (*ya'é nontay*), or again that of *thi*, *kfwi*, which means head.

Finally, these same Indians have a fifth kind of magic called *ék'é-tayillé*, or *tayéllin* (the young man bounding, or tied). They practice it with the double object of obtaining a large number of animals in hunting, and of causing the death of their enemies. For this purpose they tie tightly one of themselves, hang him up in the lodge by the head and feet, and swing him from side to side.

The Esquimaux and Sauteux sorcerers have themselves also bound before practising their enchantments. It appears that this practice has been in use

in all ages, and that the Hebrews themselves believed that the Spirit, good or evil, was accustomed to bind those whom he possessed, for St. Paul, to express that the Holy Spirit urged him to go to the Deicide city, wrote these words: "And now, behold, I go bound in the Spirit unto Jerusalem."* Fable also informs us that it was necessary to bind Proteus to compel him to deliver his oracles.

There is no religion without priests. The *fetichism*, *nagwalism*, or *chamanism* of the Dènè-Dindjié, according as we choose to call it, although the lowest and most abject in the scale, but yet the most primitive of all beliefs, has also its initiators. These are the jugglers, or chamans, who are called *dènè inkkranzé*, *inkkroné*, (shadows, silhouettes); *na'é*, (dreamers); *nakéwi*, (seers); and in Dindjié, *tæzjien*, (magicians, from the word *schian*, magic).

All their functions are reduced to singing and dreaming, which the magicians of every country have always done, especially the Oriental, and all the Semitic races. Did not the Jews themselves consider dreaming as the sixtieth part of prophecy, and as a counsel from God?

The Dènè-Dindjié attribute to song accompanied by the sound of the drum, breathings, touches and passes, an incomparable magic power. Did not the ancients, however learned or civilized, equally believe this? "*Carmina vel cælo possunt deducere lunam*," sang the swan of Mantua. (Bucol. Eclog viii).

By song, our Dènè-Dindjié pretend to cure, to conquer, to charm, to prophecy, to raise from the dead, to converse with the elements and animals, although in reality they do nothing of the kind, and are in a thick cloud of

*For the purpose of the reverend author's argument, the words of the Vulgate, which he uses, are stronger than those of the authorized version: "*Et nunc ecce alligatus ego Spiritu vado in Jerusalem*." Tr.

illusions and hallucinations all their life long.

Whatever truth there may formerly have been in its beginning, magic, it must be acknowledged, has lost much of its prestige, and all that can be said of the power of the pretended sorcerers is, from their own avowal, that they are cheats and liars, whom a simple country sleight-of-hand man would throw into stupification.

No matter, *chamanism*, as it is found among the Dènè-Dindjié, exists identically among a number of American and Asiatic nations, among the Esquimaux, in the whole of the great Ural-Finnish family, in Hindostan, in Syria, in Africa, &c. With few exceptions, fetichism has been the error of all nations, because it began in the terrestrial Paradise, on the very day on which the Spirit of darkness transformed himself into a serpent, the vilest and most contemptible of the brute creation; and on which man, out of weakness towards his wife, believed in this false god, this animal god, this brute creature, instead of believing in and obeying the only true God, God the pure Spirit, light and truth.

That the demon continues to manifest himself really and visibly to the Chamans; that he besets the mind and imagination even of certain Christians, in order to re-conquer his empire, we not only believe, but have evident proofs of it. However, it is in dreams, in the exaltation of a passing madness, sought for and accepted, and therefore culpable, that these manifestations take place. The guilt lies there. The spirit which joins himself to man under the form of fetich, is the same as was called in the Middle Ages Incubus, or Succubus. It has an illusory existence, in so far as it imposes on thought only. It is a shadow, a silhouette, an image, an imp; for *inkkranzé*, means all these as the word *eidolon*, whence comes idol, idolater, idolatry, also means these. But this fantastical nature of the fetich,

this character of shadow and image, acknowledged to be so by the jugglers of all nations, the Indians have not the folly to deny like the materialists. They own that their *todem*, their *powakan*, their *manitou*, their *elloné*, procure them only illusory enjoyments, at most unacknowledged satisfactions. So far, they speak truly. The evil is, that not only do they lend themselves to these revelations of the brute creature in dreams, but that they attribute to it even a power in physical things, a sort of divinity (*yédariyé*) and prophecy, which the fetich does not communicate to them, any more than the old Serpent rendered Adam clairvoyant and like God. It is in this respect they own themselves liars, and that their god is so also. It is in this that consists the difference between magic and true religion. All is illusory and deceitful in the one; all is real in the other. "For the idols have spoken vanity, and the diviners have seen a lie," said Zechariah to the fetichists of his age and country.

This is how the magic power of the demon is exercised upon our Indians. He gains his end well enough by taking man in dreams, as the spider takes flies, with a slender thread, without requiring to resort to illusions. It may be that he reserves these greater methods for men of superior intelligence; but I have never seen them employed among the Indians. He gains his ends by more childish and simple means. Among the Dènè-Dindjié, as among the Phœnicians, he is always and above all, Beelzebub, that is the Prince of Flies. And, therefore, man is the more inexcusable for allowing himself to be enticed by such a god and to yield to him. Deprive the evil spirit of this character and he ceases to be the lying spirit; and God might be reproached for not giving intellect or strength to distinguish and reject instigations which overreach human nature. If he can produce some physical effects, can he ape the works of the Creator? See the difference be-

tween the almighty, sublime and creative thought of the God of Moses, of our God, and the ridiculous and childish power of the false gods of Brahma's Olympus, acknowledged by his priests themselves. At the end of a year, and by the most profound meditation, spent in the attentive consideration of their navel, they succeeded in creating—what? A cow! The traditions of our Dindjié have more of intellect than the Vedas.

In the malignant witchcraft, the pretended Dènè and Dindjié magicians strip themselves of their clothing, surround their heads and all their articulations with bands and fringes of the skin of the porcupine, a very fretful animal; place horns on their foreheads; sometimes a tail at their back; and keeping themselves crouched in the posture of an animal, they sing, howl, roll their eyes, curse, command their fetich, and demean themselves in a

hideous and bestial manner. The Sioux and Algonquins do the same thing, and ornament their foreheads with the horns of the bison. We may believe that that is an old practice of the adherents of chamanism, for we see in the Book of Kings that the diviner Zedekiah, desiring to prevail against the prophet Micaiah before the impious Ahab, made horns of iron with which he surmounted his head. The fringes (*thal', eltsay*) of the jugglers, do they not offer points of connection with the amulets and the phylacteries with which the Jews surrounded their heads and fingers before praying, and for which our Lord condemned them as a guilty or childish addition to the law of Moses?

An interesting book might be written to give a full account of the Dènè-Dindjié, but we must be satisfied with slightly sketching each trait of their character.

(*To be continued.*)



Young Folks.

BEARING FALSE WITNESS.

"Mamma," shouted Ettie Lee, rushing into the sitting-room on her return from school, "you do not know what a mean thing Ellen Gravely is. She's the worst of any one in the school. A mean, hateful, tattling spy, and I just hate her, so there now!" accompanying the last words by a vigorous stamping of her small foot on the carpet.

Mamma looked up in surprise from her sewing to see a very flushed, excited little face, and a pair of flashing, angry blue eyes; but accustomed to Ettie's outbursts of temper, she quietly continued her sewing, with a shade of saddened thought across her brow which had not sat there before Ettie's abrupt entrance.

"She's just as mean and low-spirited as ever she can be," she continued more excitedly, "and there's not one in the school likes her any more than I do, and we're not going to speak to her again for a whole week. She's a regular mischief-maker; always trying to make a fuss," and the child slammed her book-bag violently on the table and sat down on the lounge with a sullen look on her fair young face.

Still not a word from mamma, who kept steadily on with her work. Ettie soon became uneasy and dissatisfied, twirling her hat-strings nervously, and casting furtive glances at her mother.

"Mamma."

"Yes, Ettie."

"Don't you think she used us just the awfulest?"

"I don't know, Ettie."

"But she has though. She tattled everything she could think of about the

girls, and put down my name half-a-dozen times, and told things Miss Houston would never have thought of asking, and I'll never speak to her again, never! never!" and again her voice, which had softened somewhat, was raised in shrill anger. Still her mother said nothing, but seemed intent only upon the stitches she was putting in a little white muslin apron, which Ettie strongly suspected was for herself, though her heart ached sadly over the dear little girl she loved so tenderly, and who was so often naughty and ill-tempered, saying and doing things that ought not to be said or done. She was thinking very sorrowful thoughts just then, wondering if her darling would ever become "meek and lowly of heart," and almost unconsciously two large tears rolled slowly down her cheeks and dropped upon the work in her fingers.

Ettie, who had edged around to get a better view of mamma's face, saw them, and in an instant her arms were around her mother's neck and she was sobbing bitterly.

"Forgive me, dear, dear mamma? I did not mean to be naughty and make you cry, but it was that hateful temper of mine. Do, please, forgive me this once, and I will try to be so good; indeed, indeed I will. I won't get angry and stamp and pout, nor—"

"Stop, Ettie," interposed mamma, lifting the tear-stained face from her shoulder, "don't make any more promises now. I remember but a short time ago of hearing a little girl I love dearly make the very same promises and forget all about them in a few days."

Ettie flushed crimson as she remembered who the little girl was.

"But, mamma, what am I to do? I do not mean to be bad, but somehow I can't help it. This morning I felt, oh so good!—everything seemed all sunshine, but before I knew it I was angry at the teacher, and then I came home storming against Ellen Gravely. It doesn't seem any use to try any more," and the tears burst forth afresh.

"I am afraid my darling does not try in the right way," said mamma, tenderly drawing the little figure in a close embrace.

Ettie looked up enquiringly into her mother's face.

"First tell me what your troubles were to-day, and the cause of them, and then we will work out the problem of trying the right way," said her mother in response to the look.

"Well, mamma, Susie Fletcher whispered in the recitation class this morning, and I forgot and whispered back again, and Miss Houston saw us, and took away ten of our credit marks, and I was so anxious to get a full report this term," and Ettie's lip quivered. "I was angry and must have shown it, for she sent me from the class altogether, and I had taken so much pains with that history lesson. It was too bad, wasn't it? After that I didn't care. Then this was Ellen Gravely's day to be monitor, and she marked down every time the girls whispered or did any little thing. Then Miss Houston was called out in the hall this afternoon, and we girls were talking about the history lesson, and I just told them how unkind Miss Houston was. Susie said she was real hateful, and drew a caricature of her on the board; we were all laughing so that Miss Houston came right in before she could brush it off, and don't you think Ellen Gravely told who did it, and poor Susie had to stay in after school hours and be punished."

"Which she rightly deserved, I

think," said Mrs. Lee, but I don't quite understand the duties of a monitor. Is she supposed to report all the misdemeanors she sees and hears?"

"Yes, mamma, teacher always asks the monitor if she has marked down everything wrong that she has seen or heard during recitation hours."

"Then I think Ellen Gravely must be a very fearless and honest girl to tell the truth, even when she knows her schoolmates will be angry about it."

"But, mamma, she has only to report during recitation hours. She need not have told on Susie."

"Did Miss Houston ask her?"

"She asked if she knew who did it, and told her she must report them if she did."

"Did Ellen seem pleased to do it?"

"Oh, no, mamma, her eyes were full of tears, and she begged Miss Houston to let her off, but she would not."

"Then I think instead of being a 'hateful, tattling spy,' Ellen Gravely has proved herself a truthful, conscientious little girl. It must have required a great deal of moral courage to tell the truth as bravely and nobly as she did it."

"But, mamma, don't you think it mean to tattle on one's friends?"

"Please make a distinction, Ettie; she was not tattling. Miss Houston, too busy or indifferent to attend to these minor details, authorizes some one to do it for her. We will grant this to be an unpleasant duty—full of disagreeable consequences. But when an unpleasant duty is performed faithfully and honestly we ought to admire and respect the person who does it. Don't you think so, Ettie?"

"Yes, mamma," said Ettie, in a somewhat constrained voice; "I did not think of it in that way before. I believe now Ellen is right."

"Then, my poor child, see what a train of evil your wicked temper has

led you into to-day. Truly the Bible says 'Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous.' It has made you sin against your teacher and against yourself by being angry without a cause; against your schoolmates by your example; and, worst of all, against poor Ellen Gravely."

"Why, mamma, how can I have sinned so much against Ellen?"

"Please read the nineteenth verse of the twentieth chapter of the Book of Exodus."

Ettie read slowly and distinctly, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

"I am afraid," said her mother, in a pained voice, "that my little girl has seriously broken one of God's holy laws. When we talked the matter over rationally you have, upon your own confession, acknowledged Ellen's conduct to be true and right, which it really is; but in your hasty moments you have called her a hateful, tattling spy, mean and low-spirited, a regular mischief-maker.' These are grave charges, Ettie, and as they are not true that must be bearing false witness. Is it not so?"

"Yes, mamma," said Ettie, in a meek, low voice.

"And besides doing this great wrong to Ellen, you have sinned most grievously against God. I wish you to understand, my dear child, that when you do wrong you sin against Him most of all, and it is to Him first of all you should go for forgiveness and strength to do right."

"Mamma," sobbed Ettie, now all penitence and tears, "I wish, oh how I wish, I could be good. I have tried so often, and always fail."

"As I said before, Ettie, I do not think you try in the right way."

"But what is the right way, mamma?"

"Supposing our house was all in flames, if instead of sounding the alarm and calling out the firemen and engines to aid, I was to close up all the doors, and feebly combat with the flames my-

self, what would you think of me?"

"Oh, mamma, as if you could do that!"

"But supposing I should, Ettie, what would you think of it?"

"I would think you were acting very foolishly, mamma."

"What ought I to do?"

"You ought to shout 'Fire!' and run for help."

"And if I did not go for help to those who were willing and able to afford it, I would be overcome and vanquished by the flames, would I not?"

"Yes, mamma," said Ettie, growing more and more puzzled as to her mother's meaning.

"I am afraid that is just what my little daughter is doing. When this little body of hers, the earthly house of a never-dying soul, is convulsed with the flames of cruel anger, instead of flying for aid to Jesus, who is always so willing and able to save, she only shuts the door of her heart tighter and tighter, and fights against it with her own feeble strength, growing weaker every moment, until at last she falls a victim to its scorching, withering rage. Is it not so, Ettie?"

A very feeble little "Yes" from Ettie in response.

"Then if my darling wants to save herself, to overcome the fire of rage in her bosom, she must go for help to One who is stronger than she. Will you not do this, Ettie?"

"I will try, mamma, indeed I will. I see where I have been going all wrong. But you do not know how hard it is sometimes."

"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city," said mamma's sweet, serious voice. "I know just how hard it is, my darling, but I know also where to take my child for grace and strength to overcome. Shall we ask Him now, Ettie?"

Very soothingly did the sweet low voice of her mother in earnest prayer for her, fall upon the child's ear, and

very earnestly did she take up the humble petition that God for Jesus' sake would pardon her sins, and give her grace and strength to resist the demon Passion, so that He might have an abiding place in her heart no more forever—that He would make her an humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, and help her to do right just when it was hardest for her to do so—that He would help her to be patient and gentle, to grow in grace and become one of Christ's little children of whom He said "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"It feels better now, mamma," she whispered, kissing her mother fondly, as they rose from their knees, and after three or four more kisses was preparing to leave the room, when her mother softly said: "And what shall we do for poor Ellen Gravely?"

"Poor Ellen! I am very sorry I talked like that, but I cannot do anything about it now, mamma."

"You can do a great deal, my dear; and if you are truly sorry for the part you have acted toward her, you will do it. I think you said Ellen's punishment was that none of the girls were to speak to her again for a whole week. Wrong again, Ettie. Now I want my little girl to be the one to take the first step in the right way. I want you to publicly acknowledge to your little friends to-morrow that Ellen was right and you wrong; that you are sorry for it; that you are her friend, and always will be, as long as she acts as nobly as she did to-day; then you must say the same to Ellen herself, and she is not the girl I take her to be if she does not freely forgive you."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Ettie, all aghast, "I never could do that!"

"Then is your penitence of no avail. It is one thing to be sorry for wrongdoing, but quite another to show that we really are sorry, and acts speak louder than words, Ettie. If you cannot do this, I am afraid that neither can

you resist the temptation to fly into a passion the next time you are provoked; and remember it is what Jesus would have you do."

