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THE ACADIAN INDIANS.

BY JAMES HANNAY, ESQ.

(From an unpublished History of New Brunswick.)

THE Indians of North America inhabiting the region between the Mississippi, the Atlantic, and the country of the Esquimaux, were divided into eight great families, each speaking a language radically distinct from all the others. Of these, the Algonquins were by far the most numerous; they occupied nearly half of the territory east of the Mississippi, and extended from Labrador to North Carolina. It is to this family that the Indians of New Brunswick belong. When the French first visited Acadie they found it divided between two tribes who differed considerably in language and in their mode of life. The whole of the peninsula of Nova Scotia and the Gulf shore of New Brunswick was occupied by the Souriquois, which was the tribe now known as the Micmacs, while the Etchemins occupied the territory from the river St. John to the Kennebec. The latter tribe are now known as Malicetes, and they call themselves Wabannakai, or Men of the East. There is reason to believe that the Etchemins, or Malicetes, did not originally occupy any portion of New Brunswick, but that they intruded themselves into the territory of the Micmacs about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and gradually spread themselves along the northern coast of the Bay of Fundy and up the river St. John, pressing the Micmacs back to the gulf and the peninsula of Nova Scotia. The Malicetes were a very warlike people, much more so than the Micmacs, and they were generally

in league with the Indians of Maine and Canada in their wars against the Colonists of New England.

Although the Indians, from their peculiar mode of warfare and their contempt for peaceful pursuits, were at all times dangerous enemies, there is reason to believe that their numbers have been greatly exaggerated. By the census of 1861 it appeared that there were in New Brunswick twelve hundred and twelve Indians, and fourteen hundred and seven in Nova Scotia, or twenty-six hundred and nineteen in all. Of these, four hundred and forty-one, most of whom reside on the St. John river, may be set down as Malicetes, so that the Micmacs of Acadie number upwards of two thousand, which would represent a force of from four to five hundred warriors. It is doubtful if their numbers were ever much greater. In 1607, when Membertou assembled all his Micmac warriors, from Gaspe to Cape Sable, to make war on the Armouchiquois at Saco, their whole number amounted only to five hundred. In 1694, when the Malicetes and Canibats, under Matakando, made their grand raid on Oyster River and the other settlements of New Hampshire, the whole number engaged in the expedition was only two hundred and fifty; and two years later, when Fort Nashwaak was besieged by the English, thirty-six warriors was the whole number that the Indian settlement of Aukpayne could spare for the assistance of the garrison. It appears from a memorandum made in 1726 by Capt. Gyles, who had resided many years with the Indians, that the number from sixteen years of age and upwards on the river at St. John, was one hundred; and at Passmaquoddy, thirty. A letter written in 1753 by Governor Hopson to the Lords of Trade, states that there were about three hundred families of Micmacs in the country; but he could not find any person who had been among them who had ever seen two hundred Indians under arms together. From these statements it may be safely inferred, that the whole force of the Micmacs and Malicetes combined never exceeded seven or eight hundred warriors, and that no material decrease has taken place in their numbers since the first settlement of the country.

Excellent reasons existed to prevent the Indians from ever becoming very numerous. An uncultivated country can only support a limited population. The hunter must draw his sustenance from a very wide range of territory, and the life of hardships and privation to which the Indian is exposed, is fatal to all but the strongest and most hardy. The Indians of Acadie were

essentially a race of hunters and warriors. Like most Indian tribes, they despised agriculture, and considered it a pursuit only fit for women and slaves. Some of the northern Indians cultivated the ground to a small extent, and it is certain that the Indians of Acadie did during the French occupation, but their operations in tilling the ground were on a very limited scale; and to this day, our Indians are averse to the steady labor of the field. They had no domestic animals except the dog, and he was useful only in the chase.

During the summer, the Micmacs drew a large portion of their subsistence from the sea. Every bay and islet swarmed with fish, and there they might reap an almost unfailing harvest. The Malicetes, although living inland, were not without their share of the same kind of food. Fish were abundant in every stream and river, and the salmon was pursued with torch and spear over the shallows by the savage denizens of the St. John. In this way, from one to two hundred salmon would be sometimes taken at a time. The Indians also used hooks of bone or shells, and lines and nets made of a coarse kind of hemp. They had also weirs, in which they at times captured great quantities of fish; but the torch and spear were the favorite implements of fishing with them.

Notwithstanding the allowance of fish at certain seasons, the savages were at all times principally dependent on the forest for their food. Game is believed to have been much more abundant in former times than it is now, and about the time when Latour and D'Aulnay were fighting with each other for the possession of Acadie, as many as three thousand moose skins were collected on the St. John river each year. Wild fowl of all kinds gathered in incredible numbers along the shores, in the marsh lands, and up the rivers. Charlevoix states that near St. John, geese laid their eggs so abundantly that they alone might have sustained the whole population; and the same, according to L'Escarbot, was true with regard to the St. Croix. Denys speaks of immense flocks of wild pigeons passing his camp on the Miramichi every morning and evening for eight days together; and he adds, that it was hardly possible to sleep for the noise made by the salmon going over the shoals and the immense flocks of geese and ducks. At Bathurst and all along the northern shore of the Province their number was such as almost to exceed belief.

The habitations of the Indians were generally huts or wigwams

made of poles, and covered with bark, but in some instances they erected dwellings of a more permanent character, and surrounded with poles, so as to form a sort of fort or stockade. There were several structures of this description on the St. John in early times; one at Aukpayne, another at Medoctec, and a third at Madawaska. Denys speaks of one which the Chief of Richibucto had erected on the shore, and in which he describes him as receiving strangers sitting on the ground, looking like an ape with a pipe in his mouth, and preserving his dignity by being very taciturn and getting drunk only in private.

The Indians cooked their meat by broiling it on live coals, or roasting it on a sort of spit in front of the fire. But soup was their favorite delicacy: they boiled it in a capacious wooden cauldron made out of the butt of a large tree and hollowed out by fire. As such a vessel was not easily made, they frequently regulated their camping ground in some measure by the conveniences for establishing such a soup-kettle. The soup was boiled by dropping red hot stones into the cauldron, which when cooled, were immediately replaced by others, hot from the fire, until the meat was cooked. The soup thus made was their great drink, for Denys says "they drank as little water then as now;" and he adds, "thus they dined without care or salt or pepper, and quaffing deep draughts of good fat soup, lived long, and multiplied and were happy."

Yet, although at certain seasons they luxuriated in abundance of food, at times they were subject to the greatest privations, and on the verge of starvation. Then, no sort of food came amiss to them; reptiles, dogs, and animals of all sorts were eagerly sought after and greedily devoured: roots* of various kinds were in great demand, and sometimes they were forced to boil over the bones of their former feasts to appease their hunger. Wild grapes also it appears formed a portion of the food of the St. John Indians.†

* Mrs. Rowlandson, who was captured during King Philip's war, says, "their chief and commonest food was ground nuts. They eat also nuts and acorns, artichokes and lily roots and ground beans. They would pick up old bones and cut them in pieces at the joints, scald them over the fire to make the vermin come out, boil them, and then drink the liquor."

† See narrative of John Gyles' captivity. He was taken by the Indians when the Fort at Pemaquid was captured in 1689, and was a captive on the St. John river nine years,—six with the Indians at Medoctec, and three with Lewis d Amours Sieur des Chauffours at Jemseg. The latter treated him very kindly and finally gave him his liberty.

This frequent scarcity of food was in part owing to the uncertainty of the chase, but chiefly to the improvident habits of the Indians, who, when they had abundance of food, gorged themselves with it and never thought of looking for more until it was all gone. This again was caused by another custom which required all the food obtained, either by hunting or otherwise, to be equally divided; so that the active and indolent sharing alike, all incentive to industry was taken away, and no large accumulation of food ever became possible. The St. John Indians were perhaps less open to this reflection than most others, and with them there were at times some attempts made to preserve food for future use. They preserved their meat by taking the flesh from the bones and drying it in smoke, by which means it was kept sound for months, or even years, without salt. They had a curious way of drying corn when in the milk: they boiled it on the ear in large kettles until it became pretty hard; it was then shelled from the cob with sharp clam shells and dried on bark in the sun. When thoroughly dry the kernels shrivelled to the dimensions of a small pea, and it would keep for years: when boiled again, it swelled as large as when on the ears, and was said to be incomparably sweeter than any other corn.*

An Indian feast, as made by the savages of Acadie two centuries ago, was quite different from anything to be seen at the present day. The ingredients were fish, flesh, or Indian corn and beans boiled together. Sometimes, when pounded corn was plenty, hasty pudding, or porridge, was made of it. An Indian boiled a sufficient number of kettles full of food, and sent a messenger to each wigwam door, who exclaimed "Kah mens-coorebah," which means "I come to conduct you to a feast." The invited guest then would demand whether he must take a spoon or a knife in his dish, which was a polite way of finding out what the bill of fare was to be. When the guests were met at the wigwam of the host, two or three young men were appointed to deal out the food, which was done with the utmost exactness in proportion to the number of each man's family at home. When the guests were done eating, one of the young men stood without the wigwam door, and called out—"Mensecommock," which means "come and fetch." This was the signal for the squaws to go to their husbands,

* See narrative of John Gyles' captivity in Drake's *Tragedies of the Wilderness*. p. 83.

and each squaw took the dish, with what her husband had left, which she carried home and ate with her children. Neither married women nor youth under twenty were allowed to be present, but old widow squaws and captive men were allowed to sit by the wigwam door. The Indian men continued in the wigwam relating their warlike and hunting exploits, or telling comical stories. The seniors gave maxims of prudence and grave counsel to the young men, which were always listened to with a degree of respect and attention, to which white men are too often strangers. Each spoke according to his fancy, but rules of order were observed; there was no coughing down of speakers, as in modern Houses of Parliament; and but one spoke at a time. When every man had told his story, one would rise up and sing a feast song, while others succeeded alternately, and then the company broke up.

The taciturn and silent character of the Indians has been so much spoken of as to have become almost proverbial, but it seems to be much less a natural quality with them than is generally supposed. They are decidedly fond of speech-making, and equally fond of telling stories of the prowess either of their ancestors or of themselves. The causes of their taciturnity will be easily understood when it is remembered how limited is the range of subjects on which they are able to converse. Their hunting or warlike exploits, and a few traditions, are almost the only matters on which they can speak. Unlike civilized men, they know nothing of the news of the world, the teachings of history or philosophy, or the politics and business of life. Their education and pursuits entirely unfit them for the discussion of a thousand questions with which civilized men are familiar, and hence they are silent for lack of having anything to say.

But it is as warriors that the Indians have attracted the greatest amount of attention and won the most fame. With the Indians, war was the object that they regarded as most worthy of their efforts, and to be a great warrior was their highest ambition. They taught their children that valor, fortitude and skill in war, were the noblest accomplishments of a man, in which respect they resembled the people of Sparta; but unlike them they did not consider that to attain them it was necessary to sacrifice decency, honesty and truth. In these respects, the uncivilized and untaught savages were superior to the polished Greeks. Their falsehood never passed into a proverb. They were distinguished for their

honesty. They were still more distinguished for their chastity. There is no instance on record of any insult being ever offered to a female captive, however cruelly they might otherwise have been treated. It would be pleasant to learn the name of any civilized people of whom the same could be said. When we read the tales of Indian atrocities in war, of the murder of infants and mothers, of stealthy midnight murders and barbarous assassinations, we are struck with horror and indignation at the recital. These are proper and natural feelings which do honor to the sensibilities of mankind. But on turning to the other side of the picture, and reading the bald and often distorted statements which have been recorded of the treatment of Indians by white men, who have themselves been the narrators of their own deeds, our views become greatly modified. In the course of this work, many tales of Indian cruelty and revenge will be told, and others not less harrowing, of atrocities committed by Englishmen and New Englanders on both the French and the Indians. When the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth in 1620, they were visited by Massasoit, the great Sachem or King of the tribes in the vicinity. During the thirty years following, Massasoit ever remained their constant friend. When he died, his son Alexander renewed the old treaties of friendship with the New Englanders, and all went on harmoniously until the people of Plymouth, on the pretext that he entertained designs unfriendly to them, caused him to be ignominiously arrested and threatened with instant death if he did not immediately appear before their Council. The insult threw him into a burning fever, and two days afterwards he died, probably from natural causes, but the Indians firmly believe that the white men poisoned him. King Philip, his brother and successor, with a soul rankling with hatred, resolved to avenge the wrong. The great Indian war of 1675 was the result, and few civilized wars have been undertaken for a better cause. Unfortunately for the Indians, their enemies have been their only historians; the record of their cruelties remains, but the wrongs which provoked them are either untold, or are ignored and forgotten.

The warlike weapons of the Indians, before the white men visited them, consisted of bows and arrows, the latter tipped with stone or bone, and battle-axes or tomahawks of stone. The scalping knife was made of a sharpened bone or the edge of a broken

silex: the knife now used is a later invention which the manufacturers of Birmingham or Sheffield were kind enough to supply their red brethren, for a consideration, in unlimited numbers, to be used on the scalps of their white brethren in America. The introduction of fire-arms quickly supplanted the bow and arrow, and the tomahawk was made of iron and steel. Before they became demoralized by contact with civilization, the Indians, before going to war, were in the habit of informing their enemies of the fact by sending some symbol to put them on their guard. When in 1622 Canonicus proposed to go to war with the Plymouth Colony, he sent his defiance in the shape of a bundle of arrows tied up in a skin of a rattlesnake. Later, it is to be feared, that the sending of a declaration of war was sometimes forgotten. Before starting, they always had a feast of dog's flesh, which they believed made them courageous, and a war-dance, at which the older warriors excited and stimulated the others to engage in the proposed enterprise by dancing in a sort of frenzy to the music of a drum, and by the recital of their former deeds in war. Everything being ready, the expedition started. When in friendly territory, they divided into small parties, for the convenience of hunting; but when they reached the enemy's frontier they went in close array and in silence. To conceal their numbers, sometimes they marched in single file, each one in the track of his predecessor. Every device that their ingenious minds could suggest was employed to outwit and surprise the enemy. They enticed them into ambuscades, or waylaid and scalped them while passing in fancied security.* If no straggling parties of the enemy were met with, they sought one of his principal villages, which they attacked under cover of the darkness; a general massacre ensued, and those who were so unfortunate as to be taken alive were carried back with them to die by lingering torments. It sometimes happened that captives were not thus treated, but were adopted into the tribe and made to supply the place of some dead warrior. Their fate was determined by a Council, and in any case, whether they

* A remarkable instance of Indian strategy was a trick played by the Catawbas on the Caugnawagas early in the last century. They crept near one of the hunting camps of the latter and lay in ambush, and in order to decoy the Caugnawagas out sent two or three Catawbas in the night past their camp with buffalo hoofs fixed on their feet. In the morning the Caugnawagas followed the track, fell into the snare, and many were killed.

were to be tortured to death or adopted as brothers, they were required to pass through the ordeal. This, with the Iroquois, consisted in running between a double file of the warriors of the tribe and being beaten by each as he passed. The Acadian Indians had a different system of torture; the captive was held up in the arms of four Indians and then allowed to drop on his back on the ground, and in this way tortured until the circuit of the large wigwam, some thirty or forty feet long, was completed. Sometimes he was beaten with whips, or shaken head downwards. The Squaws always took a great interest in these proceedings, and were more cruel than the men. They seemed to regard the torturing of prisoners as their share in the glory of a victory over the enemy. Where a captive was condemned to death he was mutilated with knives, tortured in every conceivable way, and burnt at the stake; but, if adopted by the tribe, no distinction was ever made between him and the rest. He became, to all intents and purposes, one of themselves, and shared equally with them, as well in the pleasures and abundance as in the misfortunes and privations of the tribe.

When a young Indian considered his acquirements and worldly possessions would admit of it, he generally began to look for a wife. If he was possessed of a canoe, gun and ammunition, spear, hatchet, a *moonodah* or pouch, looking glass, paint, pipe, tobacco, and dice bowl, he was looked upon as a man of wealth, and very eligible for a husband. A squaw who could make pouches, birch dishes, snow shoes, moccasins, string wampum beads, and boil the kettle, was considered a highly accomplished lady. The courtship was extremely simple and short. The lover, after advising with his relations as to the girl he should choose, went to the wigwam where she was, and if he liked her looks, tossed a chip or stick into her lap, which she would take, and after looking at it with well-feigned wonder, if she liked her lover's looks, toss it back to him with a sweet smile. That was the signal that he was accepted; but if she chose to reject him, she threw the chip aside, with a frown. The marriage ceremony varied greatly with different tribes, and with most there was no ceremony at all. It is not known that any special marriage ceremony existed among the Indians of Acadie.

The religious views of the Indians of Acadie were of the most vague and indefinite character. Champlain declares that they had no more religion than the beasts they hunted. But it is certain that they believed in a future state of existence, and that

they were in the habit of making offerings to departed or unseen spirits. Their system of theology was a structure founded on superstition, for the Indians were the most superstitious of men. They placed implicit faith in the incantations of jugglers; they believed in invisible spirits, some good and some bad, who dwelt in the winds and in the water. But, as courage in war and skill in the chase were their standards of virtue, their religious views had little influence on their moral conduct. Their paradise was merely a place of sensual enjoyment, where hunger and fatigue were unknown. There was nothing ennobling or exalted in their system of theology,—nothing which appealed to the higher nature of man.*

Their funeral ceremonies were of a touching character. When the head of the family died, there was great weeping and sorrowing for three or four days. The faces of the friends were besmeared with soot, which was the common symbol of grief. At the proper time, a funeral oration was pronounced, in which the genealogy of the deceased was recited, and the great and good actions of his life, his dinners and feasts, his adventures in war and in the chase were recounted. On the third day, a feast was held as a recognition of the great satisfaction which the deceased was supposed to feel, at rejoining his ancestors. After this, the women made a garment or winding sheet of birch bark, in which he was wrapped and put away on a sort of scaffold for a twelve month, to dry. At the end of this time, the body was buried in a grave, in which the relations at the same time threw bows and arrows, snow shoes, darts, robes, axes, pots, moccasins and skins. Denys states that he has seen furs to the value of a thousand francs thrown in, which no man dared to touch. Once he had a grave on the Gulf shore opened, and he shewed the savages that the skins were rotten and the copper pot all covered with verdigris. They only

* To illustrate the views which they entertained in regard to objects of devotion, I may mention a circumstance related by Denys. At the time Latour had his fort at St. John, a singular tree, about the thickness of a barrel, was from time to time visible in the falls: it floated upright, and sometimes was not seen for several days. This was considered a proper object of worship by the Indians. They called it Manitou, and made offerings of beaver skins to it which they fixed on it by means of arrow heads. Denys states that he has seen it, and that Latour allowed ten of his men to try to drag it out by means of a rope, which they attached to it, but were unable to move it. No doubt the ingenious Latour had anchored the tree there himself, and history is silent in regard to who gathered the beaver skins from the Manitou.

remarked that the pot was dead too, and that its soul had gone with the soul of their friend, who was now using it as before.

Lescarbot gives an account of the funeral obsequies of Penno-
niac, a Micmac chief, who was killed by the Amouchiquois in
1607. He was first brought back to St. Croix, where the savages
wept and embalmed him. They then took him to Port Royal,
where, for eight days they howled lustily over his remains. Then
they went to his hut and burnt it up with its contents, dogs
included, so as to save quarreling among his relations as to the
property. The body was left in the custody of the parents until
spring, when he was bewailed again, and laid in a new grave near
Cape Sable, along with pipes, knives, axes, otter-skins and pots.

Before setting forth on any expedition they would hold a
pow-wow, at which certain secret ceremonies were performed for
the purpose of discovering whether they would meet with success
or failure. They had a respect for the devil, which was quite
natural, considering the character of some of their actions; and
the fear of ghosts, goblins, and evil spirits, was continually before
their eyes. Perhaps their solitary wanderings through the forest
were a means of instilling into their minds the extreme dread of
the supernatural which infected them. They were in the habit
of making sacrifices when in difficulty or danger to the spirit or
demon which they desired to propitiate. A dog was regarded as
the most valuable sacrifice, and if in crossing a lake their canoe
was in danger of being overwhelmed by the winds and waves, a
dog was thrown overboard with its fore paws tied together, to
satisfy the hunger of the angry Manitou. They were continually
on the watch for omens, and easily deterred from any enterprise by
any sign which they deemed unfavorable. A hunter would turn
back from the most promising expedition at the cry of some wild
animal, which he regarded as an omen of failure in the chase.
The same superstitions prevail among them to the present day.*

* A good story in illustration of Indian superstition is told by Mr. E. Jack, of Fred-
erickton. He was on a surveying journey, and had encamped near Mount Porcupine
in Charlotte County. One of his men named Smith had ascended the mountain to
look for Pine, and on his return told Saugus, an Indian, who was with the party, that
he saw an old man on the mountain, twelve feet high, with one eye, who called to
him "where is Saugus? I want to eat him." Poor Saugus was much terrified at the
intelligence. During the night an owl commenced to hoot over the camp and filled
Saugus with such consternation that he woke up Mr. Jack to say that "Smith's old
man" was coming. Next morning, Mr. Jack offered Saugus to go up the mountain
for a knife which Smith had left sticking in a spruce tree, but Saugus was not to be
tempted by the bribe to take such a dangerous journey.

The Indians, from their simple mode of life and abundant exercise, were not exposed to many diseases which are known to civilized men. But some of their maladies were extremely fatal. Their uncertain life, sometimes exposed to starvation; and at other times their excesses, undermined their constitution, and sowed the seeds of disease. Consumption, pleurisy, asthma, and paralysis, the result of the fatigues and hardships of the chase, also carried off great numbers of them; and at times, epidemics of an unknown and mysterious nature swept them off by thousands. For three or four years previous to the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers a deadly pestilence raged along the sea-board from Penobscot to Narraganset Bay. Some tribes were nearly destroyed. The Massachusetts were reduced from three thousand to three hundred fighting men; and miles of coast which had been populous, were left without a single inhabitant. What the disease was which then swept over the land can of course never be ascertained. Another terrible visitation of the same nature in 1694, swept over Maine and New Brunswick. At Pentagoet great numbers died of it, and it swept off the Chief of the river St. John, and vast numbers of others. At Medoctic alone, over a hundred persons died, and so great was the terror caused by it that they deserted that village entirely, and did not settle there again for many years.

The symptoms, as described by an eye witness, were, that a person seemingly in perfect health would commence bleeding at the mouth and nose, turn blue in spots, and die in two or three hours.* Strange to say, it was at its worst during the winter. No such plague appears to have visited Acadie since that time, yet unlike all other races they rather diminish than increase in numbers. Nor is it difficult to ascertain the cause. All over America, whether the white man is a friend or an enemy, the red man fades before him. Peace is not less fatal than war to the savage: in the latter, he is shot down with an unsparing hand; in the former, he is demoralized and degraded by vicious customs; exposed to temptations he has no power to resist, which enervate his frame, and end in misery and death. Every tree which is felled in the forest reduces the area of the hunting grounds which he inherited from his fathers, and on which his existence depends. Every mill

* The symptoms of the plague which prevails in Egypt are somewhat similar. The most fatal symptom is violent bleeding at the nose, and those thus taken are never known to recover.—*Baker's Albert N'Yanza*, p. 333.

which attests the energy and industry of his white brother is an additional omen of his extinction. Every day he sees the girde of fields and meadows narrowing the circle of his hopes. Driven back, mile by mile, whither shall he at last retire? He is a stranger and an alien in his own land,—an outcast, robbed of his birthright by a stronger race. He and his tribe are but a feeble few, and their efforts avail nothing against the ceaseless advance to the pale faced race who come welded together into a resistless phalanx by the iron hand of civilization.

A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

CHAPTER XVII.

AS the three friends sat pondering in silence the enigma shadowed out to them, the clear note of a lark was borne in on the morning breeze.

Calvert started violently. Again the note was repeated: and he rushed to the balconied window.

Bending eagerly forward, the youth seemed to respond to a given signal, by pursing up his lips and emitting a sound like the querulous chatter of a squirrel.

A flash of light three times swept across his face; and all at once his countenance became radiant with joy.

His companions curiously drew near.

“Look!” cried he.

A blinding gleam drew their eyes to the spot where the ha-ha fence separated between the house-lawn and the deer-pasture beyond.

There they saw a hand waving a glittering mirror-like object. Calvert displayed his white handkerchief in reply, and then turning inwards, he rushed to the door and disappeared, to the wonderment of his friends.

Leaving the house, with a hurried step he slipped round by the stables to a coppice behind, and thence by a close-clipped hedge

gained the surrounding plantation, without once shewing in sight of the Hall.

Here again he uttered his chirrup; and soon the crackle of breaking twigs announced the approach of his expected visitor.

"Oh, Barney!" cried Calvert, dashing forward and seizing his humble friend by the hand, "I thought you were dead!"

"Musha, thin, an' it's not the likes av Divole an' all his red-coat angels to back him, that 'ud set the women *keenin'* it over ould Barney. Throth, he's too ould a badger to be dhrawn by *messans* like thim, when there was ivir a hole convaynient:" was the Irishman's characteristic reply.

"So! It was no accident, your falling down the ravine?"

"Not a bit av axshident in it!"—I came down as soft as Pat Tooley whin he slid aff the roof av a six-story house in Cork, and landed fair and aisy, all in a cart o' mud; 'Be jabers!'—says he, as he shewed his swate tap-knot over the ladher again,—'but that's a nate way an' a quick o' fillin' the hod annyhow!"

"But how was it, Barney?" said his friend, curiously: "We were all sure you were dashed to pieces. How ever did you escape?"

"Aisy, aisy, *ma bouchal!* Ax me no quasthins, an' I'll tell ye no lies. When onct ye're *one of us*, ye'll find out!"

Seeing that Barney disliked being pressed for his secret, Calvert waived further enquiry.

A conversation ensued between the two friends, in which the Irishman detailed as much as he dared of the events of the evening before. He narrated the awful fate of the spy, and the unsuccessful pursuit of the other intruder; at the same time speculating upon the question who it might be that had discovered the jealously guarded secret of their place of meeting.

In his turn Calvert narrated to his interested listner, the particulars of his father's interview with his guests; as also Harvey's strange tale, with the mysterious possibilities connected with it, to which he had just been listening.

"A letther found on the dead woman, said ye, Master Calvert? an' where from?" said Barney.

"It is dated from *La Falaise*," replied Calvert.

"Sure an' don't I know it well? Wasn't I acthin' orderly for the Colonel when he came back to the ould Castle beyant it, wid his good sister's corp, and found the grief ahead av 'im, an' met the

blissid saint your mother stiff and cowld in her coffin comin' to meet him? Augh, but it was the black day yon!"

Overcome with his sad recollections, Barney sat silent, and the youth covered his face.

"La Falaise! Sure it's the same!" resumed the Irishman at length. "Manny's the time I've been up an' down it's breakneck *Rues*, as they called them. It smelled like a dead skate, all fish-guts an' herring-scales; an' nivr a dhrap fit for a Christian to dhrink. Ould Jack Barrel's wine was so sour it would make the pigs squeak"—

"Who did you say?" broke in Calvert excitedly.

"Jack Barrel, the boys called him. I disremember the beggar's Frinch name;" said Barney.

"Why, Barney! the letter was signed by a J. Barillot."

A low prolonged whistle from Barney marked his astonishment; at last he put the query—

"And the name of the dead woman?"

"Lisette;" responded Calvert.

"Ay, the same. The ould Barrel an' the young Barrel, we used to call them. Ye see, savin' yer presence, she girthed round as much as he did,—and had niver a man to lay it honestly on, nayther. Aye, poor lass; but that was the sorrowful ending afther all! I'll nivr belave it, though, that the young leddy—bless her angel-face!—iver sprung from such a crooked crab-stock as the ould Barrel."

At this instant the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the jangling of military accoutrements struck on the ears of the friends.

Calvert was springing up, when his friend's hand, clutching his coat, pulled him down.

"Arrah, be aisy, thin! Don't dhraw them an us. We haven't the *Ceann-Ghu* (dog's mouth) to hide in this time."

Warily peering through the trees, Barney muttered—

"Aye, there ye ride, ye thafe o' the wurruld!—and yer blood-hounds round yez. An' what new villany are ye after hatchin'? An' who's that wid ye? Be me sowl, it's the lousy Scotch proctor Mac! There's the mischief to pay whin he's round. God send Divole an' he may fly away together; an' torment one another wid the scab an' the itch, for iver an' iver, Amin!"

In truth, the party sweeping up the avenue was none other than Barney had described.

Delaval, accompanied by the party of dragoons—with the exception of two who had been detailed to keep guard over those who had been laid under arrest the previous evening—had been off betimes in the morning on some quest of his own; and was now returned, accompanied as above stated by McWhirter, the nearest brother-magistrate of the Colonel's.

"Sure an' it's the hoighth av the saysin for me to be aff, Master Calvert:" said Barney, ringing his young friend's hand. "It wouldn't be good for my health to be nabbed again, afther givin' them the slip so nate last night."

An instant after, and he was out of sight in the underwood.

Calvert, in deep abstraction turned and made his way slowly back to the Hall.

He was crossing the vestibule, when he was rudely summoned to—Halt! The jar of grounded arms emphasized the command.

Glancing up, he found he was confronted by the military party which just arrived.

"Stand:" pursued the Sergeant, "and give an account of yourself."

"By what right do you interrogate me?" retorted Calvert, haughtily.

"My orders are formal:" responded the Sergeant. "I am directed to let none of the party arrested last night communicate with any outsiders.

"There has been no intimation of any such restrictions to the parties most concerned; and for myself, I refuse to be bound by them at all, for as you very well know, there is no warrant whatever against me. Stay me, therefore, at your peril."

"Come, come, Sir! Don't cut up that way. But after all—" said the Sergeant, grumbling half to himself, "what the young chap says is true enough. And it is mighty hard if a young gent can't go about his own father's house as he likes. I'll let the Frenchman do his own dirty work. Fact is, sir," said he, speaking in a confidential tone, "Fact is, we've been out on the hunt all the morning after that poor devil that kicked the bucket last night; for the Mounseer *will* have' it, that he's alive yet, and above ground. And seeing you come in, he bade me draw it a little tight, and find out whether you hadn't met him belike, seein' he's a peticklar friend o' yours. Eh, young Sir?"

"I refuse utterly to be questioned:" returned Calvert, coldly.

"All right, your Honor; I don't like the job of doing it, neither;" and ranging aside, the worthy Sergeant gave place to Calvert to pass.

Rejoining his friends, he detailed to them the particulars of his interview with Barney.

They were still engaged discussing the inexplicable re-appearance of the Irishman, and also the new light that through his means might yet be thrown on the mystery attaching to Madeline's birth, when a servant came with a summons from the Colonel to attend him in the hall below.

With some little trepidation on the part of the two younger members of the company, but a resolved and haughty smile on the face of the elder, they prepared to obey.

Descending the broad stair-case, the appearance of matters below was sufficiently daunting.

The military detachment was drawn up in line before the closed outer door.

At a table in front of them was seated in his high-backed chair of carved and crimson-lined oak the Colonel, with his arm in a sling, and his countenance now pale, and again flushed by fever, wearing a stern and threatening expression.

At his right, sat McWhirter, vainly striving to appear at his ease, while his usually hang-dog expression was intensified into that of malicious villainy.

At the left end of the table sat Delaval, busily engaged sorting and arranging various documents.

One other figure, dilapidated and shrinking, crouched into a corner, seemingly anxious to shun observation.

Calvert was stepping forward to salute his parent, but was repelled by the stern injunction—

"Keep your distance, sir. Remember where you are; and wait till you be interrogated by the Court."

Confused, petrified by the cutting contrast of tone with that of the evening before, when his father was all tenderness and trust, the youth stood still; and with out-stretched hand and trembling lip, ejaculated—

"Oh, father! Don't."

Catching sight at the instant of the Frenchman's look of mocking triumph, he turned on him in a sudden fury—

“This is your doing, you vile snake-in-the-grass!—your’s, and your precious sister’s. But I’ll be even with you yet!”

“Enough of this!” thundered the Colonel: “Respect the Court, or I’ll commit you.” Then turning from the abashed youth, he said to Delaval with an air of forced calmness—

“Read what you have got there, and let us have done with this.”

Standing up, and talking the usual oaths, the Frenchman proceeded to read his deposition.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE was a subtle mixture of fact and falsehood in the information laid before the Court by Delaval. It was, in addition, skilfully adapted to work on the passions and prejudices of the high, but somewhat narrow minded veteran; while it was most damaging to the accused in its very appearance of moderation and fairness.

Simplified and divested of its legal terminology, the evidence amounted to something like the following:—

“That although, by Act of Parliament, *Habeas Corpus* was suspended, and therefore the accused could not of right claim to know the causes of their arrest, yet to avoid all appearance of severity, he would now detail the reasons of his procedure in the case. It was notorious that disaffection prevailed to an alarming extent in the district: that illegal gatherings for treasonable purposes were nightly held in the vicinity; and that foreign aid was being freely extended. Arms and ammunition from sympathizers in the United States had been surreptitiously landed and distributed; and a deputy from the Central Circle of the Fenian brotherhood in New York was even now present to organize and head the movement. All would remember how, being thus countenanced, the ‘tumblers’ had commenced their work by a murderous assault on one justly revered by all, but obnoxious to the malcontents, on account of his position, as being both a proprietor and the holder of a high Government appointment in the County. By a delicate, but, as will be shown, a complete chain of evidence, the guilt of the attempted murder has been brought home to one Barney Bralligan. Proceeding from these facts, the discretionary power entrusted to the informant by the presiding

Magistrate was employed by him to secure the necessary assistance, and to arrest the culprit. This was successfully effected, but by a skilful stratagem, the said Bralligan had evaded justice for the time being. Others nearer home, however, there is grave reason to fear, have been accessory to the attempted homicide." He referred to the parties standing at the bar. "The accused, Reginald Harvey and Calvert Ansdell, were found in friendly communication with the presumed murderer at the time of his arrest. Their attempt by violence to rescue the prisoner, and otherwise to withstand the course of justice, will be sworn to by witnesses present. The suspicious conduct of the aforesaid Calvert Ansdell, in inveigling his parent within reach of the ruffian's bullet; and his thereafter systematically concealing about his person a material evidence of Bralligan's guilt: this, joined to his previous familiarity with the most questionable characters of the place, his known dislike of parental control, and even threats of vengeance when subjected to salutary restraint: all this combined, and which will be substantiated, article by article, makes out a strong case against the misguided youth. With respect to the other accused, certain suspicious documents found among his papers, together with a distinct declaration of treasonable practises, drawn up and signed by the subsidiary magistrate present, will be laid before the Court."

Words cannot describe the horror and amazement of the poor youth, as his most innocent acts and intimacies were thus wrought up by his enemy's devilish ingenuity into the semblance of a long premeditated tissue of the blackest crime. He could only stammer, as the sweat-drops of agony stood on his perturbed brow—

"Father, father! Can you believe that?"

A harder setting of the teeth, belied by a tear-drop trickling down the veteran's furrowed cheek, was his only reply.

A look of calm disdain, with a slight raising of the eye-brow at times, was the sole token of Harvey's attention.

His sister, pallid and tearful, sat behind, somewhat out of view. The girl noticed that the Colonel's eyes, which unconsciously dwelt upon her during the whole of the scene, were always averted with a hard, pained look, so soon as recollection returned.

Delaval permitted his eyes to stray over the group, and a look of gratified malice to play over his face, as if he gloated over their evident distress, like an Indian over the tortures of his writhing victim.

After a long and satisfied survey, he was turning leisurely to select certain papers from the pile that lay docketed before him, when suddenly a hubbub arose at the outer doors.

All started as the tones of a familiar voice fell on their ears raised high in objurgation—

“Bad cess to yez! an’ maybe ye would’nt like to get the credit of captivatin’ ould Barney afther all, wouldn’t yez? No; No! I’ll go in to the Colonel a free man; or I’ll thrick ye again, ye spalpeens, as I did afore. Stand out atune me an’ the dure, ye *omadhauns*, or maybe I’ll sarve ye as I did the two Roosians that *tuk me* in the Crimee. I blarneyed and bamboozled them so they didn’t know where they was, till they woke up to find all the boys in camp laughing to see their wondherment at finding it was *them* was *tuk*, when they thought it was *me* was *tuk*; Ha, ha!”—

And the volatile Irishman appeared in the Hall, apparently on the most excellent terms with himself, and the grinning soldiery around him.

“Arrest that man!” shouted Delaval, and in a transport of rage and impatience he himself dashed forward to seize the intruder.

By a dexterous twist the agile Irishman eluded his grasp.

And now commenced a most ludicrous scene.

With a wild whoop! Barney started off in a rattling jig, rags fluttering, and brogues clattering round and round the tantalized Frenchman; snapping his thumbs under his enemy’s very nose, and ducking and dodging every pass made at him; and shouting out all the while, in a high key and with a provoking grin, some doggerel ditty that he semed to think specially applicable—

“Hooch! Hirroo!—

“Did ye ivir see the D—vvle,
Wid his wooden hoe and shovel?” &c.

Shrieks of laughter resounded through the room, and beneath the storm of ridicule Delaval fairly cowered. At last he slunk back to his seat, and hid his face, white with passion, with one hand, whilst the other tremblingly plied a dry pen.

Amid the echoing laughter, a ringing voice thundered forth—

“Attention!”

In an instant all was silent as the grave.

Barney and the soldiers, with the quick instinct of military discipline stood drawn up, opposite one another, rigid as bronze statues.

The aged Colonel, whose stern, set countenance, had never once changed, faced them.

Again his sharp order rung out—

“Mark time there!”

The regular tread throbbed ominously through the echoing halls, like the step of approaching doom.

“Forward! Quick-March!” came the successive orders sharply punctuated.

And Barney from the one side, and the soldiers from the other, with as sharp precision, advanced, glaring on one another like two armies about to mingle in the mortal shock of battle.

As they came flush up, face to face—

“Halt!”—rung out the voice; “secure your prisoner, men!”

An exceeding bitter cry burst from Barney; a very tumult, an agony of wounded affection and pride sounded out in that reproachful wail.

“Silence!” spoke the inexorable. Dumb henceforth, and with bowed head, the prisoner submitted passively to the indignity, as they fixed, for the second time, the degrading manacles on his hands: and marched him up before the tribunal of his stern judge.

“Repeat the accusation against the prisoner;” was the next order.

It is scarcely necessary to relate how skilfully Delaval wrought up all the points of evidence against the accused.

His affiliation with the Fenian brotherhood, and his complicity with them in their illegal gatherings, were fully made out. His having been present and actively engaged in the business of the Lodge, at their rendezvous in a certain cavern beneath the ruined Castle of the Dog’s Nose; and this no farther back than the previous evening, was sworn to by Delaval from his own personal knowledge.

A curious look of intelligence here broke over the face of the accused. But, when, further to substantiate this point, the person, whom we have seen to have hitherto kept himself shrunk out of view, was summoned forth, and appeared with a hesitating, slouching gait, as if afraid to meet the light of day, Barney turned on him a look of undisguised amazement, almost of terror.

And, in sooth, his appearance was sufficiently forbidding. Underneath his battered hat, which he seemed to remove with reluctance, a ragged handkerchief was swathed obliquely round his

brow. His bull-dog features were swollen and bruised; and the left eye-brow seemed by some recent and terrible injury to have been torn from its place, and to droop in bleeding folds over the whole visual orifice.

It was with a strangely guttural and broken voice that he spoke in reply to Delaval's sharp interrogatories. He announced himself as a detective employed by Delaval to ferret out the secrets of the Order, and corroborated the evidence previously given by his employer. He gave a plausible account of his narrow escape from the cavern: his statement was, that at the peril of his life, he had leaped boldly into the sea, and fortunately without striking a rock; on rising again to the surface he retained consciousness enough to strike out for the shore, in the struggle to gain which he had sustained several severe injuries, but, finally succeeding, he had lurked about till morning, when he was found and relieved by his employer.

Direct evidence was given by this witness, fastening the guilt of the attempt at assassination on Bralligan. On oath he declared the deed had been publicly avowed and gloried in by the prisoner in the open Lodge, and that it was from his having refused to swear secrecy in common with the rest, his true mission there was detected, and he had run such a narrow chance of losing his life.

Additional circumstantial evidence was now brought forward by Delaval.

Holding up the tin box alleged to have been found by him in his search of the cabin of the accused, the previous morning, he challenged Calvert whether he had not found the lid corresponding to it beside the boulder whence the shot had been fired?

Feeling his father's stern eye fixed upon him, the unfortunate youth faintly stammered out an answer in the affirmative.

"Yes; no use to deny it: I saw it fall out of your bosom on the sand;" observed the Colonel, coldly. "Where is it now?"

With bent head and silently, Barney signed to the soldier on guard beside him, and he in accordance with the hint, thrust his hands into his prisoner's bosom, drew forth the object in question, and laid it on the table before his judge.

"This makes the evidence complete;" said Delaval, with ill-concealed triumph, as he picked up the lid, and fitted it to its place on the box.

A deathly silence prevailed for full a minute.

“Barney Bralligan, Attention!”—once more cried the Colonel, in the same high, sharp tones of military command as before.

The culprit started and drew himself up to his full height as if touched by a secret spring.

The veteran Commander, drawing his arm from the sling, and pointing to it impressively with his other hand, whilst he covered the pale, convulsed features of the accused with his blazing eye, again broke the dead silence with the brief word—

“Guilty?”

“Not guilty!” was the firm response; and the prisoner’s unflinching eye never once quailed before the searching glance that seemed to read his inmost soul.

“Know you aught of the guilty parties?” was the next stern query.

Veering round, as if moved by machinery, Barney halted, fronting his accuser; and slowly lifting his manacled arms, stretched them forth; and with threatening fore-fingers joined together, pointed straight at the suddenly-blanching countenance, saying—

“There is the *Head!*”

White and red by turns, the Frenchman tried to brave it out; but finally sank to his seat with a nervous laugh.

Recommencing his slow circular motion, Barney swept his extended arms round till he confronted the Frenchman’s cowering accomplice; and he too sank down as if he wished the earth to swallow him, as the sentence followed—

“And there is the *Hand!* I know you!—JACK BARREL!”

No sooner had the last word clanged forth, than, as it were the shivering blast of the Trump of Doom ringing in his ear,—with the despairing yell of a detected fiend, the miserable wretch gave one bound through the line of startled soldiers, and bursting open the door was gone.

“Seize him! Stop him!”—hurled forth Barney: “Slay the bloody murderer of women and childther, lettin’ alone the men!”

CHAPTER XIX.

SILENCE ensued: the silence of astonishment, indecision, terror. Then a very Babel of voices broke forth. An indescribable confusion reigned in the Hall.

The domestics had thronged in. All were vociferating. Delaval was storming. His sister, with a face ashen-gray, had rushed in from a neighbouring room, and was clinging convulsively to her brother's arm.

Barney, like one possessed, was tearing up and down the line of soldiers, clanking his fettered hands in their faces, and yelling, "Why don't yez chase him? The bloody-minded villain! He'll get clear aff!"

At first mention of the name, so strangely identified with the young American girl's story, our hero and his two friends had been paralyzed with amazement like the rest; but the next instant Calvert had dashed for the door, to pursue the flying ruffian.

The Sergeant, however, caught him in his brawny clasp, with a "Not so fast, young gentleman. You're not quite free yet. Wait for orders from head-quarters."

Calvert's eye turned appealingly to his father.

But the latter seemed utterly oblivious of the turmoil around him. His head hung forward on his breast. His eye was fixed upon vacancy. His lips kept muttering, over and over, and over again, with a kind of a frightful rhythm in their chant—

"Barrell! Barillot! Barillot,— Murderer! Barillot! Murderer of women and children!"

McWhirter, seeing his principal so absorbed, thought it incumbent on himself to shew his authority at the moment. He had begun in his propitiatory bar-room style, and with a feeble whine of expostulation that no one paid the least attention to—

"Noo, gentlemen, ye maun be sensible this conduck is bye-ord'nar. In fack, its no' the reg'lar thing ava. We're a'thegither oot o' the line o' bizness."

At this juncture his prosing was remorselessly cut short by the thundering tones of the old Commandant, who suddenly recovering from his abstraction, had raised himself to his feet.

Only now he seemed, by his searching and incredulous stare, to have noticed how like Bedlam broken loose the apartment had

become. He was a natural-born king of men though; and was equal to the occasion.

“Silence in the Court there! or else—”

And like the “*Quos ego*” of Virgil’s Neptune, whose very vagueness appalled the winds into instant submission,—so now a calm, unbroken, absolute, took the place of the chaos that raved an instant before.

“Who? Where is the murderer?” was the next thrilling enquiry.

“Here, sir! Here, sir!” responded a chorus of voices, and a number of officious hands grasped and hustled Barney forward, in spite of his protests, to the notice of the Colonel.

“No, no! the other!—Barillot!” he said impatiently.

A dead pause ensued; and all seemed to shun their Chief’s lurid gaze.

“Have ye let him escape?”—cried he at last in deep, resentful tones. Then with startling abruptness came the long expected order—

“Mount and follow! A hundred pounds, alive or dead!”

A whispered command from the Sergeant, and the four leading files made a step in advance, swept up their hands in a parting salute, then faced about, and strode to the door; an instant more, and the tramp of horse-hoofs told they were off on the trail of the fugitive.

Without a word, Calvert moved back to his former position alongside his friends.

A dark look of mingled rage and apprehension had settled on Delaval’s countenance. An emphatic nod across the table to his confederate apprized McWhirter it was his turn to take up the word.

The Scotchman, with all his national hesitancy and clumsiness, got up for the second time, and scratching his head, and clearing his throat, began—

“I’m no jist clear in my ain mind that it’s a’thegither richt an’ ticht in pint o’ law to be gaun on as we hae dune e’enow; but maybe yer Honer kens best.”

Here his snuff-mull was solemnly produced, the lid tapped, and a pinch laboriously administered to his long, hungry nose, which expressed its satisfaction at the timely refreshment by a wheezy snorting in the depths of a blue cotton handkerchief.

“What’s not right?” responded the Colonel.

"Aweel, sir! I mean to say, it's no jist the reg'lar coorse to brak in on the deposeetion jist as it's bein' laid afore the Coort, an' to ask the prisoner at the bar plump an' plain the quastion 'Guilty or no?'"

"Pshaw! Confound your Scotch precision!" said his coadjutor, irritably.

"Weel, weel!" resumed the Scot: "I'm no gaun to say onything mair on that pint e'noo. Only as micht hae been expeckit, the accused denies everything, though as onybody can see frae the evidensh he has been caught in a mainer red-haunded in the ack. It's as clear as dirt, sir!"