It was a hard struggle for the imperious child to humble herself—to overcome the shame which she was sure she would feel in telling her schoolmates how wrong she had been, for she was loudest of all in the outcry against Ellen, but she battled bravely with herself, and said, smiling through her tears: "I will do it, mamma. I will speak to Ellen the first thing in the morning."

With a pale, troubled face and hesitating manner, Ellen Gravely slipped quietly into the school-room on the following morning. She was a loving, sensitive child, and deeply felt the unkindness of her schoolmates and would at any trouble or inconvenience to herself have done anything to conciliate them. But as her inherent love of truth and honor would not allow her to stoop to meanness or an untruth yesterday to shield herself from disagreeable consequences, so to-day she bravely nerved herself to meet the storm of angry looks and indignant reproaches which she felt sure would greet her. Imagine her surprise when a pair of soft arms were thrown lovingly round her neck, and Ettie Lee, the one she feared most of all, whispered,

"Ellen, dear, I want you to forgive me all I said and did yesterday. I was angry and did not mean it, nor did the rest of the girls, and we all want you to forgive us and be friends again."

Ellen looked around in bewilderment, but seeing on all sides happy, smiling faces, burst into joyous tears.

"Don't, please don't!" entreated Ettie, as she wiped them away. "It was all my fault, and I cannot forgive myself until everything is right again."

"And it is all her fault that we are so friendly now," said one of the larger girls. "She would have it so. You ought to have heard her preach to us

this morning about sin, anger, bearing false witness, and I know not what. Really I shall never feel quite comfortable again."

A general laugh followed this speech, and Ettie felt the blood mounting hot to her cheek, but recollecting herself she only drew her breath hard, and then laughed as pleasantly as the rest.

"It was not so hard after all, mamma," whispered Ettie that evening as she rested her plump, rosy cheek on her mother's shoulder, "and it brings such a comfortable, happy feeling. Oh, you

dear, darling mother, how glad I am that I have you to keep me in the right way!"

"You have made me very happy to-day, darling," said her mother, kissing her fondly, "and your mother's love and help are always freely yours, but there are a great many evil things from which even she cannot save her child, and you must look for higher, holier aid. 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.'"

LESLIE BELLINGHAM.

JACK GRANGER'S COUSIN.

BY JULIA A MATTHEWS.

CHAPTED IX.

THE PRIZE.

"I was only going to ask," said Paul, "whether you had made up your mind yet as to what you would take as your design for the prize for drawing. Of course you intend to compete for it."

"Of course I do, and you will, too?"

"Oh, yes. Ward says that it will lie between you and Haydon, himself and me."

"I suppose so, unless some other chap springs unexpectedly to the front. One never knows how these things will turn out; but I rather think that one of us will be the happy fellow."

"Ward proposes that we should all take the same subject; the head of a dog, for example."

"He is very wise," replied Jack, with the slightest perceptible sneer in his tone. "Animals are his great forte. I don't know what I shall draw. I have not thought much about it yet. And, at any rate, we do not know that we shall be allowed to choose our designs; they may be given to us."

"Then you think that you had rather not fall in with that plan in case we are permitted to make our own choice?"

"If the prize is given simply for the best drawing, I should not care to attempt a dog's head, Paul, for I can do many other things far better. Ward knows what you do not know, that animals are my weakest point, as they are his strongest. If we are left to choose for ourselves, I certainly shall not draw a dog's head. But I rather like the idea of our taking the same subject, if we can agree on something which is equally fair for all. If you have a fancy for it, we four chaps might get together and consult about it. Perhaps we could think of some design which we should all like."

"We can hardly do that, I suppose," said Paul, rising slowly from his seat, and speaking with a fretful discontent, which was very manifest both in his voice and looks. "We cannot all be most proficient in the same style of drawing; some one must give way in a case like this."

"And you think that I had better be that one, eh?" said Jack. "I'm

afraid I don't quite see it in that light. How would it do for Phil Ward to yield this time, Paul?" he added, with a mischievous glance.

"Oh, he wouldn't think of it," said Paul innocently. "He is perfectly determined to win the prize this year. His father has promised him a gold watch if he gains it. Oh—!"

The exclamation was uttered suddenly, and with an accent almost of terror. Tom and Jack laughed out merrily; but Jack's eyes flashed rather menacingly the next instant, as he said, looking straight into Paul's perturbed face,

"So the secret is out, Paul. Phil Ward must find a less honest fellow than you for his confidant, if he intends to keep his mean schemes out of sight. You'll trip him up one of these fine days so badly that he'll never find his feet again."

"It is a secret, Jack," replied the boy hurriedly and nervously. "I promised not to tell! I can't think how I let it slip from me in this way! You won't whisper it to any one, either of you, will you? And you won't let Philip know that I told you; or that you have any suspicion of it?"

"Of course we won't," said Jack peremptorily. "You ought not to need to ask it. But you may tell his lordship from me that I decline his generous proposition."

Paul turned slowly away, as if to leave the room.

"Don't go," said Jack. "Tom and I are coming down in a few minutes. Wait for us."

"Philip will think that I stay so long," said Paul, hesitating as if he would have liked to defer the meeting with his friend.

"Philip! Is Ward waiting down there for my answer?" and Jack's face flushed with anger. "I'll give him my answer, myself," he said, walking quickly toward the door.

"Don't go down, Jack, don't!" exclaimed Paul, springing forward and seizing his cousin's arm. "You'll be sure to let him know that I have told his secret."

"I shall not!" said Jack sharply, shaking himself loose with very small ceremony from the boy's grasp. "But I'll tell him pretty plainly what I think of him. Wouldn't I just like—! See here, Paul; I've changed my mind. I'll accept that scamp's proposition. If we have our own choice of subjects, I'll draw a dog's head or anything else he chooses. Go down and tell him so."

"Why!" gasped Paul, looking up into the angry face which confronted him; "why, what do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Go down and tell him that this is the meanest, most sneaking proposition that I ever heard one fellow make to another; that I know perfectly well why he made it; and that I accept it; meaning, with all my heart and soul, to beat him on his own ground."

"Jack," said Tom, who had been a silent but most interested listener to the whole interview, from its quiet beginning to its very animated close; "Jack," and he stepped quickly forward, and laid his hand with a steady pressure on the shoulder of his excited friend. "Don't send that message to Ward just now. You're as mad as a hornet, and you're not thinking what you say. You'll be wofully cut up if you lose the prize through any such nonsense as this. You can do anything else better than you can draw animals; and the other chaps are all first-rate on them, as Ward knows quite as well as we do. Don't make any such silly promise just because you're mad."

But Jack threw aside the kindly hand impatiently.

"Mind your own business, Tom," he said angrily; "I know what I'm about. You've got my answer to Ward, Paul. If you're going down, you can give it to him. If not, I will take it myself."

"Oh, I'll go," said Paul hastily. "But I'm very sorry you are so vexed. Ward didn't mean anything, I am sure. It always seems—"

"It always seems," said Jack, as Paul hesitated, "as if the poor little boy were misjudged and blamed for things

which his innocent soul never conceived. Paul, I wish that you could get your eyes open, and see that fellow for what he is!"

The last words broke from Jack, following his first contemptuous sentence, with an outburst of genuine indignation; but Paul was too much vexed and hurt to appreciate the change.

"I see him with much fairer and more discriminating eyes than those with which you look at him," he said. "Your injustice is intolerable," and with his head held very high Paul walked out of the room.

For a moment Jack stood looking after him, or rather looking at the door through which he had passed, for Paul had closed the door behind him; and then he turned to Tom with a crimson face and sparkling eyes. If Tom had asked him why he was so very much enraged by the fact that Philip had remained down-stairs to await the answer to his proposal, Jack could scarcely have replied to the question. He supposed that Philip had left the house, after suggesting his plan to Paul; and the knowledge that he was still there, waiting the decision, had seemed to add ten-fold to his anger at the shabby proposal. It was this last straw that had proved too heavy a weight for the poor camel's back.

Fortunately, Tom was quick enough to see the truth, and wise enough to ask no explanation. For questioning was something which Jack could not have borne just then. He had failed once more. After all his efforts to be patient with Paul in the beginning of the interview, and his success in trying to prove his friendly feeling toward him, a little farther provocation, and that from Philip, had cost him his self-control, displeased Paul, and sent him off to his unworthy friend more than ever inclined to espouse that friend's cause, and to consider him underrated and misused. If Jack had been a girl, a hearty burst of crying would probably have calmed his feelings, and taken off the keenest edge of his disappointment; but being a boy,

that relief was out of the question. So the heated face and the shining eyes were turned to Tom, looking very dry and hard; and all that the sharp, irritated voice said was—

"There! So much lost on my side! I've sent him back to that fellow liking him better than ever, and thinking me hateful and unjust. I'd like to thrash that scamp within an inch of his life!"

"Don't you lower your flag as easily as that," said Tom, coming up to the chair into which Jack had quite impatiently thrown himself, and putting his arm affectionately around his friend's shoulders. "A sharp word or so won't hurt Paul; he must take them for what they are worth when a fellow's temper is up. But I'd take back that message to Ward, Jack. He has just thought that your spunk would make you take up the offer. I'm afraid that it will lose you the prize."

"It won't if they give the prize for improvement as well as excellence," said Jack, "for I'll try as I never tried in my life. I am almost sorry now that I was so mad; for I wouldn't have given him that much satisfaction, if I'd thought a minute. But I won't take it back. No, indeed, not if I never gained another prize in my life! But I'd give anything not to have Paul think me shabby and mean about it! Come on, let's go down and see if Ward is there yet;" and with his usual impulsive change of mood, Jack sprang up, seized Tom's arm, and hurried him off down stairs.

Philip was just leaving the house, and as the two friends came down the stairs he opened the door to pass out; but Jack's voice detained him.

"Halloo! Ward! Stop a minute; I was just coming down to speak to you."

"Going back on it, eh?" said Philip, closing the door, and turning towards the boys with a most disagreeable expression on his face.

Jack stopped short on the stairs, and his hand tightened itself on the baluster with a grip which would have

been most decidedly painful to anything more sentient than the dead wood. He paused an instant before he answered, but when he did speak the words came very slowly and distinctly.

"No, I'm not going back on anything which I have said. I only want to confirm it. If we are allowed our choice, and the rest of the fellows consent, I'll draw anything you choose. But I want the prize this year more than I ever did before, and I mean to work for it with all my heart and soul, and to win it; if I can fairly and honorably, and without taking an advantage of any other fellow," he added, with strong emphasis.

He had come forward as he spoke, and was now standing at Paul's side, and very close to Philip, facing him. They looked straight into one another's eyes as the last words were spoken, and Philip read in Jack's the truth that he had sifted his purpose to the bottom, and that he scorned him for his meanness with all his honest heart. Yet he had gained his desire, and he was so well used to Jack's contempt that a trifle more or less did not affect him sufficiently to mar very materially his enjoyment of the success of his scheme.

"All right," he said carelessly—"I'll see Haydon about it, and tell him that you and Paul agree. Good-night," and he went out somewhat hastily.

Paul turned toward Jack with a smile on his lips, and with his beautiful brown eyes all alight with pleasure.

"I am so glad you came down," he said, stretching out both his hands to his cousin. "Of course I did not tell Philip what you said, but he asked me how you liked the plan, and I had to confess that you did not think it quite an equal trial. He was disappointed, I think; but you have made it all right, now, by your hearty acceptance. I am sorry that I called you unjust; I ought to have known that you were speaking without thought, and did not mean all that you said."

"I did not mean to annoy you,"

said Jack, taking the proffered hands in a kindly grasp. "But I did mean that I thought the proposal an unfair one; however, I am willing to take the risk. And I'd be willing to do a great deal more than that, Paul, to have you believe in me, and in my readiness and gladness to help you. I lose my temper often, and say rough things, too; but, honestly and truly, I am a real friend to you," and Jack's earnest eyes looked down into Paul's uplifted face with such a true, sincere friendliness in their gaze, that once more (now that Philip's slight innuendoes and slurs were unheard), he trusted the story they told.

"I know it; I do believe in you," he said gently. "I only wish that I knew how to repay all your kindness to me."

Such little scenes as this between Jack and Paul were of no uncommon occurrence. Heartily in earnest in his endeavor to win his cousin's love and good-will, Jack's frequent outbursts of temper were quickly repented of, and, as far as possible, atoned for; while Paul, governed always by the passing emotion of the moment, and led by any stronger nature than his own, almost invariably accepted his apologies, and gave him generous credit for good intentions, only warped and distorted again by Philip's sagacious but evil-minded manipulations.

The question with regard to the prizes for drawing was soon decided. On the very next morning, Mr. Martin, the principal of the school, informed his scholars that he should not, as he had hitherto done, give a small prize to each class for proficiency in each particular branch of study, but should offer two handsome rewards to the school at large; one for general excellence in conduct and lessons, and the other for the finest drawing; the decision, with respect to the last mentioned prize, to be based not only on the beauty of the picture, but on the improvement made by the artist in the three months which would intervene between the present time

and the day when the rewards would be given.

It was now the first of April, and the summer holiday began on the first of July, the examination and the bestowal of prizes taking place on the last day of June.

The recess-hour was a time of great excitement that morning. Will Haydon, Jack, Paul and Philip were the acknowledged champions of the school, so far as artistic ability was concerned; but the clause inserted in his little speech by Mr. Martin, to the effect that the improvement made by the draughtsman should be considered in the award, gave hope to many who would otherwise have considered the contest confined to these four boys.

"What do you think of this notion of Phil Ward's?" asked Will Haydon, breaking into a knot of eager talkers, among whom Jack and Tom were conspicuous in the interested discussion. "He said that you have agreed to it, Granger."

"You mean his idea that we should all take the same subject? A dog's head, for instance?" asked Jack.

"Yes, but I'd rather take the whole critter, from ears to tail; and Phil says he'd like that just as well. But, Granger, by the way, I've heard you say that you weren't good on livestock. How's that? You'd rather take something else."

"No; if the rest agree on a dog, all right. I'll do my best. You know we are each to hand in the best thing we can do on any given subject this week, and the very best we can do in the same line on the third week in June; and if my June dog don't beat my April dog all to slivers, then some other chap will get the prize. But I'm going to have it if I can get it; so look out, you other fellows. You'd better look out, anyway, for I'll be madder than a bee in a bottle if I lose it."

"Nobody's much afraid of your mad over a fair beat," said Will, emphasizing his remark with a resounding slap on Jack's shoulder. "You don't bear

malice worth a cent. Well, who is coming in to this arrangement?"

"What is it? What arrangement?" asked two or three voices, as the little crowd closed more compactly around the speakers.

"Phil Ward proposes that we should all try our hands on the same subject, say a dog or a horse. What do you think?"

There were a good many dissenting voices, but quite a number agreed to the proposition; and after a little farther discussion, it was decided that about a dozen of the best draughtsmen should take for their prize-subject the full figure of a dog; the choice, beyond that, as to size, position, breed, and so forth, to rest with the artist.

No one, looking at Jack, or listening to his words or the tones of his voice as he took his part in the eager conversation, would have imagined for a moment that he would have been better satisfied with any other plan than this, or that its first announcement had roused him to such anger and bad feeling. He seemed to enjoy the idea as heartily as did the proposer of it, and to enter into the competition with the very fullest zest. Nor, indeed, was it altogether seeming. He did enjoy it thoroughly. All the fire of his young blood was up in the contest; never had he had such a strong incentive to work as now; never had his desire to win a prize been so urgent. And he *would* win it, he told himself over and over again; he would spare no pains, he would give up everything in the way of pleasure and recreation which should interfere with his purpose; but that prize he *would* have, if he could gain it by honest hard work.

Philip Ward watched him narrowly as he moved to and fro among the group at recess; for Jack and Paul had relinquished their old habit of returning home for lunch, and now spent the recess-hour on the playground, as did most of their companions. He was talking earnestly, but with no sign whatever of the vexation of the last evening in his man-

ner. But, entire as was his apparent satisfaction with the existing state of affairs, Philip knew, as well as did Jack himself, the real, the first cause of his elation and excitement. He had determined to beat Philip on his own terms; and with all his heart and mind, Philip determined on his part to beat him. Among all the contestants these two saw only each other; the prize that Jack hoped to win was to be wrested from Philip; the reward that Philip was determined to gain was to be snatched from before Jack's wistful eyes.

Ward had really very little doubt of coming off victor in the struggle, now that he had so fully gained his point as to the subject upon which they were to compete. Only the hardest work could make Jack anything like a dangerous rival to him here, and Jack was far more fond of play than work. For a few days, perhaps, Philip thought, while the heat of feeling was upon him, he might be very industrious and painstaking; but that would soon wear away; he would depend upon his quickness and upon more steady labor at the end of the term, as he had often done before, to carry him through successfully; and so would throw an easy victory into his own ready hands.