"Confound your impudence, sir!" broke in the Colonel, testily. "Do you think I wouldn't take the word of an honest fellow like Barney there, prisoner or no prisoner, before I would the oath of yonder hound, Barillot? or your's either, for that matter!" he muttered in conclusion.

"Come here, my man:" continued the Colonel, addressing Barney, and turning round as the Irishman drew near with eyes suffused; "Sergeant!" shouted he: "Off with the clips there. I'm ashamed of myself even to have seemed to doubt an old comrade."

The manacles were removed with ready alacrity.

"Here, lad!" resumed he, stretching forth his hand: "The head may be wrong at times; but the heart's in the right place yet. It always knows a friend. The man who risked his life, time and again for mine, isn't the one to attempt murder on me now."

What could his humble friend do, other than he did?

Falling on his knees, he caught between both his own the hand extended to him, and reverently kissing it, and bedewing it with tears, he looked up to Heaven and invoked blessings on his generous patron.

"Dinna think, yer Honor;" said the Scotchman, with a slow disapproving snore in the depths of his handkerchief; "Dinna think that I'm agin' your showin' a forgeevin' speerit. The Word tells us we sud e'en pray for them wha despighteously use us. But,—my certy! this is a horse o' anither color. For a' that's come an' gane yet, there's naething to shew that the chiel Barney has been wrangously accused. An' I'm free to mainteen that admittin' the testimony o' a prisoner at the bar,—let alane settin' him up to turn on a crown-witness in yon daftlike fashion, an' to frichten

the poor man oot o' Coort yon way, is jist clean again' a' law an' reason. An' noo lettin' the prisoner aff without ony ane o' the counts o' the indictment being answered;—hech, sirs! Its nae-thing but a scandalous mispreesion o' treason; an' as ane o' the magistrates sittin' on the case, I frankly tell ye I'll no rin my craig intil a tether by countenancing the like. I summon the sodgers there to uphaud the majesty o' the law, by keepin' their grip on that man."

A frown black as midnight settled on the Colonel's brow as he answered, turning short round on his refractory associate—

"Sir; it seems to me you have forgotten where you stand; and that *I*, not *you*, hold the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel of the County. Any orders for the military must come through me. I am abundantly able to answer for my own acts. So, my friend, as you yourself would say, you had better save your breath 'to cool your ain kail.' You'll find it hot enough, I promise you, if what I begin to suspect be true. And that reminds me you appear somewhat prominently in one part of these informations. I'd have you to remember there are penalties for perjury and conspiracy, sir. And I'll have the pound of flesh out of you, if anything of this should appear."

At this point the Scotchman's trepidation became excessive. His hard, granite face was working convulsively; its usual brick-dust hue had degenerated into a whitey-brown. He seemed to meditate a reply; but his parched lips, that he vainly tried to moisten, and his teeth chattering like castanets, precluded the effort.

The Colonel then turned and addressed the American in a polite and conciliatory tone—

"Mr. Reginald Harvey; you have heard these allegations brought against you?"

"I have, Colonel Ansdell. To reply to them, however, would be to acknowledge that I am under arrest."

"Unquestionably."

"But that is precisely what I cannot admit. As a citizen of the United States, I have already entered my protest, and appeal for protection to the nearest American Consul. This of course removes the case out of your hands. Besides, my arrest has been utterly informal. No warrant has been or can be produced for my detention."

"No; to be sure!" said the Colonel, with a perplexed face. "Why, how's this? Delaval."

"I was entrusted by you with a general discretionary power;" said his nephew, somewhat chopfallen.

"Sir, you seem to have used your power with a most abundant lack of that same quality. What grounds had you for detaining this gentleman?"

"They have already been stated in sum," said the Frenchman: "They will now be proved in detail."

Certain strictures on the course pursued by the government in dealing with the troubles in Ireland were read, and made the most of, by the accuser. One extract in particular was dwelt upon, referring to Harvey's having met, in the office of a well-known Irish author in New York, the celebrated General S——, Head Centre etc. of the I. R.

"And is this all? Is it on grounds so frivolous as these you would dare arraign on such a serious charge as treason a gentleman of honor?"

"This is *not* all;" responded Delaval: and he unfolded the declaration drawn up and signed at his instance by McWhirter. Sundry conversations of a seditious tendency alleged to have been overheard by the subscriber, were here reported; as also the fact that amongst the disaffected the accused was currently known as "the American General."

Harvey's practice of sketching, cunningly represented as being for military purposes; his frequent and prolonged absences, and his familiarity with certain questionable characters, were duly detailed.

"*Familiarities* wid *quistinable* *charackthers!*" commented Barney. "Och, howly Moses! D'ye hear the black words dhrappin' like toads from his ugly mouth? '*Familiarities*' is it? Well, here's thankin' ye, *ma bouchal*, for all *your* familiarities; but it's the *shtrangeness* we'd take the kindest from the likes av yez. An' who do ye call '*quistinable* *charackthers*?' It's yerself is the *onquistinable* *charackther*, Heaven knows. Augh, boys! hear till him now. It bates Banagher! He makes lies faster than a harse can throt. But isn't he his leasing Father's own child for that, sure?"

CHAPTER XX.

At last the Frenchmen's lame and labored deposition against the American was drawn to a close. Lame though it was, however, such was the excited state of public opinion at the time, that very few magistrates would have had the moral courage and high sense of justice which prompted the Colonel to reply in conclusion—

“Pshaw! Delaval; your zeal has manifestly outrun your discretion. There is nothing tangible in all this which would justify committal, even if we had the power, which I question. What about this sketching and surveying though? There may be something in that;” said the veteran, whose military instinct had caught at the suggestion.

For sole reply Harvey stepped forward and spread out before the Colonel his sketching-folio, which he had drawn out of his pocket.

Adjusting his eye-glass, the old *militaire* caught up a sheet at hazard. It was that in which Calvert and his mare had been so dashingly introduced into the foreground, as recounted above.

“Capital!” said the father. “You have hit off the young dog and his rantipole brute to a *T*. Not much treason in that, I'm thinking.”

After glancing in a cursory way over most of the contents of the folio, he happened upon the sketch of the Ruined Chapel, in which the young girl formed the most striking figure.

Long the Colonel sat motionless, and his eyes with a far-off look in them ranged backwards and forwards unconsciously between the copy and the blushing original.

“Very like; Ah, *so* like!” at last he said, softly, with a sigh. “Surely there must be some mistake. The child seems pure, and high-bred.”

At the instant he caught an expressive glance of Marie's, and throwing down the picture, muttered—

“Ay; too true, too true! It must be so. The thing is too circumstantial to be false. Yet 'tis pity of the child too.”

Then with a sudden revulsion of mood he swept the papers from before him, and turning angrily upon Delaval, cried—

“All this only serves to make your action in the case more absurd and groundless. You ought to be ashamed to bring up such trumpery charges as these: and still more to let be known your

dishonorable prying into private correspondence. And that you, Mr. McWhirter, a magistrate, should lend yourself to such an outrageous procedure! I blush for my country if such things be permitted. This may be the *mode* in France; and that's Delaval's only excuse. He knows no better. But I'd have you remember, sir, we are on British soil where *letters-de-cachet* and the spy-system have not yet struck root. Mr. Harvey, I beg to inform you, that in my judgment there is no case whatever against you; and in addition, I would tender my apologies for the inconvenience to which you have been subjected."

As the fine old soldier thus concluded, a rapid telegraphing took place between the French and Scotchman.

"But, sir"—began McWhirter with an assumption of bravery he was far from feeling.

"But me no buts:" thundered the Colonel, quenching him in an instant. We have had enough of you."

"Colonel Ansdell," began the American, "the hospitality extended to me and to my sister by yourself and son"—

"Leave my son out of the question;" broke in the Colonel, irritably.

With a look of surprise, Harvey, amending his phrase, began again—

"Your considerate hospitality, and the very handsome terms in which you have exonerated me from the disgraceful imputations cast upon me by designing persons, form an ample atonement for any passing indignities to which I may have been subjected. But in the interests of Justice, and with a special reference to the implications thrown out against my young friend here, permit me to pursue this matter a little further."

"My son! again my son. Well! what of 'him?'" and a frown gloomed on the father's brow at the word.

"Has it never struck you that the tin-box and lid, so largely built upon as circumstantial evidence against Barney, and as tending to implicate your son,—has it never struck you that they might have been purposely abstracted from the owner, and used to cover the traces of the real criminal?"

"Proceed. What mean you?" said Colonel Ansdell.

For answer, Harvey turned to Calvert and proceeded to interrogate him—

"How and where have you seen the man identified as Barillot?"

"Yesterday morning, for the first time," was the youth's reply. "He was prowling around Barney Bralligan's cabin, after no good either, else he would not have run so. Again I caught a glimpse of him in the shubbery tossing the tin box to Delaval there, as he was starting after Barney."

"Tossing the box to *me*?" echoed Delaval furiously. "Do you dare so to forswear yourself?"

"Silence!" said the Colonel. "Let the boy speak."

"I saw him through the window, and jumped out, and got on the mare and chased him. I know it was him, for I had a good look at his face when he turned to heave a rock down upon me. I could swear to it anywhere. That is the face of Delaval's witness, whom Barney frightened by calling Jack Barrel."

"Ay, lad! Jack Barrel,—Barillot! Murderer of women and children!" and as before, the Colonel seemed lost in thought again, and utterly oblivious of the further explications entered into by Harvey. At last the thought that was engrossing him burst forth in the abrupt enquiry—

"Barillot! Who said he was the murderer of women and children? You, Bralligan! Tell what you know of the scoundrel."

"No good, yer Haner!" was the Irishman's rejoinder: "But it's Mither Harvey that will put ye up to some of his doings."

"Well!" said the veteran, and he fixed his frenzied eye on the American.

The story of the finding of Madeline was then gone over, as it has already been detailed, up to the point where the corpse of the frozen woman was indentified as that of Lisette, the miserable daughter of Barillot.

"And is this why you call him the murderer of women and children? He but cast out the vile woman, and the pledge of her infamy together. I honor him for it! I would do the same myself." And in his excitement the Colonel struck his wounded hand upon the table.

"And, sir," continued he, turning fiercely upon Harvey, "Is it *you* would introduce this child of shame to an honorable house, and lure on yonder miserable boy to link his fate and a stainless name with disgrace?"

Taken aback at this rude assault, and Madeline's sudden cry of wounded feeling, her brother flushed red for an instant, and then was earnestly proceeding—

“Hear me out, sir. There is more behind—”

When Marie’s shriek “Oh! He’s dying!” and the swift rush she made to his side, drew all eyes to his condition.

His inconsiderate action had started the wound afresh, and after struggling an instant in the girl’s hands, he fell back in a dead faint.

Calvert would have dashed forward to his father’s assistance, but was whirled off by Delaval with the savage remark—

“This is your work, parricide! Do you want to finish him out-right?”

As the youth, disdainingly reply, was still struggling madly forward, they bore the nearly lifeless form from the hall, guarded by Marie.

Delaval cast a look of triumph around, and gave the cue to McWhirter again to proceed.

The canny Scot rose with considerable assurance, now the coast was clear, and hemming and hawing thus delivered himself—

“Noo, gentlemen; we’ve been lang daidlin’ ower this bizness; an’ it’s high time to sneck aff. For you, Barney Bralligan, there’s been nae defence offered worth a flee. Even supposin’ the charge o’ murder hasna been a’thegither made oot, whilk I’m far frae allooin’, still ye’re a rank Fenian by yer ain shawin’, proved to hae been present at ane o’ their illegal gatherins, nae furdre gane than last nicht. I therefore commit *you* on the charge o’ sedition an’ treason, an’ a suspeecion o’ murder forbye. Maister Harvey; the sworn deposal o’ a maigistrat, an’ that’s my ain sel, backed wi’ sic concomitant proofs as hae been laid afore the Coort, are no to be blawn awa like thistle-downs wi’ a doited auld man’s breath. Your appeal to yer ain Casars ower the water winna help ye muckle here in the land o’ Breetish leeberty, I can tell ye. I haud *you* to trial on the chairge o’ incitin’ Her Majesty’s lieges to sedition an’ treason, if nae waur. An’ *you*, Calvert callant, sorry am I that yer feyther’s son sud bring siccan disgrace on a honorable name. But there’s ower gude reason for thinkin’ you airt an’ pairt in a’ the lawless an’ murderin’ carryins-on o’ thae Feenian cut-throats ye hae been forgatherin’ wi’. Aye; gin the bullet had but sped true yesterday, the Castle an’ the Estate wad hae been your’s richt aff the reel, to wear on limmers like yon misbegotten queen there; an’ dootless, that’s what ye were ettlin’ at.”

The truculent magistrate had better have spared that last taunt

of his; for at the instant a steel gauntlet came whizzing through the air, that Calvert in ungovernable rage had snatched from an old armor trophy on the wall, and sent flying with unerring aim. It smote the scandal-monger on the mouth with such force that it knocked him over.

"Hiroo!" cried Barney, and cut a caper of inextinguishable delight, as he saw his enemy the Scotchman pick himself slowly up, wipe his bleeding muzzle, and coughing to clear his throat, spit out two teeth that his unlucky gibe had cost him.

So ended, amid confusion indescribable, what may well be styled the drawn battle of the day. The order for committal of the prisoners to the county gaol the following day was made out, regardless of Harvey's protests. The accused were remanded to their apartments; and intimation was given them that any effort at escape would draw on them the fire of the military, to whom the safe custody of the whole party was formally made over.

(To be continued.)

UP AND DOWN THE BRAS D'OR.

BY SAMUEL MACNAUGHTON, M. A.

ON a July morning, 187—, the air was balmy and refreshingly cool—a pleasing contrast to the heat of the previous day. Immediately after Sol had emerged from his "fleecy chambers," and even while Aurora's blush was on the sky, there was hurrying to and fro in the city of Halifax,—for a right royal band of noble hearts had enthusiastically responded to the call of duty and were busily preparing to run the car of temperance on the beautifully-picturesque and sweetly-poetic island of Cape Breton. The last lingering star auspiciously lent its latest silver ray to greet this happy morn, and benignly twinkled a parting blessing for each and all of the merry company. Notwithstanding the frowns and struggles of Morpheus at being deprived of his victims at an earlier hour than usual, the whole volunteer corps assembled, and were ready to march at the given signal.

First and foremost in the ranks, head and shoulders *below* the rest, is Uncle Harry, hale and hearty still, although, as he delights to relate, he will be seventy-nine years of age if he live to see the

30th of February. In the twinkling of an eye,—his eye still twinkles like the starry gems of night—the sober lines of thought retire from his brow, and joy and merriment dance fantastically on every face; for the brilliant scintillations of wit that sparkle in his eye, and the continuous flow of humor that oozes from every corner and cranny of his vast (?) corporation, never fail to dispel the lowering clouds of “solemncholy,” thereby letting into every heart the bright sunshine of happiness and joy.

Next in seniority is Uncle Patrick—an excellent counterpart to Uncle Harry, a stay and a staff to him in his declining years,—always indispensable on such occasions to make arrangements for the accommodation of the company, and especially as a precursor of fine weather; for, remarkable though it be, it is nevertheless a fact, that it never rains while he journeys.

Then there are Uncle Eddy, cousins Will and Thomas and John, all kind-hearted, generous, and joyous, as agreeable and interesting as mortals well could be.

Prominent among the worthies is Uncle Obadiah, a Son of *long-standing*—that is, when he *stands*. Eager curiosity singles him out as an intensely interesting “get up,” fashioned after the American style of rational bipeds, with as much heart, and genius, and common sense, and affability as any other live man. And yet Nature, by lengthening out his corporeality, left sufficient space to junk on a fine slice of racy wit, welded to the rest by the electrical fire of eccentricity. He is a valuable acquisition, and all will be benefited by his companionship. Then we have a jolly good-natured Doctor and his worthy lady. The Doctor could subscribe to the following stanza, although he could not write it:

“Lords of creation, lower your crest;
Strive as you may, do what you can,
Woman, with all her faults confess'd,
But still be-double you, O man! (W-o-man).”

A more youthful trio brings up the rear. One is bright and joyous, the pulse of anticipation beating quick and strong; for he pictures in his heart of hearts a royal good time in such a royal company. He has already plumed imagination's pinions for an airy flight, and quick-eyed fancy has caught an anticipative glance of bright dreams, soon to be realized amid the true, the *beautiful*, and the good; and, thanks to the condescension (?) of the fair, he was not disappointed.

The subdued, thoughtful look of another, suggested a theme for poetic thought, apart from mere sentiment. We deponed that he must have left a dear young wife behind: and it was so. The third has shaken off all care, and trills his lay as cheerily as the lark. Unlike some of the group, the thought of being fed with sweet looks and dew-soft words scarcely moves him; because, perchance, he had already tasted such dainty sweets, and had learned that they did not afford real pabulum to certain constitutions.

Now the company is complete. The iron-horse has commenced to snort and bound and tremble for the speedy transmission and safety of the precious company. Five hours quickly pass; for the fine flash of wit gives rise to brilliant repartee; while, during the *interim*, Uncle Obadiah secretly, but not surreptitiously, appropriates the valuables of the company; kindly relieves Uncle Harry of his time-indicator, lest, from the density of the metal, *time* should hang heavy on his *pocket*; considerably drugs one of the youthful trio with soporifics, in order that his vivid fancy may alight and rest her weary wing; and, generally, performs all those kindly offices which an ever active mind could devise and adroit hands accomplish.

New Glasgow is reached and adds to the company. Pictou smiles upon the enterprise and contributes delegates of three generations, a "Worthy Grandfather," "Father," and two "Sons."

The grand event on board the St. Lawrence from Pictou *en route* for Hawkesbury was the discussion of a grand "moral question," vulgarly called dinner. This topic was congenial to all; and, although the ladies did not belong to the "Woman's Rights Society," all hands took part with great gusto; thus showing that they appreciated the fine "spread" always to be had on the steamers of this line. Uncle Harry monopolizes the discussion of Art. VI., and analyzed it, as he said, *clause by clause*. It was a dainty article in the form of a live lobster.

The scenery of Maxmilton is lost to sight; and, dinner discussed, Cape George with its beautiful sloping sides and elevated light greets the eager eyes of the expectant company.

Antigonish Harbor is dimly seen in the distance. A few miles farther on is a lovely spot, thought of, though but faintly seen, in connection with the young poetess who penned some sweet stanzas on "Lovely Bayfield." Tracadie, Little Tracadie, Blue Point,

Cape Jack, and Harbor Bouchè, get a passing glance and a passing remark.

The next scene of attraction and interest, is one of superlative grandeur and sublimity. Here rise perpendicular rocks and overhanging cliffs to the height of 100 and 150 feet, in which are picturesque caves of great beauty, with moss-covered mouths, which will well repay the passing stranger to peep into, while ascending those truly grand and romantic precipices. Having thoroughly explored this scene of magnificence and grandeur, we can recommend all tourists to halt at Port Mulgrave and wend their way up the rugged heights of the bristly Cape beyond which no porcupine is found.

Immediately opposite Cape Porcupine is a neat little town which has of late been dignified with the somewhat imposing name of Port Hastings. This is the great throughfare of telegraphic news from Europe to America. We were informed by one of the operators that no less than nine hundred and sixty messages had passed through the office in one day; that one message contained over four hundred words; and that the receipts for the month were upwards of \$24,000.

At 7.20 P. M. the steamer touches Dominion wharf at Port Hawkesbury. This is the most stirring business place on the Strait of Canso. A pleasant drive of thirteen miles and we are on the margin of West Bay. It would perhaps be difficult for a conscientious man to offer thanks for good hotel accommodations at this place. Some of us slept with our eyes open all night. Matters are improving, however.

At six o'clock on the following morning we embark on the sturdy "*Neptune*"—a fine little steamer and a right-jolly good-natured, and obliging captain. We can assure Captain Beatty that he made twenty-four friends as quickly as any living man that day, and they will long continue to think kindly of him for his gentlemanly and courteous attentions during the whole voyage. "*Neptune*," without the aid of his trident or any other insignia of royalty, courses swiftly over the Bras D'Or Lake—a fine sheet of water, formed by an arm of the Atlantic and very nearly enclosed by land. It is well named "*Arm of Gold*," for it is a source of great wealth and convenience to this fine country. At its southern extremity is the famous St. Peter's Canal, opened for traffic three years since, and connecting Bras D'Or Lake with St.

Peter's Bay, on the south coast of the island. Whykokomagh, at its northern extremity, is the nearest point to Port Hood. The "*Neptune*" makes this point weekly *en route* from Sydney.

Barra Strait on the north-east connects Bras D'Or Lake with Little Bras D'Or, which is separated from the great Bras D'Or by Boularderie, a fine island twenty-five miles in length, and an average breadth of four or five miles. A northeasterly course of about twenty-five miles has brought us to Barra Strait, and we now pass into Bras D'Or, which is properly a union or confluence of Little Bras D'Or and Great Bras D'Or for twelve miles, then their waters are separated by Boularderie for twenty-five miles to Point Aconi, which is furiously lashed by the proud billows of the Atlantic. This paragraph, being geographical, has carried us ahead of our description. Let us now return to pick up the scenery.

The scenery of Bras D'Or Lake is of superlative beauty—beauty rather than grandeur. About five miles from West Bay a beautiful group of highly picturesque islands, sweetly nestled on the heaving bosom of this noble lake, greets the eye of the true lover of Nature. "Smith's Islands" is a somewhat prosaic designation for this rich deposit of Nature's charms; but the sea is the sailor's, and poets must succumb. Away to the right is Red Island, separated from the shores of Richmond by *Barrasoi des Huitres*. Nearer, on the left, is Malagawdatchkt (Malagawatch). Eight miles further on and we enter Barra Strait, whose waters lave the southmost point of Victoria and the western head of Cape Breton. A few miles farther and Cape Breton's shore greets us with a "Merry Christmas" (though out of season) in the form of a cozy little island.

The "*Neptune*" is now heading in a northwesterly direction, and Baddeck rises above the wave. This is a quiet little village of some three hundred inhabitants—rather pretty and picturesque. Duffus Island reclines upon this placid harbor with sweet composure, suggesting the opening innocence of childhood as cradled in its mother's arms. Rounding Duffus Island, passing by Red Head and the southern extremity of Boularderie, we are now coursing swiftly along the Little Bras D'Or. Every eye is turned on Island Point as we pass, and enthusiastic admiration is checked only by a scene still more superlatively grand; for our obliging Captain has bidden "*Neptune*" tread the wave inside Long

Island. Here, along the entire length of the island, some three or four miles, is picturesque beauty sweetly blended with magnificent grandeur, forming a perfect picture of surpassing loveliness, which requires a poet's eye to catch, a poet's mind to appreciate, and a poet's pen to describe. Here are lofty precipices and high jutting cliffs—the home of eaglets in the storm; an elevated ridge abruptly sloping to the water's edge, shorn of its natural harshness by being clothed with a garment of green; and a quiet wooded glade enclosed by lovely trees which playfully shake their leafy tresses as they stoop to kiss the limpid wave.

Between the northern extremity of Long Island and the mainland, Nature, already lavish of her charms, seems to have striven to surpass herself; for, rising above the heaving billow is a lovely islet, so naturally sweet and unassuming that you feel like picking up the chubby blossom and caressing it in a most maternal manner. "*Neptune*" now halts for a moment at French Village to land passengers for North Sydney and vicinity who prefer a five mile drive to a twenty mile sail out of the narrow and beautifully-winding Little Bras D'Or into the Atlantic, round Cranberry Head into Sydney Harbor. However, Captain Beatty is still a favorite and we cling to the fleet-winged "*Neptune*;" and we are well repaid.

Leaving French Village we pass through the draw-bridge, and for six or seven miles the wooded banks of the narrow passage almost close down upon us. Perhaps the most notable features of the pass of the Little Bras D'Or are its regular windings and remarkably even width. Its quiet beauty must be seen to be appreciated: word-painting cannot portray it.

We are now rolling on the Atlantic. "*Neptune*" nobly rides the foaming billows; and we look upon the creaming waves, seething and lashing each other as the grandest sight we ever beheld. Some of the party, however, commenced to cast up accounts and struck a balance in favor of the finny tribe; and, honest men (!!), they immediately handed over the treasures of their stomachs to the denizens of the deep. We, who had acted up to the Christian principle 'Owe no man anything,' having no debts to pay, looked upon our unfortunate companions as objects of merriment, rather than of sympathy. All who are "clear on the books" are now invited to dinner; and consumption, arrayed in her tidiest napkins, sits down amid the clatter of eating

utensils to assert her princely prerogative to the last vestige of provided edibles. Touching at North Sydney situated on the northwest side of Sydney Harbor, "*Neptune*" turns his prow towards our destination. Passing by the N. W. Arm, we sail in a southeast direction along the S. W. Arm, and after steaming five miles we are at the wharf at Sydney.

Sydney is a nice, quiet little town, with about one thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the Southwest Arm of Sydney Harbor, and faces the southwest. One of the company remarked, and perhaps correctly, that "the water looked better from Sydney, than Sydney did from the water." The water-view is decidedly pretty—pretty rather than grand; a quiet beauty, soothing and tranquilizing in its effect, renders the scene very inviting to the lover of nature. The surroundings, more especially the immediate vicinity, are exceedingly beautiful, and would seem to indicate that taste and refinement are among the prominent characteristics of the inhabitants. The modern style of architecture and the *tout ensemble* of the place almost make even the historian forget that Sydney is one of the oldest towns in the Province. However, this fair spot is not without its dilapidated buildings and rum-shops. It is pleasing to note that, while in but a few windows "the bottle" is to be seen, many smile invitingly with sweet geraniums, drooping modest fuschias, the queenly fragrant rose, and other budding, blooming, blushing "*fair*" flowers, with names and habits as various as the individual.

We also saw Nature and Art harmoniously uniting to beautify the lawn and enrich the grange. Through the kindness of a friend the most magnificent Rhubarb-leaf we ever beheld was present for our inspection and admiration. It was beautifully and perfectly formed, measuring 2 ft. 9 in. across the blade by nearly 5 feet in length, 2 ft. 4 in. being stem. This fine specimen of spring vegetation owes its existence to a congenial soil and the careful culture of Stiles Ingraham, Esq., Point Amelia.

One of the pleasantest hours of our trip was passed at the residence of the Rev. H. Macleod, D. D. This is a charming spot,—order, symmetry, taste, the beautiful, the useful, all vie with each other in pleasing emulation. Mrs. Macleod must have seen satisfaction and delight beaming from every eye, as each new beauty passed before its admiring gaze, else forbearing patience, and assiduous attention, and large-hearted generosity would have

retired into their innermost chambers long ere the company had eager curiosity satiated with kindly answers to almost innumerable interrogatories. We are compelled to omit even an allusion to many scenes of beauty and acts of kindness displayed in this fair town; but, as the Latins say, *ab uno disce omnes*.

Shortly after the arrival of the party, tea being served, the mellow peals of the Presbyterian Church-bell greet the ear of those who delight to frequent the place where prayer is wont to be made. Thanks to the charitable opinions of each other entertained by the company, no break is made in the party, and all delight to blend their voices in thanksgiving for a prosperous journey. It is indeed a pleasing feature in modern Christianity that, while each prefers his own denomination and particular form of worship, all can unite on a common platform to promote the common good.

The good people of Sydney succeeded in giving the party a sudden surprise in the form of a "social," all the more appreciated that it was got up without the knowledge of any of the party. This thoughtful expression of fraternal regard produced a feeling of at-home-ateness in the minds of the company, which caused the pulse of assurance to beat more freely during the remainder of their visit. Confidence and fortitude gird themselves; and, entering into the inner chambers of the soul's dwelling place, carry off "modest" youths and quietly esconce them beside some lovely daughters of Eve to be vastly entertained by the sweets of social intercourse, and to realize that they are among an appreciative and intelligent people, who can dispense happiness and joy to their stranger guests "*without the aid of wine*."

Coffee and cake having ceased to gratify the taste of the company, the æsthetic is demanded, and, amid rapturous applause, Uncle Harry is called upon for a song. Anxious to respond heartily to such a cordial invitation, the venerable gentleman rises without any external signs of inward trepidation; but, alas! as the sequel proved, he was found to be actually—we don't say *physically*—too *full* for utterance. Apologizing very gracefully on account of advanced age and present inability he very adroitly introduces a younger member. After he has delivered himself of some poetic utterances suited to the occasion; and Uncle Obadiah has amused and delighted the company with a contribution of racy wit and rich anecdote; and Cousin Tom has startled all with a brief

burst of eloquence; Uncle Harvey, now feeling somewhat comfortable, (he carries "Taylor's Ginger Cordial" with him) volunteers a song. And oh! how many young hearts throbbed, and pulsated, and palpitated as he dwelt with peculiar and prolonged emphasis on his "d-e-e-e-ar little swe-e-e-et little Nannie."

The company having made arrangements with the obliging Captain of the "*Neptune*" for an excursion on Saturday round the North-east coast of Cape Breton all are anxious that Pluvius may have exhausted his watery treasures before six o'clock in the morning.

"Hark! chanticleer is crowing! Up boys, up!" "No, no! It is only Uncle Harry. Don't you hear how it rains?" Morpheus prevails, and the god of sleep makes some of us an easy prey. In a few moments, however, our "chanticleer" struts into the room with such manner and garb as to call up vividly before our "mind's eye" some faint recollections of an ancient philosopher as related in Grecian story. It is recorded of Plato that in his discussions he defined man to be "a two-legged animal without feathers." On the following day his antagonist, with as much wit as logic, presented a plucked rooster to the assembled multitude, exclaiming, "here's a Plato's man." The effect was stunning. Perhaps never since the time of Plato was the event more nearly actualized than when "our Plato's man" pounces upon unconscious sleepers in the grey twilight of the opening dawn.

Performing our toilet as quickly as possible consistent with a due regard to personal appearance, and breakfast hurriedly disposed of, we embark for a voyage,—not on the lovely, placid Bras D'Or, but on the billowy bosom of the Atlantic. "*Neptune*" has again taken us under his fostering care, and with his trident, so said the Greeks, he calms the waves and subdues the storms. Sol has just peered above the horizon, and sends a benignant ray to soothe the perturbed feelings of one of the party who had been puzzling his brain for a solution of the problem, "What effect would the *prospect* of rain have on a carefully-brushed hat?" The wind blows softly from the southwest, or, as residents would say, "off the land."

Sailing out of Sydney Harbor, on the left is Point Amelia—a spot of surpassing loveliness—suggesting associations laden with sweet reminiscences of the family relations of the Rev. Dr. Crawley. Farther on, two and a half miles from Sydney, is Point Edward,

named in honor of the Duke of Kent. Between this point and North Sydney lies a fine sheet of water known as the Northwest Arm, extending about seven miles inland. We touch at North Sydney; but as "*Neptune*" is eager to fulfil his mission he hastens on skimming the wave like a fleet sea-bird, and we are permitted only a passing glance of the place to which we afterwards became so much attached. On the left, farther north, after passing by Swivel Point and four places of worship fraternally near each other, the eye alights on Old Sydney Mines, where coal mining was formerly carried on very largely.

On the right, that is, on the eastern side of the harbor, we have glided past the International Mines worked by the International Company; the Victoria Mines situated on Low Point, with a seam of coal from seven to nine feet in thickness. This coal is carried four miles by rail to South Bar. Antiquity here asserts her special claim to notice; for the remains of some very old French mines are still observable in the immediate vicinity. Our attention is called to Barrasoi Mines as we pass, and in a few minutes we are rounding the Northern Head of Lingan, and Lingan Harbor appears to view. Bridgeport is astir with busy mines, though we see but few signs of activity in our hurried transit. Little Glace Bay is a thriving village with a harbor constructed solely by art and enterprise. Considerable quantities of coal have been shipped during the past seven years. Perhaps the most striking work of art that catches the passing glance of the *voyageur* is a grand imposing Catholic chapel, located in the immediate vicinity. Big Glace Bay, from which point the coal raised at the Caledonia Mines is shipped, is twenty-four miles from Sydney. Half a mile farther and we are opposite Clyde Mines; and three miles ahead we see the smoke of Schooner Pond Mines rolling up into the air.

As we round Northern Head, before entering Cow Bay, one of Nature's rarest freaks stands out in bold relief upon the canvas of observation. Whether the Dutchman—as legendary lore has it—who ran his shallop through the island found it very hard or not we cannot say; but they have given it a name as hard as *flint*. Flint Island is small, but abrupt and elevated; and the Dutchman's pass is now widened to about one hundred yards.

Cow Bay is very spacious and the lover of the grand can here look with admiration rising to enthusiasm on the heaving swell and crested waves of Old Ocean as they dash in wildest fury over

the Breakwater, erected at great cost for the accommodation and safe anchorage of ships. The town, though quite recently built, seems to be in a very thriving condition. It contains a population of about four hundred; has three elegant places of worship, and a few fine buildings. The residence of the manager of the Block-house Mines is a model of taste and elegance and architectural beauty.

The "Archibald" Mines are worked solely by Cape Breton capital. The first coal was raised in 1859, and so rapidly did the works progress that in 1870, twenty thousand tons were shipped before mid-summer. We look upon these mines as a monument of honor and credit to the enterprise and energy of Cape Breton. Three hours are spent in satisfying the cravings of Nature, in exploring the mines, in investigating the works, and in collecting choice geological specimens. Then we again commit ourselves to "*Neptune*," and after a remarkably pleasant sail we arrive at Sydney in time for tea. Thus closed the week.

Sabbath was a delightful and refreshing day to all. All were free to worship God in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience. Many flocked to the Wesleyan Chapel both morning and evening to hear the eloquence and fervent, gushing love for souls, fresh from the Rev. Mr. G.'s large and generous heart. The little sanctuary, the Sabbath School, was the afternoon resort of all. How sweet to meet the dear children of the several Sabbath Schools side by side, in the same building, and speak to them of a Saviour's love! Prayer meeting under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and the evening services in the Churches, close the proceedings of this thrice-hallowed day.

After the soothing and hallowing influences of the sweet day of rest, the party are well prepared to accept a cordial invitation from friends at North Sydney, to enjoy their hospitality for the day, and address a public meeting in the evening. Here gay and festive generosity dispensed her favours in rich and bountiful profusion. The party are delighted with the place and the people. North Sydney is a very thriving town, of about six hundred inhabitants. Business seems very brisk; and enterprize and hospitality are among the prominent characteristics of the people.

On Tuesday we again trust ourselves to the benign "god of the sea," *en route* for Hawkesbury. After a lovely cruise through the fanciful windings of the Little Bras D'Or, and an onward sail along

the entire "Arm of Gold," we arrive at 6.30 P. M. After running another grand temperance meeting, and final farewells taken of the people and the island, the party make for the "Princess," and arrive just as Pluvius has thrown open the flood-gates of the heavens. Thunderings and lightnings are very sublime; but, "dear ducks" though we be, we all have a great aversion to water. The night is stormy; but the day opens auspiciously. Ten o'clock finds us nearing the suburbs of Pictou, which are indeed superlatively beautiful.

Kind friends are again on the alert, and we meet with another pleasant surprise. We might have anticipated it, had we for a moment reflected upon the proverbial hospitality of the people of Pictou. Dinner is spread for the entire company. The roll is called, and all answer to their names except the writer and one of the youthful trio — cousin Henry. The former went to claim a cousin's privilege, and prevailed upon his friend to accompany him. They got their dinner, and a good one. But the sequel: well, they finally went into Mariadne's garden, and friend Henry received "*a rose.*"

Two o'clock has arrived, and the company re-assemble, *en route* for Halifax. Friend H. does not appear to have any "goings on to hum." That rose: well, it was fragrant; and there was another which might be plucked on the morrow, if he remained. He was cordially invited. Why did he not remain? His palpitating organ of vitality throbbed in kindly pulsations for the—rose-bud. He would like to have seen a little more of the town, he said. But people are sometimes borne onwards by the influence of some unseen power, or by the fatality of circumstances, they know not why or whither. Such is life.

The iron-horse champs and snorts, and we are off. New Glasgow receives her sons. Rose Bank cottage welcomes her boy. Truro takes Rev. Mr. G. into her affectionate embrace. Halifax extends fraternal arms to welcome the rest. All have brought with them many pleasing reminiscences of their eight days' excursion.

Thus ended what was, in many respects, worthy to be entitled and remembered as

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE.

CANADA is happy in the possession of two literatures, each marked by peculiar characteristics, and both possessing many points of excellence. The French literature of Canada is far more copious, certainly more polished; of older origin and wider range than the English. When those parts of the Dominion now chiefly settled by English-speaking people were a wilderness, the province of Quebec possessed several seats of learning, a gay, and, for those times, a wealthy capital, where the manners of the polished days of Louis XIV. lent many charms to social intercourse. While the religious professors were remarkable for their heroism in the cause of Christianity, the Seigneurs who had transferred their fortunes from France to the banks of the St. Lawrence gave a tone of chivalry to a people remarkable to this day for politeness and all the hospitable virtues. Under these favorable circumstances, French Canadian Literature flourished, and assumed a national character at a time when an English book was a curiosity in Quebec. In its poetry and songs, wedded to music of singular beauty, is French Canadian Literature most remarkable; and it is to be regretted that the great mass of our English speaking fellow-countrymen are ignorant of the richness and variety of the works of French Canadian writers. An effort, however, has been made by several contemporary authors in both languages to introduce, as it were, the two peoples to each other. So far, their success has, of course, been limited; but it may be hoped that the spread of education, the diffusion of wealth, and consequent leisure, will, before many years, lead to a more cordial recognition of the claims of both languages. Amongst those who have endeavoured, and not without success, to unite the two sections through the means of their writers, I may mention the Hon. Mr. Royal, Secretary of State in Manitoba, formerly editor of *La Rivière Canadienne*, Mr. Benjamin Sulte, Mr. G. T. Lanigan, Mr. Le Moine, Mrs. Carroll Ryan and others, whose translations have appeared during the last ten years in periodicals published in both languages.

In the pursuit of this pleasing task a peculiar circumstance occurred, which affords an instance of a curiosity in translation rather remarkable. Mr. Sulte, in studying Shakespeare, was struck with the beauty of the thought contained in the thirty-second Sonnet, and made an imitation of it in French, which he

love

published, overlooking, however, to mention that it was borrowed from Shakespeare, whose Sonnet is as follows :

“ If thou survive my well-contented day,
 When that churl Death with dust my bones shall cover
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,—
 Compare them with the bettering of the time;
 And though they be outstrip'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.
 O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,—
 ‘ And my friend’s muse grown with this growing age
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage :
 But since he died, and poets better prove
 Theirs for their style, I’ll read his for his love.”

Catching the spirit, without imitating the language of this beautiful Sonnet, Mr. Sulte rendered it as below :

Si la mort, brutale ennemie,
 Trauchait le fil de nos amours,
 Que mes vers, ces fleurs de ma vie,
 Te rappellent nos plus beaux jours.

Tu les jugeras, douce amie
 Sans toutfois les comparer
 A l’œuvre d’un brillant génie
 Dont l’art m’aurait pu surpasser.

Et dis : “ Sa muse, jûne encore, e
 “ Comme le fruit tout près d’éclore,
 “ Je nourrissait pour l’avenir :

“ Amour ! si la pays honore
 “ Ses rivaux, fiers de parvèuir.
 “ Lisons ses vers en souvenir !”

These lines fell into the hands of Mr. Lanigan, who being touched with the sweetness of the ideas, and believing it original to Mr. Sulte, translated it back into English, giving it a new birth in the following beautiful lines.

Beloved, if death should, in the winter years,
 From thy white arms forever sever me,
 Then let my love-songs linger in thine ears
 And call our young life’s summer back to thee.
 I would that thou shouldst read them tenderly,
 Compare them not, songs of thy worshipper,
 With some great man’s heart-stirring melody
 My humble art can never hope to peer.

And say " His muse was young as yet
Like unripe fruit in spring time set,
More years had loaded down the limb.
Love, if his rivals fame have met
And honor never to grow dim,
Read we his songs remembering him.

In this literary episode, we have a Shakespearian Sonnet reproduced with wonderful beauty and freshness after passing through the unavoidable mists of a foreign translation. Mr. Lanigan's genius unwittingly complimented itself, while paying tribute to that of his friend Mr. Sulte.

C. R.

Ottawa, August, 1873.

DOMINION BALLADS—No. 4.

SISTER HELEN OF ST. AUGUSTIN.

A LADY young and fair to see ;—
The old cathedral town of Meaux ;—
A chapel lit up sumptuously.
The lighted tapers all aglow
On altar table, book and bell,
And crucifix and pix and grail,
And vestments gleaming, all to tell
The lady fair would take the veil.

Her robes, of fabric rich and rare,
Diaphonous as golden mists ;
Gems lit the lustre of her hair
And shimmered on her neck and wrists ;
The bridal veil in filmy furls
Fell to her satined feet adown,
And on the ebon of her curls
The orange wreath sate like a crown.

The colored lights wove warp and woof
Like tapestry o'er each Norman arch,
And far up in the vaulted roof
The music of the bridal march

By unseen choristers was sung,
 As like a bride in all her pride
 That lady fair and rich and young
 Moved stately to the altar's side.

The white-robed boys grouped round the priest,
 The grey nuns clustered round the bride,
 And when the bridal music ceased
 And laud of the beatified
 Was said and sung, and all the rite
 Of marriage, but no marriage bed,
 By sacrament and candle light
 The lady to the church was wed.

The service o'er, the dying notes
 Sank solemn in the cloisters' awe,
 As when on summer night there floats
 The far voice of Niagara,
 Which she had heard as bride and spouse
 And, mayhap, in her ear heard now
 As refrain to the final vows
 That bound the fillet on her brow.

Kind drops welled up in many eyes
 When—doffed her raiment rich and rare,
 She gave as a last sacrifice
 The silken treasure of her hair,—
 Deft severed by the cruel shears
 The shining curls fell where she stood,
 Thus gave she, without sigh or tears,
 The glory of her womanhood.

With steady eye the lady scanned
 The book and vows emblazoned there,—
 The white pen matched her whiter hand,
 The ink not darker than her hair
 Nor paper fairer than her fame,—
 And—(words she ne'er would write again,)
 In small, sharp letters signed her name,
Hélène née Boulée, veuve Champlain.

The vows are ta'en, the deed is done,
The old life past, a new begins,
And Dame Champlain is now a nun
Of the order of the Ursulins.
Slow paced she to the convent door
And stooping lowly entered in,
Lady of Canada no more
But "Sister Helen of Augustin."

The sieur sleeps in Fort Royal
And she in the church of Meaux;—
To families such fates befall,
And still the world wags. Even so.
But by Canadian field and flood
Yet lives the race of the Champlains?
No! none can say the honored blood
Of Champlain flows within their veins.

HUNTER DUVAR.

PHILIP BLAIR;

OR,

School Days in the Dominion.

BY E. LAWSON FENERTY, ESQ., HALIFAX, N. S.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER X.

A WEEK had slipped away pleasantly enough since Phil became an inmate of the Groves; during this time he had made such progress with his studies, and more especially had proved himself so apt at learning some games and so proficient in others as to have taken great strides towards making his school life pleasant; in other words, he was already becoming very popular with his fellows. Strickland coming at the same time and about the same age, often wondered how it was that Phil was not tormented: he knew or at least his cousin had told him, that on first coming to the school every boy was chaffed more or less, and personal experience amply confirmed it in his case; but to his benighted mind it was hardly clear how Phil escaped; but the fact remained.

Phil however, had his troubles: there was some few that looked upon his growing popularity with envious eyes, and some of a conservative turn of mind who thought it subversive of all established precedent, that a boy of a week should be a leader, as he was fast becoming.

Of the former class, his desk mate Wilman was a prominent example, and took no pains to conceal his dislike, and on more than one occasion, seriously annoyed him, and when one boy seriously annoys another, the probabilities are the event assumes a personal character, usually disagreeable to the weaker of the two.

Phil was remarkably patient under these inflictions, considering his temper; the secret of his self-restraint was the fact that he had wounded the other's feelings in a manner that was hardly justifiable; it was unintentional, but Wilman did not know that, he reasoned; still, he had no idea of being a perpetual martyr, so when he took his seat on Monday morning he had privately made up his mind that one week of Wilman's bullying was enough to suffer for a graver offence, and, if it continued, one would have to take a licking.

With this idea uppermost in his mind, when Wilman came in, Phil was perhaps inclined to be suspicious of anything the latter might do, and attribute it to motives that possibly did not exist. Be that as it may, Wilman was positively, and, if possible, more than ordinarily disagreeable about something this morning, towards Phil. Like two squibs, both were ready to go off if the spark was applied. On more than one occasion throughout the week, Phil was on the eve of explaining, with the object of making their enforced companionship pleasanter if possible, but the other's repulsive behavior had nipped it short, therefore he considered himself freed from all blame that might be attached to after consequences.

He was busily engaged with his lesson, twice had Wilman pushed a book over on Phil's part of the desk, disturbing his papers etc., and twice he had been civilly requested to be more careful, but this he did not seem disposed to be. As Phil was pencilling down a date Wilman pushed a large book across the desk sharply, and struck Phil a severe blow on the elbow causing him to cry out with the pain, and driving the pencil across the paper.

"Silence, Blair!" exclaimed Mr. Milward, sternly.

Phil's face glowed at what he conceived to be an unmerited

rebuke, conveyed more by the tone than the words. As he bent over his lessons in silence—as soon as the boys had turned their attention to their lessons again after the interruption, he whispered, “you did that on purpose.”

“Well what if I did?” was the reply with a cool sneer, how can you help yourself? you’ll get more than that before I am done with you. What did I do to you that you should make fun of me when you first came to the school? I thought it was you all the time, but didn’t know until this morning or I’d have settled with you before.”

“I never meant that you should see it,” said Phil, trying to explain, “and indeed I am very sorry.”

“Indeed you’re very sorry,” sneered William; “of course you are, because you think you’ll get thrashed; what difference did it make whether I saw it or not?” While this whispered conversation was going on Mr. Milward left the school-room, and the junior master being engaged in a class-room, the boys were left to themselves. Wilman supplemented his last words by a kick, and, “take that,” spoken loudly enough to attract the attention of the scholars.

This was too much for human nature; quite too much for Phil’s human nature at all events; turning suddenly, and blind to everything but a fierce desire to retaliate, he seized Wilman by the hair, forced his head down, and held it there with one hand while with the other he beat a tattoo on the back of his skull.

“Stop that row!” exclaimed Wylie, in a peremptory tone, springing from his seat in another corner of the room, “stop it, do you hear? or I’ll thrash you both. Do you want to be expelled?”

“It’s Wilman’s fault, he kicked him,” said one of the boys near, “and it’s uncommonly plucky of Blair to touch him at all.”

Phil held on to the head, but had ceased active hostilities when the door opened, and the school suddenly subsided into silence.