But Jack had grown wonderfully in determination and force of mind in these past few months. The earnest pursuance of any one strong purpose, such as had been the chief guiding power of Jack's life for the last six months, tends to control our characters, not only in that one particular direction, but to give them a force and power which will make themselves felt in the smallest concerns of our lives, and even in the lives of others where they touch our own. Jack had just passed his fourteenth birthday; but, although only half a year older than he was on that night when he had looked down with such pitying contempt upon the charge which his father had placed in his unwilling hands, the very care and help and guidance which that charge had de-

manded from him had made him at least three years older to-day in all that tends toward the development of a manly and noble character.

CHAPTER X.

REX AND SNAP.

Never had the competition for any prize in Mr. Martin's school excited so much interest and feeling as that which was displayed in this struggle for the reward to be given for the best drawing made within these last three months of the school year. Not one word had Jack spoken with regard to Philip Ward's proposal. He had chosen of his own free will to accept it; and from that moment his lips were sealed, a little feeling of personal pride and dignity preventing him from finding any fault with a suggestion to which he had seen fit to agree.

But the story had found wings, nevertheless. Tom Brewster had whispered it to Clara, and Clara had in her turn told it, under promise of strictest secrecy, to one of her bosom friends, who had let it slip to still another ear; and so it had gone on until the whole school was talking of it, divided over it, and burning with partisanship on the one side or the other. The state of feeling in the school was a most thorough exemplification of the old words, "How great a matter a little fire kindleth!"—for by degrees all the interest in the whole affair was concentrated upon the two drawings of Jack and Philip; and discussion and argument upon the subject ran so high that more than once Mr. Martin himself was forced to interfere to preserve the public peace.

After the first announcement by Paul of Ward's proposition, the matter had not been much talked of at Dr. Granger's. Jack knew very well upon which side of the contest his cousin's sympathies lay, and he never alluded to the struggle in any such way as to force Paul to express an opinion; but Jack worked at home, as well as at school, as he had never worked in his

life before, for he had never injured himself in the smallest degree by too close attention to his studies. And he worked to good purpose, too.

He had chosen for his subject one of his own dogs, a Spitz, just pausing at the instant of making a start in pursuit of something, his ears erect, his keen eyes alert and watchful, one little paw uplifted, and his bushy, feather-like tail curled up over his back.

Every spare hour was at first devoted to his drawing, until Dr. Granger peremptorily interfered; and even then, only just so much time was allowed for play as the doctor insisted upon; every other moment was given to pencil and paper. Fortunately, however, all that Jack did, whether it were work or play, was done with a will, and in thorough earnest; and the hearty frolics of these hours of recreation prevented him from feeling any ill effects from his very unusual application.

Both Mrs. Granger and the doctor, however, watched the sharp contest gravely and anxiously, for they could not fail to see that every power of Jack's mind and body was bent with far too much earnestness and determination upon gaining the victory.

Quietly and steadily Paul worked on, also. But as the time drew near its close, he gave up any thought or hope of gaining the prize, as, in fact, did almost every other boy among the competitors, for there could be no doubt during the last three or four weeks of the excitement that the victory lay between Jack and Philip Ward, their pictures being so far superior to those of their companions that there was scarcely room for a question as to the decision except as between the two. So far as improvement was concerned, Jack had certainly made the greater progress; but Philip's dog, a huge Newfoundland, lying upon a terrace, with his white paws hanging over its grassy edge, and his shaggy black head resting upon them in an attitude of most perfect repose, was so true to the life that

Ward felt himself all but secure of the prize; and his friends were as confident as he, on his behalf.

But all excitements, whether the short-lived turmoils of the school-room, or the more serious, but not more heartfelt, struggles of later years, must come to a close, sooner or later; and now the time was drawing very near for the decision of this momentous and long-vexed question. Only two weeks remained of the summer term. At the close of the present week the drawings were to be handed in, and the contest was to be ended.

"Well, Jack, my boy," said Dr. Granger, leaning down over his son, as he sat busily adding a few last touches to his picture one bright afternoon; "we can't tell who is coming off victor, and we must be brave and generous, whether we lose or win; but one thing I can tell, and that is, that I am proud of my lad's work, whether it is the best work done in the school or not. Little Snap never looked more like himself than he does here. I am in a constant state of surprise that he does not leap off with one of his sharp barks."

"Thank you, sir," said Jack, with a delighted look, giving another loving little touch to the already well-finished picture.

"Oh, uncle, I do wish that you could see Philip's dog!" exclaimed Paul, who was sitting near. "It is perfect! I never saw anything so beautiful!"

"He is to bring it over to-night," said Jack, the look of keen enjoyment and pleasure fading instantly out of his face.

"He is!" exclaimed Paul once more. "Why, he told me that he should not—"

He paused abruptly, his color flushing high, even over his forehead.

"Yes, I know that he did not intend to allow any one to compare his picture with mine," replied Jack quietly; "but it seems that Mr. Ward wished to have father see the two together. Why! What makes you color up like that, Paul?"

"Did I color?" said Paul, involuntarily putting up his hand to his treacherous cheek. "I have not anything to blush for, so far as I know."

Jack made no answer, for at that moment the door opened, and Clara and Tom Brewster, with their little brother Frank, entered the room; but if he had known the cause of the quick flush which had overspread Paul's face, he would have been more than likely to have responded with some fervor; for, wishing to see the two pictures side by side, Paul had proposed to Philip to bring his drawing over to Dr. Granger's house; and Philip had refused, saying, to Paul's great astonishment, that it would be most safe at home. He had, indeed, half retracted the insinuation, when Paul had surprised him by a genuine outburst of indignant protest; but he had not taken back his refusal.

"Busy at Snap still?" said Clara, as Jack rose from his seat to welcome the little party. "Oh, he is lovely, perfectly lovely! I can just hear him—Yap," and Clara gave a perfect imitation of the sharp bark of the quick-tempered little Spitz. "Fanny is coming over in a few moments. Has she seen him?"

"Oh yes, more than once," said Jack.

"There she is now," said Paul, as a step was heard on the gravelled walk; and he ran out to meet her, for Fanny was very fond of small attentions, and Paul delighted in rendering them to so appreciative a recipient. That young lady and he were fast and firm friends.

But it was not her step which they had heard; for as Paul went out upon the piazza, he met, not Fanny Brewster, but Mr. and Mrs. Ward, with their son Philip.

"Why, you have quite a party here, Mrs. Granger," said Mrs. Ward, as her hostess crossed the wide hall to welcome her.

"Some of the Brewsters are in the library, but there is no one else," said Mrs. Granger. "There is a tumult of happy chatter in there, as you hear,

but it is all made by three or four voices. Come in. There is quite an excitement over our two young artists among their friends."

"Yes, so I hear. I wish that they could both have a prize."

"I don't," said Philip. "There would be no spirit in it then."

"We must all try to have the right spirit in the struggle," said the doctor, who had come out, hearing the voices. "I am rather sorry, for my part, that the contest is so close, and seems to have narrowed itself down to these two young fellows of ours." It will take some manliness and some sweet-heartedness on both sides to carry it off gracefully, whichever wins, if, as the boys all seem to think, they two stand quite undisputably at the head of the list."

"Oh, no doubt the vanquished hero will submit good-naturedly," said Mrs. Ward, who was herself so entirely good-natured that she could never understand why anyone should vex or fret themselves over anything. And in this case she felt especially soft-hearted and kindly, for she was perfectly assured in her own mind, that her son's picture must win the prize. No one of his companions, she felt quite certain, could surpass his work.

As the rest of the company entered the room where the earlier comers were already assembled, Fanny made her appearance, bringing Annie Haydon with her; and Paul, who was in the rear of the party, turned back and escorted them in.

Jack's picture, being already in view, was of course the first to be examined; and it certainly received plaudits sufficient to have satisfied the heart of any youthful amateur.

"Now for yours, Philip," said the doctor, "Paul tells us that Rex is very handsome."

"That is his name, sir, and people seem to think that he looks it, too," said Philip. "There!" and he drew the drawing from a large portfolio which he carried in his hand, and laid it on the table beside Jack's.

"That's splendid!" said Jack

heartily. "He's a regular beauty!" and with a feeling of comradeship which he had never entertained toward Philip before, he turned and held out his hand to him.

"It would be an easy victory if all were satisfied as easily as you are," said Philip shortly, scarcely touching the proffered hand. "Evidently my work is not worthy very close study, in your opinion."

"Oh, Philip, he did not mean that!" said Paul, who had been delighted by Jack's ready praise, and was now as much dismayed by Philip's ill-tempered rejoinder.

Jack had shrunk back at once.

"No matter, Paul," he said gruffly. "I meant just what I said. That, and nothing more nor less. I am apt to speak quickly; and if I like a thing, to say so."

"Yes, that was real honest praise; and it was very generous in you to give it, too," said Mrs. Ward, "when Philip's success will, of course, be your loss. Not that I mean exactly to say that his success is *sure*, but then I do like his picture the best; as is natural, you know. The truth is that Philip is all tired out with work and excitement together, and he is a trifle cross. It's true, Phil," she added, patting her son upon the shoulder, as he turned toward her with an impatient exclamation. "You were very cross indeed at home; and I think it was quite ugly of you to receive Jack's congratulations in that way."

"The two canines are about as different as they can well be," said Dr. Granger, wishing to make a diversion. "If the boys had desired to make a contrast, they could hardly have chosen better."

"Snap makes me want to laugh every time I look at him," said Clara, who was standing beside Jack, having moved over into his vicinity to indulge herself in the pleasure of giving his arm a sympathizing squeeze.

"Yes, he is a very handsome little dog, and looks thoroughly alive," said Mr. Ward.

"I like Rex," said Fanny, bending

down over Philip's picture. "I should not know how to decide the question of the merits of the two drawings, but the repose of this great creature is so perfect. And his hair! Just look how natural it is! And the gentle, affectionate look in his eyes! I think he is beautiful!"

"Yes," echoed Frank, "he is more beautifuller of any dog I ever saw; and the little fellow pushed his curly head between Fanny and the picture, and gazed at the handsome dog with a face radiant with delight.

"He is a magnificent fellow," said Mrs. Granger. "I think, Mrs. Ward, that we have two real geniuses in our boys. Whoever wins the prize, we shall be glad for him. What a complete surprise it would be to you all," she added, with her bright cheery laugh, "if some one else should step in and claim it."

"There is no fear of that," said Philip.

"There might be," said Jack. "We aren't always quite so sure as we think. My! Wouldn't it take the starch out of us, though, after all our calculations!"

"Oh! nonsense! That is quite impossible," exclaimed Philip. "Everybody says that it lies between us."

"And a pretty close tie it will be, too," said Mr. Ward, "if I am any judge. Why! What is that?"

They all started in surprise, as a heavy peal of thunder followed close upon the flash of lightning which had called forth Mr. Ward's exclamation.

"We must run for home at once," he went on. "I did not notice any appearance of a shower when we entered the house."

"There was a very heavy cloud in the west when I came in," said Fanny. "Come, Clara, we must hurry off, Come, Tom;" and the whole party began to hasten their preparations for departure, despite the entreaties of their host and hostess that they should wait until the shower had passed over.

The rain was already beginning to fall; and, the ladies refusing to remain, the boys prepared to accompany them.

"Let me carry an umbrella for you,

Miss Fanny," said Paul; "and Philip will take Annie. Jack is going to carry Frank over, for Tom has rushed away already to take care of his mother."

"Yes. Mother has a terrible dread of a thunder-storm; and as father and Louise are both away, she is alone with the children. But let Frank come with us."

"Clara says he has on very thin shoes. It seems he ran across without her knowledge, in slippers. Jack will bring him right over."

"I will bring him at once, Fanny," called Jack's voice from the floor above, for he had run upstairs to close a large French window which he suddenly recollected he had left standing open and unfastened. "Go on,

if you must go, or you will get a drenching."

So the whole party set off, and the next moment Jack sprang down the stairs to find his little charge. As he reached the lower hall, he saw his father and mother just entering the doctor's office, and noticed that his father closed the door behind him, as if they wished to be alone; so, without speaking to them, he went into the library to find the little boy.

"Frank!" he called loudly, surprised not to see him either in the hall or library. "Frank!" and he was about to pass through the room to search for him in the parlor, into which the library opened, when he paused in dismay at the sight which met his eyes.

(To be continued).

TEACHING DEAF-MUTES TO TALK.

BY MARY A PARSONS.

The avenues through which we gain a knowledge of the outside world we call the senses. Two of the most important of these are Sight and Hearing.

The lack, or closing up of either of these doors of the soul is so great a misfortune that any individual, or community, seeking to repair such loss, even measurably, confers an untold benefit on humanity.

Asylums for the Blind, and Schools for Deaf Mutes, are attempts to break down the barrier that separates certain classes of unfortunate persons from the rest of the community, by general education, and by special efforts toward the removal of the disabilities caused by their infirmities.

Boston, honored throughout the world for her enlightened Christian benevolence, has among her public

schools one especially adapted to the wants of deaf-mute children.

The school-building is situated near the centre of the city, on Warrenton Street, near the horse-car routes, but removed from the bustle and confusion of the business localities.

Thither, during the regular school-terms, daily flock, from all parts of the city, and some from other places, about seventy pupils, varying from four or five to sixteen years of age.

Those through whose action the school was established, felt that advantages to the children would result from their spending a part of the time at their homes, or among persons who speak, because they would thereby be constantly incited to make use of the knowledge gained in school.

That the younger pupils may be protected as far as possible in the

crowded city streets, each is provided with a medal which may be suspended from the neck. On one side the medal bears the name of the child and his residence, on the reverse is inscribed "School for Deaf Mutes, No. 63 Warrenton Street."

Should the child lose his way he need only show this to a policeman to be set right at once.

The school is under the charge of a lady principal and seven assistants. Being in Boston it is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that the discipline is strictly parental, and seems beautifully tender and motherly to the visitor; yet if the Love principle were wanting in the individual teacher, no affection could deceive, nor could the most conscientious discharge of mere duty supply the lack.

Deaf-mutes are naturally divided into two classes,—those born deaf, or who lost their hearing in infancy, called congenital mutes, and those who learned to talk before the power of distinguishing the tones of the human voice was lost, called semi-mutes.

To the semi-mute, speech, even when it has been entirely laid aside for the language of signs, is only the learning over again a lesson once known, and memory makes the task easier than to the congenital mute, to whom spoken language is like a sealed book.

In this school, as in others, pupils are classed according to their attainments, notice at first being taken of the line of distinction already indicated, though, as the education progresses, the congenital and semi-mutes are brought together as much as possible.

When the deaf-mute child at first enters the school, if he has had no previous instruction, he is used only to signs. These, therefore, are at first employed, but it is only to lead him on to the comprehension of written and spoken language; for the pupil is to learn to *speak*, and to understand the speech of others, and he is to do this by watching the lips of persons when speaking.

In order to get an idea of the method of teaching beginners, let us enter one of the lower rooms and see what is done. The teacher holds a long oaken rod or wand, one end of which is used as a pointer, and the other as a call bell, if one may so speak. That is, when she wishes to bespeak her pupil's attention she taps on the floor with the heavy end of her rod, knowing that the children will feel the *jar* so made, and will all at once look in the direction from whence it comes. It is surprising how slight a tap on the floor will attract the attention of every scholar in the room.

Let us watch the *very first* steps. Luckily a beginner is present, a pleasant-faced little girl four or five years old. She has been there but a few days.

The teacher writes a column of words upon the black-board as follows:

Come.

Go.

Walk.

Run.

Jump.

Kneel.

Pointing to the word *Come* she beckons the child, who understands at once and walks toward her teacher. At the word *Go* she motions her away, and the child goes back to her seat. At the word *Walk* the teacher walks across the room with the child, and then directs her to do the same alone. The meaning of the word *Run* is shown in the same manner—the teacher performs the act and the child imitates her. At *Jump* the child hesitates, so a little girl of about her own size takes her hand and jumps, and then the little stranger is quite willing to jump too. It is the same with *Kneel*; her companion shows her what the word means, but she will not need to show her many times, I fancy. If at all like the rest of her class, she will learn to read written words, and to write them herself, very fast indeed.

Here is a class of mutes who have been at the school several weeks, or a few months.

The teacher writes on the board

various directions like the following :

"John, go to my table, get a book, and carry it into the hall."