“What is the meaning of this?” exclaimed the senior master, in angry tones.

Phil let the head go suddenly.

“How is it that I cannot leave the school an instant without an uproar? Wilman and Blair come up!”

“I have observed the quarrelsome disposition you have shown towards each other since Blair took his present seat: I think the

Principal must settle this matter: here," handing Wilman a scrap of paper with "quarrelling in the school-room during my absence," pencilled on it; "take that to Mr. Chauncey, you will find him in the library; follow him Blair!"

The boys did as they were directed, and walked into the presence of the Principal, who was engaged writing, with his back to the door; after a moment he laid down his pen and wheeling sharply around in his chair, eyed them a moment as they stood silently before him.

"Well, Wilman, you are here again; what is the trouble?" Wilman handed him the note.

"Quarrelling in the school-room eh? both?" A faint "yes," from each.

"What did I tell you? or rather what did I ask you, last term?" he said, addressing Wilman. "Did you not promise me to try and come back a better boy, and not allow your evil temper to disgrace you again?"

"But, Mr. Chauncey, I am not to blame, it"—

"Stop! I do not want to hear about other boys, you were fighting?"

"Yes sir."

"That is sufficient, you know the rules; as for you Blair, I did hope better things from you, for although your Uncle warned me that you were hard to manage, I hardly expected to see you here so soon."

"O Mr. Chauncey," said Phil, "I am very sorry it happened; we got into it somehow without thinking; sometimes you can't help such things."

The Principal turned away his head to conceal a smile at the novel defence advanced.

"I have no doubt but that you are sorry, but the laws of the school must be observed; however, as I do not intend to proceed further in the matter this time, you can go to your place. The fact of your coming up will be punishment enough. Before you go boys," he continued in a kindly tone, "I never whip a boy if I can possible help it; now I mean to trust to your honor to prevent anything like this occurring again; you can go."

I will not attempt to analyze the feelings of the two boys at this unexpected sentence, but it's safe to say, that unlimited thrashings

would not have created the same desire to conform to the wishes of the Principal, and through them to the rules of the school.

It was with an elastic step, and a warm feeling about his heart, that Phil returned to his place, strong in his resolve to go aright.

For the rest of the week they got along well enough on the let-alone principle; Wilman's sullen disposition not allowing anything approaching friendship, even if his envy of Philip had not existed; but it did, and as events proved, was only waiting for an opportunity to make itself felt.

During the week it had been arranged that a cricket match was to come off on Saturday afternoon between two elevens elected from the best players in the school by Wylie and Terrence respectively; the first eleven to be divided. After dinner of that day the sides, agreeably to arrangement, were chosen.

Wilman and Phil as it happened being both on Wylie's side, Thornton, the back-stop of the first eleven, being opposed to them.

The toss was made, Wylie winning and going to the wickets. They retired after a fair innings, in which both Wilman and Phil acquitted themselves creditably; the Captain of course, as was expected, doing the lion's share. It was with some little interest that the boys watched Wylie as he began to place his field, wondering whom he would select as long-stop, Wilman or Phil, and knowing the former's jealousy on this point, anticipated some fun, as they expressed it, should it be Phil.

Ferris point and bowl, Blair back-stop, Wilman cover-slip, and so on, Wylie called out. Phil it was, and the boys were delighted. Wilman took his place with an ugly scowl that Wylie saw but did not choose to notice. The game went on, and Phil was distinguishing himself by his performance against the very fast bowling of Wylie, the fastest in the school in fact; it was so good as to elicit warm commendation from the big fellows. The smaller boys, considering him as being one of the youngsters, feeling proportionately proud of his achievements, the rivalry existing between the two classes being very strong, where rivalry was possible; at least on the part of the latter.

A "well done Blair," from Wylie, as he picked up a more than usually difficult ball, was gall to Wilman, and he showed it.

The game was finished; the older boys had gone from the ground, leaving the others eagerly discussing the relative merits of the players.

"I say, did you hear what Wylie said?" Wylie's opinion, as Captain of the school eleven, almost amounted to law on matters pertaining to cricket.

"No! what was it Crawford?"

"Why that Blair is the best long-stop for his size he has ever seen, almost as good as Thornton."

"Yes," said another, "and see how much bigger Thornton is; he'll be on the first eleven next year, see if he isn't, this is Thornton's last term you know."

"He isn't big enough," objected one.

"Big enough! of course he is if he can do the work."

"Where is Blair?" inquired Wilman, who had been listening to the foregoing conversation with anything but a pleasant expression on his face.

"Gone up to the house; why?" and the boy looked curiously at his questioner.

"Never mind why, only he took good care to clear out when Wylie and Terrence left," Wilman replied with a threatening frown,— "just as well he did."

"Just as well for you," said Crawford, "if you had bothered him; you don't think he is afraid of you I hope? if you do you're mistaken."

"Am I mistaken? I know better than that, but it's none of your business, and if you don't take care why you'll"—he finished the sentence by a shake of the head.

"Well, what will I?" exclaimed Crawford defiantly, "you think that because you are a little the largest you can bully."

"There, don't make a row," said Wilman coolly, "I don't want to beat you; but I mean to teach that Blair something, the sneak, to go fooling around Wylie and Terrence to curry favor and tell them and other fellows a lot of stuff about me."

"There is Blair coming now," whispered a boy to Crawford, "hadn't I better go and tell him not to come? there'll be a row and he will get a beating."

"No, it's no use, you couldn't stop him now. It's better to let them have it out or he will never have any peace, Wilman's bound to beat him sometime," he muttered to himself.

By this time Wilman had worked himself into a very pretty passion, relating to the others his real and fancied grievances,

and he turned savagely when he heard Phil say as he joined them, "what's the row?"

"Why, that you go sneaking after Wylie and those fellows," replied Wilman with a sneer.

Phil flushed up hotly, but he bit his lips and said nothing for an instant—then replied, "you know better than that."

"There," said Wilman with a short laugh, turning to Crawford, "I told you he knew better than to say anything to me here; I have a mind to slap his face and let him go."

"You will do what?" said Phil, elbowing his way through the group and standing before Wilman: there was a faint white line around the mouth close to the lips that looked ominous. "What did you say I was? and you would slap my face?"

"A sneak," replied Wilman quietly. He was no coward, this would-be bully; "and you know it."

"You're a liar," deliberately said.

"Whew," whistled Wilman, "he is up at last;" then, changing his tone, he stepped towards Phil and said, "I mean to beat you."

The latter involuntarily put up his hands.

"You mean to fight, hey?"

Phil showed his teeth a little. "I guess so," very quietly. "Here Ted hold my jacket." Slowly taking it off and handing it to Crawford, then his vest and collar, "now," he said, as he laid his cap down, "now you can beat me."

"Form a ring!" exclaimed the boys, "see if there is any one up on the cricket ground?" said Wilson, one of Wilman's supporters, "we don't want any one to interfere."

"Nobody near," was the word.

Wilman had only thrown off his hat and jacket; he was fully two inches the taller of the two as they stood up in the arena, and heavier looking except about the shoulders, Phil being the broadest. Although Phil was overmatched as regards weight, this was counter-balanced by his superior activity, and when he took up his position, all agreed he was no novice, and among those that professed to know, it was prophesied that Wilman would have his hands full.

That Wilman despised his antagonist, was evident as they commenced hostilities; he had made up his mind to just finish it up at once and went at our hero with that intention, but he came

back again with a very visible pucker on his face, the combined results of rage, and a blow on the cheek; it made him cautious.

"First for Blair," said several voices.

Wilman was in a towering rage, but he remembered his previous reception, and sparred carefully, hitting out easily once or twice to find his distance. After a moment of this work, Phil, a little more confident, and seeing an opening, dashed out with the left hand, following up with the right, both blows taking effect on Wilman's face, but before he could get away, the latter, a most determined opponent, hit him a terrific blow on the forehead, and Phil measured his length on the grass.

When he got up, with the assistance of Crawford, he had a dim idea that he was standing, but whether it was on his head or heels was quite another question, and not equally clear to his confused mind.

A mouthful of water and the short rest; he was up again sturdily, and almost as steady as his opponent.

As the battle progressed it became evident, that, as Wilman abandoning everything like defence, and rushing in depending on his greater weight and height for his chances of winning, Phil was over-matched, he having been fairly fought down nearly every time.

"Give up Phil; give up Blair;" cried several as for the third time he received a knock down, "he's too heavy."

After this evidence of opinion, Wilman, with both hands in his pockets stood eyeing Phil with a look that said, "had enough?"

But Phil surveying him with a grim smile could not or would not thus interpret it, and again stood up, amid the expressed admiration of the boys, to try his fortune again.

Of the two, Wilman showed the most punishment, a decidedly black eye, an upper lip out of all proportion, and divers small contusions, testified to Phil's hitting powers in terms unmistakable.

Phil's punishment was all out of sight, his body receiving the brunt of the other's attack.

"Just this one," he said, as Crawford endeavored to dissuade him from trying again; "if he licks me this time I'll give up; I am awful sore about the shoulders; I got it there nearly every time, but he looks the worst, hey?"

"Mind, only this time," whispered Crawford as Phil stepped out.

The only reply was a little nod, and the lips set more firmly.

Again Wilman resorted to his previous tactics, dashing out he tried for the head, failing in that he hit Phil again on the shoulder; but in endeavoring to get away his foot slipped, and before he could recover Phil delivered three blows in quick succession; Wilman replied by a swinging blow that took effect on the side of the head, and the two boys tumbled together. "Milward's coming!" The boys clustered around to screen the pugilists from view, as they heard the warning.

As this finished the combat, by mutual consent, both had had quite enough for this time, and I suspect with but little relish for renewing such a tough encounter. They were too nearly matched, and both too determined to make it desirable for either to risk such another pounding for very doubtful results.

Of course, what little glory there was Phil had it; in fact some of the boys witnessing the fight would willingly have taken his thrashing if they could have been assured they would have come through with as much honor.

He was like Scotland in her ancient wars with England: he had everything to gain and nothing to lose: even if he did not thrash Wilman, Wilman did not thrash him, and that was his gain.

Naturally, the prevailing topic that evening was how Wilman tried to beat Blair, but failed.

"Well," said Crawford oracularly to a group that were standing in the small dormitory at bed-time; "he won't try to lick Blair again, I know, and it will just stop their confounded picking, or rather Wilman's; he got so that he bullied like fits, and Blair wouldn't take any notice because he had a notion that Wilman had a good reason to; then he didn't want to pick up a row because the Governor let him off so easy last time and put him on his honor."

"Wilman has good and sufficient reason to let him alone in the future I should say," said Terrence, with a short laugh, "what were you fellows? benevolent neutrals?"

"How do you mean?" said Crawford, looking puzzled.

"Why don't you see, a neutral simply means to look on and let them fight it out."

"So we did."

"Well, a benevolent neutrality is to encourage the fellow that is getting the best of it."

"That's rubbish, encourage the fellow that's getting beaten you mean, the other would be shabby.

"Yes I know it would be shabby, but then it would be right, at least the philosophers say so, and then humanity demands it."

"Hang the philosophers!" exclaimed Ferris, earnestly, "who'd be mean because they say so?" whereat Terence laughed; "well, you will know the next time you see it in the papers what the term means;" and he went on his way, leaving his lesser contemporaries puzzled as to the drift of his remarks.

"Just chaff," said Ferris, "he is always trying to take a rise out of some one; I'll look in the dictionary to-morrow though."

"Blair is awfully afraid Mr. Chauncy will notice it; he is the queerest beggar that way; he thinks because the Governor let him off last time he must put up with everything; he took more from Wilman than I would I know, and I wouldn't have had half the chance."

"Blair was about right," said Ferris, "I know if I am sent up, and the Governor talks to me, you know how I mean, pleasantly, and then asks me not to do it again, I never want to; if he licked me why I wouldn't care much, I suppose I'd be afraid; but when you get mad you don't think much about that."

"Oh he is cute enough," said Crawford, "he can manage most any one without thrashing, but when he does;" and he shook his head in a manner to imply that it was something to be dreaded.

"I don't believe he will take notice of it as long as Milward didn't see them; I guess he has known that they hav'nt been good friends ever since that other scrape, and he thinks it better for them to have one good fight and done with it than to be at each other all the time.

"I don't know," Ferris replied, doubtfully, "I wouldn't like to risk it unless I had to. I am going to bed; good night."

(To be continued.)

ISLE OF MEMORY.

L' ultimo, lasso, de miei giorni allegri,
Chè pochi no visto in questo viver breve.

PETRARCA, SONETTO CCLXXXIV.

O, MOST dear to memory
Is that Island in the sea,
Where the tessellated wild caper blooms :
There the breezes sink to sleep,
On the bosom of the deep,
Made drowsy with the weight of sweet perfumes.

There the towers of St. John
Brood above the subject town,
Where the banner of the Master floats no more ;
And the sound of Convent bells
From the valley upward swells,
And the lotus eaters dream upon the shore.

There a Saint's uplifted hand
Pours a blessing on the land,
And pilgrims kneel before the lighted fane ;
And the old, heroic past
Throws a shadow dim and vast,
Like a giant's, from the mountain to the plain.

Now my heart beats faint and slow
In this land of storm and snow,
As I babble to myself of that sweet scene,
But the beautiful was mine
In the land of song and wine
And my soul rejoices now that such has been.

CARROLL RYAN.

Ottawa, Sept., 1873.

PROF. TYNDALL AT NIAGARA.

ON Friday, the 1st of November, 1872, just before reaching the village of Niagara Falls, I caught from the railway-train, my first glimpse of the smoke of the cataract. Immediately after my arrival, I went with a friend to the northern end of the American Fall. It may be that my mood at the time toned down the impression produced by the first aspect of this grand cascade; but I felt nothing like disappointment, knowing, from old experience, that time and close acquaintanceship, the gradual interweaving of mind and Nature, must powerfully influence my final estimate of the scene. After dinner we crossed to Goat Island, and, turning to the right, reached the southern end of the American Fall. The river is here studded with small islands. Crossing a wooden bridge to Luna Island, and clasping a tree which grows near its edge, I looked long at the cataract, which here shoots down the precipice like an avalanche of foam. It grew in power and beauty as I gazed upon it. The channel, spanned by the wooden bridge, was deep, and the river there doubled over the edge of the precipice like the swell of a muscle, unbroken. The ledge here overhangs, the water being poured out far beyond the base of the precipice. A space, called the Cave of the Winds, is thus enclosed between the wall of rock and the cataract.

Goat Island terminates in a sheer dry precipice, which connects the American and the Horseshoe Falls. Midway between both is a wooden hut, the residence of the guide to the Cave of the Winds, and from the hut a winding staircase, called Biddle's Stair, descends to the base of the precipice. On the evening of my arrival I went down this stair, and wandered along the bottom of the cliff. One well-known factor in the formation and retreat of the cataract was immediately observed. A thick layer of limestone formed the upper portion of the cliff. This rested upon a bed of soft shale, which extended round the base of the cataract. The violent recoil of the water against this yielding substance crumbles it away, undermining the ledge above, which, unsupported, eventually breaks off, and produces the observed recession.

At the southern extremity of the Horseshoe is a promontory, formed by the doubling back of the gorge, excavated by the cataract, and into which it plunges. On the promontory stands a stone building, called the Terrapin Tower, the door of which had been nailed up because of the decay of the staircase within it. Through the kindness of Mr. Townsend, the superintendent of Goat Island, the door was opened for me. From this tower, at all hours of the day, and at some hours of the night, I watched and listened to the Horseshoe Fall. The river here is evidently much deeper than the American branch; and, instead of bursting into foam where it quits the ledge, it bends solidly over and falls in a continuous layer

of the most vivid green. The tint is not uniform, but varied, long stripes of deeper hue alternating with bands of brighter color. Close to the ledge over which the water rolls, foam is generated, the light falling upon which, and flashing back from it, is sifted in its passage to and fro, and changed from white to emerald green. Heaps of superficial foam are also formed at intervals along the ledge, and immediately drawn down in long white striæ.* Lower down, the surface, shaken by the reaction from below, incessantly rustles into whiteness. The descent finally resolves itself into a rythm, the water reaching the bottom of the fall in periodic gushes. Nor is the spray uniformly diffused through the air, but is wafted through it in successive veils of gauze-like texture. From all this it is evident that beauty is not absent from the Horseshoe Fall, but majesty is its chief attribute. The plunge of the water is not wild, but deliberate, vast, and fascinating. From the Terrapin Tower, the adjacent arm of the Horseshoe is seen projected against the opposite one, midway down; to the imagination, therefore, is left the picturing of the gulf into which the cataract plunges.

The delight which natural scenery produces in some minds is difficult to explain, and the conduct which it prompts can hardly be fairly criticised by those who have never experienced it. It seems to me a deduction from the completeness of the celebrated Thomas Young, that he was unable to appreciate natural scenery. "He had really," says Dean Peacock, "no taste for life in the country; he was one of those who thought that no one who was able to live in London would be content to live elsewhere." Well, Dr. Young, like Dr. Johnson, had a right to his delights; but I can understand a hesitation to except them, high as they were, to the exclusion of

"That o'erflowing joy which Nature yields
To her true lovers."

To all who are of this mind, the strengthening of desire on my part to see and know Niagara Falls, as far as it is possible for them to be seen and known, will be intelligible.

On the first evening of my visit, I met, at the head of Biddle's Stair, the guide to the Cave of the Winds. He was in the prime of manhood—large, well built, firm and pleasant in mouth and eye. My interest in the scene stirred up his, and made him communicative. Turning to a photograph, he described, by reference to it, a feat which he had accomplished some time previously, and which had brought him almost under the green water of the Horseshoe Fall. "Can you lead me there to-morrow?" I asked. He eyed me inquiringly, weighing, perhaps, the chances of a man of light build and with gray in his whiskers in such an under-

* The direction of the wind, with reference to the course of a ship, may be inferred with accuracy from the foam-streaks on the surface of the sea.

taking. "I wish," I added, "to see as much of the fall as can be seen, and where you lead I will endeavor to follow." His scrutiny relaxed into a smile, and he said, "Very well; I shall be ready for you to-morrow."

On the morrow, accordingly, I came. In the hut at the head of Biddle's Stair I stripped wholly, and redressed according to instructions—drawing on two pairs of woollen pantaloons, three woollen jackets, two pairs of socks, and a pair of felt shoes. Even if wet, my guide urged that the clothes would keep me from being chilled, and he was right. A suit and hood of yellow oil-cloth covered all. Most laudible precautions were taken by the young assistant of the guide to keep the water out, but his devices broke down immediately when severely tested.

We descended the stair; the handle of a pitchfork doing in my case the duty of an alpenstock. At the bottom my guide inquired whether we should go first to the Cave of the Winds, or to the Horseshoe, remarking that the latter would try us most. I decided to get the roughest done first, and he turned to the left over the stones. They were sharp and trying. The base of the first portion of the cataract is covered with huge bowlders, obviously the ruins of the limestone ledge above. The water does not distribute itself uniformly among these, but seeks for itself channels through which it pours torrentially. We passed some of these with wetted feet, but without difficulty. At length we came to the side of a more formidable current. My guide walked along its edge until he reached its least turbulent portion. Halting, he said, "This is our greatest difficulty; if we can cross here, we shall get far toward the Horseshoe."

He waded in. It evidently required all his strength to steady him. The water rose above his loins, and it foamed still higher. He had to search for footing, amid unseen bowlders, against which the torrent rose violently. He struggled and swayed, but he struggled successfully, and finally reached the shallower water at the other side. Stretching out his arm, he said to me, "Now come on." I looked down the torrent as it rushed to the river below which was seething with the tumult of the cataract. De Saussure recommended the inspection of Alpine dangers with the view of making them familiar to the eye before they are encountered; and it is a wholesome custom, in places of difficulty, to put the possibility of an accident clearly before the mind, and to decide beforehand what ought to be done should the accident occur. Thus wound up in the present instance, I entered the water. Even where it was not more than knee-deep its power was manifest. As it rose around me, I sought to split the torrent by presenting a side to it; but the insecurity of the footing enabled it to grasp the loins, twist me fairly round, and bring its impetus to bear upon the back. Further struggle was impossible; and, feeling my

balance hopelessly gone, I turned, flung myself toward the bank I had just quitted, and was instantly swept into shallower water.

The oil-cloth covering was a great incumbrance; it had been made for a much stouter man, and, standing upright after my submersion, my legs occupied the centres of two bags of water. My guide exhorted me to try again. Prudence was at my elbow, whispering dissuasion; but, taking every thing into account, it appeared more immoral to retreat than to proceed. Instructed by the first misadventure, I once more entered the stream. Had the alpenstock been of iron it might have helped me; but, as it was, the tendency of the water to sweep it out of my hands rendered it worse than useless. I, however, clung to it by habit. Again the torrent rose, and again I wavered; but, by keeping the left hip well against it, I remained upright, and at length grasped the hand of my leader at the other side. He laughed pleasantly. The first victory was gained, and he enjoyed it. "No traveller," said he, "was ever here before." Soon afterwards, by trusting to a piece of drift-wood which seemed firm, I was again taken off my feet, but was immediately caught by a protruding rock.

We clambered over the bowlders toward the thickest spray, which soon became so weighty as to cause us to stagger under its shock. For the most part nothing could be seen; we were in the midst of bewildering tumult, lashed by the water, which sounded at times like the cracking of innumerable whips. Underneath this was the deep, resonant roar of the cataract. I tried to shield my eyes with my hands, and look upward; but the defence was useless. My guide continued to move on, but at a certain place he halted, and desired me to take shelter in his lee and observe the cataract. The spray did not come so much from the upper ledge as from the rebound of the shattered water when it struck the bottom. Hence the eyes could be protected from the blinding shock of the spray, while the line of vision to the upper ledges remained to some extent clear. On looking upward over the guide's shoulder I could see the water bending over the ledge, while the Terrapin Tower loomed fitfully through the intermittent spray-gusts. We were right under the tower. A little farther on, the cataract, after its first plunge, hit a protuberance some way down, and flew from it in a prodigious burst of spray; through this we staggered. We rounded the promontory on which the Terrapin Tower stands, and pushed, amid the wildest commotion, along the arm of the Horseshoe, until the bowlders failed us, and the cataract fell into the profound gorge of the Niagara River.

Here my guide sheltered me again, and desired me to look up; I did so, and could see, as before, the green gleam of the mighty curve sweeping over the upper ledge, and the fitful plunge of the water as the spray between us and it alternately gathered and disappeared. An eminent friend of mine often speaks to me of the mistake of those physicians who regard man's ailments as

purely chemical, to be met by chemical remedies only. He contends for the psychological element of cure. By agreeable emotions, he says, nervous currents are liberated which stimulate blood, brain, and viscera. The influence rained from ladies' eyes enables my friend to thrive on dishes which would kill him if eaten alone. A sanative effect of the same order I experienced amid the spray and thunder of Niagara. Quickened by the emotions there aroused, the blood sped exultingly through the arteries, abolishing introspection, clearing the heart of all bitterness, and enabling one to think with tolerance, if not with tenderness, on the most relentless and unreasonable foe. Apart from its scientific value, and purely as a moral agent, the play, I submit, is worth the candle. My companion knew no more of me than that I enjoyed the wildness; but, as I bent in the shelter of his large frame, he said, "I should like to see you attempting to describe all this." He rightly thought it indescribable. The name of this gallant fellow was Thomas Conroy.

We returned, clambering at intervals up and down so as to catch glimpses of the most impressive portions of the cataract. We passed under ledges formed by tabular masses of limestone, and through some curious openings formed by the falling together of the summits of the rocks. At length we found ourselves beside our enemy of the morning. My guide halted for a minute or two, scanning the torrent thoughtfully. I said that, as a guide, he ought to have a rope in such a place; but he retorted that, as no traveller had ever thought of coming there, he did not see the necessity of keeping a rope. He waded in. The struggle to keep himself erect was evident enough; he swayed, but recovered himself again and again. At length he slipped, gave way, did as I had done, threw himself flat in the water towards the bank, and was swept into the shallows. Standing in the stream near its edge, he stretched his arm towards me. I retained the pitchfork handle, for it had been useful among the bowlders. By wading some way in, the staff could be made to reach him, and I proposed his seizing it. "If you are sure," he replied, "that, in case of giving way, you can maintain your grasp, then I will certainly hold you." I waded in, and stretched the staff to my companion. It was firmly grasped by both of us. Thus helped, though its onset was strong, I moved safely across the torrent. All danger ended here. We afterward roamed sociably among the torrents and bowlders below the Cave of the Winds. The rocks were covered with organic slime which could not have been walked over with bare feet, but the felt shoes effectually prevented slipping. We reached the cave and entered it, first by a wooden way carried over the bowlders, and then along a narrow ledge to the point eaten deepest into the shale. When the wind is from the south, the falling water, I am told, can be seen tranquilly from this spot; but, when we were there, a blinding hurricane of spray

was whirled against us. On the evening of the same day, I went behind the water on the Canada side, which, I confess, struck me, after the experience of the morning, as an imposture.

To complete my knowledge it was necessary to see the fall from the river below it, and long negotiations were necessary to secure the means of doing so. The only boat fit for the undertaking had been laid up for the winter; but this difficulty, through the kind intervention of Mr. Townsend, was overcome. The main one was, to secure oarsmen sufficiently strong and skilful to urge the boat where I wished it to be taken. The son of the owner of the boat, a finely-built young fellow, but only twenty, and therefore not sufficiently hardened, was willing to go; and up the river I was informed there lived another man who could do any thing with the boat which strength and daring could accomplish. He came. His figure and expression of face certainly indicated extraordinary firmness and power. On Tuesday, the 5th of November, we started, each of us being clad in oil-cloth. The elder oarsman at once assumed a tone of authority over his companion, and struck immediately in among the breakers below the American Fall. He hugged the cross freshets instead of striking out into the smoother water. I asked him why he did so, and he replied that they were directed *outward* not *downward*. At times, the struggle to prevent the bow of the boat from being turned by them was very severe.

The spray was in general blinding, but at times it disappeared, and yielded noble views of the fall. The edge of the cataract is crimped by indentations which exalt its beauty. Here and there, a little below the highest ledge, a secondary one jets out; the water strikes it, and bursts from it in huge, protuberant masses of foam and spray. We passed Goat Island, came to the Horseshoe, and worked for a time along the base of it, the bowlders over which Conroy and myself had scrambled a few days previously lying between us and the base. A rock was before us, concealed and revealed at intervals, as the waves passed over it. Our leader tried to get above this rock, first on the outside of it. The water, however, here was in violent motion. The men struggled fiercely, the elder one ringing out an incessant peal of command and exhortation to the younger. As we were just clearing the rock, the bow came obliquely to the surge; the boat was turned suddenly round, and shot with astonishing rapidity down the river. The men returned to the charge, now trying to get up between the half-concealed rock and the bowlders to the left. But the torrent set in strongly through this channel. The tugging was quick and violent, but we made little way. At length seizing a rope, the principal oarsman made a desperate attempt to get upon one of the bowlders, hoping to be able to drag the boat through the channel; but it bumped so violently against the rock, that the man flung himself back, and relinquished the attempt.

We returned along the base of the American Fall, running in and out among the currents which rushed from it laterally into the river. Seen from below, the American Fall is certainly exquisitely beautiful, but it is a mere frill of adornment to its nobler neighbor the Horseshoe. At times we took to the river, from the centre of which the Horseshoe Fall appeared especially magnificent. A streak of cloud across the neck of Mont Blanc can double its apparent height, so here, the green summit of the cataract shining above the smoke of the spray appeared lifted to an extraordinary elevation. Had Hennepin and La Hontan seen the fall from this position, their estimates of the height would have been perfectly excusable.

THE FORMS OF WATER.

TO STUDY the forms of water we must take into account the action of the Sun upon it.

No. II.—The Waves of Light.

But what is the sun? We know its size and its weight. We also know that it is a globe of fire far hotter than any fire upon earth. But we now enter upon another enquiry. We have to learn definitely what is the meaning of solar light and solar heat; in what way they make themselves known to our senses; by what means they get from the sun to the earth, and how, when there, they produce the clouds of our atmosphere, and thus originate our rivers and our glaciers.

If in a dark room you close your eyes and press the eyelid with your finger-nail, a circle of light will be seen opposite to the point pressed, while a sharp blow upon the eye produces the impression of a flash of light. There is a nerve specially devoted to the purposes of vision which comes from the brain to the back of the eye, and there divides into fine filaments, which are woven together to a kind of screen called the *retina*. The retina can be excited in various ways so as to produce the consciousness of light; it may, as we have seen, be excited by the rude mechanical action of a blow imparted to the eye.

There is no spontaneous creation of light by the healthy eye. To excite vision the retina must be affected by something coming from without. What is that something? In some way or other luminous bodies have the power of affecting the retina—but *how*?

It was long supposed that from such bodies issued, with inconceivable rapidity, an inconceivably fine matter, which flew through space, passed through the pores supposed to exist in the humours

of the eye, reached the retina behind, and by their shock against the retina, aroused the sensation of light.

This theory, which was supported by the greatest men, among others by Sir Isaac Newton, was found competent to explain a great number of the phenomena of light, but it was not found competent to explain *all* the phenomena. As the skill and knowledge of experimenters increased, large classes of facts were revealed which could only be explained by assuming that light was produced, not by a fine matter flying through space and hitting the retina, but by the shock of minute *waves* against the retina.

Dip your finger into a basin of water, and cause it to quiver rapidly, to and fro. From the point of disturbance issue small ripples which are carried forward by the water, and which finally strike the basin. Here, in the vibrating finger, you have a source of agitation; in the water you have a vehicle through which the finger's motion is transmitted, and you have finally the side of the basin which receives the shock of the little waves.

In like manner according to the *wave theory* of light, you have a source of agitation in the vibrating atoms, or smallest particles, of the luminous body; you have a vehicle of transmission in a substance which is supposed to fill all space, and to be diffused through the humors of the eye; and finally, you have the retina, which receives the successive shocks of the waves. These shocks are supposed to produce the sensation of light.

We are here dealing, for the most part, with suppositions and assumptions merely. We have never seen the atoms of a luminous body, nor their motions. We have never seen the medium which transmits their motions, nor the waves of that medium. How, then, do we come to assume their existence?

Before such an idea could have taken any real root in the human mind, it must have been well disciplined and prepared by observations and calculations of ordinary wave-motion. It was necessary to know how both water-waves and sound-waves are formed and propagated. It was above all things necessary to know how waves, passing through the same medium, act upon each other. Thus disciplined, the mind was prepared to detect any resemblance presenting itself between the action of light and that of waves. Great classes of optical phenomena accordingly appeared which could be accounted for in the most complete and satisfactory manner by assuming them to be produced by waves, and which could not be otherwise accounted for. It is because of its competence to explain all the phenomena of light that the wave theory now receives universal acceptance on the part of scientific men.

Let me use an illustration. We infer from the flint implements recently found in such profusion all over England and in other countries, that they were produced by men, and also that the Pyramids of Egypt were built by men, because, as far as our experience goes, nothing but men could form such implements or

build such Pyramids. In like manner, we infer from the phenomena of light the agency of waves, because, as far as our experience goes, no other agency could produce the phenomena.

No. III.—The Waves of Heat which produce the Vapour of our Atmosphere and melt our Glaciers.

Thus, in a general way, I have given you the conception and the grounds of the conception, which regards light as the product of wave-motion; but we must go farther than this, and follow the conception into some of its details. We have all seen the waves of water, and we know they are of different sizes—different in length and different in height. When, therefore, you are told that the atoms of the sun, and of almost all other luminous bodies, vibrate at different rates, and produce waves of different sizes, your experience of water-waves will enable you to form a tolerably clear notion of what is meant.

As observed above, we have never seen the light-waves, but we judge of their presence, their position, and their magnitude, by their effects. Their lengths have been thus determined, and found to vary from about $\frac{1}{50000}$ th to $\frac{1}{60000}$ th of an inch.

But besides those which produce light, the sun sends forth incessantly a multitude of waves which produce no light. The largest waves which the sun sends forth are of this non-luminous character, though they possess the highest heating power.

A common sunbeam contains waves of all kinds, but it is possible to *sift* or *filter* the beam so as to intercept all its light, and to allow its obscure heat to pass unimpeded. For substances have been discovered which, while intensely opaque to the light-waves, are almost perfectly transparent to the others. On the other hand, it is possible, by the choice of proper substances, to intercept in a great degree the pure heat-waves, and to allow the pure light-waves free transmission. This last separation is, however, not so perfect as the first.

We shall learn presently how to detach the one class of waves from the other class, and to prove that waves competent to light a fire, fuse metal, or burn the hand like a hot solid, may exist in a perfectly dark place.

Supposing, then, that we withdraw, in the first instance the large heat-waves, and allow the light-waves alone to pass. These may be concentrated by suitable lenses and sent into water without sensibly warming it. Let the light-waves now be withdrawn, and the larger heat-waves concentrated in the same manner; they may be caused to boil the water almost instantaneously.

This is the point to which I wished to lead you, and which without due preparation could not be understood. You now perceive the important part played by these large darkness-waves, if I may use the term, in the work of evaporation. When they

plunge into seas, lakes, and rivers, they are intercepted close to the surface, and they heat the water at the surface, thus causing it to evaporate; the light-waves at the same time entering to great depths without sensibly heating the water through which they pass. Not only, therefore, is it the sun's fire which produces evaporation, but a particular constituent of that fire, the existence of which you probably were not aware of.

Further, it is these selfsame lightless waves which, falling upon the glaciers of the Alps, melt the ice and produce all the rivers flowing from the glaciers; for I shall prove to you presently that the light-waves, even when concentrated to the uttermost, are unable to melt the most delicate hoar-frost; much less would they be able to produce the copious liquefaction observed upon the glaciers.

These large lightless waves of the sun, as well as the heat-waves issuing from non-luminous hot bodies, are frequently called obscure or invisible heat.

We have here an example of the manner in which phenomena, apparently remote, are connected together in this wonderful system of things that we call Nature. You cannot study a snowflake profoundly without being led back by it step by step to the constitution of the sun. It is thus throughout Nature. All its parts are interdependent, and the study of any one part *completely* would really involve the study of all.

No.—IV. Oceanic Distillation.

The sun, you know, is never exactly overhead in England. But at the equator, and within certain limits north and south of it, the sun at certain periods of the year is directly overhead at noon. These limits are called the Tropics of Cancer and of Capricorn. Upon the belt comprised between these two circles the sun's rays fall with their mightiest power; for here they shoot directly downwards, and heat both earth and sea more than when they strike slantingly.

When the vertical sunbeams strike the land they heat it, and the air in contact with the hot soil becomes heated in turn. But when heated the air expands, and when it expands it becomes lighter. This lighter air rises, like wood plunged into water, through the heavier air overhead.

When the sunbeams fall upon the sea the water is warmed, though not so much as the land. The warmed water expands, becomes thereby lighter, and therefore continues to float upon the top. This upper layer of water warms to some extent the air in contact with it, but it also sends up a quantity of aqueous vapour, which being far lighter than air, helps the latter to rise. Thus both from the land and from the sea we have ascending currents established by the action of the sun.

When they reach a certain elevation in the atmosphere, these currents divide and flow, part towards the north and part towards the south; while from the north and the south a flow of heavier and colder air sets in to supply the place of the ascending warm air.

Incessant circulation is thus established in the atmosphere. The equatorial air and vapour flow above towards the north and south poles, while the polar air flows below towards the equator. The two currents of air thus established are called the upper and the lower trade winds.

But before the air returns from the poles great changes have occurred. For the air as it quitted the equatorial regions was laden with aqueous vapour, which could not subsist in the cold polar regions. It is there precipitated, falling sometimes as rain, or more commonly as snow. The land near the pole is covered with this snow, which gives birth to vast glaciers in a manner hereafter to be explained.

It is necessary that you should have a perfectly clear view of this process, for great mistakes have been made regarding the manner in which glaciers are related to the heat of the sun.

It was supposed that if the sun's heat were diminished, greater glaciers than those now existing would be produced. But the lessening of the sun's heat would infallibly diminish the quantity of aqueous vapour, and thus cut off the glaciers at their source. A brief illustration will complete your knowledge here.

In the process of ordinary distillation, the liquid to be distilled is heated and converted into vapour in one vessel, and chilled and reconverted into liquid in another. What has just been stated renders it plain that the earth and its atmosphere constitute a vast distilling apparatus in which the equatorial ocean plays the part of the boiler, and the chill regions of the poles the part of the condenser. In this process of distillation *heat* plays quite as necessary a part as *cold*, and before Bishop Heber could speak of 'Greenland's icy mountains,' the equatorial ocean had to be warmed by the sun.

ORIENTAL ART AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

ONLY turn to their show in the arts, and some of them may almost set criticism at defiance. By general consent, and beyond all comparison, the first place must be assigned to Japan. The Japanese does most things unlike the rest of the world. His method of handling his tools is precisely the opposite of ours. He draws his plane toward him, works his saw in the reverse direction, taps with the side of his queer hammer, and handles his quaintly-

chased graving tool in a way at which an English workman would stare. Yet, whether he is laying the shingles on the roof of a cottage, or chasing one of those wonderfully elaborate caskets in metal-work, what English workman can approach him? His ideas discover an endless originality; individual impulse, rather than education, seems to inspire his fancy, although it may work according to received traditions of the quaint or beautiful; and, look where we will through a most miscellaneous collection, we can scarcely see a trace of servile repetition. In his pictorial art he can convey a world of expression and suggestion in the very smallest number of touches. Yet when it pleases him to finish, as when he is painting on his delicate porcelain, he is scarcely to be surpassed in harmonious minuteness. As for his colors, you may puzzle out his secret if you can; at least he shows you in an open case the chemicals which, as he professes, form his ingredients. All that can be said is, that none of the numerous attempts at imitation have ever proved to be any thing approaching a success. That strange superiority in color, not only in the tints, but in their management, is to be remarked in every one of the Oriental courts. The silks of China excel even those of Japan, in their bright blues and gorgeous crimsons: while, for softened brilliancy and exquisite delicacy of blending, the Persian carpets are confessedly unequalled. The invariably subdued beauty of these patterns argues something more than great mechanical perfection in the arts of color-making and dyeing. It is proof of a general purity of taste on the part of the Oriental purchasers for whom the fabrics were originally intended; for although many of the best may now be consigned to Europe, the manufacture, precisely as we see it, has been practised from time immemorial; there are carpets in the Exhibition called modern by comparison, although they may date back for a century or so, and these are of patterns exactly similar to the latest ones. In every thing exhibited from China and Persia, the work is almost invariably good and the designs felicitous; although, except in certain specialties, they cannot vie with Japan, yet every now and then one stumbles upon something that is extremely beautiful in art. So much can hardly be said of Turkey. Turkey makes a very imposing display; the Sultan contributed £100,000 towards forming the collection, and some of the great merchants in Constantinople, Smyrna, and elsewhere, have apparently done their best to advertise themselves. There is a good deal shown in Turkey, as well as in Tunis, that would have attracted great admiration had there been no Japan and no China to provoke unfavorable comparison. The famous Turkey carpets can scarcely be said to be satisfactorily represented. The very best, beautiful as the texture is, fall far short, even in that respect, of the Persian; while the contrasts displayed in the body of the Turkish patterns are too often disagreeably violent. But for the most part the carpets exhibited are of a very ordinary class indeed.

The inlaid *marqueterie* and cabinet-work seems rude in design and coarse in execution, if we measure it against the Japanese standards. The carved olive-wood from Jerusalem recalls the peddlers' hawking goods made for sale at the doors of the Holy Sepulchre. Here and there are some exquisite arms among many that are inferior; but even the very best of them are excelled by the Persians. There are graceful shapes in the pottery, but they are not unfrequently marred by defects in the workmanship. There is a great collection of figures in the various national costumes, and the dresses strike one as being somewhat incongruous. On the whole, the only articles in which Turkey may be said to show to decided advantage are some extremely rich furniture stuffs, the choicest of which seem to have been already sold or removed, and the dyed morocco, which, in its vividness of color, shames any thing that can be shown by the West. It must be remembered, however, that the Turk gives almost as many months to the dyeing process as the European allows days. Taste apart, we may perhaps console ourselves for the inferiority which we must confess by repeating that facts like this deliberate process of dyeing furnish the key to much of the Oriental excellence. Time is of no value in the East, and patience and indefatigable perseverance have always been the willing handmaids of their arts and manufactures.—*Saturday Review*.

OLD TREES.

THERE are but a few very old trees in the world. The age of a tree can be counted by the number of its concentric rings. And some are historic trees, so that there is little difficulty in establishing the age of the oldest trees. It is thought that the average age of oaks and pines is between three and four hundred years. There are, however, well authenticated instances of much greater age. Here are a few of them.

In New England but few trees are more than 400 years old. The Wadsworth oak, at Geneseo, New York, is said to be five centuries old, and 27 feet in circumference at the base. The massive, slow-growing live-oaks, of Florida, are worthy of notice, on account of the enormous length of their branches. Bartram says: "I have stepped 50 paces in a straight line from the trunk of one of these trees to the extremity of the limbs."

The oaks of Europe are among the grandest of trees. The Cowthorpe oak is 78 feet in circuit at the ground, and is at least 1,800 years old. Another, in Dorsetshire, is of equal age. In Westphalia is a hollow oak, which was used as a place of refuge in the troubled times of mediæval history.

The great oak at Saintes, in Southern France, is 90 feet in girth, and has been ascertained to be 2,000 years old. This monument, still or recently flourishing, commemorates a period which antedates the first campaign of Julius Cæsar!

Most of the old plane-trees are hollow, their tops being sustained by wood of recent growth. In this respect an exogenous tree resembles a coral-reef, where the vitality and growth are at the surface only.

Of chestnuts, we have the famous one at Tortworth, in Gloucestershire, England, which was a large tree in the reign of King Stephen, and is over 1,000 years old.

The lime or linden, in Europe, is an important tree. Those in the town of Morat are celebrated in the history of Switzerland. One was planted in 1476 to commemorate the defeat of the Burgundians, under Charles the Bold; the other was a noted tree at the time of the battle, and is now near nine centuries old. But, equally famous is the one at Würtemberg, called the "Great Linden," six centuries ago. It is, probably, 1,000 years old, and measures $35\frac{1}{2}$ feet in girth. Four and a half centuries ago its branches were supported by 67 columns of stone, now increased to 106, many of which are "covered with inscriptions."

The well-known olive-tree is associated with our most cherished recollections. There is an old one near Nice, 24 feet in girth, regarded by the inhabitants with great interest. Those on the Mount of Olives may be contemporary with the Christian era. They are known to have been in existence in 1217, when the Turks captured Jerusalem.

The ever-green cypress, long celebrated for its longevity, is abundant in the burial-grounds of Eastern nations, and, from its dark, dense foliage, forms an impressive feature of Oriental landscapes. In the Palace Gardens of Granada are cypresses said to be 800 years old; and there is one at Somma, in Lombardy, proved by authentic documents "to have been a considerable tree 40 years before the Christian era." Of this family of trees is our well-known white cedar, specimens of which, exhumed from the meadows on the coast of New Jersey, had from 700 to 1,000 rings of wood solid and fragrant as if of recent growth.

The cedars of Lebanon are often referred to in the Sacred Writings. The present trees are, we believe, seven large ones, with many of smaller growth, situated in an elevated valley of the Lebanon Mountains, 6,172 feet above the Mediterranean. The valley is surrounded by peaks of the mountains, which rise 3,000 feet higher, and are covered with snow. De Candolle supposes the oldest are 1,200 years old, but no sections of their wood have been examined to determine their age. The cedar is known to grow slowly, as does the North American or bald cypress, which we will next notice. This tree is common in the Southern States, and its

rate of growth has been determined. On the Mexican table-lands its growth and antiquity are immense.

The "Cypress of Montezuma," near the city of Mexico, is 44 feet in girth, and its age is estimated at upward of twenty centuries. In the church-yard of Santa Maria del Tule, in the Mexican state of Oaxaca, is a cypress which "measures 112 feet in circuit, and is without sign of decay." At Palenque are cypresses growing among the ruins of the old city, whose streets they may have shaded in the days of its pride. By the usual methods, the writer in the *North American Review* calculates the age of the cypress at Santa Maria del Tule at 5,124 years, or, if it grew as rapidly during its whole life as similar trees grow when young, it would still be 4,024 years old.

The yew has long been used in Great Britain as an adornment of places of sepulture, and is often referred to in English literature:

"Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap."

This tree of almost imperishable wood, is indigenous to Great Britain. De Candolle ascertained its rate of growth, and concluded that individual specimens are of great antiquity. There is a yew at Ankerwyke House, older than *Magna Charta*. It was an old and celebrated tree when King John met the barons at Runnymede, in 1215, and its age is upward of eleven centuries; but the yews of Fountain's Abbey and the Darley yew are from three to five centuries older than this. In Fortingal Church-yard, Perthshire, is a few 18 feet in diameter, through decayed portions of which funeral processions pass on their way to the grave. The age of this tree is estimated at 1,800 years. But of greater antiquity is the one described by Evelyn, which stood in Braborne Church-yard, in Kent. It measured 59 feet in girth, and was believed to be 2,500 years old. This tree, which has long disappeared, was probably contemporary with the founding of Rome. The growth and decline of a great empire was spanned by the duration of a single life.

More immense in bulk, but perhaps not older than these living monuments, are the pines of Oregon and the *Sequoias* of California. Mr. Douglas counted 1,100 annual layers in a Lambert pine, and 300 feet is not an unusual height for the Douglas spruce. Hutchings states that a *Sequoia*, which was blown down and measured by him, was 435 feet in length. It was eighteen feet in diameter 300 feet from the ground. Scientific observation has connected with these trees an interest equal to that awakened by their size and age. Our most distinguished botanist, Prof. Gray, has shown that the *Sequoias*, now growing on a limited area, had formerly a wide distribution, and are lineal descendants from ancestral types which flourished at least as far back in geologic time as the Cretaceous age. The descent has been with modifications furnishing

an important link in the chain of evidence which establishes the derivative origin of specific forms.

Prof. Gray thinks the age of the oldest living *Sequoia* may be about 2,000 years, and remarks: "It is probable that close to the heart of some of the living trees may be found the circle which records the year of our Saviour's nativity."

The sacred banyan is familiar to every reader. Its main trunk attains a diameter of from 20 to 30 feet, and its enormous roof of foliage may shelter the inhabitants of a considerable village. The pendent branches are really roots, which, on reaching the ground, penetrate it and form trunks. These correspond with the outer layers of wood in an oak or a pine, and sustain the top, although the original trunks decay and disappear.

The dragon-tree of Orotava, on the island of Teneriffe, is a well-known and historic tree. Twice during the present century it has been dismantled by storms. It is but 69 feet high, but is 79 feet in circumference. So slow is its growth that its diameter had scarcely changed in 400 years. Recently it bore flowers and luxuriant foliage, as it may have done before the "isles of the Western Ocean," on one of which it was growing, were a dream in the Grecian mythology.