"Charles and James, take the little bench, carry it to the hall door, shut the door, sit on the bench, fold your arms, and close your eyes."

What fun it is to the boys to do all these things, as well as for us who look on!

Instruction in speaking begins as soon as possible. One day, when visiting the school, my attention was attracted by a little girl I had not seen there before. She was twelve years old, and had lost her hearing only a year before. I asked about her, and her teacher, wishing her to improve every possible opportunity for speaking and understanding speech, requested me to speak to her, and introduced me, saying very slowly, but in a low tone of voice :

"This lady is a friend of mine."

The little girl shook her head and looked puzzled.

She was a new scholar, and probably was more easily embarrassed for that reason. After one or two repetitions, Miss B. signified to her that she was to repeat the words after her. This she did readily till she came to the word "*mine*," at which the child shook her head, whereupon Miss B. gave the sound of *m*, then of *i*, then of *n*, after which the child nodded and smiled.

Now are you puzzled in your turn?

"Why! I thought you said she couldn't hear! What was the use of giving her the sounds of the letters?"

I don't wonder, you ask, but that was what is called "a knowledge of Visible Speech" enabled her to do.

"Visible Speech? Why, that means talking that may be seen, don't it?"

Yes, it is just that, and I wish you to get an idea of it.

The teacher shows the little mute a picture, or outline, of a man's nose, mouth and throat. All these are used in talking, you know. In front of the pictured lips is a sign or mark, made to represent the breath blown out, as it is in giving the sound of the letter

P, for instance. The mark or symbol is an arrow head. Any other might have been used, of course, but this is simple and easily made. Pointing to this picture of an arrow-head, and blowing out her own breath, the child easily understands that the sign of that arrow-head, and the breathing hard, or blowing, belong together, so he does it himself whenever she points to the sign. This is exactly what she wishes him to do.

But the *lips* move in sounding *P*. You know I told you there was a pictured nose, mouth and throat, before the child all the time while he is learning the use of the signs. This outline is always turned toward the right hand, so that a little curved line turning toward the right will easily stand for a picture, or hint, of the lip to the scholar.

Such a curved line is called a symbol of Visible Speech. The arrow-head, meaning the breath forcibly blown out, is another.

The teacher points to this little curved line of the lip and shuts her own lips. Showing the child that she does it whenever she points to the sign of the lip, he will imitate her. Putting the shutting of the lips and the breathing hard or blowing together, gives the sound of *P*. Try it, and you will see just what it is to give the sound of that letter.

Now let us take *T*. In giving the sound of *T* the point of the tongue touches the inside of the upper gum and is drawn back quickly, allowing the breath to be blown out forcibly.

In giving the sound of *R* the sides of the tongue touch the roof of the mouth, while the middle is depressed or bent down. This being harder to perceive, a little instrument of ivory is sometimes placed on the middle of the child's tongue to depress it, when the sound will be given correctly. I saw this instrument used to help a little fellow give the sound of *K*. He was making an incorrect sound, but the moment the little manipulator, as it is called, pressed down the middle of his

tongue, out came the *K* sound as distinctly as possible.

After a while he will comprehend that he can depress the middle of his tongue without the manipulator's help; and I fancy he learns the faster because he objects to its use. Not that it hurts him, but who likes to have his own tongue interfered with if he can help it?

One of the rudimentary exercises of the school is with hand-mirrors. These enable the pupil to see how the tongue, teeth, and lips must be placed to produce the required sound—and after seeing how the teacher places hers, they learn by imitation to manage their own.

All uninstructed mutes make sounds in the throat, where the voice is produced.

Do you know how voice is made? When you wish to speak, your breath is forced more suddenly out of your lungs and against what are called the vocal cords placed in the throat.

The effect is voice—crying and crowing in infants, and speaking in older persons.

The vocal cords, blown upon by the air from the lungs, remind one of the *Æolian harp*.

The mute is made to place his hand on his throat, when he makes his breath blow hard on his own vocal cords. He soon learns how it feels, and that he is to do it when certain symbols on the board representing voice are pointed at. When the child has given the sound of one letter he has mastered a lesson in Visible Speech. All the rest is a work of time and constant practice.

Now don't you begin to see how the little girl I talked with could be helped by having the sounds of the letters given her?

I asked her how she lost her hear-



EXERCISE WITH HAND-MIRRORS.

ing. She replied that it was by having scarlet fever.

"Were you very sick?" very slowly, and repeated, once or twice.

"O, yes!" she answered; "they thought I would die."

She spoke much as you do, yet lower, and with less of your confident readiness.

Now let us see what they are doing in Miss B's room.

Although the children are taught to watch the lips in those who talk, it would take a great deal more time to make a whole class understand a spoken direction than a written one, especially since some are much slower of apprehension than others.

For instance: here is a long sentence, which, if repeated till every member of the class clearly comprehended it, would consume a great deal of school-time. Written on a board each scholar takes it in at a glance.

This is it: "Miss F. wishes each

member of the class to tell her what he or she did last Sunday."

Of course this is an advanced class. One gives quite a minute and neatly-worded account of a stroll in the woods; another speaks of a ride; while another tells of a walk to Lynn.

Of course, at the Deaf Mute school they write compositions, for what would school be without them? They write some very fine ones, too.

One on, "Why should animals be kindly treated?" received one of the highest prizes offered by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the pupils of the public and private schools throughout the State.

Specimens of their compositions are given. These are in the form of letters. You will see that the children



THE FIRST STEPS.

Those who have nothing they think will be of interest, or sound prettily, are as much inclined as other children would be in like circumstances to say:

"I didn't do anything."

"What!" asks the teacher, smiling, "did you sit so (folding her hands) all day?"

This brings out an answer from a boy that he was "sawing wood in the cellar," while a girl tells naively how "she was minding the baby."

There are classes in reading, dictation, geography, arithmetic, etc., as in other Grammar schools.

Gymnastics are used for exercise, and the children seem to enjoy them.

express themselves very creditably on the whole.

You will also notice that their mistakes in the use of language are not such as a little child who can hear would make, but rather such as a foreigner, who did not understand English well might fall into.

The first letter given is from a little girl who was born deaf, and you will readily see the difficulty Congenital Mutes meet in acquiring language; which indeed is not to be wondered at, since they hear nothing, whereas ordinary children learn to talk wholly by imitating what they hear.

BOSTON, *Thursday, Oct. 19, '77.*

MY DEAR MISS FULLER : Ella Towle did not come to school, and I think Ella was sick. Miss Bond has gone to Philadelphia. Miss Kate Williams went Philadelphia and one week. Ella's father was dead. Jennie W. was said to Annie Ella's father was sick. Bella's mother will come to house and, I think Grandmother said Annie will bed asleep and Miss Kate Williams will write and gave me paper. I think Miss Kate Williams will said Annie will try to be good, and Monday one week yesterday Charlie didn't come to school and bought boots 2 dollars half and His boots pretty are

Good by from
ANNIE WHITE.

BOSTON, *Thursday, Oct. 19.*

DEAR MISS FULLER : Yesterday when I was going home from school I went to the depot with Jennie and when I got home from school I went out to play for a little while. When I came in the house I had my supper, then I sat down and I was reading my book, and I read it all last night. I was playing with my little kitten. When I was playing house I had to go to bed, and I went to bed at ten o'clock. And when I got home from school I went to the store for some apples, and when I came in the house I was helping my mother to make apple pies and she made three for me, and I had a great many apples. I had two apples to myself, and when I ate them I went to take another one to eat and that will make three.

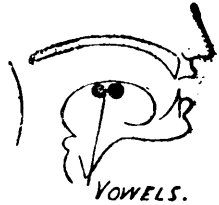
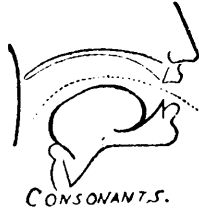
MINNIE E. MORIARTY.

BOSTON, *Oct. 23, 1876.*

My name is Bertie Huckins, and I am almost eleven years old. I was taken with the scarlet fever when I

was about eight years old, but one of the doctors who visited me spoke about this school, and I went when I was well.

One day one of the girls in my class named Mary Carlton gave me a little kitten, whom I named Tabby. I fed



CONSONANTS.

)- (| > = E

U U N E

D U Q Q

D > B I S

P B M

T D N

C I G

K G NG

F V S Z

W W N N

R L WH W

VOWELS.

à oo ow e i

ô au â ô ur

W T C > J S > B I

LOOK AT ME.

N J S > W S T J I

SHUT THE DOOR

a J B T I B I

COME TO ME.

SYMBOLS OF VISIBLE SPEECH.

her on bread and milk at first, and often some meat cut very small. She grew fast, and I had nice times with her.

One day my gentleman brought me a mouse, because he wanted to be praised. My Grandfather gave me a rabbit, but I would rather have a new sled named the Rover, or a pair of new skates. I had a hard time making Bunny, as I called the rabbit, a good house. When it was finished I thought it was large enough for the rabbit and kitten, and I wanted to keep her in, so I had to make the slats close to keep Tabby from creeping out. One day she bit Bunny's ear; she fancied

it was too long. Wasn't she thoughtful enough to think of it? But now they are both sent away. I may never see them again.

I often asked my father to buy me a sled or a pair of skates, but he could not get them for me. I would like to have them very much.

My Grandfather lives in Cambridgeport, and I often go to see him on holidays. One day he made me a little cart with iron wheels because I had no play-things.

My uncle has a dog named Brownie. He is a nice large dog, and is always glad to see me. He barks in the morning until some one comes and lets him free from his confinement near the house, then he will run to my room. I always have my door open a little way, and Brownie pushes it open with his head, and after a good-morning which is no other than a bounce on the bed to wake me up then licks my face as if to say good-morning, he goes to his master's room and does

the same, and walks away. Not a happier dog in the world was Brownie.

I have written all I can think. I hope it will suit you.

With Resp't,

A. H. HUCKINS.

I cannot better close than by giving an account of a conversation between two of the pupils. The teacher heard one little girl ask her classmate if she would like to hear.

"O yes!" she replied, eagerly.

Then a cloud came over her face, and she asked her teacher:

"Couldn't I come here to school if I could hear?"

"No," was the reply.

"Then I don't want to hear!" she said.

If she stays long enough, however, the outside world will not seem so utterly devoid of interest to her, for she will have learned to take an intelligent part in its word and work.—*Wide Awake (Boston)*.



PUZZLES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

I.

RIDDLE.

I was called out, as truth does show,
Not quite six thousand years ago;
Though now quite old, I am not grey,
And still am useful every day.

In small places I oft may be,
Yet there's no place too large for me;
I go, when sent, with wondrous speed
To all who do my presence need.

My great importance can't be told,
I never can be bought or sold;
And if I once were laid aside,
My place could never be supplied.

No full ubiquity I claim,
But everywhere I have a fame;
The place I fill is very great;
This many do appreciate.

I fear not oceans broad and deep,
Nor land with mountains high and steep,
Now when these hints you may have read,
Please prove the truth of what I've said.

II.

CHARADE.

We prepared to visit the Sea Shore, and after entering *my first* I leaned forward that *my second* might take in a full view, We saw a man on the rocks busy with *my third* which appeared to be well filled. We found some rare specimens which we placed in *my whole* when we returned.

III.

A SQUARE WORD.

A fish, an oblong, a Scottish maiden and otherwise.

IV.

A LOGOGRIPH.

Complete I am to conquer. Change my head and I become successively; action; ardor; food; pure; a species of turf used for fuel, and abode. Restore to first and change my tail and

I become successively; a little ball; a point; part of a balance; a vegetable; an animal, and a fop.

V.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

C, A small animal, Clever, A flavoring essence,
A wildest, Taken away, To reject, A small insect, T.

BLANCHE.

VI.

ABBREVIATIONS.

1. Behead and curtail a division of a poem and get an insect. 2. Behead and curtail a very small piece and get a liquor. 3. Behead and curtail a sign of grief and get a knock. 4. Behead and curtail a place of justice and get a pronoun. 5. Behead and curtail a fool and get abject. 6. Behead and curtail disgrace and get an article of food. 7. Behead and curtail a line and get a journey. 8. Behead and curtail a beggar and get an animal. 9. Behead and curtail some animals and get to gain. 10. Behead and curtail to look intently and get a thick substance. 11. Behead and curtail a kind of meal and get a girl's nickname. 12. Behead and curtail an account book and get a border.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

- 1.—House-leek.
- 2.—The river that went out of Eden.
- 3.—1. Place—place. 2. Pries—prize.
3. Won—one. 4. Hoard—horde.
- 4.—Artichoke.
- 5.—Pearl.
- 6.—1. Mt. Hood.
2. Table Mountain.
3. Mts. of the Moon.
4. Ohio.
- 7.—1. Calvin—Alvin.
2. Adam—dam.
3. Frank—rank.
4. Oscar—scar.
5. Owen—wen.
6. Evan—van.
7. Oliver—liver.
8. Mark—ark.

The Home.

LOTTY FARWELL'S DUTY.

BY NELL GWYNNE, AUTHOR OF "ACORN LEAVES."

"What will you do when you go home, Lotty?"

"Keep house, see to the servants and that, and then being out, you know, I shall have to return calls and all that sort of thing."

"When will you be back at Gracourt?"

"Oh, I don't know,—not for a year; it is your turn to come and see me now. I have been almost living at Gracourt for the last three years. I should think you would be about sick of me, Hatty."

"Well, I am sure I am not; it will be awfully lonely when you go away. Gracourt is perfectly horrid at this season of the year—Ugh! the mud, and the dirty patches of snow everywhere, it makes me shudder to think of it. Are you going to church to-morrow, Lotty?"

"Yes."

"There will be an anthem, won't there?"

"Yes, there always is at Easter," and the speaker closed the book she had been trying to read, as her companion was evidently in a talking mood.

Lotty Farwell and Hatty Graly had been room-mates at Madame Lebrun's academy for the last three years, and were inseparable friends. Miss Farwell had come home with her friend to spend the Easter holidays, but having received a letter from home the day after her arrival, she declared her intention of going home for good

on the following week; whereupon her friend Hatty begged to be allowed to follow her example and bid Madame Lebrun's establishment a final adieu, though she had not intended leaving school till mid-summer, which request her parents granted, she being an only child and somewhat spoilt withal.

The foregoing conversation took place in Hatty's bedroom on Saturday night while the two friends were preparing for bed. Hatty in wrapper and slippers sat before the fire with her feet on the fender engaged in the laudable occupation of papering her hair, while a bath, in which she had evidently just been performing her ablutions, stood beside her, and a couple of damp Turkish towels hung over the fender; while Lotty, also in wrapper and slippers, lay on a couch with her hair hanging like a thick brown veil over the end towards the fire, evidently undergoing a drying process, while she perused the fascinating pages of a paper-covered novel.

The delicately tinted walls, the rich crimson hangings on the windows, the elegantly carved French bedstead, the lace-draped oval mirror on the dressing-table, all bespoke the easy circumstances of the Gralys of Gracourt.

Lotty Farwell's mother died five years prior to the opening of this story, when she was adopted by an aunt in Toronto; her aunt dying two years afterwards left her an annuity sufficient to clothe her respectably, and left money enough in the hands of Mr. Graly, her executor, to keep her four years at Madame Le-

brun's academy. Though totally ignorant of her father's affairs, Lotty had a vague consciousness that he had experienced various reverses of fortune since her mother's death, and her present determination to leave school had arisen from some hints dropped by him regarding his straitened circumstances. Her father was in the habit of coming to Madame Lebrun's once a year to see her, but she had a younger sister at home and a boy-brother, who might be called perfect strangers to her, as she had not seen either of them since her mother's death, she having spent her holidays at Gracourt, which was only fifty miles from Madame Lebrun's, while her own home was some hundreds of miles away. The following week found her on her way home, and on meeting her father at the railway station of her native town after a long and wearisome journey, she was surprised and disappointed to find that she had yet to drive fifteen miles over a muddy road before reaching home, and her father's worn and shabby appearance, together with the sight of the mud-spattered light waggon he had brought to convey her home, did not tend to raise her spirits.

"Things are very different at home from what they were when you went away, Lotty, but you must not be dispirited," said her father, noticing her dejected air.

He then proceeded to give her an account of his various losses, from which she gathered that he had been obliged to sell the greater part of their household furniture, and to move to a small farm in the country, now his sole possession.

The drive home was very tedious, owing to the state of the roads, and the prospect could scarcely be drearier,—the black fields with patches of discolored snow still lying about the fences, over which flocks of crows were flapping and cawing vociferously, and the still blacker hills, in many instances, crowned with

pinus, having anything but an enlivening effect. They had driven for some distance through a thicket of dark pines and tall, leafless elms, when they emerged into a yet more hilly country than they had passed. The road wound round the side of a steep hill, and when they reached the summit Mr. Farwell stopped to rest his horses.

"This is a pretty view in summer," he said, gazing back at the country through which they had just passed. Lotty turned her head and was struck with surprise at the scene before her, which was grand, though seen under the worst possible circumstances. They must have been ascending for the last half dozen miles to have reached such a height; miles and miles of hill and dale lay mapped out before them, interspersed with distant towns and inland villages, and skirted to the south by Lake Ontario, looking dull and leaden, and cold as steel beneath the cloudy sky. After Lotty had admired and commented upon the view, they moved on. Their next stoppage was before a desolate-looking house, standing in the midst of some tall pines on the side of the road. Lotty thought her father had stopped to rest his horses, as he had been forced to do many times during their drive, but as he handed her the lines preparatory to getting out, she said,

"It is scarcely worth our while to rest here; surely we are not many miles from home now?"

"Many miles from home, my dear! Why, this is the house!" said her father, staring at her in surprise, he having taken it for granted that she knew the place, though she had never seen it before.

"Oh, I did not know," said Lotty, in a crest-fallen tone, as she took a second glance at her future home before springing out of the waggon. It was a low, rambling house, with funny little ill-shaped upper windows, and it had evidently once on a time been painted white, but wintry storms and driving

summer rains had reduced its original color to a few streaks and patches here and there. Faded green venetians, some having broken slats, and some only one hinge, ornamented the lower windows, which stared out bare and curtainless towards the road, while the garden, or more properly the yard, was littered with broken farm implements, some old barrels, a broken hen-coop, a dog-kennel, a wheel-barrow, and various other odds and ends of rubbish. Lotty had thought she was prepared for anything, but nothing like this had ever occurred to her. A plank forming an inclined plane on either side of the rickety-rail fence served in lieu of a gate, and Lotty followed her father like one in a dream, as he led the way into a large kitchen with a very low ceiling, and having a close, greasy smell.

"Oh! papa, to think of me not seeing you, and I have been watching for you all day!" called out a sweet voice from somewhere, and the next moment a tall, slender girl, with great anxious-looking eyes, and wearing a dirty, ragged dress, came skipping joyfully in. She kissed Mr. Farwell very heartily, and then looked eagerly at Lotty, as if expecting a greeting from her, but Lotty stood staring at her in blank amazement. Who could she be?—her sister Katy was but a child, and this girl was almost as tall as she was.

"This is Katy, dear," said her father, gently.

"Oh! is it? I beg—I did not know you, Katy," stammered Lotty, taking her hand and kissing her involuntarily. If her father had brought her into the next room and shown her a man with a lion's head and said: "This is your great grandfather, my dear," she could not have been more taken aback. Overlooking their five years' separation as young people are prone to do, she had pictured her sister a little girl in a pinafore, still clinging to her nurse's apron-strings.

"Come and take off your things;

you must be tired, Lotty," said Katy, leading the way through a couple of dingy rooms and up a narrow, winding stair to a tiny bedroom, which was clean and tidy, but which was a poor place indeed in Lotty's estimation, though it had cost poor Katy many an hour's labor and many an anxious thought.

"I hope you will like your bedroom," she said, helping her sister off with her wraps.

"Oh, it is very nice indeed," returned Lotty, glancing at the vulgar-looking patched quilt and at the coarse crochet edging on the pillow cases, which she considered still more vulgar.

"I brought that plant up here this morning,—I thought it would make the room look more cheerful," said Katy, glancing at a trailing plant which was growing luxuriantly in a hanging basket suspended over the looking-glass.

"It is very pretty," answered her sister, pausing to admire it.

Katy now hurried back to the kitchen to fry some eggs and infuse some tea for the weary travellers.

"Oh dear, how am I going to live in this horrid place!" exclaimed Lotty, bursting into tears as soon as she was left alone. "I will go back to Gracourt next week! I must do something! I would die in this place!" she sobbed, as she buried her face in the patched quilt. She had already turned over several plans in her head when she was aroused by Katy calling her down to tea. How vulgar it sounds to hear people calling like that! Haven't they got a bell?" she thought, as she pulled off her rubbers and threw them under the bed.

"Fried potatoes and ham and eggs, Ugh!" she thought, as she entered the dingy little dining-room where her father was sitting at the table waiting for her.

"Do you know who this is?" he asked, as a nice-looking boy entered the room, dressed in coarse, patched

clothes and carrying a "Third Book of Lessons" under his arm. Lotty knew it was her brother Randall from his likeness to Katy, and if he had been six feet high and dressed like a clown in a circus, she would not have been at all surprised; she was beyond being surprised at anything now. Randall returned his sister's greeting with boyish bashfulness, though he was anything but a loutish boy, and immediately took refuge at his father's elbow, who helped him forthwith to a plate full of potatoes and a couple of eggs.

"Katy is much prettier than I am, and I should not wonder if she was cleverer," thought Lotty, as she watched her sister busying herself about the table, she having changed her soiled working-dress for a scuffed and ill-made black alpaca, and a soiled tarletan ruche. Katy had that soft silky brown hair which goes with a very fair complexion, and it hung down below her waist in two long braids tied at the ends with soiled blue ribbon; her face would have been perfect in its style, which was delicate to spirituality, if it were not for that anxious expression in the eyes, and a look of care such as is rarely seen in so young a face. In a few moments Katy had prepared some cream toast and boiled eggs for her sister, seeing she did not relish the fare before her. The little family party were quite merry over their simple meal; even Lotty's spirits revived a little. But as night closed in and the rain began to patter against the window-panes, they again sank to zero. She retired early on the plea of having a headache, leaving her father smoking his pipe and helping Randall at his lessons, while Katy busied herself in alternately skimming and stirring something boiling in a large pot on the stove.

Instead of going to bed when she got to her room, Lotty took some writing materials out of her trunk, which her father and brother had carried up to her room, and proceeded to indite a

letter to Madame Lebrun, she having made up her mind to accept the lowest situation as teacher in the academy if she could get it, money was no object to her—all she wanted was a home; and in case this should fail, she wrote to Hatty Graly, saying that very likely she would accept her kind invitation to return to Gracourt, if convenient to all parties. She would stay at Gracourt till something turned up, and thus get away from this horrible place. Her letters addressed and stamped for mailing, she undressed and went to bed and being very weary she was soon oblivious to all earthly woes. After a few hours' sound sleep she awoke, fixing her eyes wonderingly on the little curtainless window, through which she could see a little patch of stars and a couple of the dark boughs of the pines waving up and down, the rain having ceased. "Where was she? Oh, yes she remembered!" and she turned over and tried to go to sleep, but the drowsy god refused to be courted, and after tossing about till it grew to be absolutely unbearable, she got up and lit a tallow candle which stood in a tin candlestick on the little dressing-table at the foot of the bed, and then wrapping a shawl about her shoulders, she cast her eyes about in quest of something to read, when they fell upon an old leather-bound volume lying among some old newspapers and magazines on a shelf over the head of the bed. Though its exterior did not promise anything very tempting, she took it down, and settling herself comfortably in bed, she proceeded to examine its contents, when she was quite interested to find that it was a scrap book of ancient date which some ingenious hand now crumbling into dust, had filled with cleverly executed little drawings and paintings intermingled with scraps of verse. Here was a maiden of low degree in a gipsy hat and a scarlet bodice, loitering idly along the side of a winding country road

with a willow basket on her arm, ruthlessly crushing the bluebells beneath her feet as she peers curiously back at a clumsy cart trundling over a picturesque bridge of solid masonry, beneath which a tiny stream is purling. The ruins of an ancient castle loom in the distance, while at the turn of the road, beneath the spreading bough of an ancient oak stands a wayside inn.

The next leaf discloses a thatched cottage with creeping vines, which twine about the diamond-paned windows and partly conceal the swallows' nests beneath the eaves; a basket bird-cage, containing a pair of golden warblers, hangs by the door; two straw bee-hives stand on a bench beneath the window, and a gentle-faced woman with a kerchief crossed over her bosom sits at the door at her spinning-wheel.

"These people look as if they had no earthly care," thought Lotty, sighing at the thought of her own woes.

Then came something quite different: the interior of the chapel of a monastery at midnight, partly lit up by the fitful gleam of a lamp suspended over a massive, arched doorway. The muffled sound of an imaginary bell seems to clang solemnly out as two cowed monks walk towards the altar, looming in the dim distance.

Then came a pretty Highland scene: an overhanging crag all purple with blooming heather, on which stood a startled-looking, dewy-eyed deer, which looked out from a cleft in a rolling silvery mist, which also partly enveloped a fair Highland maiden with locks of palest gold, who bore in her arms a fawn, to which had evidently happened some accident. Then followed clusters of flowers, with exquisitely tinted butterflies hovering about them, and bunches of swamp-grasses mingled with reeds and blue flags, and flashing through them are those glittering, gauzy-winged insects common among the summer bloom.

Then a shepherd boy reposing in the

shadow of some leafy boughs down in a woody dell, with his crook lying on a mossy bank beside him, and his dog lying among the daisies at his feet, while he peruses the pages of a book which it is to be hoped contained some pastoral epic.

Lotty dozed off with the book lying open before her, while the tallow coursed in thick rills down the side of the candle. Gradually the trailing plant over the looking-glass seemed to change into a mighty green spider with hundreds of nasty clinging spidery feet, which seemed to have the power of stretching themselves to any length; they lengthened and lengthened till they reached the scrap-book, when they seized the peasant girl, the spinning-woman and the monks, the Highland maiden and the shepherd boy, and jerking them into the air, twirled them round and round till their faces looked like peonies, the butterflies fluttering after them and flirting the gold dust off their wings, and in their wake came all the curious, glittering flies who buzzed and hummed about them, stinging them in the face and tormenting them to a terrible degree. Seized with a desire to relieve some of them from their torturous position, Lotty made a grasp at the peasant girl as she went twirling by, and then awoke with a start, finding herself grasping at the air. She blew out the candle, which emitted anything but a fragrant odor, and again composed herself to sleep. When she awoke it was broad day, and the sound of Katy's voice singing at her work came welling up from the kitchen. Lotty arose, and proceeded to dress with a heavy heart. "I hope I shall be able to get my letters mailed to-day," she thought, as she opened the little window, which was fastened with a wooden button, and looked out. It had turned frosty during the night, and the air was quite sharp, and her ears were greeted by the wild, screeching cries of the blue jays which were flashing in dozens

through a copse on the other side of the garden fence. Here the slender boughs of the graceful lady-birch mingled with the golden willows and the dark red branches of the dogwood; a thick undergrowth of brambles covered the ground, which in their turn mingled with beds of last year's ferns, now brown and drooping, wild briars all flecked with scarlet tips, dried grasses which hung their tasselled heads, fresh green mosses and hardy winter ferns, which spread their bright green fronds where no other green thing dared to raise its head. A narrow stream trickled through the copse, and here and there clusters of tall bulrushes reared their brown heads. Here many a deserted bird's-nest nestled, and here lay concealed the haunt of many a bird and bee and butterfly in sunny summer weather. The dead copse wood crackled and broke beneath the tread of a flock of sheep which were browsing on a steep bank on the opposite side of the creek.

"We are going to have a storm!" Lotty heard her father call out to a man driving along the road in a waggon.

"Yes, them jays always does bring a storm," answered the man. Closing the window, she deposited her letters in her pocket and betook herself to the kitchen, where she found Katy up to her eyes in dish-washing.

"I am afraid I am late, Katy, but I did not sleep very well last night," said Lotty. Katy was quite distressed to hear she had not slept well and said,

"Oh dear no, you are not late; I did not expect you down for an hour yet," and then proceeded with the greatest cheerfulness to lay a second breakfast for her in the dining-room. Lotty asked if there was any chance of her getting her letters mailed that day, and she said,

"Yes certainly, she could get them mailed that morning; as it was Satur-

day, Randall would not be going to school, and he could go down to the village on horseback—she would send him immediately," and taking the letters in her damp and not overclean hands, she went in search of her brother. A load seemed to rise off Lotty's heart as she watched Randall riding towards the village with her letters in his pocket.

"Katy, I should think you would get dreadfully lonely here," said Lotty, following her sister into the little dingy, musty, dusty drawing-room, where she was sweeping and raising a cloud of dust that caused Lotty to snatch up the skirt of her dress and wrap it about her head.

"I do sometimes," said Katy, as she paused for a moment with a little quivering sigh "but then it will be different now you have come, Lotty," she added hopefully.

Lotty's conscience smote her for a moment, and she answered not a word.

"Can't I help you, Katy?" she said presently, the thought appearing to occur to her suddenly, as she noticed that her sister panted for breath and that her delicate pink cheeks were flushed scarlet. But Katy would not hear of such a thing.

"She always did it and she was used to it, and Lotty was not," she said, and she swept away, and made up the rooms, baked bread, did some ironing, got dinner, washed the dishes and swept the kitchen, and then dressed for afternoon and sat down to some coarse crochet work. Lotty busied herself all day altering a dress, and as it was too cold for her to sit in her room Katy made a fire in the drawing-room for her accommodation. The two girls were sitting at their work late in the afternoon when the door was thrown suddenly open and a stout, elderly, vulgar-looking woman in a linsey-wolsey dress and a big linen apron, marched unceremoniously in.

"Oh here you are! I thought I

would surprise you," she said, as Katy started forward to receive her.

"This is Mrs. Best, our nearest neighbor, Lotty," she said turning to her sister, who bowed stiffly; but her stiffness was all thrown away upon Mrs. Best, who stepped forward and held out her hand, which Lotty took very gingerly—she had not been accustomed to such familiarity from that class of people.

"How d'ye do, Miss Farwell? I am very glad to see you. You seem quite like an old friend, I have heard Miss Katy speak of you so much. You are a stouter build and more robust-looking than your sister," she continued; "and I am sure it will be a great comfort to them all to have you at home. The care of a house, be it ever so poor, is too much for a child like Katy, particularly when they are delicate like." After shaking Lotty heartily by the hand, she turned to Katy and said:

"Well, Miss Katy, my dear, how goes the potted meat?"

"Oh, Mrs. Best, I am almost afraid to show it to you. I stayed up last night to boil it, and papa stayed up to

lift the pot off the stove, but I don't know if it is right or not," said Katy, leading the way into the kitchen, followed by Mrs. Best; and by-and-by Lotty heard Mrs. Best saying,

"Why, it is very nice, my dear. I could scarcely have done better myself; just a little more pepper,—there that will do; why, it is delicious, fit for a king. I am sure your papa will be proud of that, Miss Katy."

"Now, Mrs. Best, what is this you have left on the shelf?" sang out Katy, the next moment. "Ah! you thought I would not see it till after you had gone away," and she laughed, a merry mischievous laugh.

"Well, Miss Katy, it is just a bit of a pie. I was going to send you over some apples because I knew your sister had come, and you always want a little something for Sunday, but I knew you were always a little drove with the work on Saturdays, so I says to Joseph after breakfast, 'Joseph, I believe I will bake a bit of a pie and bring it over to Miss Katy; it will save her a deal of trouble,' and Joseph says, 'All right.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Literary Notices.

MACLEOD OF DARE. By William Black, author of "Madcap Violet," &c.

Mr Black's last novel, "Green Pastures and Piccadilly," was voted a partial failure by many critics. Of the present story it is rather soon to speak as it is at present only in process of publication, but we are rather disappointed to find the scene largely laid in London fashionable society and that the apparent heroine is an actress.

We give an extract from an early number describing the fortunes of a Highland family.

THE SIX BOYS OF DARE.