The baobab, or monkey bread-fruit, is the last we can notice of the ancient trees. It was first described by a Venetian traveller in 1454. These trees are found, however, in nearly all portions of that country south of the Desert, everywhere an imposing feature of the landscape, and objects of regard if not of reverence by the natives. In the rainy season they are in full luxuriance, and are covered with cup-shaped flowers six inches in diameter. The trunks grow from 20 to 60 feet high, but are sometimes 100 feet in circuit at the ground. The baobabs, like most other trees, grow rapidly when young, but slowly when old. Recent estimates attribute to some of the oldest a period of 3,000 years. This is scarcely more than one-half the age assigned to them by early writers.

By the native town of Shupanga, near the Zambesi, in Eastern Africa, is a venerable baobab, beneath which is the grave of Mrs. Livingstone.

Such, briefly, are some of the great living monuments of the vegetable kingdom. In longevity they are in striking contrast with higher types of life. Fixed to a single spot, the tree is what it is because of the forces which act upon it. It is a monument of accumulated and concentrated force. Transmuted sunlight is in all its fibres, and who shall estimate the dynamic work which has been expended in its structure?—*Scientific Monthly*.

THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS AT WATERLOO.

THE chateau of Hougoumont, says Mackinnon, faced the enemy without any external fence in its front. Behind it was the farmyard, protected on the left and rear by a wall, and on the right by farm-buildings. To the left of the house and yard was a garden, surrounded by a wall, and to the left of that, but adjoining, there was an orchard enclosed by a hedge and ditch. A large gate in the rear led into the yard, and through that supplies were received during the action; two other entrances to the yard were closed up. Outside of the buildings, on the right, there was a road and a high hedge. A wood in front, which stretched some distance to the right, covered this post.

The second brigade consisted of the second battalion of the Coldstreams, and the second battalion of the Third Guards under Major General Byng. The two light companies of the first brigade under Lord Saltoun occupied the orchard; the light companies of the second brigade the wood. Loop-holes were at once made in the building and garden-wall; platforms were erected, and all gates but the one in the rear barricaded. Just before the battle broke out, the duke rode through the wood of Hougoumont, saw Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald, and told him "to defend the post to the last extremity." There were Nassau and Hanoverian Jagers placed in the woods and out-buildings. At twenty minutes past ten the French moved to the attack of the chateau, covered by a tremendous fire from two hundred guns. For an hour and a half Macdonald repulsed all attacks of the *tirailleurs*; but about one, just as a cart of ammunition had opportunely arrived, a tremendous attack was made and the gate was forced, but closed again by Macdonald and a brave sergeant. The eight hundred Nassau men never again rallied, and our two thousand Guards had to maintain the post alone against General Foy's thirty thousand men amid burning buildings and the incessant cross-fire of artillery. The second battalion of the Coldstreams lost at Waterloo fifty-five men, while two hundred and twenty-nine were wounded.

The rector of Framlingham, in Suffolk, soon after the battle, wrote to the Duke of Wellington, stating that, in his opinion, the non-commissioned officers of the British army had, by their valorous conduct on that day, entitled themselves to some distinct marks of their country's approbation, and, therefore, he felt disposed, for one, to offer his humble tribute to their merit. In order that this might be properly applied, he requested the favor of his Grace to point out to him the non-commissioned officer whose heroic conduct appeared the most prominent, as he, the rector, meant to convey to him, in perpetuity, a freehold farm. The duke set the inquiry immediately on foot, through all the

commanding officers of the Line, and, in consequence, learnt that a sergeant of the Coldstreams, and a corporal of the First Regiment of Guards, had so distinguished themselves, that it was felt difficult to point out the most meritorious; but that there had been displayed by the sergeant an exploit arising out of fraternal affection, which he felt it a duty on this occasion to represent, namely, that near the close of the dreadful conflict, this distinguished sergeant impatiently solicited the officer commanding his company for permission to retire from the ranks for a few minutes; the latter having expressed some surprise at this request, the other said, "Your honor need not doubt of my immediate return." Permission being given him, he flew to an adjoining barn, to which the enemy, in their retreat, had set fire, and from thence bore on his shoulders his wounded brother, who, he knew, lay helpless in the midst of the flames. Having deposited him safely under a hedge, he returned to his post in time to share in the victorious pursuit of the routed enemy; we need scarcely add, that the superior merit of this gallant non-commissioned officer was thus established.

Years after the battle, the Reverend Mr. Norcross, the above-mentioned rector of Framlingham, willed the sum of five hundred pounds to the bravest man in England. The Duke of Wellington, applied to upon the subject by the executors, at first, from delicacy, declined to answer their question; but in a few days sent for them, when he stated that, upon considering their request, he had determined to afford them all the assistance in his power. The duke then said: "It is generally thought that the battle of Waterloo was one of the greatest battles ever fought; such is not my opinion, but I say nothing upon that head. The success of the battle of Waterloo turned upon the closing of the gates of Hougoumont. These gates were closed in the most courageous manner at the very nick of time by the effort of Sir James Macdonald. I cannot help thinking, therefore, that Sir James is the man to whom you should give the five hundred pounds."

Sir James Macdonald, when applied to, listened to the story of the executors, expressed his thanks to the great hero for the award, but said: I cannot claim all the merit due to the closing of the gates of Hougoumont; for Sergeant John Graham, of the Coldstreams, who saw with me the importance of the step, rushed forward and together we shut the gates. What I should therefore propose is, that the sergeant and myself divide the legacy between us." The executors, delighted with the proposal, adopted it at once, and Sergeant Graham was rewarded with his share of the five hundred pounds.

THE ORIGIN AND EARLY PROGRESS OF LIVERPOOL.

IN Picton's Memorials of Liverpool we find much quaint and useful information. The history of the port, which is the history of the town, of Liverpool, may be said to have begun with the formation of the harbor itself. As the Roman geographers make no mention of that estuary, it is assumed with much probability that, in the Roman times, "the broad sheet of water from the Sloyne up to Runcorn was" still "a freshwater lake, the overflow of which found its way to the sea by a comparatively small outlet through low marshy lands, and that either by the subsidence of the coast line, or from some other natural cause, the sea broke in and formed the present narrow portion of the estuary. If this were so, as there would be no harbor, the insignificant stream might well be overlooked by the Roman geographers." The incursion of the sea which determined the future of Liverpool may thus very likely have been about contemporaneous with the cessation of the Roman dominion over Britain and the period of the English conquest. In any case, the earliest mention of the river Mersey itself falls as late as the reign of Æthelred the Unready, though there are traces in the names of *Low* and *Brownlow* hills of settlements belonging to a much earlier, *i. e.* pagan, date. But the real founder of the borough and port of Liverpool was King John, who, after confirming his father's grant of Liverpool and other lands to Henry Fitzwarine before his own accession to the throne, after his accession exchanged Liverpool, and himself entered into possession of it, at the same time causing the first so-called "charter" constituting the borough to be executed (1207). Under Henry III. the borough was incorporated, and received a charter proper, granting to its burgesses a mercatorial guild with a *hanse* and other liberties; and this appears to be the time of the origin of its so-called "common" seal.

The privileges of the Royal charters were freely violated under the Plantagenets by Edmund Earl of Lancaster and his successors, who treated the freedom of the borough with lordly contempt, and levied the tolls on their own behalf; but Liverpool was of sufficient importance to be represented in that Parliament of Edward I., from which, as is well known, the continuity of our present Parliamentary system properly dates. Its population was then probably under a thousand, and it was still a quite insignificant port. The Scottish wars of the next reigns interfered with its progress; yet its traders were forced to contribute both money and ships for the needs of Edward III. Nor was its prosperity advanced in the reign of Henry IV. (when we meet with the first mention of a connexion between the Stanley family and Liverpool), or in those of his successors; and, partaking in the general decay of national

progress during the wars of the Roses, it seems even to have suffered a diminution of population. The accession of Henry VII. brought to Liverpool, which he of course appropriated together with the rest of the possessions of the Duchy of Lancaster, little but a characteristic, though in this case futile, attempt at royal extortion; and the economical changes of the reign of his successor could not but, so far as they affected Liverpool at all, affect it disastrously. Thus in 1544 Liverpool is included in the list of decayed towns set forth in an Act of Parliament, and Leland, whose *Itinerary* was composed about the same time, describes it very briefly, though not altogether hopelessly, thus:—

Lyrpole, alias Lyverpoole, a pavid Towne, hath but a chapel, Walton a iii miles off, not far from the Se is a Paroche church. The King hath a Castelet there, and the Erle of Darbe a Stone Howse there. Irisch Marchautes cum much thither, as to a good Haven.

“In the margin he remarks:—‘At Lyrpole is a smaule costome-payid that causeth marchantes to resorte.’ Again:—‘Good Marchandis at Lyrpole, moch Irisch yarn that Manchester men do by ther.’” The latter part of Henry VIII.’s time is also noteworthy in the annals of Liverpool as having first placed in the hands of the Molyneaux family, whose time-honored connexion with the town is all but coeval with its existence, the lease of the Crown rights, and as having restored to the borough the right of sending representatives to Parliament, which had been suspended for more than two centuries.

The evil days of Edward VI. and of his successor dragged on; the plague decimated—perhaps more than decimated—the thin population of the decaying, but still promising town; and, finally, in 1561, a hurricane destroyed the breakwater of the old haven. But, at the very lowest of their fortunes, the burgesses gave proof of the spirit which must be native to the place. Mr. Mayor (his name was Robert Corbett) called together the whole town, to resolve on the construction of a new haven; “of his own free will gave a pistole of gold towards the beginning, which that day was good and current all England through for 5s. 10*d.*, although after, in a few days, it was not so; but by proclamation in London, by the Queen’s Majesty, was prohibited and not current. Also, the same day, Mr. Sekerston did give, also the rest of the congregation did give, so that in the whole was gathered that present day the whole sum of 13s. 9*d.* current,” with which sum the work was begun by these brave men. Corbett and Sekerston are justly remembered for their services to their native town; and the latter boldly brought its grievances before Queen Elizabeth herself, praying her to “relieve us like a mother.” His saying, “save me and mine, and the good town of Liverpool and theirs, and then let the nobles kill whom they please,” may not savour of a very advanced species of patriotism; but patriotism, like charity, begins at home, and the spirit of Sekerston’s prayer is that which has made small

towns great, and great towns powerful, in other ages and countries as well as his own. From this period the trade of Liverpool (which now boasted seven streets) went steadily, though still at first slowly, forward. Forms of government have little influence on prosperity at such a stage of development; and the establishment in Elizabeth's reign of a Common Council, which was to fill up its own vacancies, as well as the gradual suppression of the burgage tenants by the freemen as common burgesses, acquired no vital significance for the history of the town till a much later date. It may be mentioned that from 1588 to 1592 Liverpool was represented in the House of Commons by Bacon, a fact which, according to Mr. Picton, is noted by none of Bacon's biographers.

It is unnecessary to follow the fortunes of the town through the Civil War, which are exceptionally well known. Mr. Picton says that the trenches cut in the rock by Prince Rupert during his siege of Liverpool, after it had been taken by the Parliamentary forces, are still visible in Lime Street. Finally, the place was recovered by the Parliament, and, in spite of much suffering from war and plague, survived through these, as through previous troubles, for the advent of a brighter day. With the Restoration at last begins a visible increase of trade and prosperity. After the Plague and the Great Fire of London it appears that "several ingenious men settled in Liverpool, which originated the trade of the port to the plantations and other places. This so enlarged the trade of the port that, from scarcely paying the salaries of the officers of customs, Liverpool before the close of the century possessed the third part of the trade of the country, and paid the King upwards of £50,000 a year in customs." This statement, extracted from the case laid before the Parliament in 1699, on the application for an Act to constitute Liverpool a separate parish, Mr. Picton characterizes as "no doubt exaggerated"; but it shows how the tide had at last set in. It was the beginning of the West India trade, supported by a considerable influx of capital from London, which laid the foundation of Liverpool's commercial prosperity. By the end of the seventeenth century Liverpool numbered over five thousand inhabitants; and the number of vessels in the year 1699 was 102, with a tonnage of 8,619.

LITERATURE.

THE prosperity of a nation comes from well-directed industry; its happiness from the impartial execution of equal laws; its greatness from the indomitable spirit of its people; but its lasting glory from its letters and art. No seats of empire have received so much of the homage of mankind as the small cities of Athens and Jerusalem. Merely commercial cities, like Tyre, Carthage

and Palmyra, are soon forgotten. Even Rome is less revered as the home of the Cæsars, the mother of modern states, and the source of modern civilization, than as the seat of a magnificent literature that has enriched every language of Christendom, and is still a light to the learned world. Success in arms, and the acquisition of territory, give temporary renown; but, after the lapse of a few centuries, *everything but the great thoughts of a people perishes*. Not one stone stands upon another on the site of Persepolis; and no one can now enumerate the tribes that were subject to the Persian monarchs, or fix the limits of their empire. But the precepts of Zoroaster (the majestic contemporary of Abraham) still survive, indestructible amidst all the vicissitudes of human affairs. The history of letters refuses to be divided by the reigns of monarchs, and is measured by the appearance of great authors, as the zodiac is measured by its constellations. We speak of the age of Dante, careless of what Julius or Nicholas or Gregory might occupy the papal chair. The times of Chaucer we know; but King Edward III. is only a lay figure, a mere accessory in the picture we imagine. The idea of Don Quixote is more real to us than Philip II.; and the time may come when the sea-fight of Lepanto will be remembered chiefly because one of Don John's victorious galleys carried as a common sailor the great Cervantes. We know that the illustrious Goethe was a councillor of state; but the prince he served is already a shade. So, to return to English history, we speak of the age of Spenser, Bacon and Shakespeare; and the name of the great Elizabeth has been made into an adjective to denote the brilliant epoch in whose glory she had but little share. Milton, once the Latin secretary, outshines his political superior, the great Lord Protector. Stolid Queen Anne lives only in the memory of the elegant essayists of her time. Further on we trace the same intellectual lineage. Hanoverian Georges and Williams are naught. It is the age of Scott, of Byron and Wordsworth, the age of Carlyle, Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray and Tennyson. In this country all things are so new, and political events have such an intense significance, that we do not look at affairs as posterity will look at them. But who can doubt that, when the true perspective has been adjusted, ours will be known as the age of Emerson, Irving and Hawthorne, of Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier, of Lowell and Holmes? Who can doubt that, in the next century, people will say to their grandchildren, "I heard Emerson in my childhood. I once saw the gracious smile of Longfellow. I have felt the electric stroke of Holmes's wit. Shall I ever forget Lowell's features, gleaming as though from an inner light, when he recited the 'Ode to the ever sweet and shining memory of the sons of Harvard that died for their country?'"—*Francis H. Underwood.*

CHEAP SENSATION.

EVERY week there are issued in London a large number of cheap magazines, patronized chiefly by the industrial classes, and possessing very distinctive characteristics. They consist, for the most part, of works of fiction, with here and there a brief article on some topic of current interest, and perhaps a few verses. Some of these publications offer, for the sum of one penny, instalments of three or four, sometimes of as many as six or seven, different novels, besides short tales which are completed in a single number, all being copiously illustrated. Even for a half-penny, one may procure nearly as much variety. Then, besides these magazines, there are a host of pamphlets, each containing one or more complete stories, and professing to form part of a "library of fiction," or something of the kind.

Most persons are aware of the existence of these prints, but comparatively few of the upper and middle classes know the nature of their contents. The laughable stories that are told about them are generally regarded as exaggerations—as, for example, that an author was dismissed from the staff of one of the magazines because he would continually put more than three murders in a chapter, which was the editor's limit. In reality, however, it would be hard to exaggerate the tremendous character of the incidents employed. Battle, murder, and sudden death are treated as ordinary occurrences. The plot usually turns upon the conflicting attractions of rival beauties, resulting in the suicide of the rejected one; or upon the administration of poison in mistake for medicine; or upon a countess having committed bigamy, and the consequent complications respecting the succession to the earldom and estates; or something equally original and startling. Wholesale catastrophes are very much in vogue, such as the explosion of a powder mill, or the drowning of a party of skaters by the breaking up of the ice. Some time ago, the author of one of these tales, who evidently wrote it—as it was published—by instalments, caused great excitement by the reckless manner in which he introduced fresh characters from time to time. In nearly every chapter, new personages made their appearance, till at length the interest of the story entirely centred in speculation as to what on earth the author would do with them all. It was obvious that he could not marry more than three or four couples at the outside, nor murder more than say half a dozen individuals. Expectation reached its height when the author—probably himself in a frantic state—put the whole of his *dramatis personæ* on board a steamer, and sent them down the Thames for a pleasure trip. On the way the boiler burst, and all were killed, with the exception of two or three, who were married in due course, and lived happily ever afterwards.—
Once a Week.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

IN one of Captain Marryatt's clever books there is an amusing story of an English sailor, who, strongly urged to tell a tale for the delectation of a Turkish pasha, proceeds to spin one of the most wonderful "yarns" ever perpetrated by nautical adventurer. The dangers and escapes of Sindbad the Sailor are as nothing compared with the perils and adventures of this modern mariner. He relates how in a gale the crew of his ship were compelled to "station two men to hold the captain's hair on his head," how "a little boy was carried up into the air by the force of the gale, and then slid back on a moonbeam unharmed to the deck of the ship," with many other particulars equally marvellous and strange. The pasha listens to all with an air of imperturbable gravity. Each extravagant fiction gains ready and undoubting credence with him; and, however "tough" the English Jack's yarn may be, the Turkish dignitary is ready for fresh marvels. But amid all this mass of absurdity there happens to be just one little grain of truth. Jack mentions by chance in the course of his marvellous narrative that in his travels he has met with an animal which has a bill like a duck, and four webbed feet—he is alluding, in fact, to the well-known "duck-bill" of New Holland. At this the pasha's patience is exhausted: he who has contentedly submitted to the barefaced demands Jack has been all along making on his credulity, cannot bring himself to believe in the existence of a duck-billed quadruped; and by the mouth of his vizier and interpreter, he indignantly admonishes the narrator to refrain from telling him such impudent lies. Whereupon honest Jack departs, marvelling greatly that the pasha should have pitched upon the only piece of truth in the whole yarn as the subject of this indignant protest.—*Boys' Own Magazine.*

EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.

IT is said by many that the extemporaneous speaker is less accurate than he would be with the use of manuscript. I am disposed to think that the point is well made. For instance, grammatical accuracy is probably unattainable in extemporaneous effort. Wendell Phillips may be taken doubtless as verbally the most exact speaker in speaking without manuscript that America has now, or ever has had. His command of good English is something truly wonderful. And yet I have never heard Mr. Phillips make but one speech without making at least two decided grammatical errors. If fifty years of culture and forty years of forensic experience have been unable to bring so facile a mind as Mr. Phillips's up to the level of perfect utterance, verbal perfection in extemporaneous speaking may well be regarded as impossible.—*W. H. H. Murray.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE events which have occurred during the last few months in connection with the Dominion Government and Parliament, cannot be passed over by us, though, in treating of them, our observations should seem to contravene the promise which was made in the prospectus of the Maritime Monthly to avoid politics. We have no wish to interfere in *party* politics, but when politicians are charged with conduct calculated to sap the foundations of morality, government, and society itself, we claim that we violate no promise to avoid politics when we assume the privilege of reviewing their actions. We care not one jot what party may control the destinies of the nation—provided the public weal is duly conserved by them; and we do wish to see that party, whatever name it may take, which may be proved to be using its influence to debauch the public morals of the nation, hurled from power, to give place, not to others who will act in the same way, but to those who will endeavour honestly to preserve the State from the ruin to which it is rushing under the corrupting influences of bribery. Our desire is also to do all justice to the accused, to view them from the stand point of practical politics rather than from that of theoretical morals. We believe that no one of good sense will think that, in adopting this course we are taking sides, or using our influence for the sake of party. Some violent party politicians may condemn us, but the great body of the people of these Maritime Provinces will be glad that we should use whatever influence we may have on the side of truth, purity and good government. They care little for party, but much for the safety of those principles on which good government and the safety of the nation depend.

The principal matters which form the basis of remark are, the charges made against the Dominion Government, or members thereof, of wholesale bribery and corruption; the action of the Dominion Parliament first in voting down the charges, and then in appointing a Commission to try the Government upon the charges; the passage and disallowance of the "Oaths" bill; the letters of Sir Hugh Allen, Huntington, McMullen and others; the meeting and adjournment of the "Commission;" the meeting and prorogation of Parliament without hearing the report, with the responsibility of the Governor-General; the appointment of the Royal Commission by the Government and its mode of eliciting the information. These are the events to which we have reference, though our remarks may take a wider discursive range.

That bribery and corruption have been used widely by certain parties no one denies. Sir Hugh Allen in his evidence put this beyond all question. Taking Iago's advice, he put money in his purse that he might win his rich Desdemona, the Pacific Railway

job. He filled it well; he spent it politicly. Between three and four hundred thousand dollars were spent or lent by him. The late Sir George Cartier was at first opposed to him, and since he could not be induced to aid he must be put *hors de combat*. Many of his faithful followers were routed at the hustings, and he saw himself leading a forlorn hope with decimated ranks. Like other warriors he did now what he no doubt wished he had done before—he made peace, and did obeisance and accepted the situation. Sir Hugh's money came to his aid as it had been before used against him. Alas! for Sir George. Sir Hugh's money had so crippled Sir George's political legs that he had not a foot to stand on notwithstanding all the healing nostrums of money bountifully supplied from the same source when the day of election came in Montreal. The Montreallers rejoiced in the possession of double bribes all out of Sir Hugh's ample purse, but Sir George suffered sad defeat and retired disgraced and beaten to another field where no sound of political warfare made him afraid.

If there be any harm in bribery; if the corruption of constituencies be criminal; if the laws against bribery enacted in all civilized countries be not without any moral basis; and if it be not the most perfectly legitimate thing in the world to sell one's vote, then Sir Hugh Allen is certainly one of the greatest political and moral criminals that the world ever saw. We are in danger of losing our detestation of the crime while contemplating the grandeur of the scale on which it was committed, and the greatness of the stake for which the game was played. We must think, however, what will be the result to this country, if the course pursued by Sir Hugh Allen should be generally followed by our great Capitalists, and acquiesced in by the Electors.

That there is a low sentiment on this subject among the Electors themselves is deplorable, but by no means does this palliate, rather it increases, the guilt of those who use the base sentiment for their purposes. When we hear persons who possess the franchise, half in joke, half in earnest, during election times, talk of selling their vote to the highest bidder, we are all the more alarmed at the prospects before us. It was when Rome became venal that she was near the loss of her liberty. If the people could only see whither all things are going, when they make so light of the political power vested in their votes, they would surely pause before pawning for either money or promise of favor the trust of freedom which they hold. Every man who is called on to deposit his vote on an election occasion will, when properly instructed regarding the nature of the trust, and the importance of managing it aright, frown upon every attempt made by Capitalists and Politicians to buy from them that which should be beyond all price, and be conscientiously used by them for the public good, for the conservation of the people's interests, and for the wellbeing of posterity.

The immense funds spent on election occasions shew us the magnitude of the evil. Of course there are expenses attending the contests for the representation of any city or county, but these expenses need not be of large amount. When we hear of ten, twenty, fifty thousand dollars spent on local contests, we can come only to one conclusion, viz: that bribery has been resorted to on a scale of great magnitude.