The sun had sunk behind the lonely western seas; Ulva, and Lunga, and the Dutchman's Cap had grown dark on the darkening waters, and the smooth Atlantic swell was booming along the sombre caves; but up here in Castle Dare—on the high and rocky coast of Mull—the great hall was lit with such a blaze of candles as Castle Dare had but rarely seen. And yet there did not seem to be any grand festivities going forward; for there were only three people seated at one end of the long and narrow table; and the banquet that the faithful Hamish had provided for them was of the most frugal kind. At the head of the table sat an old lady, with silvery-white hair and proud and fine features. It would have been a keen and haughty face but for the unutterable sadness of the eyes—blue-grey eyes under black eyelashes, that must have been beautiful enough in her youth, but were now dimmed and worn, as if the weight of the world's sorrow had been too much for the proud, high spirit. On the right of Lady Macleod sat the last of her six sons, Keith by name, a tall, sparsely-built, sinewy young fellow, with a sun-tanned cheek and crisp and curling hair; and with a happy and careless look in his clear eyes and about his mouth that rather blinded one to the firm lines of his face. Glad youth shone there; and the health begotten of hard exposure to wind and weather. What was life to him but a laugh, so long as there was a prow to cleave the plunging seas, and a glass to pick out the branching antlers far away amid the mists of the corrie? To please his mother, on this the

last night of his being at home, he wore the kilts; and he had hung his broad blue bonnet, with its sprig of juniper—the badge of the clan—on the top of one of the many pikes and halberds that stood by the great fireplace. Opposite him, on the old lady's left hand, sat his cousin, or rather half-cousin, the plain-featured but large-hearted Janet, whom the poor people about that neighborhood regarded as being something more than any mere mortal woman. If there had been any young artist among that Celtic peasantry fired by religious enthusiasm to paint the face of a Madonna, it would have been the plain features of Janet Macleod he would have dreamed about and striven to transfer to his canvas. Her eyes were fine, it is true; they were honest and tender; they were not unlike the eyes of the grand old lady who sat at the head of the table; but, unlike hers, they were not weighted with the sorrow of years.

"It is a dark hour you have chosen to go away from your home," said the mother; and the lean hand, resting on the table before her, trembled somewhat.

"Why, mother," the young man said lightly, "you know I am to have Captain——'s cabin as far as Greenock; and there will be plenty of time for me to put the kilts away, before I am seen by the people."

"Oh, Keith!" his cousin cried—for she was trying to be very cheerful too. "Do you say that you are ashamed of the tartan?"

"Ashamed of the tartan!" he said, with a laugh. "Is there any one who has been brought up at Dare who is likely to be ashamed of the tartan? When I am ashamed of the tartan I will put a pigeon's feather in my cap, as the new *suaicheantas* of this branch of Clann Leoid. But then, my good Janet, I would as soon think of taking my rifle and the dogs through the streets of London as of wearing the kilts in the south."

The old lady said no heed. Her hands were now clasped before her. There was sad thinking in her eyes.

"You are the last of my six boys," said she, "and you are going away from me too."

"Now, now, mother," said he, "you must not make so much of a holiday. You would not have me always at Dare? You know that no good comes of a stay-at-home."

She knew the proverb. Her other sons had not been stay-at-homes. What had come to them?

Of Sholto, the eldest, the traveller, the dare-devil, the grave is unknown; but the story of

how he met his death, in far Arizona, came years after to England, and to Castle Dare. He sold his life dearly, as became one of his race and name. When his cowardly attendants found a band of twenty Apaches riding down on them, they unhitched the mules and galloped off; leaving him to confront the savages by himself. One of these, more courageous than his fellows, advanced and drew his arrow to the barb: the next second he uttered a yell, and rolled from his saddle to the ground, shot through the heart. Macleod seized this instant, when the savages were terror-stricken by the precision of the white man's weapons, to retreat a few yards and get behind a mesquit tree. Here he was pretty well sheltered from the arrows that they sent in clouds about him; while he succeeded in killing other two of his enemies who had ventured to approach. At last they rode off; and it seemed as though he would be permitted to rejoin his dastardly comrades. But the Indians had only gone to windward to set the tall grass on fire; and presently he had to scramble, burnt and blinded, up the tree, where he was an easy mark for their arrows. Fortunately, when he fell, he was dead: this was the story told by some friendly Indians to a party of white men, and subsequently brought home to Castle Dare.

The next four of the sons of Dare were soldiers, as most of the Macleods of that family had been. And if you ask about the graves of Roderick and Ronald, what is one to say? They are known, and yet unknown. The two lads were in one of the Highland regiments that served in the Crimea. They both lie buried on the bleak plains outside Sebastopol. And if the memorial stones put up to them and their brother officers are falling into ruin and decay—if the very graves have been rifled—how is England to help that? England is the poorest country in the world. There was a talk some two or three years ago of putting up a monument on Cathcart Hill to the Englishmen who died in the Crimea; and that at least would have been some token of remembrance, even if we could not collect the scattered remains of our slain sons, as the French have done. But then that monument would have cost £5,000. How could England afford £5,000? When a big American city takes fire, or when a district in France is inundated, she can put her hand

into her pocket deeply enough; but how can we expect so proud a mother to think twice about her children who perished in fighting for her? Happily, the dead are independent of forgetfulness.

Duncan the Fair-haired—Donacha Ban they called him far and wide among the hills—lies buried in a jungle on the African coast. He was only twenty-three when he was killed; but he knew he had got the Victoria Cross. As he lay dying, he asked whether the people in England would send it to his mother, showing that his last fancies were still about Castle Dare.

And Hector? As you cross the river at Sadowa, and pass through a bit of forest, some corn-fields begin to appear, and these stretch away up to the heights of Chlum. Along the ridge there, by the side of the wood, are many mounds of earth. Over the grave of Hector Macleod is no proud and pathetic inscription such as marks the last resting-place of a young lieutenant who perished at Gravelotte—*Er ruht sanft in wiederer kämpfter Deutscher Erde*; but the young Highland officer was well-beloved by his comrades, and when the dead were being pitched into the great holes dug for them, and when rude hands were preparing the simple record, painted on a wooden cross, "*Hier liegen — tapfere Krieger,*" a separate memento was placed over the grave of Under-Lieutenant Hector Macleod of the —th Imperial and Royal Cavalry Regiment. He was one of the two sons who had not inherited the title. Was it not a proud boast for this white-haired lady in Mull that she had been the mother of four baronets? What other mother in all the land could say so much? And yet it was that that had dimmed and saddened the beautiful eyes.

And now her youngest—her Benjamin—her best-beloved—he was going away from her too. It was not enough that the big deer-forest, the last of the possessions of the Macleods of Dare, had been kept intact for him, when the letting of it to a rich Englishman would greatly have helped the falling fortunes of the family; it was not enough that the poor people about, knowing Lady Macleod's wishes, had no thought of keeping a salmon-spear hidden in the thatch of their cottages. Salmon and stag could no longer bind him to the place. The young blood stirred. And when he asked her what good thing came of being a stay-at-home, what could she say?



Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor of the "New Dominion Monthly," Box 37, P. O., Montreal.

A. P. BARNES. Yours received. We receive yours regularly. Have sent last week numbers for January, February, March and April.

"PHANIA." Received poem. It is well worthy the honor it attained. We are glad to give it a place in this month's column.

D. T. ROBERTSON, M. D. Yours received. Thanks. Solution to end game Perry vs. Shaw correct. Your son's game is excellent and extraordinary, but we question the prudence of straining so youthful a brain—more especially in blindfold play. Shall be pleased to hear from you again.

R. S. and ALPHA.—Solutions to problem No. 19 correct. All others are wrong.

J. W. SHAW.—All communications received. Exceedingly obliged for your courtesy.

GAME 31.

The subjoined game we consider a most extraordinary effort, having been won by a boy nine years of age, and played by him without board and men! against an opponent using both.

E. A. R. (blindfold). B.—.
WHITE (French opening). BLACK.

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| 1. P. K. 4. | 1. P. K. 3. |
| 2. P. Q. 4. | 2. P. Q. 4. |
| 3. P. × P. | 3. P × P |
| 4. Kt. K. B. 3. | 4. Kt. K. B. 3. |
| 5. B. K. 3. | 5. B. Q. 3. |
| 6. B. Q. 3. | 6. Castles. |
| 7. B. K. Kt. 5. | 7. P. K. R. 3. |
| 8. B. R. 4. | 8. P. Q. B. 4. |
| 9. P. × P. | 9. B. × P. |
| 10. Castles. | 10. Q. Kt. B. 3. |
| 11. Q. Kt. B. 3. | 11. P. K. Kt. 4. |
| 12. B. Kt. 3. | 12. Kt. K. R. 4. |
| 13. K. Kt. K. 5. (a). | 13. P. K. B. 4. |

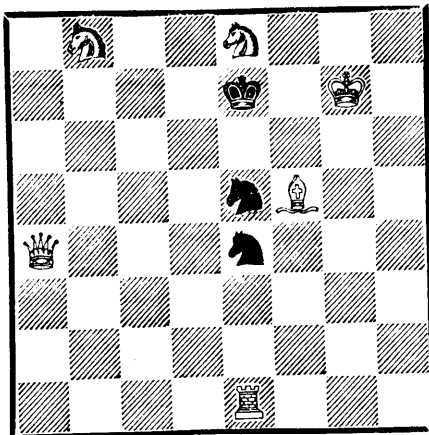
- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| 14. Q. × Kt. | 14. P. K. B. 5. |
| 15. Q. × R. P. | 15. P. × B. |
| 16. Q. R. 7. mate. | 16. |

(a). Cleverly played.

PROBLEM No. 20.

By F. M. Teed, New York, one of the players on Capt. Mackenzie's side in the late Consultation Match.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

MR. LOYD, the American Master, says of this problem:—

"We have never found a two-mover that gave us more trouble to solve."

GAME 30.

Dash at the odds of a castle.

WHITE (Ascher). BLACK (Master A.—S.—).

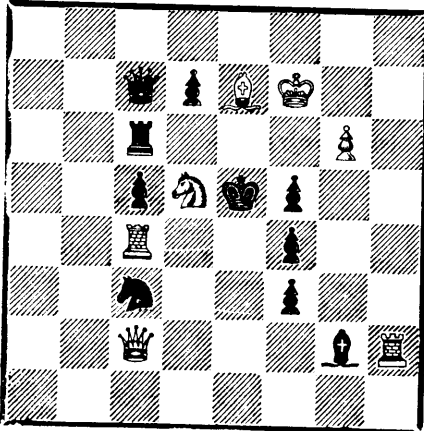
Remove White's Q. R. (centre gambit).

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4. | 1. P. to K. 4. |
| 2. P. to Q. 4. | 2. P. × P. |
| 3. B. to Q. B. 4. | 3. K. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 4. K. Kt. to B. 3. | 4. P. to K. R. 3. |

5. P. to K. 5. 5. P. to Q. 4.
 6. P. × P. (*en pass*). 6. Q. B. to K. Kt. 5.
 7. Kt. to K. 5. 7. B. × Q.
 8. B. × P. mate.

PROBLEM No. 21.

Letter "R" by Jacob Elson, Philadelphia.
 BLACK.



WHITE.

To play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

The Consultation Match at the Café International terminated in favor of Captain Mackenzie and allies, by a score of three to one, and one drawn game. The last game contested between Messrs. Mackenzie and Delmar, against Messrs. Mason and Brenzinger, we give below. The notes are by Captain Mackenzie.

GAME 31.

The deciding game in the Consultation Match.

TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENSE.

White.

Black.

MESSRS. M. AND D. MESSRS. M. AND B.

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| 1. P. K. 4. | 1. P. K. 4. |
| 2. Kt. K. B. 3. | 2. Kt. K. B. 3. |
| 3. B. B. 4. | 3. Kt. Q. B. 3. |
| 4. Kt. Kt. 5. | 4. P. Q. 4. |
| 5. P. × P. | 5. Kt. Q. R. 4. |
| 6. P. Q. 3. | 6. B. Q. B. 4. |
| 7. P. Q. B. 3. (a). | 7. Kt. × B. |
| 8. P. × Kt. | 8. Castles. |
| 9. P. Q. Kt. 4. | 9. B. K. 2. |
| 10. Kt. K. B. 3. | 10. B. K. Kt. 5. |
| 11. P. K. R. 3. | 11. B. × Kt. |

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 12. Q. × B. | 12. P. Q. Kt. 4. |
| 13. Castles. (b). | 13. P. × P. |
| 14. R. Q. | 14. P. Q. R. 4. |
| 15. P. Q. Kt. 5. | 15. Q. Q. 2. |
| 16. P. Q. R. 4. | 16. K. R. Q. |
| 17. B. K. Kt. 5. | 17. Kt. K. (c). |
| 18. B. × B. | 18. Q. × B. |
| 19. Kt. Q. 2. | 19. Kt. Q. 3. |
| 20. Q. K. 2. | 20. P. K. B. 4. |
| 21. Kt. × Q. B. P. | 21. Kt. K. 5. |
| 22. Q. K. 3. | 22. R. K. |
| 23. R. K. | 23. Q. K. B. 2. |
| 24. Q. R. Q. | 24. Q. R. Q. |
| 25. Kt. × Q. R. P. | 25. R. Q. R. |
| 26. Kt. Q. B. 6. | 26. R. × R. P. |
| 27. P. K. B. 3. | 27. P. K. B. 5. |
| 28. Q. Q. B. | 28. Kt. Q. 3. |
| 29. Kt. × K. P. | 29. Q. K. B. 4. (d). |
| 30. Kt. Q. B. 6. | 30. R. × R. ch. |
| 31. R. × R. | 31. Q. Q. 6. |
| 32. P. Q. Kt. 6. (e). | 32. P. × P. |
| 33. R. K. 6. | 33. Q. Q. B. 5. (f). |
| 34. K. R. 2. | 34. Q. Q. B. 4. (g). |
| 35. Q. K. | 35. P. K. R. 3. |
| 36. Kt. K. 7. ch. | 36. K. R. 2. |
| 37. Q. Q. Kt. ch. | 37. K. R. |
| 38. R. × R. P. ch. | |

and Black resigns, as it is impossible to escape from *both* the mates that are threatened, when White, on his next move, plays Q. K. Kt. 6.

NOTES.

(a) In Sühle and Neumann's "Theorie und Praxis des Schachspiels," the following continuation is good :

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| 7. Castles. | 7. Castles. |
| 8. P. Q. B. 3. | 8. P. K. R. 3. |
| 9. P. Q. Kt. 4. | 9. P. tks. Kt. |
| 10. P. tks B. | 10. Kt. tks Q. P. |
| 11. B. tks. K. Kt. P. | 11. P. K. B. 3. |
| 12. B. tks Kt. ch. | 12. Q. tks. B. |
| 13. B. K. 3. | 13. B. K. B. 4. |

and the game is about even.

(b) White leaves the P. to be taken, being certain, sooner or later, of regaining it.

(c) It is obvious enough that the Q. P. can not be captured without loss.

(d) We question whether this is the best sq. for the Q. as the Kt. now returns to Q. B. 6. threatening the fatal ch. at K. 7.

(e) A very good move, which throws Black at once on the defensive.

(f) Mr. Brenzinger thought afterwards that Q. Q. R. 3 would have afforded Black more resources, but it appears to us that the move of K. R. 2 is as effective in that case, as it is in the present.

(g) The Kt. can not move on account of the threatened check at K. 8 with R. and K. 5 with Kt.

GAME 32.

An interesting little game was played recently at Cafe Logeling between Messrs. Samuel Loyd and F. Perrin.

RUY LOPEZ KT'S GAME.

White.

Black.

MR. LOYD.

MR. PERRIN.

1. P. K. 4.
2. Kt. K. B. 3.
3. B. Kt. 5.
4. Kt. tks. Kt.
5. P. Q. 3 (a).
6. B. Q. B. 4.
7. P. tks. P.
8. B. Kt. 3.
9. Castles.
10. P. Q. R. 3 (c).
11. B. Q. R. 2.
12. P. Q. Kt. 4.
13. P. Q. Kt. 5.
14. P. Q. R. 4.
15. P. K. B. 4 (f).
16. R. B. 3 (g).
17. B. tks. Kt.
18. Q. K.
19. R. tks. P. ch.
20. Q. tks. B. ch.
21. Kt. Q. B. 3.
22. Q. Q. 4.
23. Kt. tks. Q. P.
24. Q. tks. K. Kt. P. (h).
25. P. Q. B. 4.
26. Q. Kt. 4 ch. (i).

1. P. K. 4.
2. Kt. Q. B. 3.
3. Kt. Q. 5.
4. P. tks. Kt.
5. P. Q. B. 3.
6. P. Q. 4 (b).
7. P. tks. P.
8. B. K. 3.
9. B. Q. B. 4.
10. Kt. B. 3.
11. B. Kt. 3 (d).
12. P. Q. R. 4.
13. Q. Q. 3 (e).
14. B. Q. B. 4.
15. Kt. Kt. 5.
16. Kt. K. 6.
17. P. tks. B.
18. B. K. Kt. 5.
19. B. tks. R.
20. K. Q. 2.
21. K. R. K.
22. Q. R. Q.
23. R. K. 7.
24. B. K. 3.
25. B tks. Kt.
26. Q. K. 3.

and Mr. Loyd resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) Castling is considered rather better.
- (b) Premature, and leaving himself with two badly doubled isolated pawns; he should have played Kt. K. B. 3.
- (c) White's play about this point seems to us remarkably feeble. He certainly has the advantage in position but omits making use of it. B. R. 4. ch. followed by R. K. ch.; if Black interpose the B. to the first ch, and then returning the B. to Kt. 3. cramps Black considerably and threatens him with many unpleasant things.
- (d) Nor does this strike us favorably; if the intention of Black was to push the Q. R. P. to arrest the hostile advance he might as well have done it at once and have saved two moves as the B. returns to his old post almost directly.
- (e) Keeping White's pawn divided by P. R. 5. looks tempting but does not amount to much.
- (f) A very poor move which gives the Black pieces entry into his game. White's position is singularly crowded and he does not seem to have much to do; we should prefer 15 B. Kt. 5.

(g) Perhaps White had counted on pushing the P. on the B. at this point. If he plays the R. to B. 2. Black still answers 16. Kt. K. 6. and White's position is very uncomfortable.

(h) The position is interesting and the apparent exposure of the Black K. very dangerous, the following variations are furnished us as having actually occurred as back games from this point.

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------------|
| 24. P. Q. B. 4. | 24. K. K. |
| 25. Q. to Kt. 4. | 25. B. K. 3. |
| 26. K. B. | 26. R. Q. 7. |
| 27. Kt. B. 6. ch. | 27. K. K. 2. |
| 28. K. K. | 28. Q. tks Q. P. and wins. |
- (2)
- | | |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| 24. P. Q. B. 4. | 24. K. K. |
| 25. P. Q. B. 5. | 25. Q. K. Kt. 3. |
| 26. Kt. B. 7. ch. | 26. K. K. 2. |
| 27. Kt. Q. 5. ch. | 27. K. B. |
| 28. Q. Q. B. 4. | 28. B. K. 3. and wins. |
- (3)
- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 24. Q. Q. R. 7. | 24. R. Q. Kt. |
| 25. Q. tks Q. R. P. | 25. Q. Q. B. 4. ch. |
| 26. K. R. | 26. K. K. |
| 27. R. K. | 27. Q. K. B. 7. |
| 28. Kt. Q. B. 7. ch. | 28. K. Q. 2. |
| 29. R. K. Kt. | 29. P. Q. Kt. 3. |
| 30. Q. Q. B. 3. | 30. R. tks Q. B. P. |
| 31. Q. K. 5. | 31. Q. tks P. ch. |
| 32. R. tks Q. | 32. R. K. 8. ch. |
| 33. R. Kt. | 33. B. mates. |

(i) A concluding error, P. takes B. gives considerable chances and as far as forces go White is superior; perhaps Black ought still to win.

CHess WAIFs.

The Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney is progressing satisfactorily. The following is a list of intending players, seventeen in all:—

- Professor Hicks..... Montreal.
 Jno. Henderson..... do.
 A. Saunders..... do.
 J. W. Shaw..... do.
 C. A. Boivin, St. Hyacinthe, Q.
 W. Braithwaite, Unionville, Ont.
 Rev. T. D. Phillips, Ottawa, do.
 C. S. Baker..... Galt, do.
 Dr. Geo. J. Potts, Belleville, do.
 H. Boggs..... Cobourg, do.
 Goodwin Gibson.... Toronto, do.
 Dr. J. Ryall..... Hamilton, do.
 H. N. Kittson..... do do.
 J. E. Narraway, St. John, N. B.
 J. Clawson..... do do.
 J. T. Wylde..... Halifax, N. S.
 M. J. Murphy.... Quebec.

Play has already commenced, and we trust in our next issue to be in a position to give some

of the scores. In another column will be found Mr. Shaw's preliminary report.

We regret to chronicle the death of John Cochrane, the eminent player, which occurred at the ripe age of 81. His name links the past and present era of chess; he having been the last survivor of a brilliant galaxy of masters, whose brilliancy and strength marked conspicuously the last half century of the game in England and India.

The "Jewish Club," Aldgate, London, achieved quite a victory lately over the North London. The score stood as follows:

| JEWISH | | NORTH LONDON. | |
|---------------------|------|-----------------------|---------------|
| | Won. | Won, | Drawn. |
| Moccatta, | 1. | Lamb, | 0 0 |
| Gunzberg, | 2. | Stevens, | 0 0 |
| L. Cohen, | 1. | Howard, | 1 0 |
| Pfahl, | 2. | Oliver, | 0 0 |
| Harris, | 0. | Eckenstein, | 1 1 |
| Israel, | 1. | Symons, | 1 0 |
| Samuel, | 1. | Orielsma, | 0 0 |
| Moses, | 1. | Hepworth, | 0 0 |

We are sorry to learn that The Café International, of New York the resort of the leading Chess spirits of that city, is closed.

The *Automaton Chess-Player* is now being exhibited at the New York Aquarium. From the reputed strength of the "machine" we are afraid it may truly find itself in a "sea of troubles" if pitted against some of the towering New Yorkers.

Lowenthal's bequest to the Chess World is to be in part utilized by establishing two annual even tournaments, with a cup for each, to be called the "Lowenthal Memorial Cups."

Messrs. Rosenthal and Blackbourne have again been giving exhibitions of their marvellous faculty in playing (Rosenthal 8, Blackbourne 10,) games simultaneously blindfold against the same number of opponents. Rosenthal won 6 and drew 2. Blackbourne won 7, lost 1, and drew 2.

MUSIC AND CHESS.—Several of our editorial brethren and many eminent writers have remarked upon the fact that there are but few chess-players who are not musicians. An eminent phrenologist has said that the same faculties are called into exercise in both sciences, and that the practise of the one is conducive to the improvement of the other. A writer in the *British Chess Review* says:—"It is a singular but well-authenticated fact, that musicians and Chess-players have similarly constituted organiza-

tions; and it will be found that the same powers are called into play in both characters,—memory, concentrativeness, along with other similar qualities, are in the same degree required in both." A larger number of chess celebrities are to be found in the ranks of the musical profession than among any other class of men. The long list is headed by the renowned Philidor himself, who was equally famous in the world of music and chess. Walker, the pleastantest of chess writers, says:—"Music springs from the same source, and accordingly chess-players and musicians will be ever found intimately mingled. Nixon, Slous, Dizi, Lewis, Bone, Griffin, Latour, Tranpenas, and fifty others I could quote, are equally accomplished as musicians and chess-players."

Rudolph Williams, the pianist, received the first prize in the Problem Tourney of our Chess Congress. Fetis, Thalberg, Kling, Maelzel, and Staudigl, all fine chess players, are examples not mentioned by Walker.—*Scientific American*.

Touching these remarks we might suggest to the *Scientific American* that possibly the analogy between music and chess may be traced to the fact of both pursuits involving the mind in complex calculations resulting in *harmonies*. Indeed it would be difficult to say whether the mighty combinations which music, scientifically considered, is capable of producing have not a counterpart in chess equally incalculable.

Mr. Bird on his arrival in England was handsomely entertained by the City of London Chess Club. In the course of his speech in acknowledgment of the toast of his health, Mr. Bird gratefully alluded to the great kindness he had received from the American and Canadian players.

Messrs. Dean & Son will shortly issue Mr. Bird's long forthcoming work "Chess Openings."

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

PRELIMINARY REPORT.

The conductor of the Tourney begs to inform the intending players that the list now contains 15 names—from the Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.

When the number shall have reached 17, it is proposed to put the Tourney into active operation. With the object of shortening as much as possible the duration of the Tourney, the conductor advised a reduction of the *time-limit* to

On the first day of April last, the Montreal Chess Club received a challenge from the Toronto Club, per Mr. M. H. Hirschberg Secretary, T. C. to play two matches by telegraph, of three games each (consultation). One set of games to be conducted by the seniors, and the other by the juniors, respectively, of the Clubs,—the latter players being those accustomed to receive the odds of the Knight from their stronger brethren.

The Toronto Club being engaged at that time in playing a match over the wires with the Hamiltonians, it was thought by some of the Montrealers that their friends in Toronto were indulging in the *humor* peculiar to the day in question (1st. April), but subsequent intelligence proved the *bona-fide* character of the challenge.

The *cartel* however, was not accepted, owing to press of business and other matters on the part of several of the leading players of the Montreal Club.

We trust Toronto will repeat her offer, say next winter, when there will be every probability of its being accepted, and the respective strength of the two Clubs brought to issue.

—Communicated.

THE FINAL MATE.

(First Prize Poem in the recent Literary Chess Tourney of the *Hartford Times*.)

BY PHANIA.

“Obey
Thy genius, for a minister it is
Unto the throne of Fate.”—FESTUS.

The sweet-brier lifted its graceful head,
Its spicy odor around was shed,
The window shading, filling the room
Of the village pastor with sweet perfume;
The while he studied his Latin and Greek,
And wrote his sermons from week to week;
Received the visits of Norah Brown,
Or battled at chess with Doctor Drown.

Poor Norah Brown, with her crutch and cane,
Came daily hobbling along the lane;
In the pastor's study an hour to spend,
'Mong books and prints he would kindly lend,
The crippled, suffering child to please,
Who knew so little of pleasure or ease.
A bright, June morning. In shining dew
The sweet-brier sparkled, as through and through,
'Mid leaves and blossoms, a humming-bird
With darting flashes the dewdrops stirred;

Now sipping sweets on its well-poised wing,
And then away like a fairy thing.
But Parson Lynch neither saw nor heard
The blooming brier nor the humming-bird;
As with mind enwrapt and head bent down,
He studied gambits with Doctor Drown.

With toiling footsteps, along the lane,
Came Norah Brown with her crutch and cane;
And, drawing near to the open door,
She sees what she never had seen before.
Poor little Norah, with wondering eyes,
Observed the game in a mute surprise;
Forgetting picture—forgetting scroll—
By the strife absorbed to her inmost soul,
She scanned the movements of piece and pawn,
As though a fortune were staked thereon.
How long she watched them she never knew;
But when the Doctor at length withdrew,
She begged the Parson, in bashful way,
To teach the moves of this wondrous play.
Then every day through the shady lane,
Came little Norah with crutch and cane;
But books and pictures unheeded lay,
As she and the Pastor at chess would play.

The bloom of spring could not ever last,
The apple-blossom to fruitage passed;
The fields were glowing with golden grain,
The gorgeous summer was on the wane:
As bloom and brightness precede decay,
So surely was Norah passing away.
Then ceased her steps o'er the gravelled lane;
She kept her couch through the days of pain;
But brave in spirit, the men and board
Were placed by her side, and she deeply pored
O'er prowess of Queen or belted Knight,
O'er Rook or Bishop in fresh delight.

The face of Norah grew thin and old,
As the days passed on into winter's cold;
Although her features oft wore a smile,
A tinge of sorrow was there the while.
The Parson's footsteps along the lane
Now echoed, for Norah's crutch and cane
Were idly leaning against the wall,
In useless silence to wait her call.
Her visits missing, the Pastor said
He gladly came to her patient bed,
To talk of her coming happiness,
And lighten the hours by playing chess.
The snows of winter had come and gone,
The grass was springing upon the lawn,
The dark, bare stalks of the sweet-brier grew
In vernal beauty, revived anew;
Again the humming-bird bent to sup
The honey stored in its glowing cup;
Again was the village preacher's room
With the spices filled of its rich perfume.
The dewdrops glistened along the lane
The good man traversed in moody vein;
He knew these visits would soon be o'er,
For Norah was nearing the other shore.

Of hopeful lessons the Pastor read,
One morning, sitting by Norah's bed;
He pictured regions of love and delight,

Where sickness, sorrow nor pain would blight ;
But joys enduring, in boundless store
Of perfect life be hers evermore.

“Tis beautiful all ! I ofttime dream
Of the city of God by the golden stream ;
Of bowers of light with no taint of distress,
But, tell me if there we may still play chess?”

“ My child, enjoyment will there be given
To suit the mind, or it were not heaven ;
We do not know the dress or employ,
In future homes of enduring joy,
But this we know, all forms of delight
Expand the soul and rejoice the sight.”

“ Now bring the board ! One lingering sup
Of pleasure, ere earth-life is swallowed up
In the vast Unknown, whose precincts lie
Somewhere, we know not, in earth or sky.”

Long time o'er the game entranced they hung,
The mind was busy, but mute the tongue ;
Each played with that careful earnestness
Which looks for a sure, complete success.
The thin, white fingers of Norah Brown
O'er the chess-board stray like flecks of down ;
Or here, or thither, each piece is sent,
On mission of swift destruction bent ;
Advance she turns to a quick retreat,
Till the Preacher's doom is a sure defeat.

With painful effort from off the bed
Has Norah managed to lift her head ;
She eagerly seizes a sombre Knight,
Her features glowing with wondrous light,
And plants it down with exultant ring —
A final mate to the Parson's King.

“ I've won ! I've won ! ”—The invalid lies
Back on the pillow. Out from her eyes
The light is fading ; the pale lips part—
A gasp, a quiver, a throb of the heart ;
A sigh, as of pain, a short, quick breath—
Earth-life is ended—conquered is death !

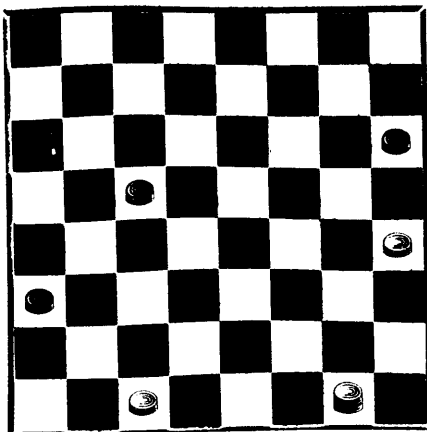
The sweet-brier still is bright in its bloom,
While o'er the garden and through the room
Its breath is wafted upon the air.
Like spicy incense of morning prayer ;
And still the humming-bird, darting through,
From its branches shakes the pearly dew ;
While often the Pastor, on quiet days,
At the royal game with the Doctor plays ;
But the little form, that with crutch and cane
So often hobbled along the lane,
Is laid away in a hopeful rest,
With white hands folded across the breast ;
Nor winter's tempest, nor summer's sun,
Disturbs its sleep—she has won ! she has won !

“ *The Larches*,” May, 1877.

Draughts.

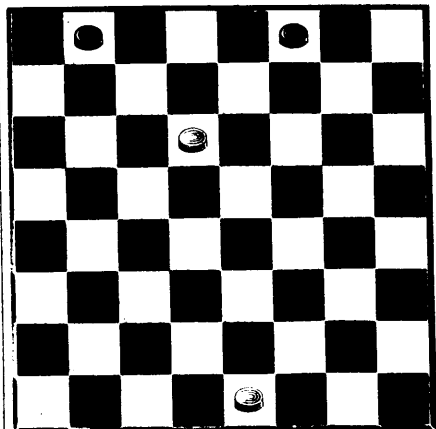
PROBLEM No. 7.

BY J. G. TRELEAVEN, LUCKNOW.



White to move and Win.

PROBLEM No. 8.*



White to move and win.

*This is what is known as the 1st Position, and though there are only two men on each side, it is really very difficult for beginners.

All communications to be addressed to Mr. Andrew Whyte, Draughts Editor of the "NEW DOMINION MONTHLY," Bolton Forest, Que.

| | | | |
|-------|----------|-------|-------|
| 7.14 | (a) 8.11 | 11.15 | 27.31 |
| 27.23 | 27.23 | 23.16 | 25.22 |

White wins.

(a). The game from this move is known among players as the "Black Doctor."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 5.

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|------|
| 1. 5 | 14.18 | 22.17 | 13.22 | 5. 9 |
| 18.23 | 9.14 | 10.17 | 19.10 | |

Drawn.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 6.

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|------|-------------|
| 27.24 | 20.27 | 11. 8 | 3.12 | 19.16 |
| 12.26 | 25.30 | | | White wins. |

A. Brodie, of Quebec, writes, pointing out a draw on Problem No. 2,—at 8th move of solution instead of 24.28 play 13.17, 21.14, 23.18, drawn.

GAME No. 16.—LAIRD AND LADY.

Played between Mr. E. Kelly of Kingston, and Mr. C. Pickering of Cobourg.

Kelly's move.