The question how far the Government of the Dominion were implicated in the transactions of Sir Hugh Allen is of great importance.

The evidence does not implicate the Government as a Government. It does implicate members of that Government, and especially its chief.

We can only pity poor Sir G. Cartier, as he turned appealingly for salvation to the man who had scuttled his vessel, leaving him to sink in the troubled waters; but we have no such feeling for Sir J. A. McDonald. Whether there was a *written* compact between Sir Hugh Allen and Sir J. A., other than that confessed by both to the effect that Sir Hugh was to help the Government in the Ontario elections with money, and that the Government were to use their influence to have Sir Hugh appointed chairman of the Pacific Railway, we do not care. Sir John confesses that he was the trustee of a fund for election purposes in Ontario, to which Sir Hugh contributed forty-five thousand dollars, no part of which was used by him in his own election, and says that he does not know how it was spent. It is argued that Sir Hugh was only one of the subscribers, and we must assume that if there were a number of others giving like proportionate sums to their means, the amount required to defray the Ontario election expenses must have been enormous. Here then the question arises—what was such a fund required for?—necessary expenses? That will hardly be argued. The only reason that can be suggested is bribery—the purchase of a certain number of votes. The Premier then, without doubt is guilty of the crime of bribery, of debauching the Electors of Ontario, of aiding in the corruption of the country, even though we should adjudge him clear of the meaner crime of accepting a bribe for aid either given or proposed to be given to the briber in helping him to the great Pacific Railway Contract.

No doubt this will seem a small crime in the eyes of all who have done similar deeds, who have been bought and sold themselves, or who have purchased others. We remember when the McMullen revelations were first made, it was stated by Government supporters, that the reception of such large sums by members of Government was perfectly explicable and justifiable on the principle of a common fund, to which the members of the political party freely subscribed. It was not necessary, they said, to suppose any compact, or promise, or understanding even. By this explication they evidently think that there is no criminality in the expendi-

ture of large sums, part of which, according to our lights, must have been needed for bribery purposes. It is also true, that if the opposition could show no more criminality than this, if they failed to connect the subscription more closely with the Railway Contract, if they could not shew by good and probable evidence that the *quid pro quo* was the influence of the Premier in procuring the Railway Contract for Sir Hugh Allen and his party, they must feel that they had done nothing to prove, on the part of the Premier, any guilt save what they were themselves generally chargeable with. But though they, convicted of like crime, in their own conscience and practice, are precluded from casting stones at their co-partners in guilt, though opponents in politics, that is no reason why others should palliate the tremendous accusation. The galled jade may wince, but why should we whose withers are unwrung. There must be an end put to these great bribery funds; these secret society corruptionists. It should be taken as proof positive, that the crime of bribery has been committed when ten, twenty, or fifty thousand dollars, have been proved to have been expended on an election of a member of Parliament, because such a fund could only be needed for one purpose—the committal of the crime of purchasing votes which ought to be given without fee or reward; and which cannot be given otherwise, without detriment to the voter's own conscience, and to the State which has endowed the Electors with the sacred trust.

We shall not at present, nor until the evidence has been entirely sifted, not merely before the Commission but upon the floors of the Parliament, give an opinion on the more specific charge against the Government, or members thereof, of having more definitely engaged to give the Pacific Railway Contract in return for the large subscriptions by Sir Hugh Allen to their election fund. But we cannot avoid stating our opinion that Sir John A. McDonald and others in the Government and Parliament would be more or less than men if they were not influenced by these immense subscriptions in the day of their political needs, in favour of the man who gave them. Every one understands this. No man who accepts large sums from another man *can* feel himself free to refuse favours in return to his benefactor. No great harm may arise in private life from this reciprocity of action. But the case is different where the recipient of bounty is entrusted with the dispensation of public patronage for which the giver is earnestly seeking, and without any doubt giving his money for the very purpose of securing. It may be that Sir Hugh Allan was the best qualified to preside over the Pacific Railway; but it may also be that he was not, and it may be that the money and lands were by far too great a price to pay for the proposed work. But by the receipt of such large sums from Sir Hugh Allan was not the judgment of the Premier and his co-receivers liable to be warped? were not their eyes very naturally blinded so that they could not

be expected to judge rightly on these points? and if so, were these men in any different position from that of a judge on the bench who has taken a large *douceur* from one of the parties to a suit which is to be tried before him. Whatever be the result of the specific charge, it does not appear to our mind that there is any essential difference in the position of the Premier and his colleagues who have accepted the money of Sir Hugh, whether they received it as a matter of positive bargain, or only on those implied conditions which are so well understood to accompany the giving and receiving of large monetary aid.

Of course we know that all this reasoning will go for little with those who take as their principle, "To the victors belong the spoils." If politics be a mere struggle between the "ins" and the "outs"; if bribery and corruption be esteemed a legitimate warfare; if the ends sanctify the means; if principle be a mere hustings watchword; if the interests of the State are to be sacrificed for mere party benefit—then all that we have said will be considered mere idle talk; but if, on the contrary, politicians are bound to think of the evils of corruption that they may remedy them, to seek the good of the State before their own personal weal, to shun the golden snares by which avaricious men may entrap their freedom of action for the welfare of the country—why, if this and not the former be the programme by which a statesman should try to guide himself—well, some of our present Government are by no means ideal politicians, and, it is greatly to be feared some of their political opponents are as far as they from coming up to the standard.

In this connection we may say that the action of the Government, in regard to the investigation, by no means impresses us favorably. We pass over the Oaths Bill, and its disallowance, in regard to which probably no blame attaches to our Government—remarking, however, that it seems very strange that Canadian legislation should be so hampered by English law that a counterpart must be found in the one that there may be validity in the other. We can understand why an Act which affects Imperial interests should be disallowed, but we cannot comprehend how an Act which would be legal, if a similar one were in existence in England, can be illegal because England had not passed such a law, though she might without let or hindrance pass it to-morrow, in which case it would be legal with us also. We look upon the disallowance and the reason therefor as a preposterous absurdity, and utterly inconsistent with the privileges which, we had supposed, we possessed—to make all laws not inconsistent with Imperial interests.

The action of the Government in proroguing the Parliament, without even hearing the report of the Commission, the indecent haste which was shown in that act, and the debarring of any possible action on the part of the representatives of the people, appear to us without any valid excuse. The fact that there was not

a full meeting might have a show of reason had the slim attendance not been brought about by the provision and action of the Government itself. In the excited state of parliamentary feeling at the time, it is indeed possible that the Government might have been roughly handled. Its instinct of self-preservation grasped at the dissolution as a means of prolonging its existence. Still, it would in the end have been better for them to have submitted to whatever action it might have pleased the Parliament to take. If the accused were guiltless, they could have shown that before any Court which might have been appointed. Probably the Parliament would have acceded to the appointment of a Royal Commission, if they had been consulted regarding the persons, and the whole enquiry would thus have proceeded smoothly. Huntington would then have brought forward his witnesses, and a line of examination would then have been pursued which would have really elicited the facts of the case. As it has been managed we are no wiser regarding the validity or invalidity of the charges than before it commenced its sittings. What Parliament may do with the report of the Commission at next session we cannot say. If there be not a very serious defection from the Government ranks, the report may be sustained, and the accused exonerated. In no case, will Mr. Huntington be censured. It will be apparent from all that has transpired that there was sufficient reason for the bill of indictment, though the corrupt acts imputed in their grosser form might not be sustained. Should a large defection from the Government side have taken place the proceedings of the Royal Commission may be altogether ignored, but what possible action the Parliament may find itself competent to take, in eliciting further evidence not yet given, we do not know. It is likely that the Government, finding itself in a minority, may be compelled to resign, when the objects of the Grit party being accomplished, no further action may be taken, or if the defeat of the enemy be not esteemed sufficient revenge and sufficient evidence may appear to give reason to hope for condemnation, the accused may be impeached. It is not likely, however, that the incoming party will deem it necessary to pursue the case further. One thing, however, ought to be done. Much more stringent laws should be enacted and put in force against bribery. It is frightful to think on what a precipice our popular representation is now standing, and something must be effectually done to preserve the purity of the franchise, that we may not be wholly delivered over to the will of a ring of Capitalists who will do as they please with the legislation of the Parliament, and the resources of the country.

The course which the Governor General pursued, and that which he might have followed are so nicely balanced that there is little room left for adverse criticism. That he should follow the advice of his ministers while they were sustained by Parliament, has been met by the statement that Parliament should have been asked

whether ministers had their confidence; and that he should have insisted on finding from the Parliament when met, whether he was justified in retaining them in the service of the country. The appointment of a Royal Commission, however, might seem to Lord Dufferin the only legitimate way left of sifting the charges made against the ministers of the crown, seeing that the Committee appointed by the House had failed. We must do him justice to think that he was anxious to have the case of the ministers tried before a calm judicial Court, rather than in the arena of popular debate. Events too may justify Lord Dufferin. The House of Commons will meet after some time in a calmer mood, without fear of having its time for deliberation shortened, when every one will have his full swing of argument, and when no precipitancy will appear needful. The press is much calmer in its tone now than it was at the time of prorogation, and Parliament, we hope, will catch its spirit and deal with the whole case, when it meets, in a dignified and just way.

The low—exceedingly low morality of our public men is brought out in the stealing and publishing of the McDonald-Pope letter. That the Hon. Mr. Young should have suborned a post office official to steal letters for him we cannot suppose. That having had it sent to him, he took counsel with some political friends and published it in the interests of public morality, we have on his own testimony. If Mr. Young and his associates in publishing the letter, had been newly arrived from a military campaign in which the rules of war, regarding the actions and designs of the enemy were in force, we might apologize for them by supposing that they had carried their soldierly ideas into the realms of politics. But though we can in the topsy-turvyness of war see the cognateness and propriety of intercepting the enemy's despatches, we fail to see the admissibility of such a course in the figurative warfare of politics. If we were undergoing the throes of revolution, we might admit the course which was adopted by these gentlemen, but it has not come to that yet. We are still in a state of peace. The intercourse even of politicians should be conducted on principles of honor. Granted that the letter was exasperative; that Sir John A. McDonald and Mr. Pope were pursuing Mr. Young to his detriment, still, honour should have suggested that information, received by means of theft, had a flavor of villainy about it which would prevent any one of true gentlemanly feeling from having anything to do with it. Instead of publishing Sir John's letter, Mr. Young should have, at once, returned it to its owner and author. The question about the genuineness of the letter has in it no apology for the use made of it, when its genuineness was established.

The share which McMullen has had in this transaction is very discreditable to himself. He does what he can to secure for himself and co-partners their prey through Sir Hugh and the Premier,

and failing to get what he wants he turns Queen's evidence against his partners in guilt; takes \$20,000, with promise of as much more to hush up the transaction, pretends to do so by returning the implicative letters of which he sells the copies for still larger sums. The course he has taken is the meanest one can think of. Still that does not destroy the value of his evidence, about which there is considerable apparent truthfulness, even though we should admit that there is a dovetailing of unrelated facts to suit the purpose he has in view. As we hold that so far Sir J. A. McDonald has not been proved guilty of any written compact with Sir Hugh Allan, save as given in the telegram of Sir John to Sir Hugh, and that all that has been proved against him so far, is the acceptance of large pecuniary aid from one who cherished from the Government of which Sir John was the head, "great expectations," we do not deem it necessary to sift the McDonald letters. There may be a mixing up of telegrams and drafts, with transactions to which they are unrelated. The progress of the examination may shew how much truth and how much fiction are held together by this witness. Meanwhile we take his revelations only so far as they have been admitted or corroborated by the other parties to the transactions under review.

The low ideas of morality among our public men, and especially among those who have been elevated to the honours of knighthood by the Sovereign, are mournful to think of. Here are three Knights—a fourth has passed away—who have been evidently convicted of political corruption, and another honourable gentleman who has become the receiver of stolen goods which he has used for his own political advantage. We should be able to look up to men whom it has pleased the Sovereign to elevate above the rank of their fellows, by titles of honour, but they have deprived all right thinking minds of ability to consider them as entitled to respect.

It is just announced, by telegraph, that Newfoundland is about to ask admission into the Dominion. Should she do so, she will be most gladly received; not only as completing and rounding the Dominion, but as bringing aid and comfort to the present Government. The representatives of Prince Edward Island will go for Sir John, as they expect to get more from him than they would from the Grits. They honestly confess that they take very little interest in the "scandal" case. What they want is aid and comfort to the tight little island. If Newfoundland could be got in just now in time to give aid to Sir John, it would without doubt do so. Sir John is liberal, has large views, and is just the man to push forward great undertakings. Apart from his aid to bribery, and his consequent obligation to the great moneyed briber, we do not see that there is much wrong in his conduct. One thing is certain, he was bound to see Sir Hugh Allen President of the Pacific Railway. Well we know what that means. Sir John says it was a thirteenth part interest in the Company. There are some

who remember what Hudson the Railway King was as chairman of some English Railways; and what he did; and what he became. One thing is certain, President of a board of thirteen, in an undertaking of this kind, is much more than one thirteenth of the whole. But then is he worthy of the position? Possibly, but we would rather he had not attained that position by the expenditure of some hundreds of thousands of dollars in bribery.

Home rule is the name under which agitation in Ireland now ranges itself. It is the same in purpose if not identical with Repeal of the Union. The management of Irish affairs by the Irish people is no absurd proposal. People generally take care of their own interests better than others can do for them. The welfare of a neighboring country is not usually sought as a first motive to legislation. England has been charged, with much color of truth, with seeking her own good at the expense of the sister island. In latter years, it is true, the English have appeared to try honestly to benefit the cause of Ireland. That they have succeeded to some extent may be admitted, yet there is great dissatisfaction still exhibited, partly it may be, owing to the causes of evil lying deeper than the remedy has yet reached. Possibly too the evils are irremediable. There are different races in Ireland which have never been amalgamated, different forms of faith which indeed each party might enjoy to their own satisfaction without injury to those of the opposite creed, and there is the party of conquest and the conquered. This is the sore point. Nothing could ever reconcile the Celt to the possession of his lands by the Saxon. Yet it is impossible to dispossess the present proprietors or to relegate the property to its original owners. The Irish Church has been disestablished, but the great portion of the properties of which it was possessed it enjoys still. These properties were the possession of the Priesthood of the Roman Catholic Clergy before the Reformation. The principal land-holders, are of English blood, their lands being given as the price of services done in the conquest of Ireland, but it would be the cause of fearful misery to retake these and restore them to their original owners. Yet some revolution of this kind is what has been thought of—is in fact the underlying idea of that party whose watchword has been always "Ireland for the Irish." Still, the more moderate of the party have denied that this was their policy. Apart from this extreme revolutionary sentiment, most Irishmen, Saxon as well as Celt, would vote for the "Home Rule," believing as they generally do, that the interests of Ireland are not identical with, but sometimes opposed to those of England.

The two islands are so situated with regard to each other that separation is impossible, but at the same time, the tie that binds them might be substituted by another which would gall less. A federal union might be workable, and of a satisfying character.

It is not likely, however, that this experiment will be tried by the two islands alone. Should a consolidation of the Empire ever become feasible to practical politicians, a local Parliament might be given to Ireland, as has been done to the other dependencies of the Crown, and a general Imperial Parliament, in which all the powers should be represented, might be established. Were the different portions of the Empire adjacent, no great difficulty would arise in carrying out such a scheme. Widely dispersed as are the dependencies of the Empire, we do not say this is impossible. It is sad to think that an Empire established at such cost of blood and treasure should be dismembered, the various parts being permitted to drift and attach themselves to whatever countries their interests might seem to require. A United Kingdom comprising the British Isles, the Canadas, Australia, and India, may yet be in the future. In such case Ireland, with a Parliament caring for local wants and ruled over by representatives from all the countries combined, might find satisfaction and quiet.

Serious evil seems to menace England in the threatened exodus of its labourers. Mr. Arch's mission may bring with it consequences of immense moment. Should a stream of emigration set out from Britain, to run for years, that hive of industry might find its greatness imperilled. The exhaustion of its coal-fields would be less fatal to its manufacturing prosperity than the exhaustion of its population. The emigration from Ireland was a blessing; from Britain would be its destruction—that is as a great manufacturing power. It might still be a pleasant place to live in for people of income. There might be preserves for game even more ample than at present, and gentlemen might find sport in its woods, rivers and lakes. But whence would the income be derived which would support all this? Putting aside foreign sources, what about the vast incomes at present derived from manufacture and trade and land. The price of labour must go up with its scarcity, and the cost of manufacturing and of tillage, may become so great that both shall to a large extent cease. Where then will be the profits and the rents? Of course there must be a point at last reached when the labourers will find their condition better in England than even here, and then the emigration will cease. But when this point is attained, the balance of manufacturing power will be arrived at, and that superiority which England derives from cheap labour will have been lost. Should the price of agricultural labour go up much higher, farmers will be unable to give the rents which are now exacted, and the immense incomes of the landlords will be proportionately reduced. About this result however we are not anxious. We should be glad to see tens and hundreds of thousands of the labouring classes of Britain transferred to comfortable homes on this Continent. The well-being of the masses is more in our eyes than that of the few. We have no

bad feeling towards the aristocracy of Britain. They are, as a whole, as noble a people as are to be found. But the comforts of the poorer classes are of more importance than the plethora of the rent-rolls of the most excellent of men. We hope that the tide of emigration which cannot fail to set in shortly, may be partly directed to our own shores. Canada can find room for as many as are willing to come and work. We need say nothing to the promoters of emigration in our Province as to the duty incumbent on them to give all facilities to Mr. Arch and those whom he represents, to bring as many as possible to our shores. They are alive to the importance of the movement. Even though in the first instance better lands should be had for settlement, there is little doubt but that later we shall find some who, by reason of our superior position for markets and trade, will find it to their advantage to settle among us. These shores, so well situated for manufactories, with plenty of coal convenient, might become the seats of industries established by the manufacturers of England who may be induced to leave their native land where the prices of good food are higher far than rule here, and where there is plenty of room to turn, and fresh air to breathe, and free institutions to satisfy the most radical and advanced politicians of the age.

A story is told in the *Penny Journal* we believe, of a rustic, who meeting a good natured fairy, got the sprite to cause wages to go up to double with her wand, not, however, without a warning that the increase would do no substantial good. This, of course, workmen would by no means believe. So the next day the news went forth that the price of work was doubled; and at the end of the week the cottagers were all rejoiced with an amount of wages which they were quite sure would make them comfortable. The wife went to market with her money but was troubled to find that everything had advanced in like proportion — potatoes, beef, beer, apples, plums, etc., had all taken a start as well as wages, and so when the basket was unpacked it was found that no more of the necessaries and good things of life were forthcoming than would have been purchased with the former wages, if the other things had also remained at the old figure. People are beginning to find out the truth of the fable. Always as the price of labour advances other prices advance too, so that it may be affirmed, with considerable assurance, that the labourer is little better off with a dollar or two a day than he was when prices rated from three-pence to six-pence a day. The mere fact of advance in wages then is nothing to the workman, unless you keep down the price of bread and meat. This may be done for a time, and exceptionally, but ultimately the two will balance. Here, action and reaction are equal.

Trades Unions may for a time keep up the price of labour at unnatural levels, but their tendency will be first to increase the value of the article which their members are employed in produc-

ing, so that those who use them will have to pay higher for them, or, it may be, do without them. In the latter case the trades will suffer by diminution of the amount of labour required. In the former, if they are articles which the members themselves require for use, whose will be the gain? But it may be that the members of one trade do not require much of what they produce. But if the Unions become general or universal, then all articles are equally raised in price — many of them being required for the use of those who have raised the prices, so that their increased wages will purchase no more than the lower rate at the natural level. There are, it may be, exceptions, as in the case of trades which produce luxuries, of which the workmen do not care to participate, and in such cases as the capitalist has larger profits than are fair. It seems quite just that the labourer should have wages proportionate to the profits; and here Unions by which the labourers may get their due share, may seem to tend to the benefit of the producers.

Where there is a surplus of population it will be found impossible to maintain this high wages' level. This has been found to be the case in England, and hence the determination of Mr. Arch to lessen that sum by emigration. Let us suppose that that scheme is carried out and Britain depleted of its population. Prices of labour have gone up, and of consequence the value of all manufactured articles. If in all countries the same high price were paid for labour, England might still maintain her position as manufacturer for the world. But it is hinted that Capital can emigrate too. China and Japan are the great cheap labour markets. What is to hinder those who have acquired vast Capital from sending it to Japan, already opened up, or to China which may any day be thrown open to European enterprise? The Chinese have been permitted to emigrate to America, there to come into successful competition with the European race. It would not be wonderful to find Capitalists from England admitted into the Celestial Empire, there to produce all sorts of manufactures. There is plenty of Coal and Iron in that land, and European art and manufacture may spring up there, if it be not permitted to bring the cheap labour to America, much less to Europe under the fostering hand of those Capitalists who might seem to be checkmated by Trades Unions and emigration schemes. All these possibilities and probabilities will require to be well weighed by Trades Unions and emigration agents. Steam, railways, and the mixing up of populations, have rendered easy what a half century ago would have seemed Utopian.

Spain is in a sad condition. It has a republican government at Madrid, which stills rules over the larger part of the country; a rebellion in favour of Don Carlos, the representative of Monarchy and its traditions; a revolted town and stronghold with ships of war superior far to these owned by what we may call the regular

Government. The Don Carlists and Carthagenians raise the means of their support by "requisition;" while the Madrid Government have to go through the more tedious forms of law in their collections of tribute. Then it is curious how the extreme opposites in politics coalesce. The Royalists are determined, should they succeed, to establish the old faith and to permit no dissent; while the Socialists, who would abolish all religion and property rights, join the advocates of divine right in opposition to the more moderate republican party who now rule at Madrid. Where all this is to end, no one can as yet tell. At present, regular Government has its chief representative in Castelar, lately elected to the Presidency of the Cortes—a man of splendid oratorical ability, but whether a good political leader remains to be seen. The Duke of Wellington could marshal armies, but it was said by his literary critics that he could not marshal pronouns. Though Cæsar has considerable fame as an author and orator, it may be doubted whether Castelar will succeed as a politician. Lamartine was a political failure. The probability is that some military despot may yet be required to establish order in Spain.

It is but seldom that the British people find the temple of Janus shut. They were nearly getting into a conflict with the rebellionists of Carthagea because Admiral Yelverton persisted in taking out of the harbour and from beneath the guns of the fort, two war vessels seized by the British, we can hardly tell why, but apparently in the interests of the Government of Madrid. Why the British Navy should act as a police force for the Government of Spain is a mystery; and why, when they have begun to act in that capacity, they should confine their attention to these two vessels, while the rebels have many others at sea, we cannot divine. But they have escaped the war against the Spanish rebels. They have another inglorious strife to be waged against the Ashantees of the West Coast of Africa. The grievance of the Ashantees is that their territories are like those of Russia, inland, and they want a seaboard at present occupied by the Fantees. Why the English should prevent the Ashantees from carrying out this natural aspiration, we could at first hardly see. We thought that as it was a free fight they wanted to have a hand in it; their natural love of war being a sufficient reason for their participation. Then, friendship for the Fantees, with whom they have had the closest relations, might have induced them to take a side. The Ashantees, however, seem to have taken the initiative and to have invaded the English possessions on the coast. This we know cannot be permitted. The Colonial office falling heir to the disputes originated, as well as Government carried on, by the English merchants, must of course chastise the Ashantees, and it may be, take the whole territory both seaboard and interior under English jurisdiction.