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 11.15 | 18.25 | 17.22 | 28.32 | 28.32 |
| 23.19 | 30.14 | 26.17 | 7.10 | 6. 2 |
| 8.11 | 2. 6 | 11.15 | 32.28 | 32.28 |
| 22.17 | 29.25 | 17.13 | 19.15 | 2. 6 |
| 9.13 | 13.17 | 15.24 | 18.22 | 28.24 |
| 17.14 | 25.21 | 13. 9 | 31.27 | 6.10 |
| 10.17 | 6.10 | 10.17 | 28.24 | 24.19 |
| 21.14 | 27.24 | 21.14 | 27.23 | 7. 3 |
| 15.18 | 11.15 | 7.10 | 24.19 | 8.12 |
| 19.15 | 32.27 | 14. 7 | 23.16 | 3. 7 |
| 4. 8 | 8.11 | 5.14 | 12.19 | 22.26 |
| 24.19 | 27.23 | 23.19 | 10. 7 | 7.11 |
| 6.10 | 3. 8 | 14.18 | 19.24 | 26.31 |
| 15. 6 | 24.20 | 7. 3 | 15.10 | 11.15 |
| 1.17 | 15.24 | 24.28 | 24.28 | 19.24 |
| 25.22 | 28.19 | 3. 7 | 10. 6 | |

Drawn.

GAME 17TH.—OLD FOURTEENTH.

Played in Newhaven between Messrs. Whelahan and Yates.

From the *New York Clipper*.

Whelahan's move.

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 11.15 | 3. 7 | 11.15 | 15.18 | 10.15 |
| 23.19 | 24.20 | 19.16 | 22.15 | 7.11 |
| 8.11 | 6.10 | 12.19 | 10.19 | 14.18 |
| 22.17 | 29.25 | 23.16 | 16.11 | 21.14 |
| 4. 8 | 1. 6 | 7.11 | 19.24 | 18.25 |
| 25.22 | 32.27 | 16. 7 | 11. 7 | 30.21 |
| 9.13 | 11.15 | 2.11 | 24.27 | 31.22 |
| 17.14 | 22.19 | 31.27 | 7. 3 | 11.25 |
| 10.17 | 15.24 | 15.19 | 6.10 | |
| 19.10 | 28.19 | 27.23 | 3. 7 | |

GAME No. 18.—GLASGOW.

Played by correspondence between Messrs. Stuart, of Ottawa, and Rattray, of Montreal.

STUART'S MOVE.

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 11.15 | 20.11 | 19.24 | 22.18 | 11.15 |
| 23.19 | 3. 7 | 17.14 | 10.14 | 19.10 |
| 8.11 | 28.24 | 9.18 | 18. 9 | 6.15 |
| 22.17 | 7.16 | 22.15 | 5.14 | 31.26 |
| 11.16 | 24.20 | 10.19 | 26.23 | 1. 6 |
| 24.20 | 16.19 | 32.28 | 19.26 | 26.22 |
| 16.23 | 25.22 | 6.10 | 28.19 | 6.10 |
| 27.11 | 4. 8 | 25.22 | 2. 6 | 22.17 |
| 7.16 | 29.25 | 8.11 | 30.23 | |

drawn.

GAME No. 19.—OLD FOURTEENTH.

Played in Quebec between Mr. William Brodie and a friend.

FRIEND'S MOVE.

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 11.15 | 9.13 | 1. 5 | 12.16 | 24.27 |
| 23.19 | 27.23 | 25.22 | 24.19 | 7.10 |
| 8.11 | 5. 9 | 14.17 | 8.12 | 27.31 |
| 22.17 | 24.20 | 21.14 | 19.15 | 9.14 |
| 4. 8 | 15.24 | 10.17 | 14.17 | 18. 9 |
| 25.22 | 28.19 | 19.15 | 15.18 | 5.14 |
| 9.14 | 11.15 | 3. 8 | 16.19 | 20.16 |
| 17.13 | 32.28 | 15.10 | 23.16 | 14.18 |
| 6. 9 | 15.24 | 7.14 | 12.19 | 22.15 |
| 13. 6 | 28.19 | 31.27 | 8. 3 | 31.22 |
| 2. 9 | 8.11 | 17.21 | 19.24 | 10.14 |
| 29.25 | 22.18 | 27.24 | 3. 7 | |

And wins.

GAME No 20.—SINGLE CORNER.

Played at Port Huron, Mich., U. S., between W. J. W. and friend.

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 11.15 | 19.15 | 12.19 | 22.17 | 17.21 |
| 22.18 | 10.19 | 23.16 | 19.23 | 6. 2 |
| 15.22 | 23.16 | 11.15 | 27.18 | 21.30 |
| 25.18 | 6.10 | 30.25 | 14.23 | 2.11 |
| 8.11 | 22.17 | 1. 5 | 17.13 | 30.26 |
| 29.25 | 9.14 | 26.22 | 9.14 | 16.12 |
| 4. 8 | 18. 9 | 5. 9 | 13. 9 | 23.27 |
| 25.22 | 5.14 | 17.13 | 14.17 | 32.23 |
| 12.16 | 26.23 | 15.19 | 21.14 | 26.19 |
| 24.19 | 8.12 | 13. 6 | 10.17 | 11.16 |
| 16.20 | 31.26 | 2. 9 | 9. 6 | 19.23 |

Black wins.

"SINGLE CORNER" WITH VARIATIONS.

GAME.

| | | | | |
|-------|----------|---------|---------|--------|
| 11.15 | 27.24 | 5.14 | 8. 4 | 22.18 |
| 22.18 | 8.12 | 19.15 | 29.25 | 15.10 |
| 15.22 | 24.19 | 11.18 | 4. 8 | 6.15 |
| 25.18 | * 7.10 | 20.11 | 11 2. 7 | 19.10 |
| 8.11 | 10 32.27 | ‡ 18.22 | 31.26 | 14.17 |
| 29.25 | 6.13 | 26.17 | 14.18 | 21.14 |
| 4. 8 | 18. 9 | 13.22 | 26.22 | 18. 9 |
| 25.22 | 5.14 | 23.19 | 10.14 | 24.19 |
| 12.16 | 22.18 | 22.25 | 22.15 | 7.14 |
| 24.20 | 1. 5 | 11. 8 | 25.22 | 8.11 |
| 10.14 | 18. 9 | 25.29 | 28.24 | Drawn. |

Drummond.

(10).

| | | | | |
|----------|-------|-------|-------|-----------|
| 12 19.15 | 1. 6 | 21.14 | 11.18 | 21.17 |
| 10.19 | 30.25 | 10.17 | 20.11 | 26.31 |
| 32.27 | 3. 7 | 25.21 | 7.16 | 17.13 |
| 13 19.24 | 31.27 | 17.22 | 23.14 | 31.26 |
| 28.19 | 9.13 | 26.17 | 16.20 | 10. 6 |
| 6.10 | 18. 9 | 13.22 | 14.10 | Drawn. |
| 27.24 | 5.14 | 19.15 | 22.26 | Sinclair. |

(11).

| | | | | |
|-------|----------|---------|-------|-------|
| 25.22 | 23.27 | 32.27 | 18.25 | 12.16 |
| 8.11 | 24.20 | 11. 2 | 9.18 | 8. 4 |
| 14.18 | 27.32 | 27.18 | 25.22 | 16.20 |
| 11.16 | 30.26 | 2. 6 | 18.25 | 15.10 |
| 6. 9 | 22.25 | 9.13 | 29.22 | 3. 8 |
| 27.24 | 26.23 | 6. 9 | 16.11 | 4.11 |
| 18.23 | 2. 7 | 22.25 | 22.18 | 20.24 |
| 16.11 | 14 20.16 | 31.26 | 11. 8 | 28.19 |
| 10.14 | 25.22 | 25.29 | 18.23 | Black |
| 11.15 | 15.11 | a 26.22 | 19.15 | wins. |

Drummond.

(A).

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-----------|
| 16.11 | 12.16 | 19.12 | 15.11 | Black |
| | | | | wins. |
| | | | | Drummond. |

(12).

| | | | | |
|----------|---------|-------|-------|-------|
| 28.24 | 5.14 | 21.14 | 7.10 | 22.18 |
| 3. 7 | 22.18 | 10.17 | 30.25 | 1. 5 |
| 15 32.28 | ‡ 13.17 | 26.22 | 2. 6 | 18.15 |
| 9.13 | 18. 9 | 17.26 | 25.21 | Black |
| 18. 9 | 6.13 | 31.22 | 6. 9 | wins. |

Sinclair.

(13).

| | | | | |
|---------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 2. 7 | 15.22 | 9.27 | 20.24 | 31.27 |
| b 22.17 | 24. 8 | 26.17 | 11. 8 | 8.11 |
| 7.10 | 14.17 | 3.12 | 24.27 | |
| 17.13 | 20.11 | 31.24 | 8. 4 | White |

*Some players consider this the strongest way of opening for the Black men.

†This is, we think, White's best move at this point.

‡The losing move.

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-----------|
| 10.15 | 12.16 | 16.20 | 27.31 | wins. |
| 27.24 | 21.14 | 24.19 | 4. 8 | Sinclair. |

(B).

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-----------|
| 27.24 | 24.15 | 23.16 | 26.19 | Black |
| 3. 8 | 16.19 | 14.23 | 11.25 | wins. |
| | | | | Sinclair. |

(14).

| | | | | |
|-------|--------|-------|-------|-----------|
| 15.18 | c 3. 7 | 15. 8 | 15.22 | White |
| 7.11 | 19.15 | 22.15 | 8. 3 | wins. |
| 31.27 | 25.22 | 23.18 | | Drummond. |

(C).

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-----------|
| 3. 8 | 11.18 | 14.21 | 32.16 | Drawn. |
| 18.15 | 21.17 | 23. 5 | 20. 4 | Drummond. |

(15).

| | | | | |
|----------|-------|-------|-------|-----------|
| 30.25 | 6.13 | 25.21 | 11.18 | 18.15 |
| 6.13 | 21.14 | 2. 6 | 20.11 | 10.14 |
| 18. 9 | 10.17 | 32.27 | 18.22 | 15.10 |
| 5.14 | 26.22 | 6. 9 | 24.20 | 30.26 |
| 22.18 | 17.26 | 22.18 | 22.25 | 27.24 |
| 16 13.17 | 31.22 | 1. 5 | 23.18 | Drawn. |
| 18. 9 | 7.10 | 18.15 | 25.30 | Drummond. |

(16).

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-----------|
| 14.17 | 26.17 | 12.28 | 4. 8 | 30.25 |
| 21.14 | 13.22 | 15. 8 | 25.30 | 8.11 |
| 10.17 | 19.15 | 22.25 | 18.14 | 1. 5 |
| 25.21 | 16.19 | 8. 4 | 10.17 | |
| 17.22 | 23.16 | 7.10 | 21.14 | Drawn. |
| | | | | Drummond. |

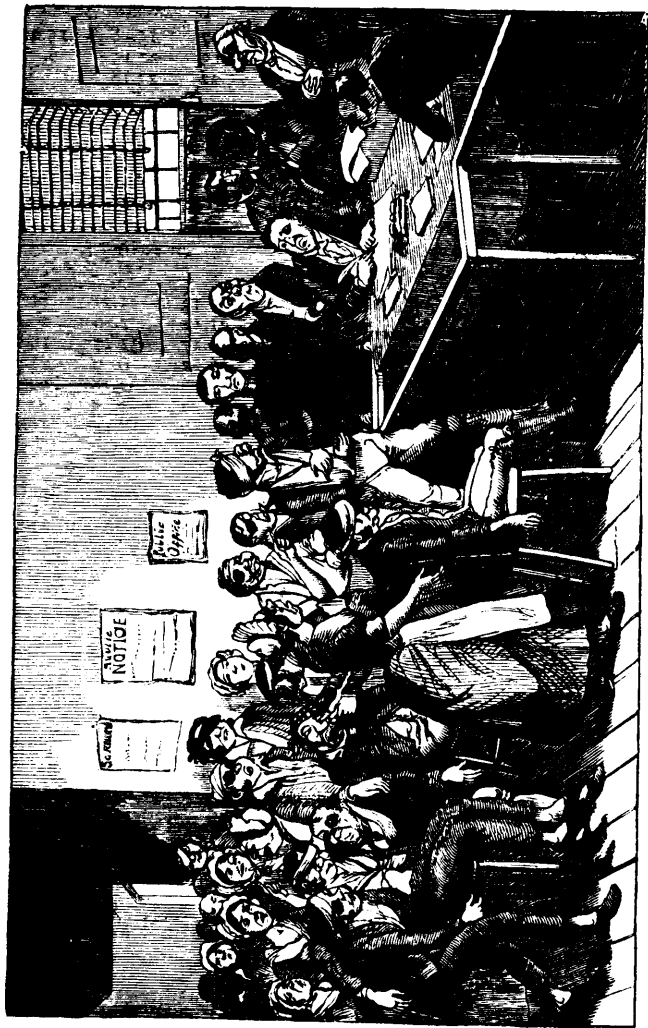
DRAUGHT ITEMS.

The match for the championship of Canada has terminated in favor of Mr. Labadie, of Chatham.

We hope to get some of the championship games for publication next month.

The new edition of Anderson is not likely to be issued for some time owing to the very numerous communications received from correspondents regarding improvements and corrections which the editor Mr. McCulloch has determined to take time to consider before issuing the work.

Messrs. Yates and Wylie have determined to play their match for the championship in August. To obviate the chance of a drawn match, on Mr. Yates suggestion, if the score at the close of the fiftieth game be even, play shall be continued until a game is won to decide it.



THE DAY AFTER "ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING."

After an etching by George Cruikshank. See page 565.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE
THE
COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER
IS STILL THE
FAVORITE
WITH A DISCERNING PUBLIC.

Its quality is **NOT SURPASSED**; avoid disappointments
by using it for all kinds of raising.

TRADE MARK.



TRADE MARK.

Look for the Trade Mark on every package without which
none is genuine.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA.

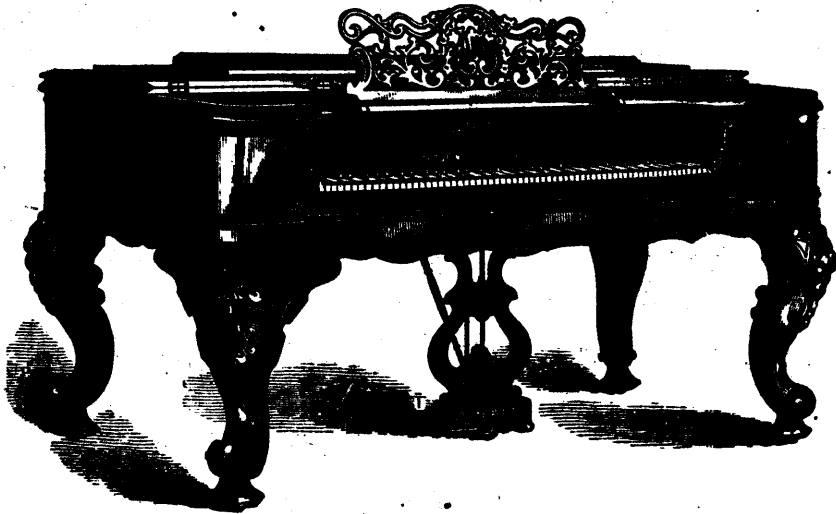
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS, London.

QUEBEC QUE
H Alford Dec 78

JOSEPH GOULD'S PIANO WAREHOUSES.

211 ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL.



THE LARGE ASSORTMENT AND VARIETY OF
PIANOS AND ORGANS

Always to be found at the above establishment are unequalled
in the Dominion.

PRICES RANGE FROM \$50, to \$1,400,
and all tastes and requirements can be suited.

The Pianos of **STEINWAY, CHICKERING, GABLER** and **EMERSON**,
and the **MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS**, are fully represented.
Also the **MCCAMMON** "Little Beauties," small, but very handsome seven
octave Pianos of excellent tone and construction, and suitable for small rooms.

PRICE OF LATTER ONLY \$275.

Every instrument sold warranted to be *First Class*.

*No Split Veneers, Shoddy Felt for Hammers, Iron Plates cast from old stoves,
Culls from first class makers' lumber yards for frames and sounding-boards,* in
these instruments. They are all from the factories of well known and long
established manufacturers, and will be good instruments after the rubbish so
freely offered in the Canadian market at the present time has collapsed and
been consigned to the garret or the kitchen stove.

Prices and terms very liberal.

Illustrated Catalogues, Price Lists, and full information furnished on ap-
plication, and mailed free to all parts of the Dominion.

JOSEPH GOULD.